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It is evidently not for this century to solve the labor question. The season devoted to strikes has its full complement of trouble this year, and fitsly closes a decade in which strife between labor and capital, and between union and non-union labor, has been remarkably acute. Readers will recall the exciting incidents of the railroad strikes of 1894. They began with the employees of the Pullman Company. The next demand was on railroads to boycott Pullman cars. Every railroad was tied up by a sympathetic strike under the control of the American Railway Union. The year 1895 was noted for the strikes among spinners, weavers, and shoemakers in New England. The next year, 1896, saw the notable struggle between mine-owners and em-

ployees in the silver mines of Leadville. It was just a year ago that we read of riotous strikes in the coal region at Pana, Ill., and the pitched battles over imported negroes.

This year three very important strike centres have fully developed. In the latter days of April the union miners in the Cœur d'Alene region, Idaho, demanded an increase of wages. This was no sooner granted than they demanded the discharge of all non-union men. The mine-owners refused and a strike followed. On April 29th a thousand striking miners of Canyon Creek gathered, seized a train on the Northern Pacific Railroad, and compelled the employees to carry them to Wardner, where, with dynamite, they blew up the Bunker Hill mill, which had cost \$200,000 and furnished employment to six hundred men. Since then federal troops have been used to preserve order. Martial law was declared in Shoshone County. Nearly a thousand men, including almost the whole population of some mining villages, have been arrested, and many hundreds of them are still held for trial for complicity or participation in the outrages. Almost every mining enterprise of the region has been shut down in consequence, and only within the last few days have there been signs of revival. No union miner is permitted to be reemployed, and no miner is allowed to go to work without a permit from the sheriff, acting under direction of the military. The purpose is to root out all of the offenders, and it is effective in driving them to other mining States. After the State trials for arson, riot, and murder are finished, the national government proposes to prosecute members of the mob for interfering with the mails, indictments having already been obtained in the federal courts.

A second strike of grave importance is that of the street-railway employees at Cleveland, O. The great bulk of the street-car business in Cleveland is in the hands of what is known as the Big Consolidated Company. It has fourteen lines of road and about a thousand employees. The difficulty is the old one between union and non-union. The wage question had been settled, but the company refused either to discharge all non-union men or to take back all of its old employees, including the rioters. The result has been that Cleveland has been treated to a reign of terror for about ten days, during which cars run by non-union men have been wrecked and employees injured by mobs of men and women, whose favorite weapons have been eggs, bottles, and paving-stones. The company has offered to take back eighty per cent. of the strikers. The strikers make a counter-offer that the company may keep one hundred of its new men. A conference is imminent, and in the meantime service has been resumed in a rather lame manner, and sporadic violence still continues.

The third of the more important disturbances is that of the smelter employees in Colorado. A State law has just gone into operation there which provides that the period of employment underground, and in reduction and refining establishments, shall be eight hours. The smelters which are organized into a trust did not observe the law. The employees demanded the eight-hour day at the same pay that had been given for ten and twelve hours. On being refused, three thousand men walked out of the different smelters. With the smelters idle all the shipping mines throughout the State were obliged to shut down. With shipping mines idle railroad traffic was reduced to a minimum. The result is that beside the smelter men there are forty thousand miners and five thousand railroad men idle in Colorado. The smelter owners claim that the law is unconstitutional and class legislation. They offer to pay an agreed rate by the hour. A citizens' committee has intervened, a test case has been brought before the courts, and a decision is expected next week.

Of the minor strikes going on, one is near Redding, Cal., where four hundred employees of the Mountain Copper Company are out, demanding an increase of forty cents a day. The company's property is under the protection of sheriff's deputies, and the prospect of adjustment is poor. Strikers are daily leaving for other mining centres, and the company expects to start up with an imported force. A June

coal strike is on in Indiana, where the operators had imported thirty negroes from Kentucky to replace strikers. The negroes were ambushed and fired on. A battle ensued, in which the casualties were six wounded, some of whom will die. A much larger coal strike is impending in the bituminous fields of Central Pennsylvania, which will involve twenty-five thousand men. Another coal-miners' strike is holding the boards in Kansas. The Western Coal and Mining Company has imported over a hundred negroes from Alabama. Injunctions and counter-injunctions are being sought in the courts. The fight is between union and non-union labor. A coal-miners' strike is also current in the mines along the Chicago and Alton Railroad, in Illinois. The State board of arbitration had fixed the mining rate of wages at thirty-five and one-half cents a ton. It was formerly forty cents. The operators adopted the reduced rate, and a thousand men are out.

Freight-handlers to the number of four thousand men went out in Buffalo recently on the questions of one cent an hour in wages and the loading of trucks. There is a strike of three thousand pantsmakers in New York, involving about five thousand women finishers besides. They have been getting six dollars a week, working sixteen hours a day. They demand twelve dollars a week and a ten-hour day. There are other small strikes too numerous to mention, and a large one threatening among the Eastern tin-plate workers which it is promised will involve fifty thousand men. The dispute is over the wage scale. The present agreement expires July 1st, and the workmen demand twenty per cent. advance.

John

A published dispatch from Toledo, O., announces that the University of Heidelberg has conferred the degree of LL. D. upon Andrew Carnegie. We are not informed whether there is a University of Heidelberg at Toledo that confers degrees, or whether the ancient institution on the Rhine has thus honored our distinguished philanthropist; but that does not make much difference. McGill University, of Montreal, is about to confer the degree of LL. D. on Kipling. Columbia has already conferred it upon Governor Roosevelt—whether for being a Rough Rider or a governor is not stated. Princeton was the second to bestow that degree upon Admiral Dewey. Ben Butler taught Harvard the folly of thus decorating governors, by declining the degree from that institution.

There are about four hundred chartered colleges and "universities" in America enjoying the right to confer degrees—probably more than in all the countries of Europe combined. Many of them, receiving more honor than they can bestow in the conferring of their degree, get what advertising they can from generous indulgence in the practice. After a man has received a degree and uses it (which he does not always do in America), its source is readily forgotten; but the school conferring it secures transitory notice, and its real purpose is served.

The conferring of degrees was instituted about seven hundred years ago, and the original purpose of a degree was a certificate of ability to teach. The honorary degree, such as LL. D., was of later origin, having its birth, we believe, in the old universities of the British Isles. An honorary degree is one conferred upon a person not a student of the university conferring it, but in recognition of the eminent worth of the person receiving it. The degree of LL. D. (doctor of laws) shows upon its face that its original use was in the cases of men distinguished for scholarship of the broadest kind, or for conspicuous achievements in scholarly pursuits. Its present more elastic use in embracing sailors, millionaires, and politicians indicates the present rapid march of evolution.

It never seems to have occurred to the institutions conferring degrees so freely, that their practice has a comical side. There are really very few universities and colleges that can honor a great man by conferring a degree upon him. Let us analyze, for illustration, the conferring of the degree of doctor of laws upon Admiral Dewey. Its only possible significance is a desire on the part of a certain school,

certain schools, to honor a great man. That is a praiseworthy sentiment, to be sure; but if two colleges or universities confer that degree upon him, all the other universities and colleges in the country will naturally feel that, as they have just as much admiration of the admiral as the two taking the lead, and have just as much right to confer upon him the degree of doctor of laws, they would be repressing their feelings and placing themselves in a disadvantageous light by failing to do likewise. Suppose, then, that four hundred schools should make Dewey a doctor of laws; would that add one jot or tittle to his renown? Would it be any better evidence than we already have of the admiration and affection in which his people hold him?

There is another view of the matter. Colleges and universities have a distinctive function. It is teaching, and nothing else. Their sole business is with scholarship—not fighting a warship, nor writing a novel, nor inventing a sewing-machine, nor endowing colleges and founding libraries. They are mostly private enterprises, conducted for profit. They have specific and restricted duties, and do not cover the whole field of human endeavor. They have no more inherent right to make an eminent and prosperous bishop a doctor of laws than so to distinguish the humblest efficient Salvation Army worker in the slums. But if they find a scholar who, as a scholar, has achieved greatness and added substantially to human progress and happiness, then conceivably they, with proper modesty and great discrimination, may confer upon him the degree of doctor of laws.

We do not see by what right these institutions thrust themselves forward to recognize and proclaim the greatness of men. They are not representative institutions. They are corporations, chartered by their respective States to do business within those States. They no more represent the people, and the people's sentiments, of their respective States than do other corporations chartered by the States. In this regard they are very different from the old universities of Europe, which are chartered by the sovereign of the nation. The institution that graduated Dewey can not confer the degree of doctor of laws upon him, can it? If the Senate of the United States, or the Supreme Court, had the right to confer degrees under constitutional authority, there would be some meaning in an American degree of the honorary sort. And as many Americans become entitled to such degrees, and should have the distinction of receiving them, nothing would be more fit than that the conferring of degrees should be by some authority that stands for something, and that does not burlesque the practice and make it ridiculous and of no account. Statues and other monuments erected by the people, in honor of their distinguished men, have a very deep and touching significance. Let them suffice for the present.

In relation to trusts, at least, the fact is evident that the different States of the Union do not rest on a common plane. Some of them find the trust a source of profit, and so encourage it, caring nothing as to its field of operation, concern ending with payment of organization fees. Other States, victims of trusts which have been conceived in iniquity in far distant places, where no attempt at regulation accompanied the granting of franchises, and which defy restrictive legislation in the sections they have invaded, have been stirred to wrath. Various they have attempted to check this arbitrary course by enacting a remedy. Of the drastic measures adopted in Texas, Arkansas, and other representative communities, an outline has already been given in these columns; however, there has as yet been nothing indicative of ultimate success. Texas can not prescribe the status of New Jersey's conscience, nor create a conscience for it, and Delaware cares nothing for the opinion of Arkansas.

New Jersey is notorious as the home and haven of trusts. It makes them, coddles them, and turns them loose with a blessing. With a thrift that is selfish, and a prodigality that is threatening, it scatters franchises and charters among applicants able to pay for them. If these applicants are unworthy, with an inclination toward theft, they naturally drift to New Jersey, where no obstacles exist, no questions await, and a welcome is ready. The people are in no measure safe-guarded, all the guards being devoted to building up a barrier between the trust and a legal attack. The trusts are carefully shielded. They are given full permission to loot, and that some of them are launched to sail the business main under the black flag of piracy does not disturb New Jersey. The political decay which has long been a feature of the land of the mosquito seems to have invaded its commercial life. Since January, trusts having an aggregate capitalization, on paper, of four billions of dollars have sought the peace and protection of Jersey. Of this vast sum a fourth was contributed, also on paper, by New York companies who found a better climate across the Hudson for their schemes. In verity, New Jersey is a trust factory. Its chief industry seems now to be the creation of monop-

lies which respond to the kindness by going beyond the State line to do their preying. Hence the protests which are not heeded. Delaware, too, is bidding for trusts. It is ready to promise as much protection and a cheaper rate than New Jersey, but the established reputation of the latter for stamping its approval upon any project of duly organized rascality will be hard to impair. Delaware may as openly be for sale, but it is suspected of an inclination to introduce its legislative methods, in which case the necessity of purchasing it more than once would be imperative.

To the invitation sent out by Governor Sayers, of Texas, to a conference which is to consider uniform State regulation of trusts, nearly twenty governors have given favorable response, but the outlook is not by this circumstance made bright. Such roguery as prevails in New Jersey would bring defeat to any plan that has yet been outlined. Regulation would have to obtain in every State to be effective in any. If each commonwealth would compel a trust to file a certified copy of its charter, and thus assume the status of a local institution, there might be a check, but the difficulty of doing this is obvious. Missouri has scored one small triumph, but by a method not tending to strengthen pride. There a debtor refused to pay a bill, alleging that no obligation existed, since the creditor was a trust, having no right to enter into a contract. It was not an evasion striking the unbiased observer as honorable, and may be expected to cause a reaction, or to bring upon the debtor the weight of such odium as naturally grows out of the transaction.

While the proceedings of the Sayers conference may lead to tangible results not to be foreseen, there is a growing probability that the regulation of trusts must fall at last upon the federal government, else they will continue their arrogant advance, unhampered and unafraid. The constitutional right of the government to interfere seems to have been settled when the interstate commerce law was sustained. The value of this right, properly exercised, was demonstrated when Circuit Judge Morrow gave from the bench in this city a decision which deprived the coal trust of the power to harass and dictate to small dealers, or to crush them. If the statutes now in existence lack in scope or directness, assuredly the deficiency may be overcome in the future, and no administration would refuse to respond to the demands of the people. The thrift of New Jersey and the sordid hopes of Delaware would not be enough to sway the action of Congress, which really would not regard as a duty the fattening of avarice on fees squeezed from the public.

Brigadier-General George M. Sternberg, surgeon-general of the United States army, was in the city recently, and said that he would recommend the establishment of a hospital for consumptives in New Mexico, probably at Fort Bayard, as the conditions there are more favorable to the treatment of the disease than those at Washington, where the army consumptives are now treated. It is not news that the arid South-West offers the best conditions, probably in the world, for the treatment of this dreadful malady.

Recently an important congress met at Berlin—the International Congress for the Restriction of Tuberculosis as a Disease of the Masses. Its members were eminent specialists from America and Europe. Many papers were read and discussed, but nothing particularly new was brought out. A correspondent summarizes the work of the congress as follows:

"From a number of papers read by Professors Flüge, of Breslau, Fränkel, of Halle, Pfeiffer, of Berlin, and Löffler, of Greifswald, the congress adopted as facts scientifically proven: That the tubercle bacillus is the sole cause of tuberculosis of every form; that every person and every animal whose secretions contain those bacilli is a source of infection; that other bacilli, especially streptococci, in most cases become mixed with the pure tubercle bacilli, and jointly produce a complicated disease known as consumption of the lungs; that tuberculosis is not hereditary, and that it may, under almost any circumstances, be cured, if conditions are favorable; that immunity from danger of tuberculous infection does not exist anywhere nor with anybody."

The most important conclusions are the last two. Considering the first of these two, it is obvious that natural local conditions of the most favorable sort constitute the groundwork of the cure. Experience has shown this to be true in certain parts of Arizona and New Mexico, and in the Colorado Desert of California, as at Indio. Before this was discovered, the southern part of California was believed to be the best place in the United States for consumptives; but humidity exists there, by reason of proximity to the ocean. By the time the ocean winds have swept over the Colorado and Mojave Deserts to Arizona and New Mexico, the last vestige of their moisture has been wrung from them, and absolutely nothing deleterious has been taken up on the way.

More than that, extreme aridity, while benefiting the victims of the disease, destroys the germs emanating from them, and thus prevents the infection of others. This was not the case in southern California. A few years ago there was strong talk among the people of that section in favor of

the enforced isolation of consumptives, the belief being that the permanent residents of the section were becoming infected by the thousands of strangers who had gone thither for the benefit of the climate. We do not know that any thorough and scientific inquiry was made as the basis of that belief, but now that the Berlin congress has declared that no one is immune from danger of tuberculosis infection, there may be substantial reasons for fearing the presence of consumptives in any place other than one whose natural conditions prohibit infection.

The startling declaration made by the Berlin congress that immunity does not exist anywhere nor with any one will probably be challenged vigorously. Doubtless the summary of the congress's conclusions is too brief to be accurate. A few qualifying words would make all the difference. Even at Phoenix, Ariz., the great resort of consumptives, tuberculosis germs might be bred and disseminated if carelessness in sanitation were permitted. But it is probably true that if the natural conditions are taken full advantage of, they will prevent, as they are now believed to prevent, all danger of infection.

With regard to the last conclusion—that all persons are liable to infection—doubtless that also was duly qualified. If it were true, then all the members of a family having a consumptive member must perish. This we know not to be the case, but, on the contrary, to be a comparatively rare occurrence. If consumption seized equally upon all who are exposed to it, the world would be depopulated in a generation. If it shows no distinction of persons, it is different from all other infectious diseases, which attack only the weaker, or a sufficient number of the weaker to create the conviction that the seemingly strong who are attacked have an undiscovered weakness. When physicians are able to declare unequivocally that diagnosis of disease is always infallible, they may convince us that we may fully rely upon them when they announce that we are perfectly sound.

Special ability to resist disease is, we had supposed, a manifest and accepted proposition. Phylloxera was stamped out in California by the discovery that the grape-vines indigenous to California and Arizona were immune from its attacks, and that imported vines from phylloxera-infested France grafted into them established immunity. The plagues that sweep the littoral cities of India, Cuba, and China do not destroy all the people. Indeed, it may be imagined that infectious and contagious diseases, including consumption, are part of Nature's scheme to destroy the weak and preserve the strong—a scheme that we see copiously manifest in other directions.

There is danger in accepting the reported dictum from Berlin that no place nor person is immune from attacks of consumption. One of the evils would be the popular inculcation of the belief that intelligent living bears no relation to immunity, and that scientific sanitation in the presence of this disease is useless.

In all the turmoil of war, and of a theoretical peace which is to spread its benignity around the globe, a desirable field for expansion? sight has been generally lost of the impending possibility that Nicaragua may become an integral part of the United States. Different from most movements of this kind, agitation with this object in view seems to have arisen and to have received most of its encouragement from the people to be directly affected. It is not this country reaching out for more territory, but the territory itself, asking the protection of a greater government.

The United States have taken Hawaii, Porto Rico, practically the Philippines, though fighting to perfect title, and the logic of events points to the early adding of Cuba to the list. As to the value of some of these acquisitions there must be serious question. Especially emphatic is this truth so far as it concerns the Philippines, where men and treasure are being expended to subdue savage peoples whose chief grievance against civilization is that it would deprive them of liberty, while boasting that freedom and equality constitute the foundation upon which it rests. Certainly Nicaragua would be no more difficult to govern than any of the minor dependencies or free races that are falling victims to the tendency to "assimilate," regardless of the desires of those who must play secondary and passive parts in a serious and delicate operation.

Within Nicaragua itself there is always material for revolution, adventurers ready to claim power and stir up strife. There is a large element of well-to-do foreigners occupying a position somewhat analogous to that of the Uitlanders in the Transvaal. These foreigners, as well as the peace-loving natives, have grown weary of oppression and violence. They feel the need of a more potent hand to govern and restrain. Naturally they turn to the United States, and the feeling favorable to the establishment of the new relation has been described as a national tendency. There remains the question of the form of government, and while there are advocates of such methods as must long prevail in the Philippines, there are many of opinion that Nicaragua might

wisely he made a Territory, a candidate for Statehood. The critical situation at Bluefields is used by the annexationists, and not without force, as an argument.

However, the canal is the chief basis upon which the appeal is made. There is a general belief that when constructed this canal should be under control of the United States; that with Nicaragua independent and even arrogant, subject to pressure from without and upheaval at home, control would be only partial, interrupted, and unsatisfactory.

The decision of the supreme court in the suit brought by Mayor Phelan against County Clerk Curry comes a little tardily to afford the public any considerable measure of relief. Prior to the incumbency of Curry, the office was conducted for six thousand dollars a month, and the work was well done. Under Curry it was found necessary to increase the number of clerks and deputies, until the monthly expenses had been increased more than two-thirds. County Clerk Deane, who learned how to spend the people's money under the direction of Curry, has proved himself an apt pupil, for, at the time the decision was handed down, he had more than twice as many deputies on his salary-list as the law allows him to employ. Mr. Deane and his supporters now declare that the business of the office can not be conducted with the number of employees allowed under the decision. If the stories that have been going the rounds recently are true, it is probable that one-half of the clerks now in the office could not do the work. There are rumors to the effect that the employees in this office are required to contribute an amount equal to about one-third of their salaries to a "political fund," and that there are further forced contributions to a "ticket fund" to be disbursed in the purchase of tickets to so-called charitable and other entertainments, which officeholders are always assumed to be anxious to patronize. Whether these rumors have any basis in fact we are unable to say, but if they are true, it is apparent either that the deputies who accept such reduced salaries are incompetent, or that the salaries are at least one-third larger than are required to secure competent service. In either case, the people of this city who pay these salaries are not receiving anything like full value for their money. Mayor Phelan has declared that if Mr. Deane is unable to run the office with the reduced force required by law, he would be glad to recommend to the supervisors a man who can do so.

As has been said, the decision of the supreme court comes so late that it is of comparatively little value. It will result in a saving to the people during the next six months, but after that the charter will go into effect. It may, however, modify Mr. Deane's expressed desire to hold on to the office for four years in spite of the fact that the people have adopted a new charter, calling for a new incumbent. It may also lead to an inquiry as to whether any part of the money that has been illegally paid out in salaries during the last five years can be recovered.

The question of municipal ownership of certain properties usually classed as public utilities has frequently been discussed; in certain instances the theory put to the test. That the question will be a live one in San Francisco soon, even casual students of the new city charter understand, and that an active interest has already been aroused was demonstrated at a recent conference between Mayor Phelan and the executive committee of the Real Estate Owners' Association. It was notable that all of these gentlemen favored municipal ownership of the water-works, the only differences developing being as to method. Some would purchase the Spring Valley plant, others devise a new system. According to the mayor's view the city could issue twenty millions of dollars of bonds, bring water from Tahoe, pay all interest and expenses, and save to consumers yearly eight hundred thousand dollars which now goes to a corporation. The subject was not gone into deeply, but that such a conference was held was in itself significant, as was also the definite character of the propositions advanced.

The increasing feeling in favor of municipal ownership has nowhere found more advanced expression than in New Orleans. The scheme of taking the water-works there from private hands was carried by a large majority, only realty-holders being permitted to vote. The change will necessitate the issue of thirty millions of dollars of bonds, for it is designed to have an adequate and sanitariously perfect supply, regardless of cost. Every owner will be required to equip his premises with sufficient piping and faucets, official instructions being rigid. He will be expected to use all the water needed for domestic use, for lawns and streets, and for this water there is to be no charge. In this, the experiment will differ from any yet tried, the ordinary plan being to permit the city, as an owner, to make a profit.

The aim of New Orleans is not alone to secure ample water, but it involves the construction of a modern and

complete system of drainage, such as has always been lacking there. It is believed that the free use of water, together with means for carrying it off, will do much to promote general health and banish the tendency toward epidemic disease. If there is basis for this, and that there is surely seems reasonable, the project will result in such substantial good that it would be cheap at any figure. Naturally, the matter will be closely watched, and out of the lesson drawn from the outcome other cities will draw information that will go far toward producing a solution of the problem.

The existing conditions in Hawaii have been made the subject of a series of studies by Caspar Whitney, published from week to week in *Harper's Weekly*. One of the more recent of these describes the present political situation in these new possessions, and, though Mr. Whitney is a very kindly critic, his views are interesting as a contribution to the knowledge of a subject that must deeply affect the people of this country in the near future.

Mr. Whitney's first conclusion is that among the white inhabitants of the islands there is no serious division of political opinion; at present the only division at all discoverable is one based on pro and anti-missionary leanings. The missionary element is composed, for the most part, of the descendants of the missionaries from New England, who came to the islands during the first years of the reign of Kamehameha the Second, and who received from that sovereign considerable grants of land. Their children were brought up and educated on the islands, and learned to look upon Hawaii as their home, and as identified with their future. The commercial development of the islands was begun by them, and has been carried on by their descendants. Other white settlers have become identified with these families by marriage, and these, collectively, are known as the missionary element. The anti-missionary element he describes as the whites who more recently immigrated to the islands, and are envious of the political and commercial pre-eminence of the descendants of the early settlers.

As to the natives, they were for the most part included in the ranks of the royalists, while royalty was an issue. The native had really no deep feeling on the subject, however, according to Mr. Whitney. His emotional nature is easily played upon, and as superficial as facile. The idea that the native cherishes resentment for the overthrow of the monarchy is fanciful. The average native makes no unnecessary effort, mental or physical. Perhaps two-thirds of the natives, if pushed for a statement as to preference, would give a half-hearted answer in favor of monarchy, and yet not one per cent. of them would make an unusual effort to attain that end, not solely because of indolence, but because of indifference.

Such is the picture that Mr. Whitney draws of political conditions in Hawaii, and, it must be confessed, it is not very encouraging to those who look forward to the time when that possession shall become an integral political portion of this country. He finds no acquaintance with distinctly American political thought or political questions; he finds a large part of the population so indifferent that they will probably never acquire such acquaintance. That there should be a surviving interest in their local problems is natural, but he finds no stirring of an interest in the questions that they expect in the future to be called upon to assist in deciding.

A controversy of some general interest has arisen between Mr. H. J. Stewart and the Musicians' Union. The facts may be briefly stated as follows: Mr. Stewart expressed in print some weeks ago his opinion that the restrictive rules of the union had the effect of keeping good musicians away from San Francisco. The musicians replied with a denial, and Mr. Stewart proved his case by quoting from the official publications of the union. Thereupon he was cited to appear before the directors to answer a charge of "breach of faith and fair dealing." Mr. Stewart agreed to appear, but claimed the right to be represented by an attorney and to have a stenographer present, whose notes he reserved the right to publish. The directors refused to allow the presence of the attorney and stenographer, and Mr. Stewart refused to participate in the proceedings. That the directors should characterize a just criticism of the union as a "breach of faith" indicates that there was nothing unreasonable in the idea that the presence of an attorney would be necessary in any trial conducted by them, and that the presence of a stenographer would at least be desirable. The position of the directors is, in fact, that of men unaccustomed to intellectual controversy, and, therefore, liable to be led astray by their feelings. They can hardly have assumed the position they have taken with a clear realization of what it involves. As Mr. Stewart asks, are they willing to appear before the public as an organization anxious to suppress the

right of free speech among its members? That certainly is the interpretation of the first attack upon the offending member. We are not prepared to say whether the original criticism was justified—though it was supported by the official documents of the union quoted by Mr. Stewart—but the episode will have a beneficial effect if it brings these directors to a realization of the fact that, in this country, not even a musicians' union is above criticism.

It has come to be a recognized tenet of social science that the Frenchman is essentially theatrical—that nothing is so dear to his heart as to "hold the centre of the stage," as it is called in theatrical parlance. Many outsiders, who have observed the affairs of France with a realization of the influence that they must have on universal political development, have recognized this characteristic as an element of danger. To such there is much reassurance in recent affairs in that country. The Dreyfus affair, with its many complications, has been well calculated to upset the equilibrium of a far more stable people. The military power is the force that the French have looked to to restore the waning glories of their country, and when justice is done in this celebrated case military France must sustain a serious blow. The death of President Faure gave every opportunity for an eruption of that volcano that is popularly supposed to be smoldering beneath republican France, yet the efforts of the Monarchists have been *bourrant* in their impotence. The contest with England for the control of Africa gave occasion for that rallying around a popular military hero which the world thinks France is hungering for, yet he returned to his native land with scarcely a ripple of recognition. The French Republic to-day is apparently as strong as it was before any of these questions arose. It is in reality stronger, for it has proved its puissance against obstacles that the careless observer would have considered insurmountable. President Loubet, because of his antecedents, his political connections, and his known or suspected political convictions, has served to concentrate the opposition of certain elements antagonistic to the republic, yet he has succeeded in overcoming them. His contests with them, as yet, have served to strengthen rather than weaken republican France. The crisis of his administration, so far as has yet developed, was in the formation of a ministry that would secure the support of the Chamber of Deputies, and in this he has succeeded. How long it will continue in power is a question that the recent history of France has rendered doubtful; but the essential fact is that in the first test of strength the ministry has won. It is essential, not because of the victory, which was unimportant, but because it indicates that the antagonistic elements that are represented may be counted on, when the crisis arises, to support the republic.

The *Argonaut* is not unduly given to singing its own praises, having enough to do in pointing out the mistakes of others, yet we may be excused for calling attention to the fact that one month ago a warning was uttered in these columns, pointing out the danger of an invasion of the bubonic plague. This warning roused the risibilities of some of our contemporaries, who were more confident than well-informed. Today the disease is at our very doors. Fortunately the precautions taken by the board of health have reduced the danger of an extensive spreading of the disease even should the dreaded germ effect an entrance into the city, and the federal authorities, to whom the enforcement of quarantine regulations is intrusted, have proved by their energetic action that they are fully alive to the demands of the situation.

Another matter in which the course of events has established the correctness of the *Argonaut's* position is the situation in the Philippines. There are none who now fail to realize that that situation is most serious, and that the magnitude of the undertaking was greatly underestimated by the administration. The number of those who realize that it was a mistake to attempt to annex the islands in the face of the opposition and active hostility of the natives is steadily increasing. The *Argonaut* has consistently maintained this position since the true attitude of the natives became known, and for this reason its fealty to Republicanism has been questioned in some quarters. Nothing could be further from the truth. The *Argonaut* has always been loyal to the faith of the Republican party, and it is loyal today. True loyalty, however, sometimes involves the unpleasant duty of pointing out the mistakes of those who direct the party's action; and this duty, however unpleasant it may be, the *Argonaut* has not shirked.

The signature of the editor is appended to every article in this issue written, dictated, or inspired by him, in accordance with the "signature law," enacted during the last session of the legislature.

THE RED MUSTER-ROLLS.

Private Schuyler's Disgrace.

Private John Schuyler was a member of Troop M, —th United States Cavalry. He was an old soldier who had worn the blue uniform of the regular army for over twenty-eight years. The sleeves of his dress-coat, as he wore it on Sunday morning inspections, showed six service and three campaign stripes. He had served in every branch of the line—infantry, cavalry, and artillery—and his sleeves, from forearm to elbow, showed an artistic and picturesque display of blue, yellow, and red. Above the elbow, where the chevrons of non-commissioned officers are worn, no badge of rank appeared. Schuyler had never been promoted; at least he would never admit that he had been, although it was said by some, without any apparent authority for the truth of the story, that he had been a corporal for a short time in the infantry. He had always been a mounted soldier, with the exception of three years as an infantryman, which always remained to him as a kind of nightmare.

"No more 'dough-boys' for me," he often said; "I've carried a Long Tom all I ever will. No more tramping all day, with blistered feet, over the plains, carrying forty rounds of ball, my blankets, haversack, canteen, and part of a shelter tent. Oh, no! I'm a mounted man, and a good duty man, if I do say it myself. As long as I can get three or four nights in bed and a horse to ride, I am going to stick to the cavalry." And stick to the cavalry he did, waiting until his thirty years of service should be up, and he could join the battle-scarred veterans at the Soldiers' Home.

Schuyler was a born cavalryman. He was over six feet in height, and as straight as an arrow, with closely cropped gray hair on a splendidly shaped head; an aquiline nose; aristocratic features, and everything about him showed the gentleman, by nature and breeding. Drink had brought him into the army, and drink kept him there a private, while his fellow-soldiers, not half as well equipped mentally or physically, had attained non-commissioned rank and some of them their commissions. As a private he had fought valiantly all through the Civil War, and had been wounded twice. When the war was finished he served three years in the infantry, but always said that doing so was the great mistake of his military life. He made a splendid soldier—perfectly fearless, as brave as a lion, and in a charge was usually the first one to reach the enemy. But while valiant in repelling one enemy, another always made him surrender. He was always in some sort of trouble through his one weakness, and was in the guard-house about half the time.

His first enlistment came from an impulse at the end of a long debauch, though he was yet a young man.

"I want to enlist in the regular army."

"Oh! ye do, eh? Well, ye luk as though it would be a foiner thing for ye," said the sergeant. "Can ye roide?"

"I've been a rider of horses all my life," said John; "why do you ask?"

"We're wanting some recruits for the ould First Dhragoons. Did ye ever hear of 'em?" asked the sergeant.

John was obliged to confess that he never had.

"Shure such ignorance I niver heard of. Ye've heard of the Mexican War, I suppose?"

"Yes, of course," he replied.

"Well, I didn't think ye had, or ye would know about the First Dhragoons. That's the regiment I belong to, and there's no finer in the service. I went through the Mexican War with me troop, and many a brave lad was tumbled out of his saddle by Greaser bullets. Do ye see this?" and the sergeant pointed to a long, white scar, extending half-way across his forehead. "Wan of their lancers gave me that, but a sabre cut him down shortly after," and his eyes glared at the recollection.

"When I go in I don't care how soon death comes," said John, gloomily.

One night while on stable guard, and with just enough whisky in him to be ugly, he gave his horse "Douglas"—a beautiful bay and the best horse in the troop—a terrible beating with a stable-broom. The snorting and thrashing of the horse in his stall, and his half-human cry of distress, partially sobered Schuyler and showed him what he was doing. Dropping the broom he went into the stall, put his arms around the neck of the splendid animal, and whispered brokenly: "Douglas, old boy, forgive me! It was the whisky, not I. You are the best friend I have on earth, and how could I abuse you?" And the horse looked at him sympathetically out of his large, intelligent eyes, and laid his head on the shoulder of the trooper.

Drink always made a demon of him for the time being, but when the effects had worn away he was repentant and sorrowful. He was more especially remorseful during the thirty days he usually spent in confinement in charge of the guard, after the garrison court-martial had finished with him, for then he could get nothing to drink. On his discharge at the end of each enlistment he would take the sum coming to him from the paymaster on his "final statements," usually amounting to several hundred dollars, repair to the nearest town, and have a royal debauch as long as his money lasted. A soldier can get higher pay during that enlistment—called a "re-enlisted pay"—if he enlists within thirty days after discharge; but in every instance he had overstayed the limit, and now, at the end of twenty-eight years' service, was only drawing thirteen dollars a month, the same as the youngest recruit.

He wrote a clear, legible hand and was one of the best clerks in the regiment, but he could never be depended upon, as he was liable to go wild at a time when his services were most needed. The former troop clerk, who had held that bill of for several years, was a steady man as well as competent clerk. He had been discharged by "expiration of term of service," and had taken his departure for the East, intending to marry the sweetheart who had been waiting for him and settle down to civil life. The first-sergeant, while qualified for the executive part of handling the troop,

was no clerk, and Captain Gresham, the troop commander, was in despair. For several weeks he had himself made out the troop returns, quarterly requisitions for all kinds of needed supplies and numberless other official papers. In a week or so the muster-rolls, which had to be made out carefully six times a year for the paymaster, would be due.

The captain sent for First-Sergeant O'Brien. "Sergeant," said the captain, "have you got a man in the troop who is capable of making out muster-rolls? I have made them out in years past, but I am not equal to it now."

"Well, sir," said the sergeant, standing to attention and assuming a reflective air; "there's no wan I know of except Private Schuyler, and he is drunk all the time. He got sixty days and twenty dollars 'blind' the last time he was tried, and he only came out to-day. If he would only kape sober enough he could make them out."

"Is he good at army papers, sergeant?"

"Shure he is the finest in the regiment, sir—if he is sober," answered the sergeant.

"Well, he has just got to be sober until he makes out those rolls. You confine him to the orderly-room, and have his meals brought to him from the cook-house. Put a sentry on the door until the rolls are all made out and the troop is mustered on the thirtieth. Mind, now, I shall hold you responsible for him, and if he gets anything to drink till this thing is over, I'll have you reduced."

The sergeant saluted and turned away, with a very serious face, as though the task was almost too much for him. Going into the barracks he found Private Schuyler engaged in cleaning his kit, preparatory to going on guard the next day.

"Schuyler, get your blankets and come with me."

"What's the matter, sergeant; are you going to confine me? I am only out this morning, and haven't drank anything yet," said the soldier, despairingly.

"No, I won't confine you. Captain Gresham says you've got to make out the muster-rolls. I'm agoin' to lock you up in the orderly-room and put a sentry over you so you won't get no whisky till they're done," said Sergeant O'Brien. Schuyler breathed a sigh of relief and accompanied him.

Reaching the orderly-room the sergeant posted a guard, with strict orders to see that no one held any conversation with Schuyler, and that under no circumstances was he to have any liquor. These orders were accompanied with the menace that, in the event of any lax discipline, into the guard-house the offending sentry would go.

The plan seemed to work very well. Thanks to the vigilance of the sentries, there seemed no possible way in which Schuyler could get anything to drink. His meals were brought to him from the troop kitchen three times a day, and he worked steadily on the muster-rolls. Captain Gresham visited the orderly-room several times daily, and noticed, with much satisfaction, that Schuyler's work was progressing favorably.

Four sets of muster-rolls were required—one for the troop records, one for regimental head-quarters, one for the paymaster, and one for the adjutant-general's office. It was imperative that the rolls should be clean and accurate, and, as they are written on parchment, they should last for ages. Schuyler seemed in every way equal to the task, and the work went steadily on. His craving for liquor increased the longer he was away from it, and he urged the sentries to get him something to drink, but they sternly drove him back to his work. The paymaster was to appear on the thirtieth of April, and the rolls had to be ready on that morning.

Captain Gresham went to the orderly-room on the evening of the twenty-ninth and found the muster-rolls completed, with the exception of some trifling details which could only be inserted on the following morning.

"Schuyler, those are the neatest muster-rolls I ever saw. Why can't you let whisky alone? If you only could I'd make you troop clerk at once," said the captain.

"Captain, I can't. I've tried and tried, but liquor has got such a hold on me that I can't give it up"; and Schuyler, what with the weakness due to his unaccustomed abstinence and, possibly, some recollection of his wasted life, broke down completely and began to cry.

The captain looked at him keenly for a moment, then said: "Schuyler, I'm sorry for you," and went back to his quarters.

The morning of the thirtieth dawned. The paymaster was due at the post at ten o'clock. Shortly before guard-mount Sergeant O'Brien took the morning report-book to Captain Gresham's quarters for him to sign, as was his daily custom.

"Those rolls are done, sergeant?"

"Yis, sir, all except one or two changes to be made," answered the sergeant.

"Well, I'm going on officer of the day, and I'll come over after guard-mount to sign them. After the paymaster comes, you can take that guard off and put Schuyler on duty again."

Guard-mount came, Captain Gresham reported to the commanding officer as new officer of the day, and started for the orderly-room. The sentry was pacing to and fro in front of the door, and, as the captain approached, faced out and came to "present sabre," which the captain acknowledged by a slight motion of the hand toward his helmet. Sergeant O'Brien approached at the same time, and followed the captain into the room.

A strange sight met their eyes. Stretched upon the floor, near the desk, and with the chair lying partly under him, was the inanimate form of Private Schuyler. His face, neck, and hands were covered with a bright, reddish fluid.

"My God! Sergeant, what's this? Has the man cut his throat? He seems to be dead," exclaimed the captain.

Blood apparently covered everything. The precious muster-rolls were lying upon the desk, drenched and dripping in apparent gore, and on the floor was a large red pool. The captain went to Schuyler, felt his pulse, and listened for the beating of his heart. "He's alive," he said, in a relieved tone, "but what's all this red stuff? It isn't blood." Just

at this moment he got a whiff of breath from Schuyler, whose mouth was open. "Whisky, by thunder! or something very like it. Sentry!"

"Sir," came through the open door.

"Has this man had anything to drink?"

"No, sir. He was writing there not half an hour ago," answered the sentry.

"Well, this beats me. Sergeant, what do you make of it?"

Sergeant O'Brien had been pursuing his investigations, and his first discovery was that a quart bottle of red ink, which he had drawn that morning for office use, was lying upon its side on the desk, empty, except for some rivulets of red which still flowed over the muster-rolls.

"Well, sir, it's this way. That man there is drunk, and he got drunk on red ink. Red ink you know, sir, is about three-quarters alcohol; he probably knew it and drunk it up," and the sergeant picked up the bottle and contemptuously poured the little remaining red ink upon the prostrate form.

This explains why the paymaster did not pay off "M" troop that day. There were no muster-rolls to pay off with. It also explains why the general court-martial, which tried Private Schuyler some time afterward, sentenced him to a year at Fort Leavenworth military prison, for "violation of the Sixty-Second Article of War."

GEORGE DRAKE RUDDY.

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1899.

The seventy-five million people scattered over the three million square miles of surface of the United States are to be counted and classified next year. Practically all the work of collecting the material will be done in three months next summer. To carry it out the census authorities are now organizing a force of nearly fifty thousand men. Of this number the majority—the enumerators—will be employed only for a few weeks, but the clerical staff will be kept busy for two years or more in compiling the results and publishing them. In the last two censuses—those of 1880 and 1890—the publication of the results occupied from five to seven years. In the act providing for the census of 1900 Congress stipulated that the four principal reports—those on population, mortality, manufacture, and agriculture—must be published by July 1, 1902. The enumerators will be local appointees in all parts of the country. There will be one for each township, or, in the case of cities, for each ward or district. Their pay will run as low as fifty dollars in some cases and will average probably about one hundred dollars. In compiling the results of the enumeration, every person in the United States will be represented by a card. The facts recorded are shown by holes punched in the cards. The average number of records that can be transferred from the schedules to the punch-cards by each clerk in one day is seven hundred. Electrical machines not only punch the cards but also tabulate the statistics from them, one machine doing the work formerly requiring twenty clerks. The expense of taking the census will amount to more than ten millions of dollars.

Jahart

An exhibition of methods and appliances for nursing the sick was recently opened in Berlin. It is said to be very complete, and to contain many interesting novelties. It includes a number of model sick-rooms, fitted up and arranged for different diseases—a sick-room in the tropics, a field-hospital, a department for invalid cookery, a department for medicines and nourishing foods, a department for gymnastic and orthopedic apparatus, a disinfecting chamber, a complete Röntgen-ray outfit, etc. Among the more curious exhibits are some tinned provisions left from the Franco-Prussian war and still perfectly fresh, a very ingenious mechanism to produce deep and regular respiration by mechanical pressure applied by pads placed round the body and kept working by an electro-motor, and, lastly, a patent bed to hang up between trees. This is claimed to be superior to a hammock because it can also be used as a boat, in which case the water-proof cover is fastened over the lower part of the frame, while other parts of the frame are screwed together to make a paddle.

Jahart

When Major O'Connor, of the Ninth Massachusetts, succumbed to the dreaded fever in front of Santiago he was buried on the slopes of San Juan Hill, which his regiment had helped capture. A private soldier of the District of Columbia regiment took from the roof of a house near by a red tile, which he inscribed with the officer's name, rank, and date of death. Having no tools to cut the inscription, Private Mahoney used the point of his bayonet and a stone for a hammer. Under the circumstances he did a very good piece of stone-cutting, and it proved an excellent marker for the grave. When the remains were removed from Cuba to the United States for final burial, the tile was also shipped. Now it is set in a beautiful piece of white marble over the grave of Major O'Connor in Calvary Cemetery, Boston—a picturesque reminder of the valor of the American-Spanish War soldier.

Jahart

The Zulus now being entertained in London have been shown the sights of the city, and their impressions are instructive, though the savages were far from being wonder-stricken. "I never dreamed," said one old man, "that any kraal could be so great and beautiful, but it is black—black as night. In the underground city it must be blacker still"—for they are convinced from the sight of so many people descending flights of steps at stations, etc., that there is another and greater London lying beneath the streets. The statues—except one of a Mercury—left them cold, but the lions in Trafalgar Square provoked the comment that it would be useless to face beasts of such huge proportions. The picture-posters, we learn, caused "much waving of sticks and taking of snuff."

Jahart

OUR VEHEMENT VIRTUES.

Isobel Strong Tells of Earnest Discussion at New York Dinner-Tables—British Bravery and Parisian Politeness—Wit Is Happiness and Humor Is Pain.

"Repose of manner" is one of the rules of deportment most insisted upon at the finishing schools for young ladies; a calm, serene demeanor in society upon all occasions: no loud laughing or animated talk; no restless changing of position, or fussiness with one's fan or train. American women have never taken kindly to repose of manner. We are too much interested, too quick both in mind and body. The English say that we have an embarrassing intimacy of talk on the shortest acquaintance; that we discuss social problems, political events, and international differences with a vehemence and vivacity that is not considered "good form" with them.

In New York one finds the conversation somewhat overpowering. One comes home from a dinner-party intellectually exhausted, as from a severe mental strain. There seems to be a preconceived moral obligation upon all the guests to keep the conversational ball a-rolling. It is not allowed to rest for an instant; when it shows signs of weariness it is whipped up and sent flying about the table with renewed energy. That refreshing topic, the weather, is debarred, though at English dinner-tables it lasts well into the third course. The old, unwritten law, that politics and religion should be excluded from social converse, holds good in regard to the latter, but Tammany, the Mazet committee, our foreign policy in the Philippines, the real state of Cuba, labor laws in Hawaii, and our hopeless muddle in Samoa are ever on the tapis. The talk is on serious subjects; the hostess sets the pace, and the guests hasten after by leaps and bounds. There is not a pause, nor any refreshing dullness or levity.

The conversation is seldom general at a New York dinner-table, that pleasant form of talk where a subject of general interest is started, and each member of the company contributes a few remarks, and a *bon-mot* is generally applauded; but each guest turns to his right-hand neighbor, and falls instantly into an earnest, excited, often vehement discussion.

On one occasion, for example, my neighbor started the international topic: "The differences between English, French, and American women in their domestic life." He said that American women were losing their influence over their husbands by their indifference; though (he was polite enough to add) the women of America were more attractive than the English, and more beautiful than the French, their husbands were quite willing to part with them for months at a time, seemingly quite content to stay at home and allow their wives and families to travel abroad. The Englishwoman, he said, would not allow her husband, under any consideration, to leave her for months at a time, nor would she part with him. The Frenchwoman, jealous of her very shadow, could not be induced to leave her husband's side.

I argued, very naturally, and I fear somewhat too earnestly, that the self-sacrifice of American men was beyond all praise. It was because of their devotion to their wives that they stayed at home, working to make the money that their families might benefit by foreign travel; and this led us, by easy stages, to discuss the American man—or rather the Yankee—whose education is almost entirely feminine. The men of the Eastern States are devoted to business and their sons are left absolutely to the influence of mothers and sisters, and are sent to schools taught by New England old maids; until they are prepared for college they are petticoat-governed. It is such bringing-up that makes the American man so much at home in the society of women. They have neither the amorous excitement of the Frenchman nor the nervous alarm of the Englishman. They know how to talk and what to talk about, and are perfectly at their ease. A man has as much of his mother in him as his father, only in other countries the mother part is educated out of him; and yet no one can accuse the American of being effeminate. In war, athletics, sport, and adventure our men have led the van; and you may be sure the bravest soldier, the most intrepid explorer, comes back to his American home and "talks it over with the girls." The English think they owe the bravery of their men to early education, and they are much in favor of the barding process. But, judging from Mr. Kipling's "Stalky" stories, the English are brave in spite of their schools. At the name of Stalky the whole table suddenly joined in, and denounced the tales as brutal, and unmanly, and caddish. The last one, of the boy's bribing a country girl to kiss a man, and then deriding him for it, and telling of it, and even at the end refusing in any way to clear his character, seemed to us all a cowardly story, and unlike one's idea of the fair play that is the rallying cry of the British.

Some one said that we should always doubt a country in the one virtue they brag of. The French call themselves a polite nation, and yet that is what they are not, according to our ideas. The courtesy of the Spaniard is not so often met with as his insolence; a German sentiment may be found in the individual, but the nation is brutal. No people are so charitable as the Jews, and the "canny Scot" can be lavishly generous.

"And what do we brag of?" my neighbor asked. "Our humor," I said, and we both received a shock. What if we were not so funny as we thought we were?

Here was an opportunity to sheer off from the serious and attempt a little frivolity; but my neighbor was too much in earnest. "Do you know my original definition of the difference between wit and humor?" he said. "Wit is called forth by happiness; humor is the expression of pain. The savage or the school-boy (same thing) is hurt, and he howls. He soon learns that his cries are unwelcome, and he tries to dissemble; when he is in pain he turns it off with a humorous remark. A humorist's face is far from being a happy one; the lines show care, and sorrow, and suffering; only a

turn to the mouth, a twinkle in the eye, shows that courage without which there can be no humor. Think of the face of Mark Twain, of the portraits of Artemus Ward and Abraham Lincoln—all men of infinite humor and all sad."

Our hostess was earnestly debating with the man next her upon the secret of happiness. It was to be able to take an interest (her partner told me afterward, as we walked home together). It did not much matter what the interest was—collecting postage-stamps or growing cabbages—the interested person was the happy one. To be easily amused, easily pleased, was the sign of a healthy mentality. In the arts the happy man was he who not only wanted to do better work next time, but felt that he had the power to do it. The writer, the sculptor, the artist, is to be envied above all mortals, who looks forward to his next work as confidently as Jeffries, the champion, prepares for a prize-fight. This was all said, not calmly and deliberately as I have written it, but brilliantly and excitedly, with well-turned phrases and witty points.

I do not know what the rest were talking about, but I heard the bachelor-girl, during a brief pause, exclaim, passionately: "I demand for my children the rights of freedom!"

NEW YORK, June 23, 1899.

ISOBEL STRONG.

THE ENDURING.

A misty memory—faint, far away
And vague and dim as childhood's long-lost day—
Forever haunts and holds me with a spell
Of awe and wonder undefinable:—
A grimy old engraving tacked upon
A shoeshop-wall.—An ancient temple, drawn
Of crumbling granite, sagging portico
And gray, forbidding gateway, grim as woe;
And o'er the portal, cut in antique line,
The words—cut likewise in this brain of mine—
"Wouldst have a friend?—Wouldst know what friend
is best?
Have God thy friend: He passeth all the rest."

Again the old shoemaker pounds and pounds
Resentfully, as the loud laugh resounds
And the coarse jest is banded round the throng
That smokes about the smoldering stove: and long,
Tempestuous disputes arise, and then—
Even as all like discords—die again:
The while a barefoot boy more gravely heeds
The quaint old picture, and uptoeing reads
There in the rainy gloom the legend o'er
The lowering portal of the old church door—
"Wouldst have a friend?—Wouldst know what friend
is best?
Have God thy friend: He passeth all the rest."

So older—older—older, year by year,
The boy has grown, that now, an old man here,
He seems a part of Allegory, where
He stands before Life as the old print there—
Still awed, and marveling what light must be
Hid by the door that bars Futurity:—
Though ever clearer than with eyes of youth,
He reads with his old eyes—and tears forsooth—
"Wouldst have a friend?—Wouldst know what friend
is best?
Have God thy friend: He passeth all the rest."
—James Whitcomb Riley in *July Scribner's*.

English merchants in Constantinople are exercised by the campaign carried on by the Turkish censor against trademarks and advertisements entering the country. Two recent examples illustrate the scope of his control. A firm designed a trade-mark for use in Turkey, in which the star and crescent formed a part. The design was forbidden. Another firm had the advertisement and directions that accompanied their goods—a special brand of soap—translated into Arabic. The translation was done in London, and in the phrase which in English read "Soapmakers to her majesty the queen," appeared a title which in Turkey is only applied to the Sultan. The censor offered the importer the alternative of returning the soap to England or removing the obnoxious label. In the meantime, British merchants are warned against sending any goods to Turkey bearing trademarks, or circulars which could by any stretch of the imagination be in any way connected with Islamism or the Sultan.

Mrs. Emmons Blaine recently went before the board of assessors of Chicago and filed a complete schedule of all her possessions, of which the personality alone called for taxation on \$1,563,000. Although Mrs. Blaine is by no means the richest individual in Chicago—there are doubtless some thousands richer than she—her schedule of personal property is the largest ever offered in that city. Mrs. Blaine's procedure has given cold shivers to some of her friends and relatives, but she says that she has come to the conclusion that the rich must fulfill their obligations to the State, that property owners should tell the whole truth about their possessions, and pay the full tax thereon. The modesty and simplicity of Mrs. Blaine's act makes it especially notable.

The Vegetarian Society of New Jersey enjoyed a gala feast at their annual picnic last week. The spread included peanut sandwiches, fried egg-plant steaks, health crackers, nut biscuits, spiced beans, and other delicacies dear to the hearts of those who have forsworn eating the flesh of "suffering, sentient beings." There was only one bitter drop to mar the pleasure of the occasion, and that was the defection from the ranks of an old and tried member, H. Alden Spencer, who sent in his resignation because his deluded fellow-vegetarians persist in eating cooked food.

German waiters' unions object to the rule that waiters shall be clean shaven. In a circular to hotel-keepers they point out that the waiter's self-respect is already hurt by his being constrained to be polite to guests on account of the tip system, and say that he should not be humiliated still more by a senseless custom.

Venezuela has just put in effect a new tariff by which the president is empowered to add twenty-five per cent. to all duties.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Henry Walters, of Baltimore, has given forty-five thousand dollars to that city to provide two public bath-houses.

U. S. Grant, Jr., a grandson of General U. S. Grant, has been appointed a professor in the Northwestern University. Mr. Grant will have the chair of geology.

The German Government has refused to permit Sarah Bernhardt to play Hamlet in Alsace-Lorraine unless she plays it first in some important German city outside of the proscribed district.

Richard W. Thompson, formerly Secretary of the Navy, reached his ninetieth birthday on the ninth ult., and in the evening braved a storm to attend a dinner given in his honor by the Thompson Club in Terre Haute, the city where he lives. Colonel Thompson was a member of Congress twenty years before the beginning of the Civil War.

It is now known that the breaking of the engagement of Helen, the daughter of the Russian Grand Duke Vladimir, and Prince Maximilian of Baden was not due to their different religions, but to the fact that Princess Helen is in love with the Czar's brother, Grand Duke Michael. She flatly refused to wed Prince Maximilian. In St. Petersburg all the photographs of the couple taken together while they were engaged have been confiscated.

D. W. Krider, of Wharton, O., a member of the Third Regular Artillery, who was shot twenty-six times in the Filipino outbreak on February 4th, and who received the most terrible wounds in the Manila campaign, still survives. He was shot at half-past one in the afternoon, and because he was thought to have been killed was not treated by the surgeon until nine o'clock that night. His escape from death on the field is little short of miraculous. If he recovers, however, he will be crippled for life.

According to the London *Critic*, there was no royal biography published under the personal supervision of a British sovereign until that of the Prince Consort appeared. Queen Victoria now spends a considerable portion of her leisure in reading, or in having read to her, the proofs of forthcoming publications in which she is interested. It is said that this is the real reason why both the official biography of the Duchess of Teck and the more eagerly awaited life of Lord Beaconsfield have been delayed so long. In each case her majesty has insisted on reading every document and letter.

Emperor William has invented a new simile to describe the German nation. Speaking at the distribution of prizes won in the Elbe regatta, in which his majesty steered his yacht *Meteor* into a mud-bank, from which it had to be towed by a torpedo-boat, the emperor said that "the German people are like a thoroughbred horse, which allows nobody to bridle him, but will maintain the foremost place." As this followed a declaration of Germany's ability to secure peace on the basis won by the emperor's grandfather and father, it is being asked whether the reference to a horse that can not be bridled was not a covert allusion to Germany's attitude at The Hague.

Bellamy Storer, the new minister to Spain, who was "officially lost" for a week or two, but who is now in Madrid representing the United States at the Spanish court, is the son of the late Judge Bellamy Storer, of Cincinnati, and a personal friend of President McKinley. He came out of Harvard in 1867, and two years later was an assistant United States district attorney for southern Ohio. In 1890 Mr. Storer was elected to Congress and was returned for a second term. A profoundly read jurist, he is well informed in international law. The Storers were among the earliest settlers of the State of Maine. His mother was Elizabeth Drinker, of Philadelphia, and she herself was descended directly from the co-pioneers of William Penn.

Major-General Wood, U. S. V., who is now in Washington, D. C., having been called home from Cuba for promotion, it is said, owing to his excellent administration as military governor of the province of Santiago, tells this characteristic story of the dislike of the Cubans to injure one's feelings: "A few days ago, when I was out of the city, Trujillo, the Cuban journalist who issued a paper in New York for a while and then went back to Santiago to renew the publication there, printed an article giving the President and the Secretary of War fits. When I returned I saw the article and sent for him. As he walked into my office he exclaimed: 'My dear sir, I so regret that this has happened. I wouldn't have had it so for anything, but you returned four days before you said you would return. I should have known. Really, I wasn't to blame. I intended this should appear when you were away, so that it wouldn't hurt your feelings. I am so very sorry.'"

A recent issue of *Le Matin* outlines the defense that Colonel du Paty de Clam is expected to make before the court-martial which is shortly to try him on charges of forgery and using forged documents. *Le Matin* says that Du Paty has documentary proof that in all his actions he was obeying the commands of his superiors of the general staff. The proofs in question were taken to Brussels last fall by the colonel's wife, who is the daughter of the Duchesse d'Ursel, honorary grand mistress of the Queen of the Belgians' household, and is god-daughter of her majesty. The documents have been placed in the possession of the D'Ursel family, and will be presented by Du Paty's lawyer at the court-martial. The following account is given of Du Paty's arrest by an eye-witness: "Colonel du Paty was at dinner with his wife and wife's mother at his residence, 17 Avenue Bosquet, when a colonel was introduced who whispered that he had come to arrest him. The whole thing was done in a gentlemanly fashion. Colonel du Paty apologized to the ladies and left the table, and accompanied his friend—to Cherche Midi Prison."

THE TRIUMPH OF BEAUTY.

Motive of D'Annunzio's "La Gioconda" — Milan Stirred by the Appearance of Eleonora Duse and Ermete Zacconi in the Play—Scenes of Strong Emotion.

A brilliant *tutta Milano* were present last week at a much-anticipated first night—that of Gabriele d'Annunzio's "La Gioconda." The play, having already been presented on several other Italian stages, did not have the charm of novelty: the special interest of the occasion in question lay in the conjunction of two great stars infrequently seen together—Eleonora Duse and Ermete Zacconi. The latter, whose name is far from well known in America, deserves comment. His countrymen consider that the mantle of Salvini and of Ernesto Rossi has fallen on him. Nay, the keenest-sighted critics place him above and beyond any contemporary actor of whatsoever nationality.

There is a certain similarity in the early career of the two protagonists of this artistic evening—both fought their way to fame against odds that would have disheartened all but heroic souls. For years La Duse, now frantically applauded by the public of two hemispheres, glided in at rehearsals in a shabby black gown and a hat that marked no season, taking a minor part, never looked at twice, never brought forward. "Nenella," as she was then called, was already, in the estimation of several competent critics, the great artist that she is now universally recognized to be. Some, indeed, preferred her former manner to her actual one; they vaunt the old "divinely truthful awkwardness" of her gestures, the heart-wrung notes of her voice. They fear that her old, delightful, careless dress is changing into the classic folds of a *peplum*. They hint, too, that she is bound to go ashore on the fatal reef of the "foreign tour"—that foreign tour that is especially the ambition of every Italian actor and singer. Thereupon they expose the danger of losing all delicate nuances by playing in Italian to a non-Italian audience. One must make one's self understood even at the cost of becoming brutal, of hammering away noisily, of gesticulating so that a very savage must catch the meaning.

Her colleague, Ermete Zacconi, has displayed a like daring. A man of now perhaps thirty-eight, his early years were a succession of hand-to-hand struggles with poverty and ignorance. His vocation for the stage was irresistible. In his teens he was a member of wandering troupes that made the round of village fairs; he rose from cleaning lamps and daubing gaudy play-bills to his next step, that of chorus-singer in operetta. From this he emerged to the dignity of *tenorino solo*. But the sham and sawdust of third-class Italian opera disgusted him, and he entered the path where, at the end of a half-score years, he was to pluck the laurel. The Italian stage was at a low ebb when he appeared. It was his merit, his mission, to bring the public to care for something beyond mere filth, farce, or intrigue. Yet do not imagine that he has conquered the whole public. Tardigrades cry out against what they call his "perverse-ness" in preferring Tolstoy, Strindberg, Hauptmann, Ibsen, and Tourgueniev to the good old melodramatists they used to relish. Zacconi smiles at their classing everything neither French nor Italian under the convenient title of "northern"—*nordico*. What he has most at heart is the interpretation of the "contemporary soul," as the Italians put it; he is the countenance of our age. Intensity is his one dominant quality; in the opinion of some it is excessive. It is true one must not see his straining eyes and vibrating hands night after night, the tension on one's nerves is too great. One must have time to get one's breath after dashing about with him in his whirlpool of passion.

The plot of the play in which the two great artists appeared last week has already been given in the *Argonaut's* columns. It is, in a word, a sculptor's choice of Beauty rather than Goodness. Beauty is incorporated in La Gioconda, the model, whose body possesses as enigmatic a charm as does the face of Da Vinci's heroine of the same name. Gioconda has inspired Lucio Settala's masterpiece, a sphinx of immaculate beauty. Goodness is incarnated in the devoted wife, Silvia, who has nursed and cured Lucio after his attempted suicide. The last scene in the first act, where a complete reconciliation occurs between husband and wife—the husband pouring out his gratitude, remorse, and renewed love, the wife overpowered by his unhopied-for return—was a magnificent piece of spontaneous art. The expression of emotion—the flowing tears, the wild caresses—went beyond the bounds of Anglo-Saxon reserve; one felt at once that these were warm, expansive southern natures. But Zacconi had one under his "suggestion"—one could not but be carried away. The second act contains a specially beautiful scene—lyric rather than dramatic—but of the highest poetic value. It is Lucio's description of the strange fascination exerted on him by the model when his friend reproaches him with ingratitude toward self-sacrificing Silvia.

Silvia's rôle changes from the semi-passive to the active in the third act. Her intuition tells her that Lucio has turned back to Gioconda. A letter has, in fact, been received by him from the model, telling him that she has waited at the studio for him day after day, and that her care has preserved the clay of the new statue, begun before the attempted suicide. Silvia goes to the studio, intending to demand the key that has been left in Gioconda's hands. She is unable to convince the intruder of her claims. What, indeed, remains for a wife to say when a model declares: "You are not sure of your rights here as you would be in your own home? This is not a home; the domestic virtues have no altar here. This is a place above and beyond ordinary laws. Here a sculptor creates his statues, alone with the instruments of his art. I am merely one of his tools. Nature has sent me to him to serve him, and to bear him a message. I obey." The rôle of Gioconda was confided to a mediocre actress, unable either dramatically or physically to convince her audience of her sovereign charm. A thick, black veil and a

Connemara cloak of lace and jet successfully hid any plastic perfections she may have possessed. Silvia, driven to extremities, and hoping to annihilate her insidious rival, tells her the falsehood that Lucio himself has demanded back the key, requesting the model never to reënter his workshop. In this scene Eleonora Duse was superb. All her revolted wifehood, her womanly pride, blazed from her eyes as she towered over her rival, launching accusation after accusation at her. Then mark the change when the "ancient fatality," the first idea of the lie enters her thoughts, the just pride in her purity, in the righteousness of her cause, leaves her, giving place to wild violence. She turns her head from side to side in a helpless, unaccustomed way, as if seeking some other escape, and then breaks out with the first falsehood of her life: "Begone! Begone! That is the message he sends you by me!" and she ends with a blood-curdling laugh that makes even Gioconda cower. But the woman scorned turns her fury against the masterpiece she has helped to create; it shall not survive her dismissal. The struggle over the statue, fortunately for scenic reasons, takes place behind a curtain. A second after the crash comes Silvia's piercing scream of agony, but still more penetrating and heart-breaking is the wail: "It is not true! It is not true! I lied!" And she faints in the arms of her sister and her husband who rush in, turning her ghastly face toward the statue and gasping: "It is safe!"

The fourth act shows Silvia alone at her mother's villa on the Pisan coast. Several weeks have passed since the tragedy. Her one beauty, her hands—that are again and again compared to those of Verrochio's "Donna dal Maz-zolino" in the Florentine gallery—have been amputated. She considers her mutilation a punishment for her one falsehood. And the sacrifice has been for naught, for Lucio has returned to Gioconda. Silvia, her mutilated arms concealed by the flowing sleeves of her ashen-colored gown, is nerving herself for her last trial, the meeting with her little daughter Beata, from whom till now the truth has been kept. With a curious rigidity, an utter absence of gesture, "La Duse della belle main," as D'Annunzio calls her, made one feel the loss of her hands. She who at first was so light, so vibrating in her movements, is at the close like a butterfly with broken wings. Little Beata rushes in with a frock full of flowers. "Hug me, mamma, hug me as you always do," she cries when her mother draws back; "take my flowers, do!" The mother drops on her knees and buries her face in the child's hair.

Between the acts an excited audience discussed the poet's new work. Six times D'Annunzio was called before the curtain. Knowing his Italian reputation as an aesthete, I naturally studied his appearance with some curiosity. I saw only a small, fair man, with a deprecating expression; his blonde beard was trimmed in a point, his *gilet en cœur* had six rather conspicuous buttons, and his white button-hole was very big.

One camp insists the public is delighted with D'Annunzio's so-called reform of the drama—the return of poetry to the stage. The other camp finds fault with the lyric qualities—the want of dramatic action in all the apostle's work. No one denies Gabriele d'Annunzio's great gifts—the seductive qualities of his style, dazzling and rich in the extreme. But the thesis defended in the play is a questionable one. We, I fancy, will join the camp that pronounces "La Gioconda" a poisonous fruit.

ELIZABETH MILLER.

MILAN, June 12, 1899.

The Bellamy caves in Cuba, situated three miles from Matanzas, rival the Mammoth Cave, of Kentucky, for though they are smaller they far exceed it in beauty of formations. The "Gothic Temple" is about 350 feet long and 175 feet wide, filled with wonderful stalactites and stalagmites. A second series of caverns is reached through long, descending corridors and up ladders, placed almost perpendicularly. The stalagmites in these farther caverns are colossal, all covered with crystal moss and lichens in tracery so fine that it reminds one of frost-work on window-panes. By holding a torch back of some of these formations, and looking through them, their full beauty is brought out. Samples of these beautiful formations in the open light show that they are purest crystal, without a spot or flaw. Between ten and fifteen miles of this wonderful chain of caves have been explored, yet probably only the smallest part of them has been seen by human eyes. There are many entrances from the bay known to only a few, and they were used during the war by the Cubans as storehouses for arms and supplies. It is also well-known that robbers and pirates used these caves as a rendezvous, years ago, and some enterprising explorer may some day be well repaid for his exertions in searching for treasure.

jabart

A general election in New York city uses up ballots costing \$25,000. The rental of the election-booths foots up over \$75,000. The inspectors and clerks cost nearly \$200,000; advertising, nearly \$40,000. Other expenses make the aggregate about \$400,000, or nearly eighty cents for every one of the half-million votes cast in the Greater New York. The suffrage is free, but the tax-payers foot the bill.

jabart

Iceland is peopled by the descendants of Vikings, including many famous warriors and heroes, but they are so law-abiding that they have no need of policemen. They think, however, it would not do to have a capital without a policeman, and so they keep one. The solitary officer, in spite of his great responsibility, has a very easy time. He is six feet high, broad-shouldered, and handsomely uniformed.

jabart

An advantage possessed by feminine claimants is demonstrated in a recent suit in France, where a young woman, whose leg was broken in an accident on the Orléans Railroad, has received eight thousand dollars' damages on the ground "that her value from the matrimonial standpoint had deteriorated" through the damage done to her.

jabart

OLD FAVORITES.

Concord Ode.

Who cometh over the hills,
Her garments with morning sweet,
The dance of a thousand rills
Making music before her feet?
Her presence freshens the air;
Sunshine steals light from her face;
The leaden footstep of Care
Leaps to the tune of her pace,
Fairness of all that is fair,
Grace at the heart of all grace,
Sweetener of hut and of hall,
Bringer of life out of naught,
Freedom, oh, fairest of all
The daughters of Time and Thought! . . .

Tell me, young men, have ye seen
Creature of diviner mien
For true hearts to long and cry for,
Manly hearts to live and die for?
What hath she that others want?
Brows that all endearments haunt,
Eyes that make it sweet to dare,
Smiles that cheer untimely death,
Looks that fortify despair,
Tones more brave than trumpet's breath;
Tell me, maidens, have ye known
Household charms more sweetly rare,
Grace of woman ampler blown,
Modesty more debonaire,
Younger heart with wit full grown? . . .

Whiter than moonshine upon snow
Her raiment is, but round the hem
Crimson stained; and, as to and fro
Her sandals flash, we see on them,
And on her instep veined with blue,
Flecks of crimson, on those fair feet,
High-arched, Diana-like, and fleet,
Fit for no grosser stain than dew:
Oh, call them rather christs than stains,
Sacred, and from heroic veins!
For, in the glory-guarded pass,
Her haughty and far-shining head
She bowed to shrive Leonidas
With his imperishable dead;
Her, too, Morgarten saw,
Where the Swiss lion fleshed his icy paw;
She followed Cromwell's quenchless star
Where the grim Puritan tread
Shook Marston, Naseby, and Dunbar:
Yea, on her feet are dearer dyes
Yet fresh, nor looked on with untearful eyes.

Our fathers found her in the woods
Where Nature meditates and broods,
The seeds of unexamined things
Which Time to consummation brings
Through life and death and man's unstable moods;
They met her here, not recognized,
A sylvan huntress clothed in furs,
To whose chaste wants her bow sufficed,
Nor dreamed what destinies were hers.
She taught them heel-like to create
Their simpler forms of church and state;
She taught them to endure
The past with other functions than it knew,
And turn in channels strange the uncertain stream of
fate. . . .

What marvelous change of things and men!
She, a world-wandering orphan then,
So mighty now! Those are her streams
That whirl the myriad, myriad wheels
Of all that does, and all that dreams,
Of all that thinks, and all that feels,
Through spaces stretched from sea to sea;
By idle tongues and busy brains,
By who doth right, and who refrains,
Hers are our losses and our gains;
Our maker and our victim she.

Maiden half mortal, half divine,
We triumphed in thy coming; to the brinks
Our hearts were filled with pride's tumultuous wine,
Better to-day who rather feels than thinks.
Yet will some graver thoughts intrude,
And cares of sterner mood;
They won thee: who shall keep thee? From the deeps
Where disrowned empires o'er their ruins brood,
And many a thwarted hope wrings its weak hands and
weeps,

I hear the voice as of a mighty wind
From all heaven's caverns rushing unconfined:
"I, Freedom, dwell with knowledge: I abide
With men whom dust of faction can not blind
To the slow tracings of the Eternal Mind;
With men by culture trained and fortified,
Who bitter duty to sweet lusts prefer,
Fearless to counsel and obey.
Conscience my sceptre is, and law my sword.
Not to be drawn in passion or in play,
But terrible to punish and deter;
Implacable as God's word,
Like it, a shepherd's crook to them that blindly err. . . ."

Away, ungrateful doubt, away!
At least she is our own to-day.
Break into rapture, my song,
Verses leap forth in the sun,
Bearing the joyance along
Like a train of fire as ye run!
Pause not for choosing of words,
Let them but blossom and sing
Blithe as the orchards and birds
With the new coming of spring!
Dance in your jollity, hells;
Shout, cannon; cease not, ye drums;
Answer, ye hillside and dells;
Bow, all ye people! She comes,
Radiant, calm-fronted, as when
She hallowed that April day.
Stay with us! Yes, thou shalt stay,
Softener and strengthener of men,
Freedom, not won by the vain,
Not to be courted in play,
Not to be kept without pain.
Stay with us! Yes, thou wilt stay,
Handmaid and mistress of all,
Kinder of deed and of thought,
Thou that to hut and to hall
Equal deliverance brought!
Souls of her martyrs, draw near,
Touch our dull lips with your fire,
That we may praise without fear
Her our delight, our desire,
Our faith's inextinguishable star,
Our hope, our remembrance, our trust,
Our present, our past, our to be,
Who will mingle her life with our dust
And make us deserve to be free!

—James Russell Lowell.

BUILDING AN EMPIRE.

The Career of Lord Clive—Struggles of the English and French for India—The Black-Hole Horror—Riches Wrung from the Natives—The Tragic End.

The building of an empire in India has cost England dearly. More than two hundred years ago the struggle began, and the first century of occupation saw few years of peace with the natives, or the rival nations, France and Holland. Robert Clive did more than any other man to establish British rule in India, and hut for him France would undoubtedly hold the dominion that now gives to Queen Victoria the title of Empress. The story of Clive's career is full of deeds of daring, of strategy, statesmanship, and splendor. His biographies are numerous, but the latest, issued in the Builders of Greater Britain Series, is written by Sir Alexander John Arbuthnot, and entitled "Lord Clive: The Foundation of British Rule in India." It is a compact, yet comprehensive volume, and gives more of Clive's own words than most of the lives of the statesman.

Robert Clive was the son of an English country squire, who was not wealthy and whose family, though of ancient date, had few distinguished members. Young Clive was appointed, in 1743, at the age of eighteen, to a writership in the service of the East India Company at Madras, and, though he started at once, did not arrive in India until late in 1744, being detained for nine months in Rio de Janeiro. Sir Alexander says:

The writer at that time was merely the servant of a trading company; his duties were those of a clerk in a mercantile house. They were extremely ungenial to a youth of Clive's temperament, nor was it without difficulty that he brought himself to submit to the orders of his official superiors. More than once he incurred censure for insubordination. In connection with this point a characteristic story is told of him. He was censured by the governor for insolence to a superior officer, and was ordered to make an apology to the offended official. This he did; but when the same officer invited him to dinner, Clive stiffly declined, observing that the governor had ordered him to apologize to, but not to dine with him.

The French at that time had more troops in India than the English, and hostilities began after the declaration of war in 1744. Madras was captured in 1746 and the English officials taken to Pondicherry as prisoners of war. Clive and a friend escaped to Fort St. David on the coast, and passed two years there. Clive was still employed nominally as a writer, but took a part with the garrison in repelling attacks made by the French:

During this time, having very little to do in the way of official duty, he spent a good deal of his leisure at cards, and while so occupied became involved in a duel with a military officer, whom he accused of cheating. The incident is characteristic. Clive, having fired at and missed his antagonist, the latter came close up to him, and holding his pistol to his head desired him to ask for his life, which Clive did. His opponent then called upon him to retract his assertions regarding unfair play, and on his refusal threatened to shoot him. "Fire and be damned," was Clive's reply; "I said you cheated, and I say so still, and I will never pay you." This incident forms the subject of Browning's poem, "Clive," in which, however, the facts of the case are stated somewhat differently.

Soon afterward Clive was permanently transferred to the military service, and speedily came to the front, having the military instinct which made up for the want of a military training. In 1749 he headed an expedition of five hundred men, only two hundred of whom were English, against the natives reinforced by a large number of French soldiers, and took the fort at Arcot. Here he was besieged by a force of about six thousand for fifty days, one of the most memorable events in the history of India:

The fort was more than a mile in circumference; the walls in many places ruinous, the towers inconvenient and decayed, and everything unfavorable to defense, yet Clive found the means of making an effectual resistance. When the enemy attempted to storm at two breaches, one of fifty, one of ninety feet, he repulsed them with but eighty Europeans and one hundred and fifty Sepoys fit for duty, so effectually did he avail himself of his resources, and to such a pitch of fortitude had he exalted the spirit of those under his command. The final assault was made on the fourteenth of November and failed, and on the following morning it was found that the whole of the besieging army had disappeared from Arcot. Before the siege began Clive had lost four out of the eight officers who had accompanied him from Madras. One had been killed, two wounded, and one had returned to Madras. The stock of provisions had fallen very low some time before the siege was raised. . . . The defense of Arcot produced an immense effect on the minds of the natives of southern India. They had hitherto entertained but little respect for the English, whom they ranked as very inferior to the French in military capacity, but from this time native opinion entirely changed, and the defense of Arcot may justly be regarded as not only the turning-point in Clive's career, but as the turning-point in the Eastern career of the English.

In the four years succeeding, Clive was never idle, but almost continually at the head of expeditions against the natives and the French, and was seldom unsuccessful, though often overmatched in point of numbers. The troops, especially the Sepoys, were loyal to him, and on some occasions refused other leadership. Clive was not only brave but a master of strategy. At Kaveripakk he was attacked by a greatly superior force under Rájá Sahih, but won the battle by sending a detachment to capture the unprotected guns in the rear of the enemy. When the French forts at Covelong and Chingleput were besieged by the English, the first defeat was turned into a victory by Clive:

On the morning after the arrival of the detachment at Covelong, an English officer was killed in the course of a sally made by the garrison, whereupon the troops broke in confusion, and would have fled as far as Madras, but that Clive, meeting them, forced them, sword in hand and not without violence, to return. During the siege which followed, similar panics occurred on more than one occasion; but Clive's attitude in the end prevailed, not only against the cowardice of his own troops, but against the French commanders. With half his force he beat back a reinforcement that had been sent from Chingleput to force him to raise the siege of Covelong. Upon this the officer in command capitulated. A similar result occurred at Chingleput. At each place the French, who appear to have been wretchedly commanded, yielded to the energy of the English leader after a siege of four days.

At this time occurred Clive's marriage. His manner of selecting a bride was in keeping with the impetuous character of the man:

Clive's health had not improved from the continued exposure which attended the expedition, and, after capturing Chingleput he again returned to Madras. Here, on the eighteenth of February, 1753, he married Miss Margaret Maskelyne, of Purton, Wilts, and sister of Edmund Maskelyne, who had been Clive's companion in his escape

from Madras in 1746. The various biographies of Clive contain but scanty information regarding his wife, beyond the fact that she was a beautiful woman, possessing a great charm of manner. There is a tradition connected with the marriage that Clive, on one occasion, seeing in his friend Maskelyne's room a miniature of a lady, asked whose portrait it was, and on being told that it was a portrait of Mr. Maskelyne's sister, at once requested him to invite his sister to come out to Madras in order that he might marry her. The story is characteristic of Clive, and is probably true. However this may be, the marriage proved a very happy one. Clive was devoted to his wife, who was much beloved by his family and by his friends.

The time seemed propitious for Clive's return to his native land:

Clive and his bride sailed from Madras toward the end of February, 1753, and landed in England in the course of that year. The fame of his exploits having preceded him, his reception was most gratifying. The court of directors of the East India Company treated him with special honor, toasting the young captain at their banquets as "General Clive," and presenting him with a sword of honor set with diamonds of the value of five hundred pounds, "as a token of their esteem, and of their sense of his singular services to the company on the coast of Coromandel." Before accepting this sword, Clive, to his credit, stipulated that a similar honor should be conferred upon his late commander, Colonel Lawrence.

Extravagance and ambition soon changed his plans:

He had brought home with him what may be described as a moderately handsome fortune, derived partly from prize money, and largely, it may be assumed, from munificent presents made to him by the native chiefs whose interests he had served. The acceptance of such presents, however objectionable in principle, was only in conformity with the custom of the time, and can not fairly be judged by the standard of official morality now recognized. The fortune he had acquired did not last long. The first use which Clive made of it was unexceptionable. He extricated his father from his pecuniary difficulties, and redeemed the family estate from a burden of debt by which it was incumbered. His other methods of spending his money were less praiseworthy. He was fond of display, and more or less intoxicated by the reception he met with in London society. He indulged in expenses beyond his means, and, to crown all, he embarked upon a contested election for Parliament, for which, by a large expenditure of money, he was returned, but was subsequently unseated on petition. Having thus expended the greater part of his fortune, and being foiled in his wish to enter public life in England, Clive applied for reemployment in India. His application was promptly complied with, and he was appointed governor of Fort St. David, with the reversion of the governorship of Madras on the first vacancy.

Clive and his wife returned to India after a stay of little more than a year in England. There was still plenty of fighting in his district. In the country north of Madras the influence of the French was very strong, and the Bombay coast had for years been subject to piratical raids by Maharratta chiefs. War with France broke out again, and the very day that Clive assumed the government of Fort St. David, Calcutta was captured by the Nawáb of Bengal, and the tragedy of the Black Hole took place. For fifty years the town had been English property:

In 1685 the representatives of the East India Company, driven by the Moghul authorities from Hughli, where they had established a factory, moved twenty-six miles down the river to Satánati, now one of the northern suburbs of Calcutta. Ten years afterward they built the original Fort William, and in 1700 purchased the villages of Satánati, Kálikati, and Govindpur from the son of the emperor. In 1707 the East India Company declared Calcutta a separate presidency. Here, surrounded by the richest districts in India, amid a teeming population, on the banks of a river which was the chief highway of Eastern commerce, the servants of the company drove a thriving trade, threatened only, but never actually assailed, by the raids of the Maharrattas, the memory of which is still kept alive by the famous Maharratta ditch. In April, 1755, Aliverdi Khan, who was a just and strong ruler, died, and was succeeded by his grandson, Suráj ud Daulah, a youth under twenty years of age, whose training had been of the worst description. One of the whims of this youth was hatred toward the English, and he had not been two months on the throne when he found a pretext for indulging this sentiment in the fact that the English, in anticipation of difficulties with the French, were strengthening the fortifications of Fort William.

The Nawáb moved quickly:

On the fourth of June he seized the English factory at Kásimbázár, and on the 15th attacked Calcutta. The women and children in the fort were removed on board ship on the 18th, and on the same day the governor, Mr. Drake, and the military commandant, Captain Minchin, deserted their posts, and to their lasting disgrace betook themselves to the ships. Mr. Holwell, a member of the council, assumed command of the fort, but on the 25th the place was taken. All the Englishmen in the fort, one hundred and forty-six persons, were thrust at the point of the sword into a small room, the prison of the garrison, commonly known as the Black Hole, only twenty feet square. The Nawáb had promised to spare their lives, but had gone to sleep after a debauch. No exhortations on the part of the prisoners, not even bribes, could induce the guards to awake the Nawáb and obtain his leave to liberate the prisoners until the morning, when, having slept off his debauch, he allowed the door to be opened. By that time, out of one hundred and forty-six prisoners, one hundred and twenty-three had miserably perished. The survivors, among whom was the acting governor, Holwell, were brought before the tyrant, insulted and reproached by him, and detained in custody in wretched sheds and fed upon grain and water. An Englishwoman, who was one of the survivors, was placed in the Nawáb's harem.

As soon as news of the outrage reached Madras, Clive took measures to avenge it, but owing to the jealousy of Watson and Aldercron, two other officers, the expedition was only partially successful. The fort and Calcutta were retaken, but with many delays and heavy loss, and it was not until the next year that Clive punished the barbarous ruler of Bengal:

An expedition was planned to Dacca, the capital of Eastern Bengal, when they learned that the Nawáb was again marching upon Calcutta with a large force. A battle ensued on the fifth of February in which Clive, with 1,350 Europeans, 800 Sepoys, and 7 field-guns, beat the Nawáb's force of 40,000 men, including 18,000 cavalry, 40 guns, and 50 elephants. The English loss was heavy, amounting to 57 killed and 117 wounded, of whom 39 and 82, respectively, were Europeans, and it included Clive's aid-de-camp and secretary, who were killed by his side. But the battle, although attended by this heavy loss to the English, was even more disastrous to the Nawáb's troops, whose casualties amounted to 1,300.

The Nawáb now sued for peace, and soon signed a treaty, but he was not long a ruler. A plot was hatched in his own court to depose him and place on the throne Mir Jafar, the commander of his army. Clive was soon notified of this plot:

The events which followed included what in some respects were the most brilliant, and were certainly the most questionable, incidents in Clive's career. While his military reputation, already established by the defense of Arcot, the victory at Kaveripakk, and the operations before Trichinopoly, rose higher than ever, and while he developed a capacity for civil and political administration of the highest order, the fame of his exploits was tarnished by a breach of faith which it is impossible to justify, and by the acceptance of large sums of money from the native prince whom he placed upon the throne of Bengal after the deposition of Suráj ud Daulah.

It was found that the wealth of the deposed Nawáb had been overestimated, for his treasury, when examined by Clive, only contained a million and a half pounds sterling,

or less than Mir Jafar had agreed to pay for the assistance of the English. The result was that Clive had to be satisfied with what he could get, and promises of three yearly payments to discharge the obligation. This spoil was divided in Calcutta, the losers by the raid of the preceding year being compensated, and the army and navy being given special grants. But quarrels ensued, and Clive found himself obliged to take peremptory measures to sustain his rulings in the matter:

If he had consulted his own personal predilections, Clive would have left India, and retired upon the large fortune which he had acquired, but the situation was critical. The state of the civil service was far from satisfactory. With two brilliant exceptions, Warren Hastings and Watts, there was then no civil servant of great mark in Bengal. More officers were needed for the army. The new Nawáb was by no means a capable person, and needed all the support Clive could give him.

Soon after Clive was called on to intervene in Bengal, but received his reward:

Clive's intervention on these occasions was, for the moment, greatly appreciated by Mir Jafar, who manifested his gratitude by conferring upon Clive the quit-rent, variously computed from twenty-seven thousand to thirty thousand pounds sterling a year, which was payable by the East India Company on lands which had been ceded to them in the neighborhood of Calcutta. This grant was made ostensibly for the support of the title which had been conferred upon Clive by the Emperor of Delhi. It was really given as a return for the great services which Clive had rendered to the Nawáb by suppressing the rebellion of his nobles, and by protecting him from the invasion of his enemies. It was much criticised in after years, and not without reason.

By this time Clive had well considered the future of India:

Clive had for some time entertained a very unfavorable opinion of the administrative opinion of the court of directors, and, in a letter to the elder Pitt, dated January 7, 1759, he had suggested, though in somewhat guarded language, the expediency of transferring to the crown the supreme control of the administration of Indian affairs, thus anticipating by nearly a century the measure which, after the mutiny of 1857, was carried out by the government of Lord Derby.

His last act before resigning the government was to draft a letter to the court of directors criticising in strong terms their policy and latest orders. He then returned to England and was again given an enthusiastic reception. This was soon after the accession of George the Third. Two years elapsed before he was raised to the peerage, and then only an Irish peerage was given him. The delay was partly on account of the enmity aroused by his letter to the East India Company officers. The misgovernment during the five years which followed Clive's departure from Bengal is described as having been carried to a point "such as seems hardly compatible with the very existence of society."

Revolution succeeded revolution, and at every one of these revolutions the new prince divided among his foreign masters whatever could be scraped together from the treasury of his fallen predecessors. The immense population of his dominions was given up as a prey to those who had made him a sovereign, and who could unmake him. . . . A native historian, while praising the bravery and great military qualities of the English, goes on to say: "If to so many military qualifications this nation knew how to join the arts of government; if they exerted as much ingenuity and solicitude in relieving the people of God as they do in whatever concerns their military affairs, no nation in the world would be preferable to them or worthier of command. O God, come to the assistance of Thine afflicted servants, and deliver them from the oppressions which they suffer."

When this state of affairs became known in England, the fears of the proprietors of India stock were seriously aroused, and the popular desire for Clive's reinstatement as governor in India forced the directors of the company to offer the position and urge him against his inclination to accept it. Lord Clive again went to India, restored settled conditions, and made an important treaty before he returned to England in 1767; but his enemies not only made his stay difficult, but pursued him after his resignation:

The settlement thus arrived at was in its results the most important that had yet been effected in India on behalf of the East India Company. It made the company not only in fact, but in title, the rulers of Bengal; and at the same time their territorial acquisitions in other parts of India were confirmed to them. It established the peace which remained unbroken until 1853.

Lord Clive's death took place in November, 1774, when he was little more than forty-nine years of age. The manner of it, and the circumstances which attended it, like most things about him, were extraordinary:

He had suffered extremely throughout the day, and was driven more than was usual with him to seek relief in strong doses of laudanum. About noon a lady visiting the family came into his room and said, "Lord Clive, I can not find a good pen: will you be so good as to make me one?" "To be sure," replied he; and taking a penknife from his waistcoat pocket, he moved toward one of the windows and mended the pen. The lady received it back with thanks and withdrew. In a short time afterward a servant entering found Lord Clive dead, and the instrument with which he had destroyed himself proved, on examination, to be the same small knife with which he had mended his friend's pen.

Among Clive's weaknesses was a love of display, common to the other Anglo-Indians of the time, known as the "nabobs," who, having acquired large fortunes in India, sometimes by questionable methods, vied in their expenditure with men of rank in their own country. Lord Chatham, in one of his speeches, expressed the opinion very commonly entertained of them:

"For some years past there has been an influx of wealth into this country, which has been attended with many fatal consequences, because it has not been the regular, natural produce of labor and honesty. The riches of Asia have been poured in or upon us and have brought with them not only Asiatic luxury, but, I fear, Asiatic principles of government. Without connections, without any natural interest in the soil, the importers of foreign gold have forced their way into Parliament by such a torrent of private corruption as no private hereditary fortune could resist."

But it is mainly by his public acts that Clive must be judged, for his life from an early age was devoted to the public service:

When we remember that Clive advised the transfer of the government of India to the crown nearly one hundred years before that transfer was effected, and that he foresaw the conquest of Madagascar by the French, which took place only a few years ago, it is impossible to maintain that his views were not extensive. Few statesmen have discerned more clearly the possibilities of the future. Warren Hastings, Wellesley, and Dalhousie completed Clive's work, but the foundations of the British Empire in India were securely laid in those comparatively few years in which Robert Clive's brilliant services were rendered. All these men met with ingratitude from their contemporaries.

The appendix gives in full Lord Clive's speeches in the House of Commons in his own defense, and Mr. Elphinstone's critical estimate of the statesman and soldier.

Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

LITERARY NOTES.

Tragedies in the German Mind.

After reading the nine tales included in "Men's Tragedies," we may join the author, R. V. Risley, in thanking God that "we are most of us rather flat." He makes this statement in his preface, explaining that few men are capable of really great emotion. It is fortunate that this is so, for if many of us were such excitable dreamers as his heroes, the world would soon be peopled with a race of madmen.

Each of the nine is an educated gentleman of good position and reasonable fortune, but each is a slave to his temperament and falls victim to the psychological tragedies that happen in German minds. "The Man who Hated" is a professor of psychology, who, when he overhears a gay lieutenant telling the pretty *frau professorin* naughty tales of Paris, abruptly separates from her, and becomes the profligate's shadow. Up and down the world they go, the gay lieutenant growing wane under this constant surveillance, while his Nemesis waxes sleek and rotund. At last the profligate's mind gives way, and the complacent Nemesis goes back to lecturing. "The Man who Bore" kills the Lothario who has dishonored his hearthstone, but does not put his erring wife away, because he has a great tenderness for her—"no love or respect any more, but a great tenderness." "The Man who Cared" falls in love with a peasant girl from one glimpse at her back as she stands among the roses, and when his friend runs away with her, he buys her cottage and lives there for thirty years, cherishing his passion for a woman whose face he had never seen and hating the man who had stolen her away. "The Man who Died" was a recluse of forty, who went through the form of marriage with a young girl. For five years they are husband and wife in name only, and she comes to love him for his chivalrous treatment of her. Then one night she confesses that she had been wronged before she met him, whereupon his soul dies within him, but his body continues to function in a manner not to be distinguished from life itself.

These tales—and others of "The Man who Loved," "The Man who Fell," "The Man who Snerred," "The Man who Killed," and "The Man who Was Himself"—are written by one who is a literary artist, but they are primarily psychological studies, and we can not agree with the author in his judgment that they are better suited to treatment in the form of fiction than in that of the scientific monograph.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50. Jahart

Sienkiewicz's First Book.

Away back in the 'seventies, some four years before he came to California as a member of that unsuccessful Polish colony which settled in Anaheim, Orange County, Henryk Sienkiewicz, the brilliant author of "Quo Vadis" and other almost equally well-known novels, wrote a book entitled "In Vain," which has now for the first time been translated into English by Jeremiah Curtin. Apart from its interest as the first book of the now famous author, it is remarkable for the views of life and character contained in its pages, which could have emanated only from a mind of exceptional power and quality at so early an age.

"In Vain" is a love-story of student life in Kieff, written while Sienkiewicz, then in his eighteenth year, was a student at Warsaw, and it contains pictures of student-life evidently drawn from the author's personal observation and experience. The story is a striking one, telling of a battle between love and honor on the part of one Yosef, a medical student, who imagines he loves Helena Potkanski, a woman entrusted to his care by a deceased fellow-student, until he meets Lula Leocadia, a young countess in reduced circumstances, who herself falls in love with Yosef. He struggles between what he considers his duty to the woman entrusted to him and his love for Lula, finally deciding to marry Helena. This struggle, together with too close application to study, throws him into an almost fatal fever, during which Helena learns from his own delirious lips that he loves Lula. This drives the poor woman to suicide. Then comes the strange part of the whole story, a climax as startling as it is unexpected. Yosef recovers from his fever, receives his doctor's diploma, and is free to marry Lula. But he no longer loves her, and here ends the story.

Yosef is pictured as a strong man who sought rather the reward of toil, effort, and achievement than the joys of love; yet his peculiar passion caused the untimely death of one woman and the life-long unhappiness of another.

Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25. Jahart

The Man with a Manuscript.

The consciousness that a man has written a book frequently acts like a powerful narcotic on his brain, depriving him of those reasoning faculties that are colloquially described as common sense. He wants to get his book before the public, and he assumes that any publisher who declines to bring it out is blinded to duty by crass ignorance and despicable envy. He fails to see that publishing is a commercial enterprise, and that the publisher would soon go out of business who did not consider the popular demand in selecting his wares.

Such a man is the central figure in "Outsiders,"

by Robert W. Chambers. He faces the world with a stock of good clothes and two manuscript novels, and because the publishers will not take his books he adopts as his device Byron's famous *mol*, "Now Barabbas was a publisher." He is even driven to writing for the *Argus* for a beggarly pittance of eighty dollars a week for three columns of matter; but eventually one of his stories comes out serially in a daily, and he is at once translated to affluence.

This—with a romance over a young woman whose antecedents it would be charity to call doubtful and who has the moral principle as a kitten—is the main theme of "Outsiders." The author is a young writer, but he has done admirable work in "Ashes of Empire," "The Red Republic," and "Lorraine," three vivid romances of the fall of the Second Empire and the Commune. The present book is jejune, uncertain, and labored, and the conclusion is inevitable that it was one of Mr. Chambers' earliest essays in novel-writing, and that it is entirely due to the success of his other works that "Outsiders" has at last found a publisher.

The "outsiders" whom it describes are the modern American equivalent of the class for whom Alexander Dumas coined the word "demi-monde." They are not offenders against the civil law, but the conventions of society have for them no existence. They are Bohemians—the artists, actresses, and newspaper men and women of fiction, people whose intelligence is more shining than their morals, and who live by their wits and on the moneyed lotus-eaters whom they amuse. Their talk is all cast in the epigrammatic form, which becomes wearisome and strained in time, though the shafts of their wit fly in such clouds that now and again one must perforce bit the mark. That something like such a class does exist in New York is not to be denied; but James L. Ford's pictures of them are more amusing, more wholesome, and, on the whole, as truthful.

Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; price, \$1.50. Jahart

A Pleasure Trip Through Ireland.

Prospective tourists in Ireland will take much interest in Stephen Gwinn's late book, "Highways and Byways in Donegal and Antrim." Mr. Gwinn made a pleasure trip on a wheel along the Irish coast from Donegal Bay to Larne Harbor—which is to say, from the wildest corners of the west, where Irish is still the language even of commerce and the schools, into the very neighborhood of prosperous, modern Belfast. The country he traversed for the most part lies remote from the beaten path of travel. Until a few years ago the region was difficult of access and ill provided with inns; but now railways bring one into the heart of it, roads are plentiful, and inns are always available. Good fishing is to be had in every stream. The author has included in his book a great many old legends, historical anecdotes, and tales of the soil. There is also a very good map; and eighty-seven drawings by Hugh Thomson, all of them excellent, add to the interest.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$2.00. Jahart

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Readers are beginning to learn that they have missed much in leaving Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh" unread or neglected. Now, perhaps partly through the influence of Mr. Swinburne's rapturous eulogy (says *Literature*), people are finding out for themselves what a wealth of beauty and humanity there is in this work, and several new editions have been brought out to meet the demand.

Joseph Hatton has completed a new romance, to be entitled "The White King of Manoa." The novel tells the story of the life of Sir Walter Raleigh, and the scene is laid during the Anglo-Spanish troubles in the time of Elizabeth.

Negotiations have just been completed by the Macmillan Company to publish a special edition of "Richard Carvel," by Winston Churchill, in India and the British colonies.

Walter Savage Landor, the son and heir of the author of "Imaginary Conversations," died not long ago at Geneva, in Switzerland. He was born in 1822. The family estates fall to another son, Charles Landor, who lives at Florence, and is the father of the well-known traveler, A. H. Savage Landor.

"Imperial Democracy," by David Starr Jordan, is a recent publication of D. Appleton & Co.

A new story by Egerton Castle, author of that delightful little romance "The Pride of Jennico," will be published in the fall.

Maurice Hewlett, one of the most picturesque and sympathetic of writers, has undertaken to prepare for the Macmillan Company a volume on Florence, which is to be a companion book to F. Marion Crawford's "Ave Roma Immortalis."

A story entitled "A Splendid Sin," by Grant Allen, is announced for publication next month.

"A Cosmopolitan Comedy," published by D. Appleton & Co., is the title of the latest volume by Anna Robeson Brown, author of "Sir Mark," etc.

Among promised books of biography is one on Leigh Hunt, and Sir Arthur Sullivan has agreed to publish an account of his musical life.

Andrew Lang is writing a monograph on "Bonnie



There are frauds in soaps as well as other things. Sometimes a grocer will offer you a substitute for Ivory Soap, because his profits are larger on the substitute. He and the purchaser are losers in this transaction. The dealer ultimately loses the customer, and the customer suffers from the mischief of the substitute. A person accustomed to Ivory Soap will not be satisfied with any other. Ask for Ivory Soap and insist upon getting it.

A WORD OF WARNING—There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the Ivory"; they ARE NOT, but like all counterfeits, lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for "Ivory" Soap and insist upon getting it.

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Prince Charlie" for the Goupil Art Series. The Stuart papers at Windsor Castle have been placed at his disposal, and a number of extremely interesting pictures will be available for illustration.

Mr. Chambers is now engaged, it is said, upon the fourth and final volume of his series of books dealing with the Franco-German War.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. have just published an excellent volume on "Alaska and the Klondike," by Angelo Heilprin.

Rudyard Kipling's latest suit for damages is against Elbert Hubbard, of the Roycroft Shop, at East Aurora. The grounds of complaint seem to be technical, and involve practically the same issue as in the suit recently brought against G. P. Putnam's Sons—that is, the right of a publisher to give a name of his own to a volume, even though the matter contained therein is not covered by a copyright. For instance, Mr. Hubbard has called a certain poem "The Dipsy Chanty." Mr. Kipling admits that the expression "Dipsy Chanty" occurs several times in the poem, but avers that the correct title is "The Last Chant."

The *Academy* thinks that Mr. Tcherkoff, Tolstoy's agent in England, has reason on his side in the protest he makes against the treatment of Tolstoy's new novel in the United States. "If no right to excise," says the *Academy*, in an editorial note, "was stipulated for, the author is entitled to feel aggrieved at the excisions which have been made. The alterations and modifications are of a nature quite unnecessary from even an extreme Puritanical standpoint. Tolstoy does not mince his words nor choose his incidents with too much regard for family reading, but the editor of the *Cosmopolitan* must have known this before he accepted the serial. In this country the novel has been printed as it was written." Jahart

The July Pall Mall Magazine.

Among the most notable features of the *Pall Mall Magazine* for July are an exhaustive article on the various phases of "Modern Architecture in Chicago," by Peter B. Wight; an important article by Lord Charles Beresford, discussing "The Anglo-American Entente"; "Wireless Telegraphy," its history and development (fully illustrated), by H. G. Marillier; the third of Mr. Higginbottom's "Silhouettes in Parliament," which he devotes to the Irish Nationalists; the second installment of F. C. Burnand's highly entertaining reminiscences of his early *Punch* days; a brief but very interesting paper by A. C. Bagot ("Bagatelle") on the famous English sport—polo; and an article by W. E. Henley, in which he severely criticises the *Daily Telegraph's* recently published list of "The Hundred Best Novels." As to fiction, H. G. Wells contributes one of his fascinating stories of the future entitled "The Vacant Country," and there are several other powerful short stories in the number. The Marquis of Lorne, among others, contributes a poem,

It is reported that *Le Temps* has secured Gustave Larroumet to succeed the late M. Sarcey, who wrote the Monday dramatic *feuilleton* for that journal for over forty years. Jahart

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LITERARY NOTES.

A Mysterious Murder Case.

"Pursued by the Law," by J. MacLaren Cobban, brings clearly to mind those stories by Guy Boothby in which figured the mysterious and diabolical Dr. Nikola, the present story introducing a character no less remarkable and equally skillful in those arts and devices which have for their end the deception of the public, the promotion of secret crime, and the bewilderment of detectives. It is as an expert in the last named capacity that Mr. Townshend figures in "Pursued by the Law," and his operations are conducted in behalf of one James Graham, who, though innocent, has been sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude for causing the death of his father. Graham took the burden of the crime on his shoulders to protect his mother from suspicion, and it was this noble sacrifice which prompted Townshend to prevent, if possible, the fulfillment of the sentence. Through the medium of Graham's lover he instructs him how and where to escape from the Great Western night-express as it whirled on toward the prison. Then comes the old story, with all its improbabilities, of the escape of one prisoner from two warders and the successful leap of a manacled man from an express train traveling at full speed. From this point to the close of the story there is no end of excitement, for though closely pursued by Scotland Yard detectives, Graham, under the advice and protection of the wily Townshend, eludes his pursuers until, through the instrumentality of his sweetheart, the real murderer of his father is brought to light and he is once more a free man.

While lacking the element of probability, the story is entertaining for its wealth of incident, is full of action, and possesses those qualities which commend themselves to lovers of the mysterious. If it has a purpose, it is probably that of showing how terribly and relentlessly the hands of the law and the police may be laid upon an innocent man to his utter condemnation. The over-zealous detective plays a prominent part in the story, doing his best to make the evidence against Graham as complete as he can. The English practice of granting a "free pardon" to an innocent person is ridiculed. "Such is the old legal formula," says the author; "you are not guilty, but we forgive you."

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00. Jahart

A Near View of Cromwell.

It is a strong and vivid portrait of Oliver Cromwell that Arthur Paterson has drawn in his latest historical novel, "Cromwell's Own." Long after the story of Ralph Dangerfield and his love for Rachael Fullerton will have faded from the reader's mind, the figure of Cromwell will remain, a strong man and a good one, ruling his own home with love and justice, and compelling all things to the great aim of his life—the relief of the people of England from royal tyranny.

The hero of the tale is Ralph Dangerfield, a lad at Cambridge when we first see him. For having written a book upholding the proscribed Socinian creed, his father is sentenced to be pilloried and to have his ears cropped, and dies from his sufferings. Ralph then swears vengeance against the authors of this outrage, and after two years' study of the art of war in the Low Countries, he offers his services to Oliver Cromwell, who has at last taken up arms against the king.

His father having been an old friend of the Protector, and his admirable qualities as a man and as a soldier making him an invaluable ally, Cromwell takes Ralph into his command, and during the years of the Civil War he serves in the Parliamentary army as cornet, lieutenant, captain, major, and finally colonel of "Cromwell's Own," the famous regiment of horse which defeated Prince Rupert's invincibles at the Battle of Marston Moor. Thus through Ralph's eyes we see Cromwell as the man of action, recruiting and drilling his men, striking swift and telling blows at a scornful enemy, wringing money from the half-hearted burghers in whose interest he fights, and displaying wonderful generalship in hard-fought fields. Not only this; he takes Ralph into his home, and there we see him as son, husband, and father, with his moments of tenderness and even fun, but always a just and God-fearing man.

This is one side of the tale that makes it worth reading, and another is its interest as a romance. There is love, and fighting, and intrigue in it a-plenty, and from the student's room at Cambridge, where Ralph is cursing himself for his roystering extravagance, to Cromwell's acceptance of him as a husband for his ward, the interest does not flag on a single page.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50. Jahart

Sir Galahad in the Army.

Brigadier-General Charles King, in his new novel "A Trooper Galahad," has added another very readable book to his list of titles. The story is less a love story than most of its predecessors, in that the hero's marriage at the end of the book has very little to do with the plot; but in all other respects it falls into its place nicely in the familiar series of army romances.

When Captain Barclay, "the trooper Galahad," came to Fort Worth he found that his reputation had preceded him. He was rich, overstudious, gen-

erous, and somewhat too religious, it was whispered. The story develops his true character. He finds at the post the woman whom he had loved and who jilted him in the long ago. She, a beautiful but shallow woman, now the wife of a brother-officer, sets her cap for him, but finds the white knight dead to her charms. Barclay does a great deal of good at the post, extending surreptitious financial aid to a number of worthy people; he earns the respect of the garrison by deeds of physical prowess upon the garrison bully; he proves himself to be a model officer in the field; and, all in all, shows that he is very much of a man, and a gentleman as well.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.00. Jahart

Misadventures of Two Girls.

"Sand 'n' Bushes," by Maria Louise Pool, is a rambling and whimsical account of how two girls bought two horses and went out with them for a little journey in the world. Their younger brother overtook them on a wheel; whereupon between them they get into all sorts of amusing predicaments. They have a kitten in a bag to carry to a friend, and it causes trouble; they have horses that want to do freakish things, and that causes trouble; it rains on them, people stare at them, they fall in with a burning baystack, they have misadventures in a boat—and it all causes trouble. Then there are complications with nice young men, and still trouble—always trouble. The book will be found useful by those who are tired of heavy reading and wish to go to the other extreme.

Published by Herbert S. Stone & Co., New York; price, \$1.50. Jahart

New Publications.

In the Young of Heart Series the latest issue is Will Allen Dromgoolle's fanciful, pathetic story, "Rare Old Chums," which tells of two lonely companions—an old man and a child. Published by Dana Estes & Co., Boston; price, 50 cents.

Alice Archer Sewall's volume, "An Ode to Girlhood, and Other Poems," is like a garden of tangled vines, where by searching one might find a few pale, faintly fragrant blossoms. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25.

Alice Meynell has won a place among the bright essayists of the day. Her latest volume, "The Spirit of Place, and Other Essays," is a notable one. The essays are compact, graceful, and wise. Published by John Lane, New York; price, \$1.25.

The Temple Edition of "Plutarch's Lives" has progressed to the fourth volume, and in this Aristides, Cato, and Marius are among the persons sketched. The handy size of the books and their artistic finish are attractive qualities. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

The impressions and fancies of an unconventional tourist, who found his way over carriage-roads and bicycle-paths, are recorded in "Plains and Uplands of Old France," by Henry Copley Greene. Each chapter is followed by a poem inspired by the locality visited, and prose and verse are quaintly done. Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

Six bright and entertaining short stories are given in Robert Herrick's volume entitled "Love's Dilemmas." The author has a wide acquaintance and a lively fancy, and, most noticeable of all, an original and ingenious method of securing more than the attention of an hour for his work. The reader will fashion a sequel to most of his sketches. Published by H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.25.

In the early days of "Bootles' Baby" the stories by "John Strange Winter" were written with a light touch, a grace and delicacy sadly wanting in her latest book, "Wedlock." The working out of the plot—a variation of the Enoch Arden theme—is done with a heavy hand, and there are few happy pages in the story, though the skies are clear at the end. Published by R. F. Fenno & Co., New York; price, 75 cents.

Among the newspaper correspondents who have made books out of their experiences with the troops in Cuba, Burr McIntosh has chosen for his work the most modest title. "The Little I Saw of Cuba" is not a pretentious volume, but it contains some good description and a large number of pictures of more than ordinary interest. Some of the views are unique. Published by F. Tennyson Neely, New York; price, \$2.00.

Max Beerbohm has given to the public a series in book-form of his little essays on almost everything, under the title "More." These essays seem to have been selected as the assayer selects his samples of pay rock—"fair share, fair try." All of them have had previous publication in the London newspapers along with, as their author says, "a host of others, which sentiment urged me to rescue also," but which he forebore to do. For the light, aimless reading of a summer day they will be welcomed because so well done. Published by John Lane, New York; price, \$1.25.

Professor Andrew C. McLaughlin's "History of the American Nation" is the latest volume in the Twentieth Century Series of Text-Books. It is intended for high-school use, and should commend it-

self to all instructors. In its study of national progress and the problems of government, the difficulties in the way of the constitution-builders and the executives have been set forth clearly yet briefly. The sustained interest of the several chapters, the well-chosen illustrations, the explanatory maps and diagrams, and the extended list of historical references are points of excellence. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.40. Jahart

RECENT VERSE.

Sir Walter Scott.

Rhymers and writers of our day,
Too much of melancholy!
Give us the old heroic lay;
A whiff of wholesome folly;
The escapade, the dance;
A touch of wild romance.
Wake from this self-conscious fit;
Give us again Sir Walter's wit:
His love of earth, of sky, of life;
His ringing page with humor life;
His never-weary pen;
His love of men!

Builder of landscape, who could make
Turret and tower their stations take
Brave in the face of the sun;
Of many a mimic world creator,
Alive with fight and strenuous fun;
Of nothing human he the hater.
Nobly could he plan:
Master of nature, master of man.

Sometimes I think that He who made us,
And on this pretty planet laid us,
Made us to work and play
Like children in the light of day—
Not like plodders in the dark,
Searching with lanterns for some mark
To find the way.
After the stroke of pain,
Up and to work again!

Such was his life, without reproach or fear.
And at the end,
When Heaven bent down and whispered in his ear
The word God's saints waited and longed to hear,
I ween he was as quick as they to comprehend;
And when he passed beyond the goal,
Entered the gates of pearl no sweeter soul.
—Century Magazine for July.

The Cry of Rachael.

I stand in the dark; I beat on the door:
Let me in, Death,
Through the storm am I come; I find you before:
Let me in, Death.
For him that is sweet, and for him that is small,
I beat on the door, I cry, and I call:
Let me in, Death.
For he was my bow of the almond-tree fair:
Let me in, Death.
You brake it; it whitens no more by the stair:
Let me in, Death.
For he was my lamp in the house of the Lord:
You quenched it, and left me this dark and the sword:
Let me in, Death.
I that was rich do ask you for alms:
Let me in, Death.
I that was full uplift you stripped palms:
Let me in, Death.
Back to me now give the child that I had;
Cast into mine arms my little sweet lad:
Let me in, Death.
Are you grown so deaf that you can not hear?
Let me in, Death.
Unclose the dim eye, and unstop the dull ear:
Let me in, Death.
I will call so loud, I will cry so sore,
You must for shame's sake come open the door:
Let me in, Death.
—Lizette Wordsworth Reese in July Lippincott's.

Alfred Austin, the poet laureate of England, recently attained the age of sixty-four. It is now exactly forty-five years since he published his first book, "Randolph: A Tale of Grief." Then there was a long interval of seven years before his second attempt saw the light. That was "The Season—A Satire," which was published in 1861, the year in which Mr. Austin quitted the bar, and "devoted himself to foreign travel and literature."

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THE PALL MALL MAGAZINE, ASTOR COURT, NEW YORK.



Our great, overgrown country sprawls over an area of more than three million square miles, and has a population of seventy millions, and scattered through all its thickly settled communities are thousands of young men and women whose ambition leads them to the stage. Once there, let them possess a talent ever so slight, a personality however faintly marked, an appreciation that merely singles them from their fellows, and their faces turn to New York as the needle to the pole. They desire above all the New York stamp of approval, and then they are ready for the fray. So it comes that the great city is gorged with talent, and what the Frohmans single out, we may perhaps assume to be the flower of the American stage, barring, of course, the stars who pursue their own solitary orbits, with their shining undimmed by the rivaling splendor of the New York constellations.

Strange that all these young men and women, coming from different sections of this enormous nation, with all its varying conditions of climate, pursuits, and temperaments, and with its diverse provincialisms of speech, should turn out to be so very much of a kind, after they have served their apprenticeship. Talent, ease, sparkle, humor, intelligence, earnestness, refinement, grace, elegance, beauty—these are the good gifts that are divided among them, and each has enough of his share to give him the distinction, slight or marked, which assures him of his hold in public favor. Yet over all of them is that slight veneer, that light crust of a meretricious something—what is it?—a faint, refined, yet pervasive haze of artificiality, perhaps, that dulls the outlines and lessens the effect of the real, live, vigorous ability pulsing beneath it.

It is the stamp of New York. It shows itself most unmistakably in the speech, which is a perversion of the American and a slander on the English accent. It shows itself in various slight over-elaborations of touch; in the meaningless vivacity, for instance, with which the ladies continually flutter with a graceful little skip to the door, and scan the departing figure of some one who has just made his exit as earnestly as if he were a sandwich-man carrying an absorbingly interesting advertisement on his back. It shows itself in the tendency they all have to an exaggerated and long-continued pose when the curtain falls.

In "The Liars," Henry Miller, at the close of the second act, made much the same barbarous demonstrations of joy over his dinner that an untutored savage might show after a week's starvation in the bush. In "Lady Ursula," when the curtain was falling at the end of the first act, we had a sufficiently prolonged view of two charming girls pulling at Lord Hassenden's velvet small-clothes to feel that if not they, the joke at least, was worn threadbare.

But it is with the accent that I most quarrel. No actor can speak from the soul, and at the same time cumber his tongue with an imitation of a speech that is made up of numerous inflections, intonations, and pronunciations foreign to his own. He places a medium between himself and his hearer which strips his tones of genuine feeling and his acting of real fire. And, after all, this careful copying of the English accent is but repeating the mistakes and provincialisms of others. What a waste of time! To think of all these Westerners, Southerners, Northerners, New Englanders, putting these various nasal, woolly, twangy, chippy, raw, or finished accents through the New York grist-mill of tone, and coming out with a carefully tutored imitation of mistakes. What those on the higher plane of the stage should give us is pure, uncontaminated English, unmarred by affectation or imitation of any one nation or section. What the dramatic schools should aim at is to establish the proper standard for such speech, and the leading actors on the American and English stage who make a careful study of ideal dramatic expression would draw near to each other unconsciously in their results, without descending to the servility of imitation.

But the vice of anglomania, although getting on in years, is still flourishing; Eastern stage-managers still kowtow to London standards, and if the present English rage for unconventional Americanisms of speech continues, we may yet see them fall flat on their faces, and abjectly order their stage figures to renounce the carefully cultivated Englishisms of their tongue, and prepare a choice excerpt of the most brisk and nappy of American colloquialisms with which to please the petted and capricious British ear.

"The Adventure of Lady Ursula," the second play in which the New York actors have been seen, is a pretty, puffed, perfumed, powdered figure of comedy, in which Anthony Hope has lavished all his

talent for recounting graceful, dashing adventure, lit up and prettily sentimentalized with delicately spiced love-scenes, full of the gay badinage and tender mockery his lovers so much affect. The atmosphere of the play, whose time is a century and a quarter back, is full of that rococo elegance, that flowery ornateness of manners, ways, and dress which best sets off the faintly artificialized talents of the Frohman people.

The two girls in the play were pictures in the first act; Miss Burton's delicately outlined, pinkily tinted profile had just its proper setting in the full brown curls, the dainty white coif, the graceful falls of white lace on her crossed fichu; but Miss Burton represents beauty without talent, while Miss Margaret Anglin, the leading lady of the company, and the madcap heroine of the comedy, represents talent without beauty. Not but that she has her own distinctive charms. She has a pretty little size and shape of her own, being small and slender without meagreness, and she carried the looped and furbelowed fineries, the dancing curls, and the rakish hat of the period with a dainty dash that made one forget the irregularity of her features. She possesses a marked talent for comedy, and played her part with a full conception of all the refined, coquettish roguery that it calls for. She has a great mobility of expression, and in all her word-fencing with Sir George Sylvester—that light, graceful cut and thrust of repartee which seems to slip as easily as so many drops of ink from Anthony Hope's facile pen—her face brightly mirrored the changing moods of the saucy, daring heroine. In spite of the lady-like swagger with which she tried to carry off her appearance in men's clothes, she is too small to embody the conception that Hope probably had in his mind of a tall, fine, imperious-looking girl, richly dowered with beauty and grace, who would be all splendor and dash one moment, and shrinking, delicious femininity the next; in fact, he probably had Ada Rehan in his mind, as Miss Anglin had her in her mind and as the audience had her in their minds. For when we see an actress play a part in which she tries to pass herself off as a man, we can but remember the gallery of picturesque figures Miss Rehan has left in our memories.

No actress on the American stage could ever carry herself in the doublet and hose of a pretty youth with quite the combination of piquant bravado and seductive timidity that she could. She was, in the fullness and splendor of her youth and prime, unique. No one was ever quite so girlish and so gay, so drooping, so bewilderingly coquettish, so sweetly feminine, so daringly bold, so triumphantly, victoriously charming, in so few moments. In spite of her appearance in these later years in a number of wordy and weakly sentimental plays of the type of "The Last Word" and "Countess Gucka," in which her talent was wasted, she has made herself the light of the American stage in high-class comedy, and set her stamp upon American methods of acting. Actresses are probably utterly weary of hearing it said that they imitate Ada Rehan, yet, nevertheless, they seem, one and all, to try a hand at it, when they essay refined comedy. They copy her methods, her tones, her very inflections. For in that she was original, individual, as in all else. But none have yet approached her in her time.

Let Miss Anglin once resolve to let her art follow more closely upon nature; let her eschew imitative, banish artificiality, and she, too, has a career before her in high-class comedy—a more advantageous field for an ambitious actress, from the fact that comparatively few women have the sparkling versatility of the comedienne.

Henry Miller was vastly improved in his personal appearance by the rich dress of the period. In "The Liars" he was, in appearance, merely a commonplace young man, a little older since we last saw him, who has clung with fortunate tenacity to a head of accurately parted, sleek, dark hair. As Sir George Sylvester, backed by the rich, dark, red-and-ebony settings of his stately chamber, sumptuously clad in a gorgeous brocaded dressing-gown that toned in with the dull red of the hangings, with his snow-white peruke forming an effective background to his dark eyes and brows, and with his smoothly shaven face well made-up to emphasize its good points, he shed ten years of his age, and trebled his good looks. The whole scene was a delight to the eye, with the three men lounging around the massive ebony table, smoking their yard-long pipes, with the rich gloom of the chamber only emphasized and made more picturesque by the flickering points of the lighted candles.

One is justified sometimes in wondering what it is in Henry Miller that gives him his high place on the New York stage. He has ambition, a keen interest in his work, and sometimes he acts well, but seldom throughout an entire performance. His good moments are in spots. He is never powerful, but always conscientious. His great point is considered to be love-making, but he runs too much to sentimentality, rather than to the headlong, self-abandonment of the real stage lover. Nevertheless, as Sir George Sylvester he was well placed, for the earnest moments in the verbal fencing between him and Lady Ursula were few, and the exchange of quips and quibbles, charged with challenge and sentiment, were many. A peculiar point I have always noticed in Mr. Miller's delivery of his lines is a tendency to adopt an unnatural and misplaced inflection, apparently rejecting the simple and obvious

one, because it looks too easy; it is another instance of this same over-elaboration of trifles, which robs a simple utterance of its real meaning, and either leaves the hearer slightly puzzled, or inclined to give it a significance it does not possess.

Mr. Morgan, being quite a young man, shows a tendency to fall into the same error, probably because his senior does. In "The Liars" he showed a very pretty talent at making love, with quite a Latin impetuosity and fervor, but no one would guess that the surly young lord in "The Adventure of Lady Ursula," with the cameo-like head, a-top of the long-legged, stoop-shouldered body, could banish his self-consciousness long enough to take on the glow and ardor of the wooing lover. Mr. Morgan ought to do as the boarding-school girl used to—have himself strapped to a board or carry weights on his head, in order that he may display his good looks with a more erect and confident bearing.

It is a yearly trial that the best stock-company performances that we ever have, mounted with a taste, costliness, and skill that we rarely see here, and the plays that have been prominently successful and much talked and written about in the East, should come to us at a time when so many lovers of the play are frozen out of San Francisco and go to take their summer outing. Nevertheless, there seems to be plenty of people left to fill the house, and among them any number of pretty women, who do honor to the occasion by dressing charmingly.

JOSEFITA.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

An Old Girl in New Guinea.

There was an old girl in New Guinea,
Who the short was remarkably skuainea,
In the season of drought
She never went ought,
Just stayed home and looked sweet and played
shuinea.—*Yale Record.*

His New Brother.

Yes, I've got a little brother.
Never asked for him from mother,
But he's here;
But I s'pose they went and bought him,
For last week the doctor brought him;
Ain't it queer?

When I heard the news from Molly,
Why, I thought at first 'twas jolly;
'Cause you see

I just 'magine I could get him,
And our dear mamma would let him
Play with me.

But when once I had looked at him
I cried out, "Oh, dear! Is that him?
Just that mite?"

They said, "Yes, and you may kiss him!"
Well, I'm sure I'd never miss him.
He's a fright!

He's so small, it's just amazing,
And you'd think that he was blazing,
He's so red;
And his nose is like a berry,
And he's bald as Uncle Jerry
On his head.

He's no kind of good whatever,
And he cries as if he'd never,
Never stop;

Won't sit up—you can't arrange him.
Oh, why doesn't father change him
At the shop?

Now we've got to dress and feed him,
And we really didn't need him.
Little frog!
And I can't think why father
Should have bought him when I'd rather
Have a dog!

—*London Daily Mail.*

An Author's Alphabet.

A is for Allen, of popular fame.
B is for Barrie, who made a great name.
C is for Caine, whose volumes we read.
D is for Davis, who has a big head.
E, Ellen Glasgow, who wears lovely clothes.
F is for Hopkinson Smith, I suppose.
G for George Moore, whose books make us blush.
H is for Hardy, tarred with the same brush.
I is for Ibsen, with problems unsolved.
J is for James, whose style is involved.
K is for Kipling, a man who writes books.
L for Le Gallienne, who's worse than he looks.
M is for Marie Corelli, a freak.
N for Nordau, who is mentally weak.
O is for Omar Khayyám, now a fad.
P is Pinero, whose plays are not bad.
Q is for Quiller-Couch; he is first rate.
R is for Rostand, grown famous of late.
S is for Sienkiewicz, praised by the crowd.
T is for Tolstoi, the man who has ploughed.
U is for Upward (I think that's his name).
V, Mrs. Voynich, a wonderful dame.
W's for Westcott, whose book made a strike.
X is for Xenos who wrote "Andronike."
Y is for Yeats, who tells stories of crime.
Z is for Zola, apostle of slime.—*Town Topics.*

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THE LAMBS AT PLAY.

Edward W. Townsend Tells How They Enjoyed Their Annual "Washing" at Glen Cove, L. I.

Did you ever see actors at play? (asks Edward W. Townsend in the New York *World*.) Of course you've seen them playing (he remarks), but then they were hard at work entertaining you, not themselves. New York actors give themselves just one day in the year for play—unadulterated, old-time boyish play, with no spectators to observe them, no stage manager to keep them keyed up, no illusions to be maintained, no lights to tire, and no make-up to disguise, and that one day is the occasion of the Lambs' Club "annual washing." These "washings" are water-side picnics, which for several years have been held at the country place of Playwright Greene, on Little Neck Bay, but this year the playground was the Sound shore place of Lamb Edward R. Ladew, at Glen Cove, L. I.

The long season's work is over. Study or rehearsals for next season must soon begin, so the actors set this one day apart to get as far away from anything relating to the stage as possible, and I assure you that I saw leading "heavies" making sand forts, matinee favorites playing leap-frog—and but the start must be told of first.

It was found that enough steam-yachts were owned by members to transport the Lambs, so at an early morning hour—early for actors—Mr. Ladew's *Oriente*, Mr. Manning's *Whisper*, and Mr. Hostetter's *Duquesne* started from the foot of East Twenty-Sixth Street, Mr. Stephen Roach's *Emeline* from the Larchmont Yacht Club, and Mr. Greene's *Lambkin* from Bayside for the "washing" ground at Glen Cove.

The fun began before the landing was made. As each yacht approached she was boarded by a Lamb in full naval uniform, who took possession as a prize officer in the name of "True Bohemia," demanded a cold bottle as ransom, and placed the crew and passengers under arrest pending a show of cause why they should not be made to walk the plank. The "cause" was usually in a bottle, and popped as the cork was withdrawn.

On shore there were evidences of the elaborate preparations which were made for the Lambs' entertainment. On the beach a dozen colored experts were forwarding the mighty clam-bake, and the great fragrant pile they were building over the foundation of red-hot rocks included barrels of clams, scores of chickens, hundreds of frogs' legs, hushers of lobsters, with tripe, onions, potatoes, and fish filling in odd spaces, all covered with a heavy blanket of seaweed, over which canvas was laid. That promised well, as did the rustic dining-tables and buffet under the grove on the bluff, where there was also an orchestra of thirty pieces.

Francis Carlisle, Hugo Toland, Edward Ahles, George Nash, and the other fierce naval officers reported to High Priest De Wolf Hopper the capture of the invaders, and after some dire threats and personal jollyng, Hopper proceeded to sentence the whole company to a day's fun, provided they promised to be good.

"We'll be good," promptly responded Wilton Lackaye, "if you'll promise not to recite 'Casey at the Bat!'" Hopper dutifully promised.

Then as the Lambs disported themselves at will an orchestral programme was rendered which developed the fact that the club had composers who could provide a varied, original programme of high excellence. The most unexpected in this was the appearance of Ignacio Martinetti as the leader of his own composition, "Will o' the Wisp." Those who have only seen Mr. Martinetti dancing and frolicking through a May Irwin farce would have been amazed to see him seriously leading a big orchestra playing his own music.

When his number was finished and he was hawking his acknowledgment of the generous applause, there came in a cold, distinct, cynical, trained voice:

"Very pretty, Ignacio. Who wrote it?"

This "broke up" the comedian so that he could not lead the encore which was demanded, and Jesse Williams, who had already led his own overture, led for him, whereupon there were solemn calls for "authors!"

Two incidents brought out the emotional side of the actors. Both Mr. Williams' and Victor Herbert's numbers, the latter an "American Fantaisie," included arrangements of national airs, and when these echoed through the grove, every actor there rose uncovered, and yelled, cheered, and sang as if he had never before had a chance to give vent to his real feelings. And, really, how seldom they do have such chance!

Joseph D. Redding led his "Under the Redwoods," recalling to the California contingent the midsummer jinks of San Francisco's famous Bohemian Club; young Henry K. Hadley led his own ballet, "Scene Bacchanale," and also George Stow's "Festival March," and Robert Coverly led his (a) "The Windmill," (b) "The Passing Regiment," and whenever the orchestra members applauded him for the graceful work, he was brought back to earth by the surprised inquiry: "Why, Coverly, have you studied music?"

Every one has seen the bent and tottering old roust in "Zaza," but few would have recognized Mr. Brunning in the straight young man holding a

mighty stein of beer, who umpired a game of baseball on the sward, the opposing nines consisting of Henry Dixey and Charles Stevenson, Zaza's impassioned lover.

It would have been a severe shock to the matinee girl had she chanced to see Harry Woodruff in a very raggy pair of bathing trunks giving a back at leap-frog to Louis Baker, scorning numerous requests to tell how he kept his hair in curl when he went into the water, and then triumphantly proving the curls natural by solemnly standing on his head in the sand while Marshall Wilder snap-shot him with a camera.

After the conclusion of the first formal ceremony there was nothing during the long day which had a suggestion of theatrical about it. Dinner-time was a carnival of fun, in which members who were so bold as to rise in response to enthusiastic demands for speeches were promptly and with much indignation ordered to "think" their speeches, but not disturb the haked clams with any audible utterance; and when at sunset the Lambs reluctantly put off to the waiting steam-yachts and sailed down the Sound toward the city's lights, one could easily have guessed the laughing, chaffing crowds a company of youngsters from school, not the men whose serious business in life it is to entertain others at all times save on their one play-day in the year, the Lambs' "washing."

STAGE GOSSIP.

The Grand Opera House.

The announcement that Walter Morosco has bought out all of C. M. Southwell's interest in the excellent opera company that has been playing an extended engagement at the Grand Opera House, will, doubtless, be received with pleasure by San Francisco theatre-goers. The Southwell company have appeared in several sumptuous productions and the principals have come to be great favorites here. According to the original contract their engagement would have concluded in a few weeks, but now they will continue at the Grand Opera House indefinitely.

Benedict's "The Lily of Killarney" will give way on Monday evening to an elaborate revival of Millöcker's tuneful opera, "The Beggar Student," the cast being as follows: Thomas H. Perse as Simon Simonovitz, the beggar student; Muro Delamotta as Janitsky, his friend; William Wolf as General Allendorf; Arthur Wooley as Enteroch, a jailor; Nace Bonville as Pifkes; Charles Arlington as Captain Henrich; William Gibbons as Sitsky, an innkeeper; Winifred Goff as Onapherie; Bertha Ricci as Countess Palmatica; Edith Mason as Laura; and Daisy Thorne as Bronislava.

Second Week of Anthony Hope's Comedy.

Anthony Hope's romantic comedy, "The Adventure of Lady Ursula," has scored a pronounced success at the Columbia Theatre, and, as the attendance during the week has been especially large, the management has wisely decided to continue it another week. Margaret Anglin and Henry Miller are excellent as Lady Ursula and Sir George Sylvester, respectively, and Guy Standing, E. J. Morgan, Blanche Burton, Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, Charles Walcott, and Joseph Adelman all have congenial rôles.

The next play to be staged by Mr. Miller will be R. C. Carton's latest comedy success, "Lord and Lady Algy," which had a long run at the Empire Theatre, in New York, and was only taken off to give way to Frohman's great revival of "Romeo and Juliet," with Maude Adams, William Faversham, and James K. Hackett in the cast.

Denis O'Sullivan at the Tivoli.

Thursday night was a gala night at the Tivoli Opera House when Denis O'Sullivan made his re-appearance in Dr. Charles Villiers Stanford's romantic opera "Shamus O'Brien," which has not been revived here since April, 1897, when the popular San Franciscan made his operatic debut in this city. The theatre was packed from the front row in the orchestra to the back of the top gallery, and theatres were dotted all over the house. Mr. O'Sullivan again scored a great success in the title rôle, and the support of the stock company, the costuming, and the scenery were excellent.

On Monday night, when "Shamus O'Brien" will enter upon its second and last week, the Tivoli will celebrate its twentieth anniversary, having a record of over seventy-three hundred performances to its credit. Its success has been well deserved, for it has always remained thoroughly abreast of the times, presenting many new operas which would probably never have reached this coast, and keeping its prices within reach of all.

The Orpheum's Excellent Bill.

Among the new-comers at the Orpheum next week will be Hayes and Lytton, who have been very successful in burlesques on standard plays; J. Morie, who calls himself the "tourist juggler"; and the Gardner Brothers, musical comedians.

Those who have been retained from this week's programme are the Pasqualis, who will be seen in another opera scene; the Farrells, the popular cake-walkers, who introduce a number of catchy new "coon" songs; Cressey and Dayne, in their pretty little sketch "Grasping the Opportunity"; the Four O'Learys, the clever comedy acrobats; and Melville and Stetson, in new songs and imitations.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Kipling-Putnam Controversy.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS,

27 AND 29 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK, June 16, 1899.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Referring to the Kipling matter, to which you have quite an extended reference in your issue of June 12th, there are apparently several errors in the facts as understood by the writer of this article. In view of these errors in the facts as stated, we inclose herewith several clippings which have correct statements, and one or two editorial references, made without any knowledge on our part.

In addition to these clippings, we may say briefly that the circular inclosed herewith describes pretty fully the set sold by us. The retail departments of Putnam's and Dutton's bought from the several American publishers a number of copies of the books in unbound condition. All of these books were the regular American copyright editions, and contain title-pages and imprints as originally published. The fourteenth volume of the set consisted of sheets of the edition of "Departmental Ditties," published by Lovell & Co., in 1891, by arrangement with Mr. Kipling. The fifteenth volume of the set consisted of the little sketch of Kipling by Clemens, and a general index to the set. The only matter printed by us was the general index. All the other material bears the title-pages and imprint without change. The name of Putnam and Dutton appears neither on the inside nor on the covers. In other words, we simply bought sheets in the open market and put on uniform covers, and the publishers of the sheets understood fully what we were going to do with them, and assented cheerfully to the enterprise—in fact, the same thing had been done on a smaller scale six months before.

The whole matter, at best, is a matter of retail book-selling, not of publishing, and involves, as far as our house is concerned, the sale of one hundred sets.

Very truly yours,

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.

[The high standing of Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons seems a sufficient guaranty of the accuracy of their assertions. As the question of Kipling's royalties appears thus to be disposed of, there remains that of the ethics involved. If we remember correctly, one of Kipling's objections to the Putnam's edition was this adoption of a cover design that he had selected for his authorized English edition (the first thirteen of the fifteen volumes referred to in the above communication). We believe he took the ground that the effect of this adoption would naturally be to create the impression that the entire fifteen volumes were authorized by him. One of the remaining volumes contains Mr. Clemens's sketch of Kipling, which, if we remember correctly, Kipling denounced as inaccurate and offensive. These seem to be the only two points of consequence involved in the controversy. Whether the cover design should have been employed without Kipling's assent; whether it was proper to include in an ostensibly complete set of his works a biographical and anecdotal sketch of the author without the author's approval—these are matters of ethics, if not of law. We leave the conclusion to the public.—EDS.]

Confession of a Millionaire.

A millionaire confessed the secret of his success in two words—hard work. He said he put in the best part of his life in gaining dollars and losing health, and now he was putting in the other half in spending dollars to get back health. Nothing equals Hostetter's Stomach Bitters for restoring health to the overtired body and brain. It gets at the starting point—the stomach—and overcomes nervousness, sleeplessness, dyspepsia, and indigestion.

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—EVERY MAN WHO GOES TO A BAR TO DRINK can get the Jesse Moore "AA" Whisky. There are many who want this whisky who do not visit bar-rooms. They can get it by the bottle at any drug store.

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Dividend Notices.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 California Street, corner Webb.—For the half-year ending with the 30th of June, 1899, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent. on term deposits and three and one-third (3 1/3) per cent. on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, July 1, 1899.
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN Society, 526 California Street.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1899, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent. on term deposits and three and one-third (3 1/3) per cent. on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, July 1, 1899.
GEO. TOURNY, Secretary.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN Francisco, 83 Post Street.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1899, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and six-tenths (3 6/10) per cent. on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, July 1, 1899.
GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK, 222 MONT- gomery Street, Mills Building.—Dividends for the half-year ending June 30, 1899, on term deposits at the rate of three and six-tenths (3 6/10) per cent. on term deposits, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of three (3) per cent. per annum, free of taxes, will be payable on and after Saturday, July 1, 1899.
S. L. ABBOT, Jr., Secretary.

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN Society, corner Market, McAllister, and Jones Streets—San Francisco, June 28, 1899.—At a regular meeting of the board of directors of this society, held this day, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-third (3 1/3) per cent. per annum on all deposits for the six months ending June 30, 1899, free from all taxes, and payable on and after July 1, 1899.
ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary.

SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 101 Montgomery Street, corner Sutter.—The board of directors declared a dividend for the half-year ending June 30, 1899, at the rate of three and eighty-four-one hundredths (3.84) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and three and twenty-hundredths (3.20) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, and payable on and after Saturday, July 1, 1899. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal from and after July 1, 1899.
CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

THE CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA,

222 Sansome Street,

Has declared for the six months ending June 30, 1899, a dividend of 6 per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, 7 per cent. on one-year term deposits, 10 per cent. on class "F" stock, and 14 per cent. to class "A" stock.

DR. E. D. HILL, President.
CAPT. OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Vice-President.

WM. CORBIN, Secretary.

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VANITY FAIR.

A number of important changes have been made this season in the dress of bicycle riders of both sexes. In an excellent article in the New York *Sun* we learn that in men's costumes all riding trousers are made with cuffs, which button at the side, but these are now made of the same material as the body of the garment. Full suits of the same material are not worn by the makers of fashion, but light trousers with a fancy check or plaid are the thing with a sack-coat of solid dark color. The heavy golf stockings of loud plaids and garish colors in the body are going out of date. Fancy tops are still proper, but the colors and designs are quieter and neater. The best-dressed men are forsaking the ultra-heavy golf hose and wearing thin stockings of cotton, worsted, silk, or mixed goods. In shoes, the athletes' foot-gear, cut to the ankle and lacing all the way to the toe, has been relegated to the scorch. The stylish riding shoe is laced low, but not so extremely as before, and the tops are above the ankles. Coats are cut on the ordinary lines of those worn during business hours, and there is apparently the same latitude allowed for individuality to the cyclist as to the merchant as to having this garment square-cornered or cutaway. With the dark coats and light-colored trousers a light hat is worn. A struggle has been apparently made to shelve the bicycle cap and to substitute the *Fédora*, but the weight and warmth of the Alpine felts and the superior comfort of the little caps in wind, rain, and sunshine are checking this decree of fashion, and the battle, although still on, seems to promise little hope of the Alpine ever being made supreme. Light-checked caps of any pattern are permissible, but many of the best-dressed riders have them to match the trousers. Belts are generally worn, but the plan of having suspender-buttons put on the inside and wearing suspenders under a short light-weight waistcoat of fancy design seems to be gaining. Some well-dressed riders eschew both belts and suspenders, having their riding trousers made "hip-fitting." The starched white linen dress-shirt with glossy bosom, open in front, and the high-starched collar, have been waging battle with the *négligé* shirts the same as the *Fédora* has been warring with the cap, but comfort and appropriateness support the cause of the soft shirts and turn-down collars. Cuffs are the rule with the better class of riders and simple little summer ties of lawn and other material. The high turned-over collar is a popular compromise between the two extremes of linen neckwear. In shirts the same light materials in vogue last year will be worn. In the way of colors there is little new in shirts, except that they are running neater and more to solid colors than toward flashiness.

Among women the circular skirt has stepped in this season to usurp the rights of the sensible bifurcated article. The refusal of many leaders in matters fashionable to give up the divided skirt makes the permanent stylishness of the plain round affair very questionable. The circular skirts are made five inches from the ground, and the divided variety seven inches, the difference being due to the fact that the saddle causes the ordinary dress to hitch up somewhat. The circular skirts are practically all made of double-faced goods, which show a solid color on the outside and warm plaids or checks on the under side. In some cases the skirts are made reversible. They are made not very full, and have the hang of a golf skirt. Heavy goods that keep the set of the garment and resist the wind are used almost exclusively. The advocates of the divided skirt decry the circular pattern for wheel-riding, and say that those who use it do so in order to have a skirt that can be used for rainy-day walking and golf as well as wheeling, and that they are not worn by the best classes. The statement regarding the social status of the circular-skirt advocates is not borne out by the facts. A better argument against them would be their subversion of serviceability to style, and the fact that they hinder free-leg movement and tire the rider more than the others. Divided skirts are worn by Mrs. George Gould, Mrs. C. Oliver Iselin, Mrs. Fred Vanderbilt, Lady Curzon, and other recognized women of the fashionable world. Oxford grays and tans are the popular colors in skirts, the scheme with women being the reverse of that with men, who wear dark coats and light trousers. Dark colors prevail in skirts, while brilliant-hued waists are worn with them. The Eton jacket is the garment of fashion. Embroidery work on the front and sleeves is worn, but the neatest appearance is given to good figures by the plain coat with military collar. With the coming of the long skirts the high-topped riding-boots have lost their prestige; the low-cut black shoes are now the proper thing. In hats, the Alpine shape and the sailor are the ruling styles, and both are trimmed more heavily than heretofore. On the whole the styles this year are prettier and more sensible than those of last season.

When the historic Derby day returned on the last day of May (writes Anna Morton Lane in the Chicago *Times-Herald*), London during a certain portion of the day was almost deserted, by fashion as well as by the plebeian crowd which makes up the huge population. From time immemorial it has been considered a portion of the duties of London hostesses to "give what are called" Derby teas, and

so all along Grosvenor Place, Constitution Hill, and up and down Piccadilly, the balconies of the great mansions that fringe these celebrated quarters were gayly decorated with brilliant hangings and filled with beautifully dressed women, who resembled nothing so much in the world as great, delicately tinted butterflies swarming against a background of dark stone, variegated by the hues of rich trappings that gave a note of strong color to the fairy-like scene. When the special trains from Epsom Downs drew into Victoria Station at about six o'clock, the show of splendid equipages rolling to and from the station was really bewilderingly effective. The idea of a "Derby tea" is that the people who have not gone to the famous race-course keep open house during the afternoon in order to entertain those who have been. Although, of course, there is always an enormous amount of popular enthusiasm and excitement over the Derby, it can not be said to be the great fashionable racing event of the season. It is decidedly the people's day, and, although there is always a detachment of royalty present on the course, they do not come to Epsom Downs in the semi-state in which they attend, for instance, at Ascot or Goodwood. The Princess of Wales, who has been in mourning, of course did not go this year, nor did any of her daughters, but the Duke and Duchess of York were present, and likewise the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. It was noticeable that the Prince of Wales, his brother, and his son were all dressed in ordinary morning costume, the prince wearing a low-crowned hat and short coat, while the Duke of York sported an obviously last season's straw, with a light tweed suit. The royal ladies were all most quietly dressed, and although the gowns to be noticed in the grand-stand and in the paddock and inclosure were all smart and effective, they were not by any means either extravagant in style or elaborate in appearance.

The house-boat seems to have some difficulty in becoming domesticated in this country. There is more truth in this statement (says the *Bazar*) than appears on the surface. House-boats we have, to be sure, but they are of an untamed and roving disposition, quite unlike the really domestic English species. A Thames house-boat is one of the most conservative institutions of that eminently conservative country. Year after year it clings to its own particular section of bank, with as little apparent ability to move with the stream as if it were the bank itself. The American species is different. Sometimes it has a motive power within itself. Sometimes it hires a "tow." But in one way or another it manages to satisfy the national yearning for movement—for getting up at morning in a different place from the one in which one went to sleep at night. Life on a Thames house-boat does not seem an enlivening summer programme to the American mind. The long reach of a yacht is infinitely more attractive, and every year these flocks of summer birds grow larger in our harbors. Aside from the short cruises from place to place, the yachts play a conspicuous part in the social life at certain resorts. Newport gayety is practically amphibious, at least when it comes to luncheons, dinners, and receptions. One of the most devoted yacht-lovers in this country is Miss Susan de Forest Day, who has practically abandoned life ashore and taken absolutely to the sea. The *Scythian*, her yacht, is her home. Two weeks ago she anchored near New York, and gave two receptions on board the boat. The second reception over, she took on a small party of friends, and the next morning was off on a week's cruise. The immovable house-boat seems tame in comparison.

Mrs. James Brown Potter has worn more expensive gowns on the stage than any other woman. All that she wears comes from Worth, and is made in his most thorough fashion. He keeps a model of her figure and she can order costumes from Hong Kong if she happens to need them there. Her gowns in "Carnac Sahib" were more discussed than anything else in the play. In private life Mrs. Potter is extremely indifferent to dress. Her clothes are utterly plain, unless relieved by some startling bit of color or peculiarity of design. The impression one gets chiefly is that her appearance makes no difference whatever to her. She told a reporter, the other day in London, that she hoped the time would come when more attention would be paid to costume, both on and off the stage. She was posing for an artist as a *cocotte* of the eighteenth century dressed in a costume of black and white. "Don't you see," Mrs. Potter said, "how this costume exactly expresses the character I am representing? Vivid contrasts, dashing and yet smart, violent and yet harmonious. And all corresponds with the period of Louis the Sixteenth. Do you notice my hair is powdered on the top? I don't think either women in society or women on the stage quite realize how necessary it is that every detail should harmonize. Fancy coming on in the costume of Elizabeth with the chignon of twenty years ago, or with the fringe of Whitechapel of to-day, and yet I have seen a woman appear exactly like that. 'What lack of taste!' you say; rather how deficient she must be in the sense of humor! And then the face must be made up, too, to harmonize with the gown. I make up according to the method of Romney, Vandyke, Reynolds, Gainsborough. I touch my mouth and nostrils with vermilion, and so

give a gem-like quality to the face. And the hair—it is wonderful what you can do with a swish of hair to pull yourself into a period; and think what a story your boots and gloves can tell. The secret lies in the wearing and in the wearer; a street-sweeper could look charming in a frock-coat if his atmosphere was in harmony. I wish people on and off the stage, but especially on it, realized more the history of dress." Mrs. Potter was one of the first women who transferred to the stage the beautiful dressing of society, with its lack of all attempt at theatrical elegance and contentment with what was effective and beautiful in a drawing-room. She has been followed by two other women, who are the most beautifully dressed on the stage to-day. Elsie de Wolfe is one of these and Mrs. Leslie Carter the other.

One of the great institutions of England that particularly impresses the American tourist is the English bar-maid. The British workman makes a life-long study of cheating his employer, and, therefore, keepers of public-houses think that bar-maids are more honest, and they know that a pretty girl draws a certain amount of custom and tends to keep the customers that she has. These bar-maids are to be found in every grade of saloon, from the lowest "pubs" in Whitechapel, where an American would suppose that a retired prize-fighter and professional bouncer would be more appropriate, to the most exclusive private hotels in the West End. It is the same all over England. As a class, bar-maids have two characteristics—they are always good-looking and always young.

What hurt: Young—"I heard that you were run down by a bicyclist this morning?" Oldboy—"So I was." Young—"Were you hurt?" Oldboy—"Not until one of the by-standers said that it was a shame to see an old man knocked down like that."—*Ex.*

Food for Babies

Must be nourishing and suitable, and by "suitable food" is meant a food which a child will properly digest and assimilate. Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk for forty years has been the leading infant food. Book entitled "Babies" sent free.

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

For the week ending Wednesday, June 28, 1899, the transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange have aggregated 84,000 bonds and 9,521 shares of stock, showing a falling off in business in both bonds and stocks as follows:

	BONDS.		Closed.
	Shares.		Bid. Asked.
Los An. Ry. 5%.....	1,000 @ 106½	106	107
Market St. Ry. 6%.....	7,000 @ 129½	129	
Market St. Ry. 5%.....	30,000 @ 116½-116½	117	
Park & C. H. Ry. 6%.....	2,000 @ 109	107½	109
S. F. & N. P. Ry. 5%.....	4,000 @ 116½	116½	
S. F. & S. J. Ry. 5%.....	5,000 @ 114½	114½	114½
S. P. R. of Ariz. 6%.....	1,000 @ 113½	113	113½
S. P. Branch 6%.....	6,000 @ 124½	124½	
S. V. Water 6%.....	5,000 @ 116-116½	116	
S. V. Water 4 3/4.....	25,000 @ 101½	101	101½
	STOCKS.		Closed.
	Shares.		Bid. Asked.
Equitable Gaslight.....	310 @ 5-5½	5	5½
Oakland G. L. & H.	140 @ 47-48	47	48
Pacific Gas Imp. Co.	150 @ 72	72	
S. F. Gas & Electric.	2,255 @ 70¼-74	70¼	71
	Water.		
Contra Costa Water.....	560 @ 71¾-71¾	71¾	71¾
Spring Valley Water.....	450 @ 100¾-101	100¾	101
	Banks.		
London P. & A.	100 @ 130	131	
	Powders.		
Giant Con.....	1,890 @ 70¼-73¼	72¾	73¼
Vigorit.....	600 @ 3¼	3	3¼
	Sugars.		
Hana P. Co.	420 @ 17½-17½	17½	17½
Hawaiian.....	245 @ 98-103¼	99	
Hutchinson.....	410 @ 38½-38	38½	38½
Paauhau S. P. Co.....	730 @ 39½-40½	39½	39½
	Street R. R.		
Market St.	1,015 @ 61-63	61½	62½
	Miscellaneous.		
Alaska Packers.....	31 @ 112¾-113	112¾	113
Oceanic Steam. Co.	200 @ 84½-85	84½	
Pac. C. Borax.....	15 @ 132½	130	

Giant Powder has been hammered by the bear interest and sold seller as low as \$70, but closed 3 points up at 73 strong.

The sugar stocks have been quiet, and sold down on small sales from ½ to 7 points, the latter in Hawaiian, which sold down to 98 but closed at 99 bid and 99½ asked.

San Francisco Gas and Electric opened strong on the decision in favor of the gas company, and sold up to 74, but weakened off to 70½. On steady selling about 2,250 shares changed hands.

INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

SIG B. SCHLOSS, A. W. BLOW,
Member Stock and Bond Exchange.
A. W. BLOW & CO.
Tel. Bush 24. 238 Montgomery Street, S. F.

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Grocers and druggists sell it.

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The undersigned having been appointed AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST for the sale of the manufactures of above company, have now in store:

SAIL DUCK—ALL NUMBERS;
HYDRAULIC—ALL NUMBERS;
DRAPEL AND WAGON DUCK,

From 30 to 120 inches wide; and a complete assortment of all qualities. 28½-inch Duck, from 7 Ounces to 15 Ounces, inclusive.

MURPHY, GRANT & CO.

Mrs. Fijit—"What is the noise in the next room?" The housemaid—"Oh, it's the parson recanting his sermon for to-morrow." Mrs. Fijit—"Oh, I see; practicing what he preaches."—*Tit-Bits.*

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.
Guaranteed Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,162,146.40
Capital actually paid up in cash..... 1,000,000.00
Deposits December 31, 1898..... 27,280,195.73

OFFICERS—President, B. A. BECKER; First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERRMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOWNY; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODFELLOW.
Board of Directors—Jen. Steinhart, Emil Rohte, D. N. Walter, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, and John Lloyd.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

532 California Street.
Deposits, January 1, 1899.....\$24,074,796
Paid-Up Capital..... 1,000,000
Reserve Fund..... 190,265
Contingent Fund..... 469,668

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres.
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.
Directors—George W. Beaver, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, Albert Miller, Geo. Tasheira, E. B. Pond.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL.....\$3,000,000
SURPLUS..... 1,000,000
PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT. 2,159,928
January 1, 1899.

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier
IRVING F. MOULTON.....Assistant Cashier
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary

CORRESPONDENTS:

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The Bank of New York, N. B. A.
Baltimore.....The National Exchange Bank
Boston.....The National Shawmut Bank
Chicago.....Illinois Trust and Savings Bank
Union National Bank
Philadelphia.....The Philadelphia National Bank
St. Louis.....Boatmen's Bank
Virginia City, Nev.....Agency of the Bank of California
London.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons
Paris.....Messrs. de Rothschild Frères
Berlin.....Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft
China, Japan, and East Indies. Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China
Australia and New Zealand.....The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

WELLS FARGO & CO., BANK

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$6,250,000
Jno. J. VALENTINE, President; HOMER S. KING, Manager; H. WADSWORTH, Cashier; F. L. LIPMAN, Asst-Cashier; H. L. MILLER, Second Asst-Cashier.
Directors—John J. Valentine, Benj. P. Cheney, Oliver Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, Geo. E. Gray, John J. McCook, John Bernheim, Dudley Evans.
Branches at New York, Salt Lake, and Portland.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$3,702,300; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$2,112,546.

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.
COLIN M. BOYD, Agent for San Francisco,
411 California Street.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Max O'Rell relates that while he was teaching in an English school a lady wrote to the head-master: "DEAR SIR: It is our intention to place our boy under your care, but before doing so we would like to know what the social standard of your school is." To which the head-master replied: "DEAR MADAM: So long as your boy behaves well and his fees are paid regularly, no inquiry will be made about his antecedents."

In spite of the humor in his poems, John G. Saxe was extremely sensitive to being made fun of, as Richard Henry Stoddard discovered. The two met one day in Broadway, and the old poet was feeling in a particularly good humor. "My son," he explained, "is doing better than I expected. He is making a great success." "How?" Stoddard asked. "He has started a lumber-yard up in Albany," Saxe replied. "All out of his own head?" the younger man asked, and Saxe immediately left him in a huff.

One evening at a social function where Sarasate was among the guests, a young violinist had the bad taste to play one of Sarasate's compositions with variations of his own creation. The latter were inappropriate and inartistic, and jarred upon the ears of all. The performer ended his work and made his way to Sarasate, doubtless expecting a word of recognition or praise. Sarasate said nothing, and the player finally asked: "I hope you recognize that piece?" "Certainly," Sarasate promptly replied; "it was a piece of impudence."

A wildly turbulent peasant was once a witness in a trial before Chief Baron O'Grady. The counsel, after pestering him for some time, put a question to him which reflected on the witness's character. "If ye ax me that again I'll give ye a kick in the gob!" was the answer. The counsel appealed to the court, stating that an answer was necessary to his client's case, ending up with the query: "What would your lordship advise me to do?" "If you are resolved to repeat the question," replied the court, "I'd advise you to move a little from the witness."

A certain superintendent was sent, not long ago, to the Standard Oil Company's works at Whiting to oversee matters. One morning he discovered an Irishman laying pipe in the customary excavation. The superintendent had a wonderful command of sulphurous language. Something about the man's work displeased him, and he suddenly opened up on the poor fellow with all his heaviest artillery. But, though he condemned him to perdition in a dozen different ways, the man in the ditch never so much as looked up. The superintendent suddenly pulled up in his wild tirade. "See here, my man," he roared, "don't you know I'm giving you hell?" The pipe-layer paused. Slightly turning his head he squinted up at the superintendent. "An' ain't I takin' it like a little mon?" he asked, quietly.

Governor Roosevelt's rigid enforcement of the civil-service regulations in New York political appointments brings angry remonstrance from the professional politicians. "Some time ago," said the governor at a recent dinner, "a man came to me and asked to be appointed to a minor office. He was very 'hot' when I told him he would have to stand the civil-service examination. 'Why, I have tried the pesky thing,' he said, 'and they wouldn't pass me.' The man had such good backing that I told him to try the examination again. 'You have them sized up now, sir,' I said, 'and you can go through flying.' To-day he came to me again, about the angriest politician in New York. 'Do I get that office?' he demanded. 'Have you passed the examination?' I asked. 'Passed it!' he raved; 'how could I pass it when they asked me the same old questions?'"

Labouchère tells an amusing story of how he did a good turn for a legal friend, who, although accustomed to address juries and judges, was afraid of the House of Commons. "One day, walking home with him," says Labouchère, "I told him that he should get over this curious dread. A matter was coming under discussion which involved a good deal of law. I said to him: 'If you like, I will get up and speak against the government view. You must jeer at me. I will complain of this, and suggest that as you are an eminent lawyer you should express your objections articulately, then you—having prepared your speech—must get up and crush me.' This was arranged. When I laid down the law, he laughed. I looked indignant. I went on; he uttered sarcastic 'Hear, hears.' On this I protested, sat down, and invited him to reply to me. He got up and made an excellent speech."

The old Duke of York, whose effigy looks down from the top of the column in St. James's Park, was once commander-in-chief, and frequently entertained the officers under his command. On one occasion the empty bottles had accumulated inconveniently, and the duke called to a servant: "Take away these marines!" Now a distinguished officer of marines was present. "May I ask your royal highness for an explanation of that phrase?" said

the undaunted representative of the "sailors and soldiers, too." The duke was the last man in the world to take refuge behind his dignity as royal highness, or even his exalted rank in the service. "I wear a blue coat, and you know where to find me," he had written to Colonel Lennox, when there was a quarrel between them, and he had "gone out" with the colonel as if he had been only plain Major Dobbin. But on this occasion a readiness of wit, which was not usual with him, saved the situation. "They have done their duty," he said, "and are ready to do it again. That's why I call 'em marines!'"

Jabot

DOBLEY'S SUMMER IN TOWN.

A Seasonable Tale that Suggests a Moral.

Dobley was obliged to take a flying trip out of town just as the hot weather began to get in its fine work, and Mrs. Dobley started to make preparations for leaving town. He was not sorry to get away at the time, for it was the regular thing each year to commence looking for some place near enough for Dobley to go in to business every morning and get back to the country at night. They had been married seven years, and had never found such a place, but Mrs. Dobley always went through the form of looking for the impossible paradise, and always ending by going to her mother's place in Vermont.

Dobley did not mind staying in town and going to the country over Sunday, but he couldn't see the necessity for converting the house into a locked-up, comfortable cavern of camphor-smelling bundles and barrels. Sometimes he imagined that the talk about a near-by place was only a ruse; for, starting with the idea that they were going to shut up the house, the windows were nailed up and boarded, everything was packed, the furniture was swathed in holland, moth-balls permeated the atmosphere, the carpets were taken up and sent to the cleaners, the cook was discharged, the gas was turned off, even. Then at the last minute it was always decided that Dobley would remain.

As he spun homeward on the Pullman, Dobley debated all these things over in his mind and resolved on a diplomatic course of action which would rob the summer of some of its camphor-scented terrors during the absence of his spouse. When he got back to town Mrs. Dobley had begun her deadly preparations. Her two trunks yawning in the back parlor, and a seamstress and a laundress were kept busy emptying dry goods into their insatiable maws. A small steamer trunk of Dobley's stood on end in a corner, which was also a part of Mrs. Dobley's magnificent system. It carried out the idea that Dobley was going, but at that inevitable last moment she always discovered that there were a lot of things she had not room for, and she took Dobley's trunk with her.

After dinner, which they had already begun to have served in a hurried manner, which meant that when folks were getting ready to go away anything in the way of meals would do, Mrs. Dobley took up the paper and said: "It is about time that we decided on our location, dear; don't you think so? We want to find some nice, cool spot where you can—"

"Within easy distance of the city," said Dobley; "where we can get surf and still-water bathing; a corner Queen Anne room, with a view of the ocean and the quiet waters of the bay, where we'll be swept by ocean breezes, with no mosquitoes or malaria; fresh eggs, milk, and poultry; good roads; stages meet all trains—I know just what we want. That's dead easy! The question is—do we get it?"

For the next few days they camped in their cheerless home trying to decide what resort they should visit, when finally Mrs. Dobley had a letter from her mother saying she hoped to have them both with her. Dobley breathed again. He was almost afraid that now he had his plans all laid Mrs. Dobley would actually find some place near town.

"I don't see why you, don't go up there, Honora," he said, "the air agrees with you, and I'm just as well off in the city. Near business, you know. Really I think you'd better decide on it."

So Mrs. Dobley wrote, and next evening the house was bare as never. The cook was gone and Dobley went out to a delicatessen store and purchased the dinner in small brown paper parcels.

"That will be such a nice little store for you to get things at," said Mrs. Dobley; "it will be just like camping out."

"All but the fishing," said Dobley. He was amazed at his own duplicity.

"I've left the chafing-dish out for you to cook anything you like on. You can make such lovely things—broiled kidneys and clams *sauté* and—oh, I hope you'll be comfortable, dear!"

"I'll try to," said Dobley, softly; "but what's the matter with the gas-range for cooking?"

"Oh, I had the gas turned off, dear—you know they bring in such awful bills in summer. You can run out mornings for any little thing you want," said Mrs. Dobley.

"That's so," said Dobley; "I never thought of that. How about baths and hot water to wash away the grime of a great city?"

"Of course there can't be hot water when the range isn't going; a cold plunge is so much nicer in summer. I've stopped the telephone and the mes-

senger call, too. We don't need to keep up that expense."

"Not at all," said Dobley. "What an economical jewel you are! How I will miss you!"

"There's just one little thing you'll have to do, dear."

"Carry the laundry down from Vermont every week, I suppose," said Dobley, actually smiling, he felt so good-natured.

"Of course you'll do that. But while you're here the canaries are in the extension, and will have to have fresh seed and water every day. You won't forget that, will you? And a leaf of lettuce or some green thing now and then. The cat—you'll see that he gets his milk. And water the garden; I wouldn't have that rubber-plant die for anything. And the five clocks—you'll surely wind them every night before you go to bed, so that they won't get out of order?"

"Sure," said Dobley.

"I've locked the two upper floors and you can sleep in the library on the couch. I've left out an excelsior cushion and a seamer-rug."

"Lovely!" said Dobley.

"The parlors, of course, I've locked; you won't want to give any parties, I suppose? You'll just sit around nights in your shirt-sleeves and water the plants in the yard and think of me. The back-yard's so cool and nice!"

"It's a dream!" said Dobley.

Dobley stayed home from the office next day and saw Mrs. Dobley's trunks off on the express wagon. Then he took his wife to the train in a cab and bought her a lot of magazines and a basket of fruit.

"Write me every day," was Mrs. Dobley's injunction, "and don't forget the cat—or the canaries—and the rubber plant and the garden."

"Not on your life!" said Dobley. "By-by!" and he waved his hand as the train sped out of the station.

Then he went back to the gloomy house and was closeted there for about twenty minutes. When he came out he looked pale, but happy. He locked the door and gave the key to the policeman on the corner. Then he went to a telephone and called up the Suburban Club. "Is that suite of rooms ready for Mr. Dobley?" he inquired.

"The suite with the balcony overlooking the water?" He nodded in a pleasant way at the answer.

"Electric fans all in and in working order?"

"Hm—m—"

"The private refrigerator set up?"

"—"

"How about those things I sent up to-day? Two baskets of champagne and er—some other little things?"

"—"

"Very good. And the steam-launch. Is that all ready? Mr. Dobley's launch—the *Cuckoo*. Yes?"

"—"

"Well, you might put some of those bottles on the ice, and send the carryall to the station to meet the 4:10 for Mr. Dobley. D—O—B—L—E—Y, Dobley. Did you get it? Good-by."

That night Dobley wrote to his wife: "My dear Honora," he said, "you will be shocked and pained to learn that when I returned home this evening laden with a simple dinner, which I had purchased at the little shop, I found that the cat and the canaries, that we left in the library so happy and well, had both expired, proving that the house is filled with malarial odors, as your mother has often said. Closing up the place as we did compressed these odors, so that our pets succumbed almost instantly. I have buried them in the back yard under the rubber plant. Of course I do not feel that I can remain in the house until the plumbing is attended to, so I have accepted Van Ripper's invitation to become a member of this little club for the few weeks the necessary repairs will occupy. Do not mourn the loss of the canaries and the cat too deeply. I felt very sorry myself, but there are others. Yours affectionately,

DOBLEY.

"P. S.—Love to mamma."—*New York Sun*.

Moore's Poison Oak Remedy.

Cures poison oak and all skin diseases. Sold by all druggists.

Poet—"All I need is an opening, sir." Editor—"Well, what's the matter with the one you just came through?"—*Tit Bits*.

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A Fashionable Anglo-American Resort

GRAND NATIONAL PRIZE
OF 16,600 FRANCS AT PARIS

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Endorsed by the Medical Profession of the World as the Best Tonic for Convalescents from Yellow Fever, Typhoid Fever and All Malarial Troubles; it increases the Appetite, strengthens the Nerves and builds up the entire System.

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OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:
Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for
YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,
Calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with Steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1899.
Coptic (Via Honolulu)..... Friday, July 14
Gaelic (Via Honolulu)..... Wednesday, Aug. 9
Doric (Via Honolulu)..... Saturday, Sept. 2
Coptic (Via Honolulu)..... Friday, Sept. 29
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

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IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA and HONG KONG, calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
Nippon Maru..... Wednesday, July 5, 6 P. M.
America Maru..... Saturday, July 22
Hongkong Maru..... Thursday, August 17
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market Street, cor. First.
W. E. CURTIS, General Agent.

OCEANIC Steamship Company
S. S. Australia, for Honolulu only, Monday, July 3, 2 P. M.
S. S. Mariposa sails via Honolulu and Auckland for Sydney, Wednesday, July 12, 1899, at 10 P. M.
J. D. Spreckels & Bros., Co., Agents, 114 Montgomery St. Freight Office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:
For Alaskan ports, 10 A. M., June 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, July 5, change to company's steamers at Seattle.
For E. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 10 A. M., June 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, July 5, and every fifth day thereafter.
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 2 P. M., June 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, August 2, and every fifth day thereafter.
For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports, 9 A. M., June 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, July 3, and every fourth day thereafter.
For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 A. M., June 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, July 1, and every fourth day thereafter. For further information see folder.
For Mexican ports, 10 A. M., seventh of each month.
The company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates and hours of sailing.
Ticket Office, 4 New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel).
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New Twin Screw Steamer. 600 feet long. 12,552 tons.

GERMANIC BRITANNIC
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For passage apply to G. W. FLETCHER, 613 Market Street, or to official railway and steamship offices on Pacific Coast.

International Navigation Co.'s Lines

AMERICAN LINE.
New York and Southampton (London, Paris), from New York every Wednesday, 10 A. M.
New York..... July 12 New York..... August 9
St. Paul..... July 19 St. Louis..... August 9
RED STAR LINE.
New York and Antwerp. From New York every Wednesday, 12 noon.
Kensington..... July 12 Friesland..... July 19
Noordland..... July 15 Adria..... July 26
EMPIRE LINE.
To Alaska and Cold Fields.
For passage and freight apply to International Navigation Company, G. D. FAHNESTOCK, General Agent Pacific Coast, 30 Montgomery Street.

SOCIETY.

The Smith-Brown Wedding.

Mrs. Alice Scott Brown was married to Dr. Reginald Knight Smith, passed assistant-surgeon, U. S. N., in New York on Wednesday, June 28th. The ceremony was performed at the Church of the Transfiguration, by the rector, the Rev. George Clarke Houghton, in the presence of only the immediate relatives of the contracting parties. The bride was given into the groom's keeping by her father, and her brother, Mr. Lawrence Scott, acted as the groom's best man.

The bride is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Irving M. Scott, of San Francisco. She was married to Mr. James Nash Brown, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Brown, of this city, in 1895, and was left a widow a year later.

Dr. Smith is the son of the late Captain J. C. W. Smith, who led the Sixteenth Alabama in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg. He entered the service in 1895, and met his bride when here on the *Philadelphia* three years ago. Later, he was transferred to the *Baltimore*, and was on duty in the Battle of Manila Bay. At present he is stationed at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, where they will make their home after their honeymoon trip to visit Dr. Smith's relatives in Alabama.

The Maus-Poor Wedding.

The marriage of Miss Mattie Lindsay Poor, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Poor, of New York and Washington, and Lieutenant-Colonel Marion P. Maus, First Infantry, U. S. A., late of Major-General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., staff, was solemnized on Wednesday, June 28th, at noon, in St. James's Church, Skaneateles, N. Y. The maid of honor was Miss Anita Poor, sister of the bride, and the bridesmaids were Miss Willets, of New York, Miss Miles, daughter of Major-General Nelson A. Miles, Miss Mary Sheridan, daughter of the late General Sheridan, Miss Bessie Glover, Miss Belle E. Hagner, and Miss Foulke, of Washington, and Miss Wright, of Cincinnati. Colonel Francis Micheler, Fifth Cavalry, U. S. A., was the groom's best man, and the ushers included Captain James Allen, signal corps, U. S. A., Major John J. Presling, and Major L. H. Strothers, First Infantry, U. S. A. Immediately after the wedding-breakfast, which was served at the summer home of the bride's parents, "Willow Bank," near Skaneateles, Lieutenant-Colonel Maus and his bride left for this city, where he has been ordered for duty.

The Mercado-Crittenden Wedding.

The marriage of Miss Laura Churchill Crittenden, daughter of Mr. Parker Crittenden, and Mr. Louis Robinson Mercado took place at St. Stephen's Church on Wednesday noon, June 21st. The bride was given into the groom's keeping by Mr. Chauncey Boardman. Mr. T. Scott acted as best man, and the ushers were Mr. Sydney Van Wyck, Mr. Crittenden Van Wyck, and Dr. William Dorr. A reception followed, at the home of the bride's aunt, Mrs. R. B. Sanchez, 2016 Sacramento Street. After a fortnight's tour in Southern California, Mr. and Mrs. Mercado will live in Butte County, where Mr. Mercado is interested in the Megalia Mine.

Notes and Gossip.

Mr. and Mrs. Pelham W. Ames have issued invitations for the wedding of their daughter, Miss Alice Bradford Ames, to Mr. Thomas Hinckley Robbins, of Boston. The ceremony will take place at noon on Wednesday, July 19th, at Grace Church. The maid of honor will be Miss Bessie Ames, sister of the bride, and the bridesmaids will be Miss McBean, Miss Little, Miss Norma Preston, Miss Lilian Shoobert, Miss Marie Wilson, Miss Polhemus, Miss Smedberg, and Miss Louise Crosby. Mr. Robbins's best man will be his brother, Mr. William Bradford Robbins, and the ushers will be Mr. Roger Willcott, of Boston, Mr. Robert Bellows, of Boston, Mr. Hookett Berby, of Boston, Mr. Worthington Ames, Dr. Harry L. Tevis, Mr. Walter Martin, Mr. John Polhemus, and Mr. Bryant Greenwood.

Invitations have reached here from General and Mrs. William Montrose Graham for the wedding of their daughter, Miss Harriet Pierce Graham, to Lieutenant Archibald Henderson Seales, U. S. N., which will take place on Tuesday, July 11th, at twelve o'clock at Christ Church, Bay Ridge, N. Y. Miss Graham was very popular here when her father was in command at the Presidio.

Miss Mabel Ainsworth, daughter of Mrs. George J. Ainsworth, of Portland, Or., was married to Mr. Edwin Mays on Wednesday evening, June 21st, at the First Presbyterian Church in Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard entertained at dinner on Wednesday last, at their summer home in Ross Valley, Mr. and Mrs. Fred H. Green, Mrs. Dietrick,

Mr. Allan St. John Bowie, Baron Von Schröder, and Baron Alex Von Schröder.

Admiral Albert Kautz, U. S. N., and Mrs. Kautz entertained a number of friends from the Hotel Rafael, where they are now stopping, on board the *Philadelphia* last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. William Gerstle entertained at their new home, in San Rafael, at dinner recently Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Gerstle, Mr. and Mrs. Fred H. Green, and Mr. E. M. Greenway.

A dinner was given in honor of Brigadier-General George M. Sternberg, surgeon-general, U. S. A., at the Hotel Richelieu on Friday, June 23d, by Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Michaels. The other guests were Colonel W. H. Forwood, assistant surgeon-general, U. S. A., and Mrs. Forwood, Colonel J. B. Girard, assistant surgeon-general, U. S. A., and Mrs. Girard, Colonel C. R. Greenleaf, assistant surgeon-general, U. S. A., and Major J. D. Hall, surgeon, U. S. A. After dinner the party adjourned to the Alhambra to hear the Italians in "Manon Lescaut."

Burlingame Club Outing.

Independence Day will be celebrated on both Monday and Tuesday, July 3d and 4th, by the members of the Burlingame Country Club and their guests. On Monday at 10 A. M. there will be a ladies' golf tournament on the club's links for the challenge cup offered by Prince Poniatowski. It is a handsome silver cup, and must be won twice by the same player to become her property. This will be the first time it has been played for. The tournament is not confined to the families of Burlingame Club members, but is open to all ladies.

There will also be a play on the links on Tuesday by such members as desire to utilize them.

The pigeon-shoot, which will begin at ten A. M. on Tuesday, is open to members and their guests, and Mr. Alfred S. Tubbs, Mr. Austin C. Tubbs, Mr. Frederick W. Tallant, Mr. William H. Howard, and nearly a score of others have entered the lists. The prize will be a handsome cup given by one of the members in the name of the club.

After luncheon in the new club-house, there will be races at the Corbett Track, as follows:

First race, three-sixteenths mile, for polo ponies, 170 pounds; second race, five-eighths mile, ponies 14.2 or under, 165 pounds; third race, one mile, for horses that have never won a race, 150 pounds; fourth race, one-half mile, polo ponies, 175 pounds; fifth race, one and one-quarter miles, for ponies, 155 pounds, over hurdles.

Arrangements for luncheon and transportation from the station to the grounds of the club, and return, will be made for members and their guests who intend to be present.

At Del Monte in August.

The directorate of the Pacific Coast Pony Racing and Steeplechase Association is hard at work preparing for the meet to take place at Del Monte on Saturday, August 25th. There will be golf, polo, yacht-racing, pigeon-shooting, and possibly baseball, in addition to the races. The programme for the latter sport is as follows:

First race—Three-sixteenths mile; purse, \$50; second to receive \$25; for polo ponies, 170 pounds. Second race—One mile; purse, \$75; second to receive \$25; open to all horses that have never won a race, 150 pounds. Third race—One and one-fourth miles over hurdles; purse, \$75; second to receive \$25; for ponies, 160 pounds. Fourth race—Five-eighths mile; purse, \$75; second to receive \$25; for ponies 14.2 or under, 165 pounds. Fifth race—One-half mile; purse, \$50; second to receive \$25; for polo ponies, 175 pounds. Sixth race—Del Monte Cup; one mile; second to receive \$25; for ponies, 165 pounds. Seventh race—San Mateo Hunt Club Cup; two and one-half miles, steeple-chase course; open to all, to carry 180 pounds. Eighth race—Match under special conditions; three-fourths mile; purse, \$1,000; Mr. Martin's "Unknown," Mr. Fithian's "Finesse."

Bohemian Club's Midsummer Jinks.

The midsummer high jinks of the Bohemian Club will be held at Meeker's Grove, near Guerneville, on Saturday, July 22d. Captain Robert Howe Fletcher will be the sire, and Mr. James Graham will be the sire of the low jinks. The camp will be open for two weeks before that, beginning on July 8th, and the club will make no provision for boarding members there after 2 P. M., July 23d. The excursion of club members for the jinks will leave the Tiburon Ferry at 11 A. M. on Saturday, July 22d, arriving by special train at the grove at about 2 P. M. Members' tickets will also be honored on the boat leaving at 3:30 P. M., by which members will reach the grove at 8 P. M. The club will leave the grove at 2 P. M. on Sunday, July 23d, and will reach town about 6 P. M., when a special dinner will be served at the club.

Captain William M. Smith, for many years in command of the steamers *Arabic* and *Oceanic*, plying between San Francisco and Hong Kong, and for the past four years commanding the White Star liners *Tauric* and *Afric* on the Atlantic, has been appointed marine superintendent of the White Star line in New York.

Judge W. W. Morrow has had conferred upon him the honorary degree of doctor of laws by Wabash College, Indiana. Judge Morrow is a native of Indiana, and the honor the college has shown him is as pleasing to him as it was unexpected.

The Argonaut's New Dress.

The "new dress" in which the *Argonaut* appears this week is none the less attractive because it is cut in the same style as those worn during the twenty years past. There is no more pleasing "face" of type than this. It is distinctive and classical, the creation of Van Dyck, who served the Elzevirs, the famous printers of Holland in the sixteenth century. The editions published by those Dutch masters of the art are highly valued for their beauty and excellence, and their artistic type faces remain the best models.

The publications that have adopted the cheaper and more rapid machine methods of the day have been obliged to sacrifice the beauty of their pages. There has come with the decreased cost of typographical make-up a monotony of appearance, a loss of individuality that is not alluring. The *Argonaut* continues steadfast in its admiration of the style chosen in the beginning.

As in the past, the new type of the *Argonaut* comes from a San Francisco house, the local branch of the American Type Founders Company, formerly Palmer & Rey. It is the eighth "dress" purchased there, and it is as satisfactory as the first. The competition of the machines now in use in the composing-rooms of daily papers has given the type-founders another problem. Their type must not only be sharp and clear when new, but hold its lines under wear, for every renewal means a heavy expense to the purchaser. Persistent efforts toward improvement in the quality of their products are a necessity, and that they will make the most durable type possible is certain. In former times they had only the rival founder to fear, now they must compete with machines that cast new type for every piece of "copy" passing through the compositor's hands. In the production of black-letter and ornamental type faces the founders have the field to themselves, still there is constant progress here, and new ideas are brought out continually. The American Type Founders Company, with its several branches, is acknowledged to be the world's greatest producer of novel and beautiful type designs.

The pleasant trip to Mill Valley and up the Scenic Railway, the splendid accommodations of the Tavern of Tamalpais, and the matchless view and exhilarating air of sea and mountain, are attracting great numbers during these delightfully warm days. Forty cents covers the round trip to Mill Valley, via the Sausalito Ferry, and the Scenic Railway round-trip rate from the valley to the summit is only one dollar.

The twelfth annual tournament for the tennis championship, gentlemen's singles, of the Pacific States will be played off at the Hotel Rafael to-day (Saturday) and on Monday and Tuesday, June 3d and 4th, and there will be consolation doubles on Tuesday. There will also be on Saturday and on Monday and Tuesday the first tournament on the new links of the San Rafael Golf Club.

Howell Mountain Hotel.

The guests at Angwin's Howell Mountain Hotel, Napa County, are having a delightful summer holiday, enjoying the fine climate, pleasant accommodations, and genial company.

A special feature this season has been the bi-weekly concerts, in which the well-known Pasmore children have participated in solos and trios, also Mr. Joel Hecht in violin solos, Miss Cora Kelsey in songs, and Miss Belle Schonwasser in character sketches.

Dr. J. Nitobe, of Japan, has contributed a most interesting talk on some of the beautiful national customs of Japan, and Miss Edith Hecht a reading from Schiller's "William Tell," which was illustrated by music from Rossini's charming opera.

Moët & Chandon.

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White Seal (Grande Cuvée), of exceptional bouquet and dryness.—*Court Journal*.

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Livery stable near by the Paso Robles Springs—long or short drives—down the river—up the mountain—across the valley.

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Visit old San Miguel Missions, 7 miles away; Santa Isabel Springs and mineral lake—over a hard road from the hotel.

Mineral Mud Baths of world renown.

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To keep the skin clean is to wash the excretions from it off; the skin takes care of itself inside, if not blocked outside.

To wash it often and clean, without doing any sort of violence to it, requires a most gentle soap, a soap with no free alkali in it.

Pears', the soap that clears but not excoriates.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

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WHILE words tell, statistics prove. The importation of G. H. MUMM & CO.'S EXTRA DRY in 1898 aggregating 83,835 cases, or 52,649 cases more than of any other brand, is certainly the most striking evidence of the great popularity of this famous brand of champagne, and particular attention is called to the fine quality, purity, and natural dryness of the wine now coming to this market.

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Absolutely Pure.

Made from Pure Grape Cream of Tartar.

SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis leave this morning (Saturday) for the Hotel Rafael, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Miller, Miss M. A. Miller, Mr. Paul Miller, Mr. and Mrs. I. L. Regua, Mrs. Frank Regua, and Miss Herrick have gone on a visit to a resort near Shasta.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Dean and Miss Helen Dean have gone to the Hotel Rafael for the summer season.

Miss Mollie Thomas is the guest of Miss Daisy Van Ness at her summer home, near Calistoga.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter McG. McBean and Miss McBean are at the Hotel Rafael for the summer months.

Miss Ella Morgan has returned from a visit to Mrs. George Crocker at Castle Crag.

Miss Alice Owen leaves to-day for San Rafael, where she will spend the summer.

Mrs. Charles R. Peters and Mrs. R. J. Woods returned last week from a month's visit to Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Edgar B. Carroll is the guest of her sister, Mrs. George Crocker, at her cottage at Castle Crag. Mr. and Mrs. John Barton and Miss Grace Barton are at the Hotel Rafael for the summer.

Judge Ward McAllister has gone to the Hotel Rafael for the summer.

Dr. and Mrs. C. F. Buckley and the Misses Gertrude and Grace Buckley have gone to San Rafael, where they have taken the O'Connor House for the summer months.

Mr. Richard Tobin and the Misses Celia and Beatrice Tobin left on Thursday, June 29th, for a trip to Alaska, to be gone about one month.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Runyon left to-day for the Hotel Rafael, where they will spend some time.

Mr. Andrew Martin is expected to come up from Santa Barbara on Sunday next for a short visit to his two brothers, who are spending the summer at Burlingame.

Mrs. E. J. Bowen and Miss Mary Bowen leave next week for a short visit to the Calaveras Big Tree Grove.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Sloss, *née* Hecht, are en route to this coast and are expected to arrive here next week. Mr. Tarn McGrew is the guest of Mr. Lawrence Van Winkle at his residence in San Rafael.

Mrs. E. R. Lilienthal and Miss Lilienthal have returned from their Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Graham E. Babcock and Miss Edwards, who have been spending the month of June at the Hotel Rafael, returned to their home at Coronado Beach on Sunday, June 25th.

Mrs. F. F. Low and Miss Flora Low are at Del Monte for the season.

Miss Kate Clement will leave shortly with Mr. and Mrs. Fithian, of Santa Barbara, on a six months' yachting trip to the South Sea Islands.

Mr. Latham McMullin, Mr. George Martin, and Mr. Horace G. Platt leave to-day (Saturday) for a visit to Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Van Ness and Miss Daisy Van Ness at their home near Calistoga.

Miss Minnie Houghton has returned from a visit to Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent at San Rafael.

Miss Jennie Blair has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Dodge at their cottage in San Rafael the past week. She will leave for Bartlett Springs next month.

Miss Flora Dean and Miss Sophia Pierce returned last week from the East, where they have been pursuing their studies at Vassar College. They will spend the summer at the fashionable resorts of California.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Morgan and the Misses Ella and Thérèse Morgan will spend July and August at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Carpy, Mrs. Laura Cousin, and Miss Pauline Cousin are at a resort near Shasta.

Mr. J. C. Wilson left the early part of the week for Shasta Springs, to spend the Fourth of July with Mrs. Wilson.

Mr. Tarn McGrew has returned from a visit to Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker and the Misses Rutherford at their home near Shasta.

Mr. Louis Bruguère left last Thursday on a month's trip to Alaska.

Miss Bernice Drown and Miss Cadwalader were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George C. Boardman at their residence in San Rafael on Sunday last.

Mrs. R. B. Wallace has gone to a resort near Shasta for the summer.

Mr. Herbert Walter was at the Hotel Rafael on Sunday last.

Mrs. E. B. Coleman, Miss Blanding, Miss Susie Blanding, Miss Holbrook, and Mr. George F. Davidson have gone to a resort near Shasta for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. John Landers are at the Hotel Mateo for the summer.

Mrs. Samuel O. L. Potter has returned from an Eastern trip, and is at the Occidental Hotel.

Mrs. Isaac Hecht and Miss Elsie S. Hecht are now at Lake Tahoe, where they intend to remain until the first of August. That month they will spend at Del Monte.

Colonel and Mrs. W. R. Smedberg and Miss Cora Smedberg leave this morning for the Hotel Rafael.

Mrs. James A. Code is visiting Mrs. Robert Howe Fletcher in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mr. Gerald L. Rathbone is now in the East, visiting his relatives, whom he has not seen since he came to San Francisco, three years ago, and attending commencement at Yale.

Mrs. Stephen J. Field, Mrs. Condit-Smith, and Mrs. Frances B. Edgerton left Washington, D. C., where Mrs. Edgerton has been visiting Mrs. Field since last September, for this city early last week. They are coming by way of Banff, where they will spend the Fourth, expecting to reach San Francisco by July 8th. Mrs. Field will spend the summer with

her sister, Mrs. Whitney, in Oakland, and Mrs. Edgerton will visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Smith-Brown, at Delta Lodge, Napa Valley.

Mr. W. T. Ellis, of Marysville, is visiting Mrs. Callahan Byrne at Santa Monica.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Stafford and Miss Stafford left on Thursday for a visit to the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey and Miss Alice Hager sailed from New York for Europe last Tuesday.

Bishop and Mrs. William Ford Nichols came down from Sacramento last Tuesday, and are at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. Arthur H. Redington, now a resident of Marysville, has been a guest at the Occidental Hotel during the past week.

Mrs. M. A. Wilcox and Mr. Alfred Wilcox will pass the summer at Santa Monica.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Preston and Miss Norma Preston came up from Coronado on Monday, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. George E. P. Hall and Mr. Northrop Cowles have gone on a two weeks' visit to Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker, at their home at Castle Crag.

Mr. George Almer Newhall returned from his trip to China and Japan on the *Nippon Maru*, which has been in quarantine the past few days.

Mr. A. E. Grogan came up from Los Gatos a few days ago, and is at the California Hotel.

Mr. S. M. Runyon and Miss Runyon, who have been in the East for the past year, are with Mr. C. F. Runyon at 409 Fillmore Street.

Mr. Hugh Hume and Mr. Bernard Faymonville enjoyed a visit to the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Mr. C. F. Runyon and Miss Helen Runyon are at the springs in Shasta County.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Crooks have returned from a four months' sojourn in the East, and are now at the Hotel Rafael.

Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst arrived in New York last Wednesday, after spending some months in Europe. Mrs. G. S. Graham is a guest at the Hotel Mateo.

Mrs. R. A. Parker and Mr. Barton Parker have returned to the Hotel Rafael after a fortnight's trip through the Yosemite Valley. Mr. Parker expects to join them there by Monday, July 3d.

Miss Elise Gregory, of Oakland, is visiting friends in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King, who have been visiting the Hon. and Mrs. John Conness, in Boston, left that city for New York on Monday, June 19th, and will soon be coming home by way of the Yellowstone National Park.

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Beylard, of San Mateo, were guests at the California Hotel during the week.

Mrs. Daniell and her son and daughter, Mr. Harry Hastings and Miss Hastings, are at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Barker were among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael are Mrs. C. O. Scott, Dr. and Mrs. George K. Frank, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Beals, Mr. J. H. Folliot, Mr. J. N. Russell, of New Orleans, Mrs. J. P. Garvey and Miss Garvey, of New York, and Mr. and Mrs. L. Bassett, of Manchester.

Among the recent arrivals at the Hotel Mateo, San Mateo, are Mrs. A. T. Cook, Mrs. M. Claybrough, Mrs. M. W. Denver, Mr. C. E. Stokes, Mr. George O. Spencer, of San Francisco, Mr. Henry Waterson, of Sacramento, Mrs. Francis A. Shepard, of Stockton, and Mr. William Gordon Cooke, of Honolulu.

Among those who have visited the Tavern of Tamalpais during the past week are Mrs. J. G. Iis, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Grant, Mr. Howard Blethen, Mr. and Mrs. George Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Turpin, of San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Harding, of Tulare, Mrs. H. A. Gray, of St. Paul, Minn., Mr. J. D. Tucker and Miss Tucker, of Honolulu, and Mr. and Mrs. J. Adams, of St. Louis.

Among the arrivals at the California Hotel this week have been Mrs. K. Cave and the Misses Pearl and Sophie Cave, of Los Angeles, Mrs. H. D. Bentley, Mrs. M. J. Jewell, and Mr. Harry D. Bentley, of Chicago, Mr. E. V. Ponzone and Mr. G. Menozzi, of Milan, Italy, Mr. Francis Kupka and Mr. Albert Wirth, of Vienna, Austria, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Nash, from Palo Alto, and Dr. and Mrs. W. J. Barlow, of Los Angeles.

Among the recent arrivals at the Hotel Del Monte, Monterey, are Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. McCarthy, Mrs. A. M. Brawley, Miss Brawley, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Freeman, Mr. Henry W. Freeman, Mr. and Mrs. Felix Coblentz, Miss Rose Coblentz, Miss Matilda Coblentz, Mrs. H. C. Benson, the Rev. William Cunningham, Mrs. W. H. Wakefield, Mrs. J. Dalzell, Mrs. F. W. Vanuxem, the Misses Vanuxem, Mr. P. C. Vanuxem, Baron von Heyl, Baron Bismarck, Mr. and Mrs. H. Gabriel, Mrs. A. C. Calvert, Mrs. J. R. Fairchild, Mrs. L. P. Weil, the Misses Libby, Mrs. W. W. Mann, Mrs. Henry Jerecki, and Miss Jerecki.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Brigadier-General George M. Sternberg, surgeon-general, U. S. A., left for Washington, D. C., last Tuesday evening.

Colonel Jacob Rawles, Third Artillery, U. S. A., and Lieutenant-Colonel Wallace Randolph, Third Artillery, U. S. A., are expected at the Presidio in a few days, when Colonel Rawles will probably be made commandant of the post, Colonel Freeman, Twenty-Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., being under orders to go to Manila.

Colonel Charles E. Compton, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., was retired from active service on Saturday, June 24th. He would have reached the age limit this year, and his retirement was advanced in order that his successor might be appointed and accompany the regiment to the Philippines. Colonel Compton rose from the ranks, having entered the army as a volunteer in the First Iowa Regiment

early in the Civil War. He became colonel of the Fourth Cavalry in 1879, and during the war with Spain he was a brigadier-general in the volunteer service. Colonel Compton's successor in command of the Fourth Cavalry is Lieutenant-Colonel Michael Mooney, late of the Seventh Cavalry, who also rose from the ranks.

Colonel Evan Miles, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been directed to report for examination before a retiring board.

Lieutenant-Commander John Clyde Sullivan, paymaster, U. S. N., having been reinstated by the President, pursuant to an act of Congress, has been assigned to the training ship *Adams*, now at Seattle.

Captain Bowman H. McCalla, U. S. N., and Mrs. McCalla, who have been spending the past two weeks with their daughter, Mrs. W. J. Miller, at the Hotel Rafael, returned to their home in the East last week.

Captain N. M. Dyer, U. S. N., late commander of the *Baltimore*, flag-ship of Admiral Dewey's fleet, Captain A. N. Walker, U. S. N., late commander of the *Concord*, and Medical-Inspector John C. Wise, U. S. N., late surgeon of the *Baltimore*, arrived in town last Sunday from Hong Kong, en route to their Eastern homes.

W. M. Nichols, son of Bishop William Ford Nichols, who was appointed by President McKinley, has successfully passed his examination, and is now a cadet at West Point.

RECENT WILLS AND SUCCESSIONS.

The will of the late I. G. Wickersham, of Petaluma, was filed for probate at Santa Rosa on Monday, June 26th. It is an holographic instrument, drawn under date of November 12, 1896, and disposes of a property estimated to be worth \$1,000,000. Mrs. Lydia G. Wickersham, the widow; Fred A. Wickersham, a son; and Lizzie C. Wickersham, are named as executors to carry out the provisions of the will, which is summarized as follows:

To the widow, Lydia C. Wickersham, the family residence and household belongings; to St. John's Episcopal Church, Petaluma, \$500; to Katie Brewer, \$500; the remainder to be divided equally between the widow and children, with the following exceptions: "To my son Frank, \$5, as I have already advanced him about \$100,000, which is to be in full of all interest in my estate; to Fred A. W., less \$5,000 to be charged to him and deducted; to May I. Bergiven, less \$13,000 advanced her and to be deducted." Further, the executors are required to deposit "in trust for the benefit of my grandson and namesake, son of my son Frank, the sum of \$1,000, with the accumulated interest, to be paid to him upon his arriving at the age of twenty-one; and \$500 to each of my grandchildren on same conditions."

A Musical Evening.

The twelfth "musical evening" at Byron Mauzy Hall took place last Thursday evening, under the direction of Mr. Benjamin Fabian, who had the assistance of Mr. Bernard Walther, violinist, Miss Amanda d'Australie Corcoran, soprano, Signor Carlos del Nero, tenor, and Fraulein Laura Eschelman, accompanist. The programme rendered was as follows:

Duets, "A Pretty Girl" (from "Wang"), polka, "Tendre Fleur," "In Gay Bohemia," Low, Miss Edna Marion DeGuerre; valse, G-flat major, Chopin, "Cradle Song," Baril, "Shepherd's Tale," Nevins, Miss Lucy Dohle; soprano solo, Miss Amanda d'Australie Corcoran; Chopin's "Funeral March," Master Charles Cooper; "Valse à la Coquette," Schutt, Miss Georgia Tozer; "In the Month of May," Merkel, polonaise in A-major, Chopin, Miss Jennie Logan; violin solo, romanza, Sarasate, Bernhard Walther; valse in E-minor, nocturne in E-flat major, Chopin, Miss Clara Degen; impromptu, Rheinold, tarantelle, Nicodé, Miss Eva Bramlet; ballad, "Madrienne," Stults, Signor Carlos del Nero; Caprice Espagnole, Moszkowski, polonaise, op. 53, Chopin, Mr. Benjamin Fabian.

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The Crystal Baths.

Physicians recommend the Crystal hot sea-water tub and swimming baths, foot of Mason Street, terminus of all North Beach car lines.

The California Fireworks Co.,

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A table water of exceptional purity and excellence.—London Lancet.

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LEAVE	From June 25, 1899.	ARRIVE
7:00 A	Benicia, Suisun, and Sacramento...	5:45 P
7:00 A	Marysville, Oroville, and Redding via Woodland...	5:45 P
7:00 A	Elmira, Vacaville, and Rumsey...	8:45 P
7:30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa...	6:15 P
8:00 A	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East...	9:45 A
8:30 A	San José, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, and Red Bluff...	4:15 P
8:30 A	*Milton, Oakdale, and Sonoma...	4:15 P
8:30 A	Yosemite Valley via Oakdale and Chinese...	4:15 P
9:00 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations...	11:45 A
9:00 A	Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno...	12:15 P
9:00 A	Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans, and East...	6:45 P
10:00 A	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations...	7:45 P
11:00 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations...	2:45 P
12:00 M	Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Sacramento, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville...	4:15 P
*1:00 P	Sacramento River Steamers...	4:00 P
3:00 P	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations...	5:45 P
4:00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa...	9:15 A
4:00 P	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Oroville...	10:45 A
4:30 P	Niles, San José, and Stockton...	7:45 P
4:30 P	Yosemite Sleeping Car for Raymond...	12:15 P
5:00 P	The Owl, Tracy, Fresno, Bakersfield, Saugus for Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles...	9:45 A
5:30 P	Stockton, Merced, and Fresno...	12:15 P
5:30 P	Martinez, Tracy, Mendota, Fresno, Mojave, and Los Angeles...	8:45 A
5:30 P	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East...	6:45 P
6:00 P	Chicago-San Francisco Special, Ogden and East...	8:45 P
6:00 P	Haywards, Niles, and San José...	7:45 A
*6:00 P	Vallejo...	12:15 P
7:00 P	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East...	7:45 A
18:00 P	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Stations...	11:50 P

COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge),

(Foot of Market Street.)

17:45 A	Santa Cruz Excursion for Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations...	18:05 P
8:15 A	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations...	5:50 P
*2:15 P	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations...	*10:50 A
4:15 P	San José, Glenwood, and Way Stations...	9:20 A
6:45 P	Felton, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations...	9:20 A

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—

*7:15 9:00 11:00 A. M. 1:00 *2:00 3:00
*4:00 5:00 *6:00 P. M.

From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—

*10:00 A. M. 11:00 12:00 1:00 2:00 3:00 4:00 5:00 P. M.

COAST DIVISION (Broad Gauge),

(Third and Townsend Streets.)

*6:10 A	Ocean View, South San Francisco...	*6:30 P
*7:00 A	San José and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only)...	*8:00 A
17:30 A	Sunday Excursion for Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations...	18:35 P
9:00 A	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Pajaro, Robles, San Luis Obispo, Surf, Lompoc, and Principal Way Stations...	4:10 P
10:40 A	San José and Way Stations...	6:35 A
11:30 A	San José and Way Stations...	1:30 P
*2:45 P	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Hollister, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove...	*10:36 A
*3:30 P	San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations...	*7:30 P
*4:15 P	San José and Principal Way Stations...	*9:45 A
*5:00 P	San José and Principal Way Stations...	*8:35 A
5:30 P	San José and Principal Way Stations...	*9:00 A
6:30 P	San José and Way Stations...	5:30 P
11:45 P	San José and Way Stations...	17:30 P

A for Morning. P for Afternoon.
* Sunday—excepted. † Sunday only. ‡ Saturday only. § Sunday and Monday.

The PACIFIC TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. Inquire for Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Father—"That young man you're engaged to is a bad egg." Daughter—"That's the reason I'm afraid to drop him."—*Town Topics.*

Prominent society woman (to popular lecturer)—"Don't you get tired of saying the same thing over and over again?" "Yes; don't you."—*Life.*

"Old Brown won't live long; he has one leg in the grate." "You mean one leg in the grave." "No, he's going to be cremated."—*Pick-Me-Up.*

Those dear girls again: *First fair one*—"I wouldn't be seen at the Newrich ball." *Second fair one*—"Oh, you're not so insignificant as that, dear."—*Brooklyn Life.*

Jones—"Are you going to pay me that account?" Smith—"Not just yet." Jones—"If you don't, I'll tell all your other creditors that you paid me!"—*Stray Stories.*

Visitor—"What lovely furniture!" Tommy—"Yes; I guess the man we bought it from is sorry now he sold it; he's always calling to look at it."—*Brooklyn Life.*

Dick—"Do you enjoy Kipling?" Mabel—"Oh, I adore him. I have heard so much about his 'Jingle Book' and his 'Bar-Room Ballads.'"—*W. of M. Winkler.*

"She's going on the stage." "Dear me!" "Yes—up in the White Mountain district. You see, the railroad does not go quite to her destination."—*Chicago Evening Post.*

Little Clarence—"The funny-bone is in the elbow, isn't it, pa?" Mr. Callipers—"Yes, my son." Little Clarence—"Well, pa, is that what makes people laugh in their sleeves?"—*Puck.*

One thing lacking: *Ethel*—"How harmonious the color of everything in this church is!" Margaret—"Yes, excepting the sexton. Why doesn't he wear stained glasses?"—*Harlem Life.*

Spacer—"I believe that if Shakespeare were alive at the present time, and trying to live by his pen in London, the comic papers would reject many of his best jokes." *Humorist*—"I know it. I have tried 'em all."—*Tit-Bits.*

Mrs. Lushley—"Oh, you needn't try to conceal your condition; you're holding the paper upside down." Mr. Lushley—"I know't, m'dear—did it on purpose—something here no deshent man oughter read."—*Brooklyn Life.*

Maude—"It was so dark in the parlor last evening when Mr. Swiftleigh came in that I didn't notice he had his mustache shaved off." *Ethel*—"Didn't you? I felt the difference while you were hunting for a match."—*Stray Stories.*

Mother (hearing Ethel say her prayers)—"And let us all live to a good old age—" *Ethel*—"I'll not pray for aunty to live to a old age." Mother (astounded)—"Why?" *Ethel*—"Cause she's ashamed of her age now."—*Puck.*

"I believe it is true," said W. McKinley to R. A. Alger, "that Admiral Dewey has refused to allow his name to be considered in connection with the Presidential nomination." "It is true, Mr. President." "Then we can allow him to come home."—*Life.*

"Found!" cried the explorer, as the North Pole hove in sight; "I annex this district in the name of my gracious sovereign." "Too late," murmured a native, laconically; "all this district is under the control of the ice trust."—*Philadelphia North American.*

"Why don't you get dinner?" he asked. "You didn't marry a cook," she replied, simply. Time passes. It is now the dead of night, and muffled footfalls are heard. "Why don't you go and drive the burglars away?" "You didn't marry a policeman," he said.—*Puck.*

"Your hair is getting thin, sir," said the local barber to a customer yesterday afternoon. "Yes," replied the gentleman addressed, "I've been treating it with anti-fat. I never liked stout hair." "But you really should put something on it," persisted the tonsorial artist, in a most earnest manner. "I do every morning," returned the customer. "May I ask what?" inquired the barber. "My hat," said the patron. Thereafter was silence.—*Freeport Journal.*

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Miss Gotrox—"The world owes you a living." Cleverton—"Well, you're all the world to me."—*Town Topics.*

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ANNUAL MEETING.

The adjourned annual meeting of the Argonaut Publishing Company will be held at the rooms of the Company, Room 15, No. 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California, on Tuesday, the eleventh day of July, 1899, at the hour of one o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve during the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

E. K. COLE, Asst. Secretary.
Office—Room 20, No. 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California.

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ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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In its issue of May 1st the *Argonaut* presented an editorial on the situation in the Philippines. It was a fair, dispassionate recapitulation of what had been done up to that time, with some conjecture as to possibilities. It must have been strong, also, for a writer in the New York *Tribune* honors it with a reply more than a column in length. Aside from this length there is little to the reply that is not directly confirmatory of every allegation that had excited the *Tribune* man's ire and aroused his pen to terrific action. He terms the editorial "an hysterical blast," which designation, with the qualifying word eliminated, is acceptable enough. The hysterics came in later. Unconsciously, he was him-

self a victim to them, and perhaps to their throes may be ascribed the palpable failure of an effort to think.

It is with no feeling of unkindness that the subject of his answer is approached, but, rather, there is a bope, vague and remote, that the gentleman may be guided into intellectual paths, at least to the extent of knowing a fact when he sees it. The charges of "disloyalty" and "treason" may be passed over. The right to criticize the policy of the administration abides with the humblest citizen, and even if the criticism be not one wholly of approval, the attempt to abridge the privilege is foolish and malign. The expression of the public conscience needs no censor. Not so much can be said for the expression of the *Tribune* writer, from whose output it is an instructive pleasure to quote.

"Nothing," he declares, "is more opposed to the real facts than that acquisition is a commercial transaction." Certainly, if one is to indulge in facts it is best to have those of a "real" variety. The fact which divorces itself from reality is under the disadvantage of being a ghost. The acquisition of the Philippines is nothing but a commercial transaction, to which there must be added the borrows of war and the expenditure of vast treasure. The United States Government is not a missionary. Duty does not extend to it as an entity, an evangelistic call. The statement that Filipinos are being killed in behalf of the moral betterment of such as shall chance to survive, is pretense so idle that even to notice it gives to it an undesired dignity. If the taking of territory is not commercial, in quest of information, respectfully, we would like to ask what it is. Were it not commercial, there would be no American army in the islands, and the natives would be free, as they, most wickedly and perversely, desire to be.

"Where was the American flag ever flaunted in token of tyranny?" asks the gentleman to whom allusion has been made. Does he not read the news? The forcible taking of a country, the killing of the natives because they object, have some recognizable elements of tyranny, and the American flag has waved above transactions of this character in Luzon, Cebu, and Negros. Nobody can make war take on the benign front of philanthropy. That the natives might not be capable of governing themselves seems to give unrest to some worthy people, among whom must be counted the *Tribune's* contributor. The noble art of attending to one's own business is insufficiently followed. Whether the Filipinos can take care of themselves has the distinction of being none of our affair. A man may observe that his neighbor's children are unruly, but it does not follow that he must cross the fence and spank them. The followers of Aguinaldo should have been left to work out their own fate. They surely seem to be devoting active attention to the subject.

To quote again: "It" [the situation] "was forced upon the Government of the United States by circumstances over which they practically had no control." Waiving consideration of whether the government is "they," it may be said that there is a chance for a difference of opinion. There appears no reason why the Americans could not have withdrawn from Manila the moment peace was declared, and that they did not withdraw was due to the promptings not of charity, but commercial instinct. The circumstances could have been controlled then, but they were allowed to run riot. "It is easy to become wise after the event," continues this new authority; but it is well to become wise in advance. There was a long time for reflection. The momentous step which is to cost years of war and thousands of lives was taken deliberately. There are journals, the *Argonaut* among them, who deem it no wrong to say there was an awful blunder made.

"Talk is cheap," remarks the gentleman, in connection with Aguinaldo's boasts of continuing the turmoil. Nevertheless, the island leader seems to be living up to his cheap talk with a nicety which banishes all idea of cheapness from the American point of view. He is waging a desperate struggle. The thousands sent against his have accomplished practically nothing, and before he can be subdued there must be a vast army to oppose him. The time does not seem

opportune for calling Aguinaldo's talk "cheap." It comes very high, and the price is payable in good blood and gold.

The argument that San Francisco will be benefited has no proper place in the paper concerning which these remarks are made, yet it is there. Our good friend must have forgotten that the acquisition be extols has nothing in common with commerce. Any incidental benefit to San Francisco would be purely commercial, and we have not yet reached the stage of desiring to have constitutional principles cast to the winds for the sake of shipping beer and bibles to the thirsty and benighted; at least some of us have not.

According to our judgment, the welfare of the people of the United States should be a first consideration. The interests of a band of islanders are apart from us. The fact that they fight and die for liberty ought not to be charged against them as a crime. Yet, since we are as a nation committed to conquest, let the truth be told. Let us not go to battle weaponed with a lie.

Although an "off year," the elections of 1899 have an especially interesting character as forerunners of a Presidential campaign. Elections will be held this fall in eleven States, in eight of which the party of the administration is more or less securely entrenched. If the party control in these States contains elements of weakness they are quite likely to crop out in the ensuing campaign. Six of the States—Ohio, Maryland, Iowa, Massachusetts, Kentucky, and Mississippi—will elect governors and other State officials; Pennsylvania, a State treasurer and judges of the supreme and superior courts; Nebraska, a justice of the supreme bench; New York, New Jersey, Virginia, and Mississippi elect State legislatures.

General interest will doubtless focalize upon the State of Ohio, not only because it is the home of the President, but because Ohio, from the river to the lake, is crammed with politics and politicians of most varied sorts and sizes. Ohio elects a governor every two years, and in the last fifteen elections has chosen a Democrat only four times. The electoral vote has always gone to a Republican candidate for President, both United States Senators are Republican, and fifteen of the State's twenty-one representatives in Congress belong to the same party. Ohio is justly considered a strong Republican State, and now that the party has just finished its nominations in a harmonious convention, the outlook is that it will remain so. It is not expected that the Democrats—disrupted in Ohio, as elsewhere, by Bryanism—can overcome the plurality of over 60,000 which the Republicans rolled up last year.

Only secondary to Ohio, public interest will gather about the contest in New York, for the reason that the Empire State is a pivotal one in national elections, and the results this year may indicate the drift of public opinion and its effect on the Presidential campaign of 1900. New York has a Republican governor, a Republican majority of twenty-eight in the legislature, two Republican senators, and sixteen Republican representatives out of thirty-four in Congress. The present assembly has passed wise taxation laws which have strengthened the party, and as a new legislature is the sole object of the election, the people are apt to see that there is no change in its political complexion, since still farther revision of the taxation laws are an important part of the party programme. It is true that Tammany is in full control in New York city, but as Van Wyck was elected mayor in 1897 by a plurality of only about 10,000 over the combined vote for Tracy and Low, while Roosevelt carried the State in 1898 by a plurality of over 18,000, it will be seen that there is fair probability in favor of the Republicans. Still the State presents interesting possibilities beyond exact calculation.

Interest in the Iowa election is less only in proportion to the comparative certainty that a Republican victory in that State is a foregone conclusion. The State has been carried by a Democrat but once in the last twenty-seven years. It gave President McKinley a plurality of over 65,000.

lowing year it elected the present Republican governor by a plurality of 30,000, and last fall gave its plurality of over 63,000 to a Republican secretary of State. Its legislature, with a membership of 150, is Republican by a majority of 50. Its delegation in Congress, both in Senate and House, belongs wholly to the same party. What adds to the certainty of Republican success is the general disintegration of all organized opposition. Fusion is practically out of the question there this year. The Democrats are not sure that free silver is any longer an issue; the Silver Republican contingent have abandoned their organization for want of a following, while the Populists, who were a promising minority five years ago, have dwindled to an inconsiderable and harmless handful.

Massachusetts is also overwhelmingly Republican. The party controls the whole State government, the legislature showing a majority of 116 on joint ballot, while the party's delegation in Congress includes both senators and ten out of thirteen representatives. In spite of party troubles in Pennsylvania, the State is confidently counted for the Republicans this fall. There are internal difficulties in both parties. Quayism on the one side and Bryanism on the other, combined with the indifference of off years, have cut down the splendid plurality of 295,000, which the State gave McKinley three years ago, to about 120,000, but there is still plenty of margin for safety. In fully the same degree that Pennsylvania is certainly Republican the elections in both Virginia and Mississippi will be surely Democratic. The voting in these two States will be merely a register of the Democratic conventions without even a respectable contest. New Jersey gives every evidence of an intention to remain Republican since her conversion in 1896, at which time McKinley carried the State by a plurality of over 87,000. The State government, the United States Senators, and the majority of the representatives are all Republican.

There is no forecasting the results in either of the three remaining States. Nebraska is gradually swinging back to the old party. Fusion, which was successful in both 1896 and 1897 by over 13,000 votes, could not muster a plurality of 3,000 last fall. The governor is Democratic and the legislature is Republican. The congressional delegation is divided, the senators Republican, the representatives from both parties. The State may enter the Republican camp this fall. On the other hand, Kentucky seems to be drifting away. The single Republican success there was the election of Governor Bradley, in 1895, by a plurality of 9,000. It was only the subsiding ripples of that wave which happened to give McKinley his insignificant plurality of 281. In 1897 the Democrats carried the State by over 17,000. The Republicans will make a vigorous fight, with the chances against them. Maryland is liable, also, to be a closely contested State this fall, with the Republicans a shade in the lead. They have control of the machinery of the State, both senators, and a majority in the House. In the party fight against Gorman, which turned the State over to the opposite party, the Republicans depended largely on the city of Baltimore, which gave Governor Lowndes 11,000 of his 18,000 plurality. At the recent May election for mayor the city went Democratic by nearly 9,000 majority. If that condition remains, the results this fall will be too close for comfort for either party.

It would seem a fair conclusion that six of the eleven States will surely be Republican this fall, that there is a fighting chance of adding both Nebraska and Maryland, and that Kentucky will be returned to the Democrats.

There has, beyond an arbitrary power of evasion, never been a reason for permitting the owners of a franchise to escape paying a fair tax upon it. The uniformity with which they have escaped has long been recognized as an evil, and the intelligent efforts of Assessor Dodge to overcome it are in full consonance with the best judgment of the community. Such a course has long been advocated by the *Argonaut*, and that an official competent to put it into operation indorses the policy is a matter for congratulation.

Quasi-public corporations have always shown an inclination to shirk taxes, and especially any tax of a franchise, setting forth with vehemence, whenever necessary, that a franchise has no specific value. It has been permitted to elude and baffle, to assume so shadowy an aspect that the average assessor has given up pursuit. Perhaps the situation has been complicated by the reckless manner in which franchises have been given away for the asking, really as though of no consequence, while possibly the franchise constitutes a major portion of the assets. A simple method of determining the actual value is to deduct from the worth of the stock a sum representing the worth of tangible property. The remainder would be the value of the franchise. Even the shrewdness of a corporation lawyer would be unable to overthrow so plain a conclusion.

The Ford bill passed by the New York legislature at the

instigation of Governor Roosevelt contains several features which might well serve as models. Some of these are in the form of amendments, also at the direct suggestion of the executive, who called an extra session for the purpose of having them added. The measure provides for taxation of franchises, the amount to be ascertained by the method outlined. The amendments prescribe that assessment shall be levied by the State board of taxation, thus removing from local officials the temptation to be unjust either toward the corporation or the public. The tax, however, will go into local treasuries. Estimates are made that \$17,000,000 will be contributed by corporations the first year, \$10,000,000 of this being in New York city alone. In Roosevelt's State the question is regarded as partly political, but the economic side of it is the more important, and, indeed, the only side meriting serious consideration at this time.

New York is far from furnishing a solitary instance of the attempt to force corporations to bear a share of the common burden, but it seems to have contrived a measure likely to be effective. In California, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Maryland, Massachusetts, Nebraska, North Dakota, Tennessee, Utah, and West Virginia there are statutes directed to this end, but for the most part they do not accomplish their purpose, being practically ignored, or franchises being assessed at figures ridiculously low. It is not uncommon for a franchise, possession of which would not be relinquished for millions, to be rated as about equal to the "good will" of a corner grocery. The California law is probably sufficient. The trouble has been not with the law but with those charged with the duty of enforcing it. Almost uniformly they have shrunk from the task. There is no utility in inquiring why, if only they will refuse to do so any more. We direct them to the example set by Dr. Dodge.

That the corporations will submit without a struggle to be expected either here or in New York. They have so long been in the habit of swearing to such schedules as pleased them, and never allowed themselves to be seriously hampered by facts, that they will yield to the new scheme with protest and ill grace. Their chances for wriggling out are far from good, for Kentucky has a more rigorous law on the same subject, and corporations carried it into the highest court, where it was sustained. The cry of "socialism" has been raised on every occasion when there has been an endeavor to regulate corporations to the extent of making them pay their taxes; but this is robbed of much of its force, providing it ever had any, when the endeavor meets with judicial approval.

While the aim in all the States named is similar, there is a wide divergence of system. Several have the New York plan, somewhat modified, others demand a percentage of the gross receipts, and still others reckon on the basis of the capital employed. There is a general expression of belief that no more equitable way has been devised than Roosevelt forced through the legislature. It makes no unjust demands, and it imposes no burdens that may not easily be borne, while the result will be great enough to lessen materially the tax of the private citizen. The only objection comes from the corporations, or from publications in close touch with them and depending upon them for support. The *Financier* declares the effect will be to destroy the property from which revenue is expected, and laments that the corporations will be obliged to pay this tax themselves instead of requiring the public to pay it. We confess to lack of respect for the first opinion, and a total absence of sympathy for the second. A street-car company will not be able to raise fares in order to cover the extra expenditure, and notwithstanding this causes the *Financier* pain it will otherwise be regarded as one of the best points of the Ford bill.

Local corporations can not complain that they have been unduly burdened. Much has been given them, little exacted. For them to recognize the wisdom and justice of the assessor's plan, and abide by his ruling, would go far toward creating for them a place in public esteem.

It is surprising to read that Leopold Cohn, superintendent of the Christian Mission Jews in Brooklyn, has asked the superintendent of the Brooklyn schools to expunge "Ivanhoe" and "The Merchant of Venice" from the list of books for school supplementary reading. We had not supposed that any one had taken Isaac and Shylock to be any more typical of Jewish meanness than Rebecca of Jewish loveliness. The farthest that the Roman Catholic Church has gone in compiling its *Index Expurgatorius* is to exclude books that have for their purpose a reviling and degradation of the Catholic faith and its adherents. No one, we believe, except Mr. Cohn, has ever assumed that "Ivanhoe" and "The Merchant of Venice" had any intention to revile the Jews, or that they ever had the smallest effect in casting obloquy upon that race. It seems to have been taken for granted that literature is free to choose its material

from all races and classes of men, and to show forth both good and evil at will.

It is not to be assumed that Jews, as a rule, indorse Mr. Cohn's position. If they, as a race, should begin a crusade of that kind, they would reach far and deep into the standard literature of all nations. In one of Victor Hugo's books, one person asks another: "Is he a man?" "No," is the answer; "he is a Jew." Then Victor Hugo must be wiped from the slate. Yet nobody has ever been affected against the Jews by that bitter sting. So far as the Jews, as a race, are concerned, they have in the old Bible a literature whose depth and brilliancy have not been surpassed, nor, perhaps, equaled, in all the ages that have followed Babylon. How much of this would the world consent to see expunged because of its merciless attacks on the follies that are as rank, offensive, and universal to-day as in the time of the prophets?

Some of the great characters that stand out in imaginative literature are exaggerations of types. These types may be racial; they may appertain to classes in any or all races. Shylock is a gross, grotesque, and impossible exaggeration of the Jewish usurer or pawnbroker—a familiar figure running through the literature of all civilized nations. The government of the United States and that of the United Kingdom take no cognizance of the merciless caricaturing that they receive as Uncle Sam and John Bull. The people of Ireland and the negroes of the United States have never seemed to be offended at the endless fun that literature and journalism poke at them. Dickens and Thackeray, inveterate caricaturists of leading English classes, afforded only entertainment to the offending classes themselves.

So long as private rights are not invaded, the freedom of literature is the freedom of the press, and will be jealously guarded. Literature takes no account of the sensitiveness of races and classes. Should it do so, it would cease to exist. If the sensitiveness of one race or class is permitted to serve as a bar to the freedom of literature, all other races and classes will have the right to complete the destruction. The downfall of literature under such an assault would be the downfall of all art.

It may be supposed that this is paying too much attention to the request of a Jewish gentleman who, after all, seems to be a Christian, and who can not be assumed to be speaking for Jews. The ludicrousness of Mr. Cohn's folly will be sufficient for the destruction of his hope. At the same time it is advisable that the quarantine against him be maintained.

The London *Spectator* suggests that a public park be made of the ground from which it is proposed to remove Tudor House. Taking this for a text it discusses the general problem of city life, and shows how severe a drain it is upon the vital forces, particularly in the case of nervous persons. With the exception of one or two places in America, it would be impossible to find a more hideous or uninteresting residence than that afforded by some of the English towns.

That city life militates against that physical ruggedness which constitutes the basis of the highest endeavor is a fact as familiar as any with which sociology has to deal. A large majority of the great men of the nations have been born and reared in the provinces. The Americans that have exercised the greatest power in the politics and literature of the country have come from the farms and forests. Yet it would seem that the city-bred lad has superior advantages. He has better schools, better libraries, brighter associates; the whirl of life in which he lives prevents intellectual stagnation; he sees human nature in all its phases; he becomes filled with a knowledge of the world that should be of the greatest value. Yet the city-bred lad must step aside when comes from the country the strong, aspiring, ruddy-cheeked, clean-blooded, ignorant, awkward country lad to force his way into the front rank of men.

Doubtless the conditions producing this remarkable anomaly are very complex, embracing the whole catalogue of influences that determine life. The planting of trees on the site of Tudor House would probably be but an infinitesimal drop in the vast ocean of influences that London throws around its people. Climate doubtless has much to do in the shaping of lives. Whatever of evil that the climate of a city has will be intensified by the packing of people, and London is the best possible illustration of the fact. Outside of London the people of England, as a rule, are the healthiest, the ruddiest, the finest-looking in the world. In the whole of America there is but one city whose residents are nearly as bealthy-looking as the country-bred people of England. That city is San Francisco. Obviously the climate tells the story here.

There are other considerations. With the exception of what may be termed the aristocratic element, which generally seeks no pleasures except those which money can buy, the great masses of the people, led by the large foreign element, take advantage of the outdoor opportunities for

recreation with which San Francisco is so generously provided. There is not only a surpassingly beautiful and roomy park, but a beach of wonderfully varied charms; and besides these are almost innumerable places of matchless beauty in the near country about the city, easily and inexpensively reached. The attractions of all these places bear a strict relation to the climate. While intelligent hygienic considerations doubtless cut an insignificant figure in the motives of the pleasure-seekers, the benefit is none the less substantial.

The conspicuous brilliancy, artistic temperament, and joyousness of the residents of Paris are in wonderful contrast to the dullness and dejection of the people of London; but London has nothing like the two great forests lying immediately without the fortifications of Paris; it has nothing like the glowing boulevards of the French capital, the great art-schools, the unconventional life without a touch of London's sordidness. National temperament may account for much in these matters, and love of life and rational provision for its enjoyment may be deemed rather the effect than the cause of the brilliancy of Parisian life. And thus we find the argument resolving itself into a circle, with the climate standing forth as an independent quantity. The difference between the climates of London and Paris happens to be the difference between the peoples of the two cities.

The climate of San Francisco is altogether unique. The one danger that it carries is the strong stimulation that it imparts. Its unbroken enjoyment makes life too full and strong, too opulent, too stimulating to the basic elements of human nature. As a result, morbidness is eventually induced, and it may manifest itself in shortened or broken lives. Happily a perfect antidote is easy of access. The climatic conditions of the interior mountains and valleys, while absolutely wholesome in their own way, are a perfect antidote to the over-stimulation of the coast climate. Perfect health in San Francisco demands a stay of at least a month every summer in the interior.

In this country the industrial community is concerning itself with the problems presented by the formation of trusts on the one hand, and by the discontent and strikes of large bodies of laborers on the other. While this has been going on here, a movement has been gaining headway in England that seems to promise a remedy for the evils of both. The movement was inaugurated about three years ago by Mr. E. J. Smith, a manufacturer in Birmingham, and has received the approval of students, not only in Great Britain, but in Continental Europe. Joseph Chamberlain, in speaking of Mr. Smith's success, recently said: "Into a trade in which formerly every one, whether workman or employer, was dissatisfied, he has brought contentment. Wages, I believe, have increased, profits have become larger, and, curious to relate, the demand and the production have increased at the same time."

Under this system the various concerns in any branch of industry are formed into an alliance. The first step is the fixing of a minimum price at which goods are to be sold, determined by the cost of manufacture, with a certain percentage added for profit. The cost of manufacture is not determined by the experience of any one concern, but by a comparison of the experiences of as large a number as possible. No concern included in the alliance may sell for less than this minimum price, thus guarding against actual loss, and, in many of the combinations, the members are guaranteed against loss. Wherever a trade depends upon the quality of the goods and the reputation of makers, various grades of selling price are adopted, but this grading is re-adjusted every six months in order that none can abuse the privilege by selling in a lower grade and taking away the trade of a competitor. There is no attempt at monopoly; any person engaged in the trade is admitted. The ordinary expenses of management are met by a tax upon members levied quarterly. Rules are drawn up for the investigation of all complaints, or even suspicions of underselling, or departure from the regulations. Any charge properly proved is punishable by a fine imposed by the general committee, but an appeal to the whole alliance is open to any person who may be fined. The defendant never knows who his accuser is, so that friction is avoided and inquiry stimulated.

Such is the internal organization of these industrial alliances. As to external affairs, large buyers are given a rebate in proportion to the amount of their purchases, and this is paid by the secretary and based upon purchases from any of the members. These combinations, while they aim at bettering the conditions of members, do not ignore the fact that there are competitors outside, and they relax nothing of the aggressiveness of the system of competition. A foreign committee collects information, examines into competition, and makes recommendations from time to time as to how this competition

can best be met. A large fund for fighting purposes is invested in the names of two trustees. This fund is not withdrawn from business, but is advanced by some bank upon the individual guarantees of the members, and the bank is paid fifteen per cent. of the amount as compensation for risk. The fund, if used, is replenished by an assessment upon all the members in proportion to their standing in the trade, and a member withdrawing from the combination can not withdraw his share of the fund, which may be used, if necessary, in fighting him.

Thus far the combinations are quite similar to the trusts organized in this country, though lacking many of their more undesirable characteristics. They have another feature, however, that is new, and that relates to their relations with the workmen. The wages, hours, and conditions of labor existing at the time the alliance is formed are guaranteed as long as the combination exists. The first advance in profits carries with it a proportionate bonus to the laborer, and this bonus is also guaranteed as long as the combination lasts. Additional advances carry with them additional bonus. In the same way, reductions in the profits carry with them proportionate reductions in wages until the first bonus is reached, and then the wages can be reduced no further. Only increase or decrease of actual profits can affect the bonus.

The disputes regarding the relations of employers with unions that are so frequent in this country are prevented in these combinations by a cordial recognition of the unions on both sides. The employers pledge themselves to hire none but union men; the laborers pledge themselves to work for none but associated employers. If any member leaves a combination, his workmen must leave his employment. As disputes may still arise, a wages and conciliation board is formed in which the workmen have equal rights in every way. This board has absolute power to settle all disputes on terms in keeping with the terms of the alliance. If an agreement can not be reached by the board, an arbitrator is called in, whose decision is final. Until the dispute is settled the laborers accept the employer's terms under protest. When the decision is rendered it is retroactive, so that the delay necessary to adjust the matter is not prejudicial to either party.

Such is the outline of this plan to improve industrial conditions. It promises well—good faith, apparently, being all that is required; and as good faith in this case is coupled with self-interest, it should not be difficult to secure.

The movement started in New York, seeking to compel women to remove their hats in church, is sweeping o'er the land, embroiling eminent divines in endless wrangles, and opening vistas of fiery theological debate. One of the first difficulties encountered was St. Paul's injunction that women should wear their hats in church. One thinker has risen to remark that possibly this was to hide their faces from the curious gaze of men, who in church ought to be thinking about something else. Others contend that the injunction is not applicable to modern times and needs, and this is met with the declaration that Christian obligations are unchangeable.

With these abstruse discussions we have nothing to do. The concrete fact that women do wear big and obscuring hats to church is sufficiently interesting. The crusade against the church-going hat had its origin in the immense success of municipal laws prohibiting the wearing of hats in theatres. These laws were framed by men and enforced by men against the bitter opposition and resentment of a majority of the women, and were a direct, open, and unashamed rebuke to feminine selfishness and vanity. The movement to compel women to remove their hats in church has a similar inspiration, character, and support.

If there is good reason why women should be compelled (that word is used advisedly) to remove their hats in a theatre, there seems to be more reason why they should be compelled to do so in church. In most churches the floor is level, and the difficulty of seeing the clergyman is sufficiently great without the interposition of a millinery barricade. It happens, however, that a far greater proportion of men attend theatres than churches. The masculine power was equal to the problem in the theatre, but is it sufficiently strong in the churches? For it must be distinctly understood that hat-removing crusades are a war between the sexes. It is not women, but men, who are seeking to abolish the hat-wearing evil.

Women Christians will probably not find much comfort in the teachings of St. Paul with regard to the sex in the church. He not only commands them repeatedly not to braid their hair, nor wear gewgaws and fine clothes, but makes them subordinate to the men in the church. If, therefore, the men, in however small a minority, issue a ukase that hats shall not be worn, we can imagine no more binding duty than that the women comply.

We have not observed this queer controversy closely, but

we imagine that in Boston and Philadelphia, where American feminine taste is seen at its best, loud clothes and offensive hats are not greatly in evidence in the churches. Such things are to be expected in New York and Chicago, where we find the odd paradox that good manners are bad form.

As a solution of the whole problem, we respectfully suggest a church uniform—something on the gown-and-mortar-board order of colleges. This would place rich and poor on a level as to garb; it would abolish endless heartburnings, would make the church a religious instead of a social institution, would relegate the display of clothes to its proper sphere, and would enable Christian women to proclaim the faith that is in them.

To judge by the temper displayed by certain members of the board of regents at a recent meeting it may well be asked whether they are seeking to appoint a president for the State university or a clerk of the board to reside at Berkeley. Dr. Wheeler, of Cornell, was invited to accept the presidency, after his qualifications and those of a number of others had been thoroughly canvassed. The general opinion among students and college presidents throughout the country was that the choice was the wisest that could be made. Professor Wheeler is not so anxious to accept the position, however, unless he is satisfied that he can make a success of his work at Berkeley, and has, therefore, addressed a letter to the regents requiring them to agree to certain conditions before he could even consider the offer.

These conditions are: That the president shall have power to make all appointments in the faculty; that the president shall be the sole means of communication between the faculty and the regents; that the president shall have the right to recommend all promotions in the faculty and sole power in the matter of salaries; that the president shall have the full support of the regents, without factional opposition, in all matters decided upon by the regents by a majority vote. To any person having any conception of the position of the president of a university these conditions will not appear unreasonable. They are essential rules of action if the president is to be anything more than a figure-head. Yet the demand seems to have struck a number of members of the board as nothing short of impertinence. One member declared that if he had known that Dr. Wheeler would write such a letter he would not have voted for him, thereby proving that he did not know the qualifications necessary in a college president, or, knowing them, did not desire to secure such a man for Berkeley.

The present situation brings to the front once more the false idea that obtains among the regents regarding their relations with the faculty. If a college president has any position at all, it is as the chief executive of the teaching force. If he has not the power of such an executive, he has no utility whatever, and the salary paid him is a waste of the funds. The board of regents, or trustees, must confine itself to the financial affairs of the institution, and leave the internal affairs to the president if the institution is to be successful. The board of regents in this case is composed of some politicians, some business men, and some lawyers. It may be that among them there are some capable of making a good college president, but there is certainly not one among them who can perform the duties of president while visiting the university only periodically, and devoting the major part of his time to outside affairs. The interference of the regents with internal affairs has always been pernicious, as in the recent case, when the president was belittled in the eyes of the faculty, and the head of the department set at naught by the promotion of an instructor in the face of their protests. Such acts render the president powerless, and create friction and ill-feeling in the faculty, where harmony is necessary if good work is to be done. Professor Wheeler's letter proves that he understands why the university has had a long line of presidents who were more or less complete failures, and why the university has not been more successful. It is to be hoped that his conditions will be agreed to, for if they are not, it will be impossible to persuade any first-class man to accept the presidency.

The board of supervisors has passed a resolution declaring that when the tax-rate is fixed in September next it shall not exceed one dollar. The "dollar limit" has been advocated for a number of years as amply sufficient, and board after board pledged not to exceed it has been elected. This is the first board that has shown a desire to keep faith with the public, and the members deserve all praise for doing so. Now that the precedent has been established, it should become the rule for the future.

The signature of the editor is appended to every article in this issue written, dictated, or inspired by him, in accordance with the "signature law," enacted during the last session of the legislature.

TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH.

A Lover's Journey.

"What can I do to convince you that I love you?"

For the fiftieth time, at least, Chillaye repeated this phrase to Mme. de Nymbe, who, skeptical and bored, replied:

"To begin with, don't tell me so again; really, my dear Chillaye, nothing is more monotonous and less new than your perpetual cooing."

"But you can't imagine how I love you! If you demanded my heart's blood, I would give it to the last drop, gladly."

"Don't be alarmed, I won't demand it!"

"Put me to the test—give a sign, a mere sign, and I'll follow you to the ends of the earth, on my knees."

"Really now, would you?" asked Mme. de Nymbe, suddenly thoughtful.

"Wouldn't I!" cried Chillaye. "Indeed, I would!"

Bérangère reflected an instant, then, looking fixedly at dazzled Chillaye:

"I take you up."

Seeing his stupefaction, she continued, laughing, "I don't quite demand that of you—you propose to follow me to the ends of the earth on your knees—I consent to your following me to Nice on horseback. It's not so far, nor so tiring."

"What! you intend—"

"Yes—you know I detest the railway, with its jolting, its smudges, the promiscuity, the hurried meals eaten at greasy tables, while waiters shout at your ear: 'Don't hurry, ladies and gentlemen, fifteen minutes yet!' It is all odious and prevents my traveling."

"And so?"

"So, as I want to go to Nice, I've decided to go by horseback, by slow stages."

"But it will take at least a fortnight!"

"Say three weeks—I'm in no hurry. Well, are you not delighted at the prospect?"

"Of course—certainly—but you know, on horseback it is hard to talk. Why not by post-carriage? Delightful, they say."

"Are you really naïf enough to think I'd start out with you like that *en tête-à-tête*—like a wedding journey?"

"I'm sure I'd ask nothing better."

"Well, I do. You draw back—we won't say anything more about it."

"What makes you say I draw back? I'm simply so overjoyed, so overcome, that I can't find words—"

"That will do. I can guess them."

"When shall we start?"

"To-day is Tuesday, why not this day week?"

"I am entirely at your orders."

"Besides, before we start, we will see each other again to talk the campaign over."

Kissing Mme. de Nymbe's taper fingers, Chillaye departed, like a conquering hero. Toasting himself at the register in the hall, he saw himself already in the flowers and sunshine of Nice. The cold outside air brought him up short; turning up his collar, he grumbled: "B-r-r! it's freezing! What will it be on horseback? My hands and feet are always cold, even in July. Let's hope the weather will be decent. How will poor White Cat take the road, I wonder? She's not fit; I feed her too high, till she's ready to burst. I'm big and heavy and like broad horses, otherwise they look as if I were breaking their backs—and looks are everything in the Bois. Why do pretty women have such absurd notions?"

In spite of Chillaye's timid suggestion that two o'clock, after lunch, was a good hour to start, Mme. de Nymbe had fixed the time at sharp eight. White Cat stepped out coquettishly, not guessing what was ahead of her. The *coupé*, filled with luggage, was standing in the court-yard. Chillaye was penetrated by a soft emotion when he saw his valise standing among Mme. de Nymbe's bags and his rug tightly rolled around one of her numerous wraps.

"What a delicious intimacy this journey will bring about!" he exclaimed to himself, looking at his watch to see if he was on time. He was, but she was not. A message came asking him to wait a few moments. How altered the drawing-room looked. No fire, no flowers, no tumbled cushions, no opened score on the piano, no bonbons, nothing! How often he had drawn up the big *pouf* before the bright hearth and listened to Bérangère talk, half-hidden and curled up in the dim brocade arms of her favorite chair! In spite of industrious pacing up and down, he was literally frozen when Mme. de Nymbe appeared at nine.

The sight of her in her riding-habit, pretty enough to eat, warned him up a bit. Preoccupied as she was, she ran gayly down the stairs without discovering that he was blue. The maid got into the loaded *coupé*. The valet got up by the coachman, and the grooms led out the borses. Here was poor Chillaye's first discomfort. He expected to give Mme. de Nymbe's little foot a bit of a squeeze as he assisted her to mount, but when he approached to perform the agreeable task, she said that only her old coachman knew her movement, and putting her hand on the old fellow's shoulder, she was up like a bird.

"What an awful fog there is!" she exclaimed. "I hate it! I don't you?"

"Still, perhaps, it is better than cold."

"Yes, but I wanted sunshine, at least for our first day. What road shall we follow? I suppose you've traced our itinerary?"

"No, I haven't traced anything. But I suppose we go out by the Barrière d'Italie."

"Where is that?"

"Oh, a long way off; near the Gobelins."

"But I haven't the faintest idea where the Gobelins are!"

"They're across the river."

"Where in the world are we? This fog is thick."

"I think we're near the Palais de l'Industrie. Be careful; you'll run into a tree!"

"Mon Dieu! how dangerous riding is in such weather!"

"What if we should postpone starting till the day is more favorable?" timidly ventured Chillaye.

"Never! How easily you get discouraged! By the way, where shall we lunch?"

"Fifteen miles from Paris. We mustn't think of lunching before one, or half-past."

"That's awfully late! Don't you know of any nice restaurant, near the Barrière d'Italie?"

"No, I confess that quarter never attracted me; it never occurred to me to say: 'What if I should go and dine near the Barrière d'Italie?'"

"So, then, you never thought of planning our stages?"

"But—"

"I guessed as much! So I am having Baptiste, my old coachman, follow me on horseback. He'll show us the way and not make the mistakes you're guilty of, my dear Chillaye. We must not go out at all by the way of the Barrière d'Italie."

"Well, but Nice is near Italy, and it seemed to me—but I—I rather follow Baptiste and avoid responsibilities. And, positively, in this fog, it's lucky you've provided yourself with a better guide than I, or we'd either get lost or have to turn back."

Mme. de Nymbe called Baptiste, who detached himself from the two grooms. "Baptiste, we will take the road we agreed upon." Turning toward Chillaye: "Now, since you've nothing more serious to do, amuse me a little. What's the news, *les petits potins*?"

"Here goes," thought Chillaye; "now I'll have to sparkle the whole way."

"I'm all ears. Was Clotilde at the opera last night?"

"Yes."

"With Du Ring?"

"I don't know. Perhaps he came after I left—I went away early, you know. I'm not used to getting up at day-break, and if you remember you said 'eight o'clock sharp.'"

"Ah! you're emphasizing 'sharp' to make me understand that I was late. You're complaining of having to wait a few moments in the drawing-room—"

"I wouldn't complain if—"

"If?"

"If there had been any fire—but—"

"Oh, I beg your pardon! It must have been forgotten in the hurry of my departure. Were you very cold?"

"Rather, thank you!"

At this instant White Cat, startled at an omnibus she had not made out in the fog, and not pulled up promptly enough by the stiffened hands of her rider, came down on all fours, and sprang up so wildly that Chillaye was a bit shaken.

"Mon Dieu!" cried Mme. de Nymbe, "you almost lost your seat!"

"Not at all," said Chillaye, annoyed.

"Yes, you did, I saw you. I hope you're not ill. Don't you think it's nice to go to Nice on horseback? Admit that if you'd been alone you'd have turned back already?"

"Ah ça! Certainly I would never have thought of riding to Nice by slow stages alone; but with you, what wouldn't I do? *Dieu!* How pretty you are this morning—fresh, rosy, rested—"

"Not like you then, for you look—"

"Ah! how do I look?" questioned Chillaye, nervously, fearing for his already contested prestige; "it's true I'm tired and—"

"You can rest to-night; go to bed at eight if you like."

"No, I don't like—I never can go to sleep early."

"Well, it's a pity, for I intend to retire every night directly after dinner."

"Allons," reflected Chillaye, more and more depressed; "this little expedition is not going to be very amusing, decidedly."

They rode into a wood.

"Where are we?" he asked. "I looked at a military map before starting, and I saw no wood on our road."

"It's the forest of—of Ville d'Avray—"

"How is that? Are we going to Nice by way of Ville d'Avray?"

"Don't worry; I tell you Baptiste knows the road. Don't you breathe quite a new air?"

"I can't breathe at all in this smothering fog."

"And then this wood is wilder than the Bois de Boulogne—what a different scent it has."

"It's not half so pretty as the Bois, and the scent is that of soot, just as in all fogs."

"Are you less cold trotting?"

"No, my hands and feet are icy."

"Why, have you got hands and feet like a fish?"

"You are unkind, madame! If you knew how ill at ease I am, perhaps you wouldn't chaff me."

"But really, you know, you look prepared for cold, and brigands, too. *Dieu me pardonne!*" She pointed at a yellow-leather case fastened to the saddle.

"I took the revolver along—"

"I'm not finding fault. An excellent idea, on the contrary. What's that other thing?"

"Some Madeira and a cup."

"Another good notion, more practical than the revolver. I say! You're enormous! How much clothing have you got on?"

"But—"

"Speak up, be honest!"

"I've got on a vest, a thin one—and over that a warmer one; a hunting-vest—you know—one of those English concerns, knitted angora rabbit; then a coat and an overcoat."

"Only one overcoat?"

"Oh! I have got on another one, but it's very thin; besides, it's bitterly cold."

"And those boots, like barrels! Did some ancestor hand them down to you or did you have them made for some masked ball?"

"They're only fur-lined ones I've recently had made."

"Recently?"

"Yes—a week ago."

"To wear to Nice?"

"Yes."

Mme. de Nymbe burst into a laugh; Chillaye felt annoyed. "Positively," he said, sulkily, "as soon as one leaves Paris, the country becomes hideously monotonous; these paths we've been following for the last hour look all alike."

"Well, but we don't complain of riding daily on the same roads in the Bois?"

"Yes, but the Bois is quite a different matter to this, and far prettier."

Chillaye began to be in a horrible temper. Mme. de Nymbe's good humor was irritating. And he envied everything about her—her thick veil, the heavy, golden coils that protected her neck, even her position in the saddle, for he was getting a veritable cramp. The prospect of passing whole days together astride broad-flanked White Cat filled him with terror. Seeing old Baptiste forging ahead, turning to right and left without hesitation, crossing bridges, mounting slopes, Chillaye asked: "Has your coachman ridden to Nice before?"

"Not all the way, but he knows the beginning. Isn't the country growing pretty? Look at that little island. There's nothing near Paris as pretty."

"It's an island like another, it seems to me. The Grande Yatte is far prettier."

"Do you think so? The day is improving. The fog has not entirely cleared yet, but the sun can be felt through it."

"I should say so. It's given me an awful headache; it must be a sunstroke!"

"Why, sunstrokes drive people mad."

"That's about it, otherwise do you think I would jog to Nice by slow stages?"

"You certainly show no enthusiasm, my poor Chillaye."

"You didn't stipulate for enthusiasm—you must admit that when one is suffering from a sunstroke, one's mood—"

"Surely, you don't suppose a pale sun like that—"

"All the more dangerous, because one takes no precautions; I'm not used to the low hat I've got on. A tall hat heats the head less, because it is farther away from it."

"Yes, but it's nearer the sun, so that it amounts to the same thing."

"Now you're chaffing me."

"Not at all. But you're in such bad form that I'm inclined to give you back your word and go to Nice without you. Good-by. Hurry back to Paris!"

"Hurry? Why, we're three hours from Paris."

"Nevertheless, here we are at the Boulevard Maillot and the Garden of Acclimation; in a quarter of an hour you can be at home. For the last two hours we have been riding in the Bois. When you said just now that the Grande Yatte was prettier than the island I wanted you to admire, we were passing the Grande Yatte."

"It is this cursed fog!"

"Perhaps. But admit that even in fine weather you would not have guessed where you are, for you only know a few *allées* in the Bois. Good-by, Chillaye, don't propose to any one else to go to the ends of the earth with them—they might take you at your word!"

"And you—are you going to Nice?"

"I never thought of such a thing! I'm going back to lunch. Good appetite!"

And off she rode at a brisk trot.

The fog having cleared, the weather was radiant; swarms of riders, detained by the thick morning, were now coming to the Bois at the usual hour for leaving it. Chillaye, recovering from his stupefaction, rode slowly down the avenue, reflecting that he had been done. "Mme. de Nymbe is mad. She has cooled me off, and I am glad of it. She's pretty, of course—devilishly pretty—but she's far too original. *Ah ça!* What are all those simpletons staring at me for? Do I look like a man who has just been made a fool of? Do they read it in my face? Positively, Xaintrailles laughed as he passed me. What's wrong about me? Ah, *sapristi!* It's my ridiculous get-up; my boots, and my flask, and my hat, and the revolver—especially the revolver! Hang it all! What wouldn't I give to be rid of the revolver. Good enough! Here are the Flirts—and one of the little Rirfrays, and D'Oronge. I must get rid of it, at all cost."

And sidling up to the edge of the road, in spite of the efforts of those who wanted to keep to their right, he managed to fling the revolver into a bed of gilly-flowers. Just as he passed the Flirts and their escort, a policeman ran after him, brandishing the revolver.

"M'sieu, m'sieu! You have lost something!"—Adapted for the Argonaut from the French of "Gyp."

Kapiolani, Queen Dowager of the Hawaiian Islands and relict of the late King Kalakaua, whose death had been expected for several weeks, passed away at Honolulu, June 24th, aged sixty-three. Kapiolani was the third of that name to leave an indelible praiseworthy record in the pages of Hawaiian history. The latest and last of the noble-born of the Kapiolanis—for she was the granddaughter of Kaumuali'i, the last of the famous kings of Kauai—will be remembered, apart from the interesting incidents of her political career, as a woman of noble and generous character, and lovable in the home life. She was the originator and founder of the Kapiolani Maternity Home and the Kapiolani Home for Girls, while her private gifts in charity were bounded only by her means. She won honors, too, as the faithful wife and widow who honestly paid off a great burden of debt bequeathed to her by her husband, King Kalakaua, whose extravagances were a memorable feature of a reign which marked the great commercial development of Hawaii under the reciprocity treaty. After the death of King Kalakaua, in San Francisco in 1891, the queen dowager lived in peaceful retirement and increased her interest in charitable and beneficial duties. Since the revolution of 1893 she has earned the good-will of the party in power by a total abstinence from even the slightest approach to interference in politics.

MARK TWAIN IN LONDON.

The American Humorist Receives an Ovation in the British Metropolis—Famous Clubs Give Banquets in His Honor—His Anglo-American Pun.

Mark Twain is quite the lion of the hour here now. Since he arrived in town from Vienna he has been showered with public and private attentions and civilities, and even if he were nine tailors instead of a man he could not begin to accept one invitation in a dozen that are being sent him. Almost every night since he arrived he has been the guest of honor at some banquet, and the hostess who is in the know could devise no more powerful attraction for her entertainments than to put on her cards "to meet Mark Twain."

There are two reasons for this—the great admiration which the entire reading public in England has for the greatest of American humorists, and the extremely cordial feeling that all Englishmen feel just now toward the United States. The qualities of humor that make the delight of "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras" are regarded in England as typically American, and every one here has read and enjoyed that story. Twain's Western and Mississippi sketches, from "Roughing It" to "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," find a responsive chord in the English heart, and by these delicious tales the English people know him. His "Yankee at the Court of King Arthur" and other later works, however, are little known and less appreciated. However, his presence among us has given a great boom to the demand for his books, so my bookseller tells me, and doubtless the English share, one full half of the two thousand copies, of the new *édition de luxe* of his works which is soon to be published here and in America, will be bought avidly and read from first to last of its twenty-one volumes.

The warm friendliness which England feels toward the United States, arising from the necessities that would have been entailed by the precipitation of a general European war by the attitude of the Continental powers when the United States was fighting Spain, and augmented by the brilliant success that American gallantry and efficiency in the field achieved, has been given fresh impetus by the Samoan incident, and received still an additional fillip a few days ago from the return of Sir Edward Chichester, who commanded the British naval forces at Manila last year.

Sir Edward was a late guest at the dinner given to Mark Twain by the Whitefriars Club last Friday evening, and this cordial feeling toward the United States was evidenced in the enthusiastic applause that greeted his speech. He told how the British crews had been provisioned by fresh meat from the American refrigerating ships, and how one old British tar, being complimented on his hearty appearance, patted his rotund paunch and replied "Dewey did it." This anecdote was received with tremendous applause, and his homely statement that he had seen his American cousins at Manila, and that they "would do," was uproariously indorsed. Chauncey M. Depew, another of the evening's speakers, presenced the sentiment of the United States in this matter by telling how he had addressed an American audience of twenty thousand persons, recently, and had taken the Stars and Stripes in one hand and the Union Jack in the other. "without one dissenting voice in all that vast assemblage."

This Whitefriars dinner was one of the most important tendered to Mark Twain. Poultnery Bigelow presided, with Mark Twain on his right and Mrs. Clemens on his left. The Misses Clemens were seated not far away, and among the other ladies at the board were Mrs. Gilbert Parker, wife of the Canadian novelist, Mme. Sarah Grand, Miss Beatrice Harraden, and Mrs. Frank Leslie. The entire company included some two hundred of the leading literary lights of London, among them Gilbert Parker, M. Paul Blouet ("Max O'Rell"), "Tay Pay" O'Connor, M. P., and Louis Frederic Austin, the well-known journalist, who is accounted the cleverest after-dinner speaker in London. In the course of his remarks he referred to the parallel between Mark Twain and Sir Walter Scott, declaring that what most appeals to men and women in his calling is "his noble courage in misfortune, the high honor which accepted the penalty of disaster, and the undaunted toil that enables him again to lift the colors of victory."

Another of the notable entertainments to Mark Twain was the supper given in his honor by the famous Savage Club, a week ago last Saturday night, when the club's big dining-room could not nearly hold all those who were present. The usual loyal toasts to the queen and the President of the United States were given, and in response to the toast of the evening Mr. Clemens again touched on the *entente cordiale* theme. He began with some bantering remarks on the pleasure it gave him to hear the compliments of the chairman, especially as they were entirely deserved. The only drawback to such an occasion, he said, was the fact that he could not propose his own health, as he knew so many more things to his own credit than did the rest of the world. He then referred to his first visit to England, twenty-seven years ago, and told of his doubts on being invited to spend his first evening at the Savage Club and his reassurance when he found there was no "talk of missionaries or any other form of cannibalism." The conclusion of his speech was a fervent wish that if England and America should ever fight, it might not be face to face, but as at Samoa, side by side.

Soon after his arrival here Mr. Clemens was elected a member of the Authors' Club, and they gave him a banquet the other night. Sir Walter Besant, the president of the club, was chairman, and in proposing the health of Mark Twain, he indulged in some witty and graceful praises of the American's books. The latter said in reply that he had always thought well of his books, but would think better of them hereafter, and that when he reported the chairman's remarks to his family they would lose nothing in the telling.

Then he referred to Rudyard Kipling's recent illness in New York and how much the author of the "Plain Tales" had done to bring England and America together. In conclusion, and evidently as a delicate concession to the English concept of humor, he stated that for the past eight days he had been engaged in compiling a pun and he now laid it at their feet. "Since England and America have been joined together in Kipling," he said, "may they not be severed in Twain."

LONDON, June 19, 1899.

AN ENGLISH MOTHER.

Every week of every season out of English ports go forth, White of sail or white of trail, east, or west, or south, or north. Scattering like a flight of pigeons, half a hundred homesick ships Bearing half a thousand striplings—each with kisses on his lips Of some silent mother, fearful lest she show herself too fond, Giving him to bush or desert as one pays a sacred bond. Tell us, you who hide your heart-break—Which is sadder when all's done,

To repine, an English mother, or to roam, an English son?

You who shared your babe's first sorrow when his cheek no longer pressed

On the perfect snow and rose-leaf beauty of your mother-breast; In the rigor of his nurture, was your woman's mercy mute, Knowing he was doomed to exile with the savage and the brute? Did you school yourself to absence, all his adolescent years, That, though you be torn with parting, he should never see the tears?

Now his ship has left the offing for the many-mouthed sea, This your guerdon, empty heart, by empty bed to bend the knee!

And if he be but the latest thus to leave your dwindling board, Is a sorrow less for being added to a sorrow's hoard? Is the mother-pain the duller that to-day his brothers stand, Facing ambuscades of Congo or alarms of Zululand?—Toil, where blizzards drift the snow like smoke across the plains of death?

Faint, where tropic fens at morning steam with fever-laden breath?—Die, that in some distant river's veins the English blood may run—Mississippi, Yangtze, Ganges, Nile, Mackenzie, Amazon?

Ah! you still must wait and suffer in a solitude untold, While your sisters of the nations call you passive, call you cold—Still must scan the news of sailings, breathless, search the slow gazette,

Find the dreaded name . . . and, later, get his blithe farewell! And yet—

Shall the lonely at the hearth-stone shame the legions who have died, Grudging not the price their country pays for progress and for pride?

—Nay, but England, do not ask us thus to emulate your scars Until women's tears are reckoned in the budgets of your wars.

—Robert Underwood Johnson in *Harper's Weekly*.

Thanks to the personal influence of King Humbert, the supreme court of Italy has just rendered a decision against the Italian Government in favor of a member of that branch of the house of Bourbon which formerly reigned over Italy. The prince in question is his Royal Highness Louis, Count d'Aquila, who not only spent quite a considerable time in this country, but likewise married at New York a Miss Hamel, of that city, by whom he has a daughter and a son (writes a correspondent to the Philadelphia Press). The verdict of the court places Prince Louis and his American wife in the possession of a round sum of two million francs, besides assuring him of a future income of fifty thousand dollars. King Francis the Second, the last King of Naples, endowed certain members of his predecessor's family with property, yielding to each an income of fifty-two thousand a year. When Garibaldi entered Naples in 1860 he decreed that all the possessions of the Bourbons should be confiscated to the nation, and this decree was carried into effect. It was in vain that the princes of Bourbon protested against what they insisted was an act of spoliation. At length, however, encouraged by King Humbert himself, the late Count Aquila, father of the present bearer of the title, and brother-in-law of the late Dom Pedro of Brazil, commenced legal proceedings against the Italian Government, insisting that the property confiscated by Garibaldi was of a personal character, and as such should have been respected. This view has now been upheld by the supreme court. Prince Louis made his peace quite a number of years ago with King Humbert, being received in audience by the latter along with his father, the late Count Aquila. Indeed, the old count died as admiral of the Italian navy, King Humbert having granted to him the same rank which he held in the Neapolitan navy prior to 1860.

President McKinley has presented to the French ambassador, M. Cambon, a superb silver loving-cup, in recognition of the ambassador's friendly services in the negotiations which restored peace between the United States and Spain. The cup is of massive proportions and chaste design, and the international significance of the gift is shown in the blending of the French and American coats-of-arms. It stands about two and one-half feet high, with the top of the bowl about ten inches across. The outer surface is silver, richly embossed, while the inside is of hammered gold. Around the outside of the bowl, in raised old English text, runs the following inscription: "Presented by the President of the United States to His Excellency, M. Jules Cambon, Ambassador of France, in token of his friendly services in the negotiation of the protocol of peace between the United States and Spain, August 12, 1898." The bowl is supported on the shoulders of three American eagles. These, in turn, are on a massive silver pedestal, around which circle the thirteen stars, emblematic of the thirteen original States. The three handles of the cup are myrtle-leaves, symbolic of the peaceful offices which M. Cambon performed.

The old Mexican jail in Monterey, which has stood since 1806, and which has served as a military prison several times, as well as for the confinement of desperate criminals, has been torn down. The adobe walls, which were about three feet thick, were all used in filling up an adjacent arroyo, while the roof tiles were used for other purposes.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Emperor William has elevated Herr von Bülow, Minister of Foreign Affairs, to the rank and title of count. His elevation is a recognition of his services in securing the Caroline Islands for Germany.

It has been definitely decided that the young Duke of Albany, grandson of Queen Victoria, is to succeed to the throne of the Grand-Duchy of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, on the abdication of the Duke of Edinburgh and the renunciation of the Duke of Connaught.

The *Gaulois*, of Paris, publishes an insulting letter addressed to President Loubet by Lieutenant Arnal, in which the writer says: "I hate you because you harm France. Twice have I blushed with shame at having to carry a sword and being obliged to salute you." The *Gaulois* asserts that a hundred other officers are following Arnal's example.

The Chicago *Times-Herald's* statement that the Republican campaign fund in 1896 was \$2,900,000 invests with some interest the fact that James Buchanan was elected President on an expenditure of \$23,000. The authority for the Buchanan figures is Colonel James G. Berret, of Washington, who was a member of the Democratic committee charged with the expenditure of money.

Professor Benjamin Ide Wheeler, of Cornell University, who has been elected president of the California State University, although still a comparatively young man, has gained much fame as a philologist. His specialty is Greek, and he served for several years as instructor in the classical school at Athens before going to Cornell. A recent history of Alexander the Great, written by him, has attracted much attention.

Dr. Daniel Folkmar, formerly lecturer in sociology at the University of Chicago, has been appointed as professor of anthropology at the new University of Brussels, Belgium, being one of the few native Americans who have held a foreign professorship. He has also just received the title of doctor of social sciences (*docteur ès sciences sociales*) from the university. His thesis, a large volume on "Philosophical Anthropology," will shortly be published in both French and English.

George Wray, aged one hundred and three years, secured a divorce in Columbus, Ind., on June 22d, from Susan E. Wray, aged thirty. He had been married four times, outliving three wives. He said that his last wife came to him and offered to take care of him if he would marry her, but that she had robbed him of over one thousand dollars in gold since they were married, eight years ago. He is the progenitor of a great part of the Wray family in southern Indiana, having several great-great-grandchildren.

Captain William A. Andrews started from Atlantic City on the 18th ult., to cross the ocean in a little sloop-rigged boat, twelve feet long, five feet wide, and twenty-two inches deep. He carries provisions for two months, and expects to reach the Azores in forty days. He has made the voyage before in a boat not much larger than the one which now bears him. On the same day, Howard Blackburn sailed from Gloucester for England by way of the Newfoundland coast and the Irish Channel in a boat thirty feet long.

Probably the most valuable work of Anna E. Klumpke, the San Francisco portrait-painter, is a recent portrait of Rosa Bonheur, painted at the great artist's request a few weeks before her death. Miss Klumpke is something besides an artist. She holds the degree of doctor of mathematics from the Sorbonne, in Paris, and has been employed in the French bureau of measurements. She has also exhibited paintings in the Salon. Her portrait is the last one ever painted of Miss Bonheur, and is said to be one of the best ever executed.

Professor Axenfeld, of Perugia, has discovered that three-fifths of all men of distinction are first-born children; the other two-fifths are either second or third children, or else the youngest of very large families. Among the first, he points out Luther, Dante, Rafael, Leonardo da Vinci, Confucius, Heine, Schopenhauer, Goethe, Ariosto, Mohammed, Shelley, Arasmus, Milton, Byron, Molière, Carlyle, Rossini, Talleyrand, Buffon; among the last, Loyola and Franklin, both thirteenth children; Schubert, a fourteenth child; and Volta, a seventh child. The professor thinks this arises from psychological reasons and a law of nature.

Admiral Dewey is of old fighting stock, and he has now become a member of both societies of descendants of the American Revolution. Upon his own application he was admitted to the Vermont Sons of the American Revolution, on November 14, 1892, his brother Charles, president of the National Life Insurance Company, and a resident of Montpelier, being admitted at the same time. William Tarbox Dewey, son of Charles, became a member on November 9, 1896. Recently the admiral received the compliment of an election as life member of the New York Sons of the Revolution (in lieu of honorary membership, for which that society has no provision), and is now entitled to wear the badge of both organizations.

One of the main features of the Rough Riders' reunion at Las Vegas, N. M., was the presentation to Governor Roosevelt of a solid gold medal. It is pendant from a bar by gold chains, V-shaped, with the ends attached to the bar and joined to the medal at the centre. On the bar is the inscription, "Colonel Theodore Roosevelt." Between the bar and the medal the coat-of-arms of New Mexico is engraved. On the medal proper are crossed sabres, and above them is the monogram "R. R. R." Below the sabres is the following: "Presented by the citizens of New Mexico; Las Vegas, N. M., June 24, 1899." On the circular edge of the medal are the words "San Juan," "Las Guasimas," "Santiago." In the centre, just below the crossed sabres, is a diamond.

EVOLUTION OF STAGE-DANCING.

From the Walk-Around to the Cake-Walk—Grace of Movement in "Adonis" and "Erminie"—Bessie Clayton's Whirlwind Dance—Decline of the Ballet.

The great feature of an old-fashioned negro-minstrel show used to be the "walk-around," a burlesque performance ending in what was supposed to be a perfect imitation of the dancing on a Southern plantation. Later, the negroes themselves came upon the stage and the "cake-walk" was seen for the first time, had many imitators, and has been growing in favor until it promises to be the national dance of America. The walk-around was a rowdy, stupid thing, with little to recommend it, but the possibilities of the cake-walk are enormous. It can be as refined and dignified as the minuet, as gay as an Irish jig, mad with the wild abandon of the French cancan, and yet exquisitely graceful as the cachuca of Old Spain. To be sure, it can be vulgarized; girls in short skirts and pink tights and young men in loud checks and grotesque collars may turn their toes in and strut to the gay, inviting rhythm of the music, but at its highest and best, in the hands—or the feet—of artists, it is the most beautiful dance of the century.

No dance has such wide possibilities as the cake-walk, suitable to the individual fancy of the dancer; its scope embraces the humorous, grotesque, light and gay, tender and coquettish, wildly hilarious, and swayingly, rhythmically gracious. It is suited to men as well as women. Indeed, no dance of modern times shows off a young man's figure to better advantage than the cake-walk, and only the minuet has such courtly bows. It may, indeed, be instrumental in bringing the male dancer back to the stage. The only steps that men can take are the jig, an occasional minuet, and the few double-shuffles that go with a popular song. We do not want the laced-in creature of Leech's caricatures, with greasy curls and pointed slippers, who skimmed in with the *première danseuse* and held her about the waist while she pointed a satin toe skyward. But the manly figure is needed in a beautiful dance as much as bass notes are in music; the continual soprano of women's voices palls upon the ear until the rich tones of a baritone are a positive relief. Just so the modern ballet, with its processions of pretty ladies and equally pretty feminine men is getting a little insipid. It is strange that the many athletic club exhibitions have not suggested to stage-managers the idea of men's dances. The man's figure approaches nearer to the classic than the woman's, especially when she is misshapen with tight-lacing and high heels. A fine athletic dance of young men would prove a grand foil for the artificial modern ballet-girls.

The posters that suddenly appeared all over New York, a few weeks ago, reminds one of the great success of Dixey in 1884. He is still young—that is, on the right side of forty—and as handsome as ever. I wonder if the girls of to-day make little scrap-books of his various photographs, bound in silk and satin, with "Dixey" embroidered on the outside? How the school-girls flocked to see him, and admired and loved him! How we talked, in awe-struck whispers, of his diamonds, his lace, his wicked gambling, and the ring upon his thumb! What a beautiful dancer he would be if he only went into it professionally; the little that he does in "Adonis" only makes one long for more.

In "Erminie," which was revived at the Casino this spring, Francis Wilson and Thomas Q. Seabrooke, as the two thieves, had a dance together that never failed to bring two and three recalls. Though the men were in rags and the steps were supposed to be comic, the music was good and the dancers were so light and graceful that it was beautiful to see. There was a motive in their action, and the dance had a quick pace and gayety that was in vivid contrast to the rows of posing *figurantes* in tights, with silk hats on their coiffured heads and imitation swallow-tail coats (to indicate that they represent gentlemen), who came on at Weber & Field's and ogled the audience.

The ballet-dancer of a generation ago was an artificial creature with a wasp waist, short, fluffy skirts, and a painted smile, but she thoroughly knew the art that was then admired, and could walk on her toes, twirl, bend, and float in the bewildering intricacies of the dance. It took years to learn, and by the time a woman could aspire to be *première danseuse* she had passed her youth. Now, any young thing who can kick a tambourine held a yard above her head is considered a dancer, and that hideous thing called "the split," and even somersaults, are introduced into modern ballets.

Miss Bessie Clayton is the best of these contortionist dancers; indeed, she owes her popularity to the singular fact that she has exceedingly limber joints, and can kick the back of her head with the soles of her feet. That the public likes that sort of thing was shown by her great success in Australia, as well as here in New York. To see Miss Clayton in her ten-minute whirlwind dance is to imagine a wild, evil sprite gone suddenly mad; to meet her in the flesh (and I once traveled for two weeks by sea with the company she was in) is to find a modest little creature, who sat in the saloon of the steamer by her husband's side, so interested in him that she hardly spoke to any one else. Her devotion was all the more touching as her husband is exceedingly deaf, but the two looked very happy as they sat side by side on the deck of the steamer, holding hands like country lovers. She is very young; indeed, she looked hardly fifteen, even in the morning, when she appeared, ingenuously, in the saloon for breakfast, with her hair in curl-papers.

The grand ballet that is going on at the New York Theatre in "A Man in the Moon" is a sad exhibition of the degeneration of dancing. No expense has been spared on this production; the costumes are rich in material and elaborately designed; the women—and there are hundreds of them—are all shapely and young, and there is no doubt that the ballet is the best that can be seen in America, and

is an attempt, on the part of the management, to rival the Empire and Alhambra in London. There is high-kicking, marvelous contortioning, marches and counter-marches that exhibit crudely violent contrasts of color under the calcium light, but of grace there is not a twinkle.

NEW YORK, June 29, 1899.

ISOBEL STRONG.

A SONG OF THE ROAD.

O I will walk with you, my lad, whichever way you fare,
You'll have me, too, the side of you, with heart as light as air;
No care for where the road you take's a-leading—anywhere,—
It can but be a joyful jaunt the whilst you journey there.
The road you take's the path of love, an' that's the bridle of two—
And I will walk with you, my lad—O I will walk with you.

Ho! I will walk with you, my lad,
Be weather black or blue,
Or roadsides frost or dew, my lad—
O I will walk with you.

Aye, glad, my lad, I walk with you, whatever winds may blow,
Or summer-blossoms stay our steps, or blinding drifts of snow;
The way that you set face and foot's the way that I will go,
And brave I'll be, abreast of you, the Saints and Angels know.
With loyal hand in loyal hand, and one heart made of two,
Through summer's gold, or winter's cold, it's I will walk with you.

Sure, I will walk with you, my lad,
As Love ordains me to,—
To Heaven's door, and through, my lad,
O I will walk with you.
—James Whitcomb Riley in *July Lippincott's*.

Gibraltar might be said to be in a continuous state of siege (according to the account given by Mr. Chatfield Taylor in "The Land of the Castanet"). The rigorous rules of a military post are never relaxed. The fact that it is a foreign post, held by force in a foreign country, is never forgotten. At retreat the gates are closed; at reveille they are opened. None but Englishmen are allowed to enter without a pass, and none but residents permitted to spend the night. The Spanish laborers from San Roque who come for the day are forced to leave at nightfall. The batteries of ponderous modern guns, and El Hacho, the signal tower, are now closed to visitors, so one no longer gazes, as at a former visit, across the straits to the misty hills of Morocco, where the Moorish cities of Tangier and Ceuta nestle by the sea. You used to scramble on donkeys over the crest of the rock, and visit St. Michael's cave below; cockney gunners used to point the great guns at Africa, and detail their carrying power and calibre, but the authorities have grown suspicious, and now but half the "Gib" is shown to the foreign visitor, while even the whereabouts of the newest batteries is kept a secret.

There is an old rule for finding the length of a man's life if the present age lies between twelve and eighty-six years. Subtract the present age from 86, and divide the remainder by 2; the result will give the number of years you have yet to live. This old rule was discovered by the mathematician De Moivre, who emigrated to England from France in 1865, and became a member of the Royal Society. M. Schooling, who indorses the rule, affirms from his calculations that of 1,000 individuals of sixty years 599 will live to be seventy, 120 to be eighty years, and 17 to be ninety; while of 1,000 nonagenarians 4 will reach their hundredth year. We may add that for men of sixty-five the average expectation of life is 10½ years.

Lieutenant Chadwick, who served on the cruiser *Raleigh* in Manila Bay, recently told in Cleveland of an incident that occurred during the return voyage, when the cruiser struck a huge whale sleeping on the water. Lieutenant Chadwick was on watch when the boat gave a lurch. "I thought we had run on some hidden rocks," he said. "I rushed to the rail and found that the ram of the cruiser was fast in the side of a whale forty feet long. The engines had to be reversed before the whale was released. He floated away dead. You may think that is a fish story, but it is an actual fact, and the cruiser's log will verify it."

In the Paris Bibliothèque Nationale has been discovered a calendar of the cases in the criminal court—the *Chambre de la Tournelle*—going back to the fifteenth century. Among the papers are the official notes of Joan of Arc's arrest and of her execution, and a decree of the Paris Parlement annulling the judgment by which the Provost of Paris, Villiers de l'Isle Adam, condemned François Villon, the poet, to be hanged. The sentence is revoked, the court holding the evidence against the poet to be insufficient.

Oriental dislike of the trolley system is manifested in a vigorous style. Since the introduction of trolley cars into Corea several children have been run over and killed in Seoul. A mob of several hundred persons burned one car and smashed another. The Japanese and European engineers narrowly escaped death. The ignorant people attributed the drouth, which has continued for some time, to the construction of the electric railways.

M. Delormel, who wrote the "Boulanger March," and many other popular concert-hall songs, being the most successful of any in that line in Paris, is dead. His songs brought him in ten thousand dollars a year.

Two portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds were recently sold in London. That of Lady Donoughmore brought \$11,750, while that of her husband was sold for \$6,400.

The Sultan has finally arranged to pay the Russo-Turkish war indemnity, and consequently Russia will not take possession of Armenia as a forfeit.

"IGNOBLE PEACE."

By Professor Goldwin Smith, LL. D.

Governor Roosevelt, in addition to his martial renown, is winning golden opinions as administrator of the State of New York; but if he disseminates such sentiments as those with which he is credited, he will scarcely win golden opinions from humanity. His doctrine appears to be that the force of national character must suffer by prolonged peace—"swollen, slothful ease"—and can be preserved only by "strenuous endeavor," which I take to be a euphemism for war. Every nation will have to be picking quarrels in order to supply itself with the indispensable tonic, and the world will be a perpetual field of battle. The end will be the survival of the strongest animal and the extinction of the community of nations.

It does not appear to be true that nations, so long as their governments are good, their habits healthy, their sports manly, and their feelings patriotic, have any tendency to lose their force in peace. Germany had been externally at peace, with the inconsiderable exception of the Schleswig-Holstein affair, for half a century, when, under Bismarck and Moltke, she put forth in her wars with Austria and France such force as the world has seldom seen. Great Britain had been at peace for nearly forty years when she went into the Crimean War; and though at the outset her war department was out of gear, her military energy did not fail her on the Alma or at Inkermann. The people of the United States had been at peace, with the not very considerable exception of the Mexican War, for forty-five years before the outbreak of the War of Secession, in which the military qualities shown upon both sides were as high and the fighting was as desperate as in any war in history. On the other hand, it was after a long period of incessant wars that both Spain and Italy sank into decrepitude.

War, whether in a good or a bad cause, calls forth the qualities of the soldier, for whom the word of command is morality. But to a nation, war in a bad cause is moral poison. The idea that the violent passions which war calls into play will kill the meaner passions, such as the lust of gain, it must be said once more is utterly baseless. War is the very harvest time of the stock-jobber and the appointed season of "embalmed beef." I had occasion the other day to refer to the well-known lines in Tennyson's "Maud," welcoming the Crimean War as a relief from the mercenary aims and fraudulent practices of peace. No such effect followed. Nobody was elevated, fortified, or reformed by reading the reports of battles in the *Gazette*; nor, after the war, was the nation more united in itself or more free from faction than it had been before. The war policy of Chatham is generally taken by historians to have revived the spirit of the British nation, which had been depressed under Walpole by a long peace. Yet it was at once followed by an unparalleled carnival of political corruption. American writers are apt to rejoice over the War of 1812 on account of what they assume to have been its unifying influence. But what did it actually produce? At the time, the Hartford Convention; and afterward, the fierce outburst of party spirit under that signal offspring of the war—Andrew Jackson.

It is not in manly hearts, but in those of women or of men of feminine temperament that the war fever most fiercely rages and most clearly manifests its effects. Of this, if your journals do not misinform us, you have had some striking proofs. It was always said that in the War of Secession the spirit of the Southern women was fiercer than that of the men, and that the women would have wished to continue the war when the men gladly accepted peace. Nothing could be more sanguinary than the tone of your yellow press on a late occasion. Yet few would say that it was masculine. I remember still with abhorrence how in England our ears were filled at the time of the Indian mutiny with the yells of sentimental eunuchs for more blood.

Governor Roosevelt tells you that unless you take to the life of strenuous endeavor, "bolder and stronger peoples will pass you by and win for themselves the domination of the world." Why is the world to be given over to anybody's domination? Why can not we all be content with our own, and allow each other to grow in freedom and peace? Why should there not continue to be a community of nations, peacefully coöperating and vying with each other in the promotion of the general objects of humanity? The domination of the Anglo-Saxon race is just now the prevailing aspiration. Might not the attempt to establish it provoke all the other nations to combine their forces for the liberation of the world?

In the press, and not in its lowest organs, we read avowals of respect for brute force and contempt of moral restraint which in the last generation would scarcely have proceeded from the most cynical of writers or public men. The Declaration of Independence, to whatever criticisms it may be liable, is at all events a charter of humanity; a charter of inhumanity appears now to be taking its place.

If we want to keep war as indispensable to national virility, and at the same time to mitigate its horrors, thus fulfilling one of the objects of the peace conference, there is a ready way, and one which can not fail to commend itself to the burning valor of Governor Roosevelt. Let us recur to the old system of wager of battle. Instead of general slaughter and havoc, let each of the two nations, between which the dispute has arisen, detail a certain number of champions to decide the question of combat in the lists. The United States would certainly choose as their champions Governor Roosevelt and his Rough Riders, whose triumph would be not less assured than their selection. Upon the return of the victors there would be such receptions and processions, such kissing and hugging of heroes, such complimentary dinners at one hundred dollars the plate as the world has not seen since Cain, to counteract the effects of "ignoble ease" and furnish the necessary tonic for his virility, made war on his brother Abel.—*The Independent*.

PEN-PICTURES OF FAMOUS PEOPLE.

Justin McCarthy's Charming Reminiscences of a Long and Useful Career—Anecdotes of the Duke of Wellington, Thackeray, Lowell, Longfellow, Holmes, and Beecher.

In two volumes, of some eight hundred pages, entitled "Reminiscences," Justin McCarthy, M. P., the great Irish Nationalist, author of "A History of Our Own Times," presents, with his usual crisp humor and kindly spirit, his recollections of almost all the famous men and women of the Victorian era. Among his intimate acquaintances he numbered all the great statesmen, poets, churchmen, artists, actors, and novelists of the last half century, and he has succeeded admirably in bringing them most vividly before the reader. The scope of the work is so great that we shall make no attempt to cover it, but simply quote a few of the most characteristic passages and amusing anecdotes.

Mr. McCarthy begins his reminiscences with the day in 1852 that he, as a hoy, came to London, determined to enter a literary career. One of his first experiences in London was a visit to the House of Lords, where he enjoyed the privilege of hearing the Duke of Wellington, the hero of Waterloo, speak. He writes:

I heard him make a speech, and, although it was but a short speech and not remarkable for eloquence, it astonished and impressed me more at the time than the greatest oration the greatest Parliamentary orator could have done. The duke, as I gathered from the speech of another peer—a law lord, I think it was—had already been offering to the House his opinion on the measure under consideration, and the noble and learned lord was now criticising his remarks. In the course of his criticism the noble and learned personage ventured on the observation that he feared "the illustrious duke" had not quite understood the measure now before the House. This drew the illustrious duke. The Duke of Wellington sprang to his feet to reply, and he struck the table with indignant gesture. "My lords," he said, "the noble and learned lord has said that I don't understand this bill. Well, my lords, all I can say is that I read the bill once, that I read it twice, that I read it three times, and, if after that I don't understand the bill, why, then, my lords, all I have to say is that I must be a damned stupid fellow." Then the duke resumed his seat, and that was the only speech I ever heard him deliver.

In his chapter on "The Princes of Literature," he says of Dickens:

I had many opportunities of meeting Dickens; but I should say that my acquaintance with him was slight and superficial. I used to feel very proud when he shook hands with me, and remembered my name, and asked me how I was getting on, or some question of the sort; but I never could pretend to have been ranked even in the outermost circle of his friends. I was not merely a young man, but a totally obscure young man, and had nothing whatever to recommend me to Dickens's notice except the fact that I belonged to the staff of a daily newspaper. To say the truth, Dickens rather frightened me; I felt uneasy when he spoke to me, and did not quite see what business I had to be speaking to such a man. His manner was full of energy; there was something physically overpowering about it, as it then seemed to me; the very vehemence of his cheery good humor rather bore one down. From the first he appeared to me to be a man with whom I could not venture to differ on any subject. Then again, as was but natural, he was generally surrounded by a crowd of young men who sincerely worshipped him, and to whom, indeed, he seemed to represent all literature. I know how kind and friendly and encouraging he was to many men as young as I was, and whose very first efforts in literature received his helping hand—I knew many such young men, and they were never tired of telling me how kind he was, and how gentle, how quick to encourage and slow to disparage, if I may adopt certain words which I think were used by himself when speaking of another leader of literature. But I am only putting down my impressions just for what they are worth, as the phrase goes, and, indeed, they are worth nothing at all except as impressions, and I can only say that Dickens somehow or other always made me feel rather afraid.

Another great man, then not quite recognized, who had the same effect upon him was Thomas Carlyle. But that was in quite a different way:

Carlyle had a fashion of expressing his opinions which was likely enough to make any modest young beginner in the literary craft think twice before he ventured on the expression of any views of his own in the presence of such a master. Perhaps I ought to explain here that when I spoke of the literary triumvirate who then ruled over England, I was not forgetting the rule of Thomas Carlyle. Such a forgetfulness would be impossible; but I felt that his was not by any means a purely literary force, but something quite different—something like that of a philosopher with his school. To return, however, to my immediate subject, I should say that the dread I felt of Dickens was not at all like the dread I felt of Carlyle. In the case of Carlyle, I did not like to run the risk of being snubbed; in Dickens's case, I knew there was no such risk—I knew that he was far too sweet and kindly in nature to snub me, but the very exuberance of his good humor bore me down and kept me in my modest place.

On the contrary, he never felt the same kind of awe or awkwardness in the presence of Thackeray:

One might have thought that Thackeray's presence would have been more inspiring of awe to a young and thoroughly obscure man. Thackeray was much taller than Dickens. His form, indeed, approached to the gigantic in its proportions. He looked far older, although the two men were much about the same age. His immense head, his broad forehead, and his prematurely white hair gave him an appearance of authority and even of severity which one might have thought would prove intimidating to a stranger. Yet I at least never felt it so. He seemed to me to be less self-assertive, less conscious of his superiority, than Dickens appeared to be. I never had the good fortune of approaching to intimacy with Thackeray. The chance that at one time opened upon me was reduced to nothing by the fates, and its memory has left an indelible impression on my mind.

I had met Thackeray in a casual way several times, but I never was a pushing sort of person, and indeed I idolized Thackeray and Dickens far too much to think of pushing myself on either of them. A literary controversy on some question which has now lost all its importance sprang up in 1863, and I wrote something anonymously in the *Morning Star* which had the good luck to please the author of "Vanity Fair." Thackeray asked a friend of mine and of his to find out who the writer was, and the friend had no difficulty in accomplishing this task. For myself, I was almost in a humor to think I had lived long enough, since I had lived to write anything which was worthy of Thackeray's favorable notice. I may say here in passing that during my experience in literature I have over and over again been struck with the readiness of really great authors to take account of young beginners who seem to have any promise in them and to lend them a kindly helping hand.

One day he received through the friend just mentioned an invitation from Thackeray to dine at his house in an informal kind of way and meet two or three other literary men:

Need I say that I accepted the invitation with pride and delight? No favor that any sovereign could bestow upon me, had any sovereign been in the least likely to single me out for any mark of favor, could have filled me with such rapture as I received from that token of Thackeray's good-will. I am afraid that for some days after I made myself rather a nuisance to my friends and acquaintances by my announcement, apparently in quite a casual sort of way, that I had been invited to dine at Thackeray's house. I am afraid I sometimes added,

with an affectation of composure, as if I were speaking of quite an ordinary event in one's life, that it was to be a small dinner-party confined to a few literary men, and that I expected to hear some pleasant talk about literature. The time was drawing close to the Christmas of 1863. I used to go down to the newspaper office in the city every afternoon, and one afternoon, not easily to be forgotten by me in this world, I learned in the city the terrible news of Thackeray's sudden death. That was a darksome Christmas time for me. Thackeray was, as he still was, one of my great literary heroes; and now, just at the moment when the possibility seemed to open on me of being admitted to his friendship, the chance was gone forever. I should have mourned even if I had never met him face to face; but to have met him, to have been invited to his house, and then to find all possibility of his friendship suddenly cut off from me, was enough to make me think for the time more of my own personal loss than of the loss which the world of letters had sustained.

Of Meredith he says:

I think the first impression which George Meredith made on me was that of extraordinary and exuberant vitality. When I saw him for the first time he had left his younger days a long way behind him, and yet he had the appearance and the movements of one endowed with a youth that could not fade; energy was in every movement; vital power spoke in every gesture. He loved bodily exercises of all kinds; he delighted to take long, brisk walks—"spins," as he called them—along the highways and the byways of the neighborhood, and he loved to wander through the woods, and to lie in the grass, and I have no doubt he would have enjoyed climbing the trees. He seemed to have in him much of the temperament of the fawn; he seemed to have sprung from the very bosom of Nature herself. His talk was wonderful, and, perhaps, not the least wonderful thing about it was that it seemed so very like his writing. Now it was Richard Faverel who talked to you, and now Harley Adrian, and then Beauchamp—not that he ever repeated any of the recorded sayings of these men, but that he talked as one could imagine any of them capable of talking on any suggested subject.

He was a great admirer of James Russell Lowell:

I had many opportunities of meeting Lowell during my early visits to Boston, and afterward when he came to London merely as a traveler; and still later when he was settled in London for some time as American minister here. I admired him always; but I may be forgiven if I say that I admired him most in his own home, and amid his own familiar surroundings at Cambridge, Mass. It seemed to me that I understood him best under such conditions, perhaps because I had for so many years come to associate him with the poets and scholars and essayists, the workers and the dreamers who made that corner of the United States so dear and so fascinating to admirers in the old country. Lowell was, as everybody knows, one of the most popular American ministers who ever came to London. London society thoroughly appreciated him, welcomed him, "went for" him with homage and rapture, did all it could to spoil him with praise and social flattery, but could not prevent him from being the poetical, fanciful, dreamy Lowell of the college halls, and the homes, and the lanes of Cambridge. Indeed, Lowell developed in London a gift of which, so far as I know, he had not given any clear evidence at home. He became one of the most delightful and fascinating after-dinner speakers I have ever heard. I rank him second, and only second, to Charles Dickens as an after-dinner speaker. He never said anything which was not fresh, original, and striking; he made the most commonplace theme sparkle with fancy and humor, with exquisite phrase and poetic suggestiveness. I think the famous old illustration about the orator receiving in a vapor from his audience that which he gives back as a flood, would have applied admirably to Lowell, for it seemed to me that the manifest delight of his London audiences had the effect of making him a great after-dinner speaker as he went along. Yet I cannot help saying again that I liked him best as I knew him first; that the Lowell of Cambridge, Mass., was more to me the real Lowell, the poet and the critic, the moralist, the thinker, and the dreamer, than the Lowell of London society, the Lowell of London public dinners, and fashionable dinner-parties, and fashionable drawing-rooms.

McCarthy had many meetings with Longfellow during the time of his first stay in America, and the general impression he derived from his intercourse with him was that the man, on the whole, was greater than his hooks:

Now, I am not sure that I can very clearly describe what I should wish to convey, and what is in my own mind upon this subject. I am old-fashioned enough to be still an admirer of Longfellow's poetry, and of "Hyperion," and of "Outre-Mer." I am told that this is not the right sort of thing to say at the present moment; and I believe that to the immense popularity which Longfellow once enjoyed in England there has succeeded the familiar period of reaction, and that it is now thought the thing to cry him down as it was once thought the thing to cry him up. I do not, however, profess to be particularly bound by the laws of fashion in poetry, and I hold to it that Longfellow was, in his way and within his limits, a genuine poet. A stream is a stream though its flow be not broad or deep; and Longfellow's was a genuine stream of song. But what I desire to convey is that, if I had met Longfellow personally before I had read his poems and his prose books, and had had a chance of talking to him such as I did actually enjoy at various times, about nature, and scenery, and books, and the impulses, thoughts, and deeds that inspire books, and about the life and the heart of man, I should have expected to find in his printed works the stamp of a literary order higher than that to which, according to my judgment, the author attained.

Nothing could be more admirable than McCarthy's pen-picture of Holmes:

I can well remember when and how it was first borne in upon me that Oliver Wendell Holmes was really growing to be an old man. It was during the last visit that I ever paid to Boston, some ten or twelve years ago. Up to that time I had always regarded Holmes as a sort of walking, moving immortality; a being endowed with eternal youth; a being at all events who could never grow old. I had come to regard him much as we all of late years had come to regard Mr. Gladstone. One day, however, I was walking near the Boston post-office, when I heard a rapid footfall behind me. There was something in the sound of that footfall which filled me with an inexplicable and a melancholy interest. It was the sound of an uncertain tread; it might have been the tread of a child only beginning to walk, or it might have been the tread of some very old person. Then I heard a voice calling my name, and I turned round, and there was Wendell Holmes.

He adds:

I went with my daughter to pay him a visit, and he took us about Boston to show us some curious old book shops and print shops, which he loved to haunt. We had to go in various omnibuses and trams, and I was much amused and touched by the gallantry and the alertness of the polite old cavalier. He would persist in handing my daughter in and out of every omnibus or tramcar made use of by us in our journeyings; he used to leap in and out with the agility of a young man, and gave his courtly hand to my daughter as though he were some stalwart cavalier coming to the aid of weak girlhood. My daughter was a healthy and robust girl, who, one might have thought, was better fitted to help the old man; but Oliver Wendell Holmes never failed to lead the way for her, and to hold out to her his gallant, protecting hand.

Here is a graceful tribute he pays to Wendell Phillips:

I had often heard him deliver lectures, but I had never heard him make a really great speech on one of his own special subjects until I went to attend a meeting which was held to celebrate the passing of that amendment to the constitution which secured a man against being precluded from the right to vote because of the color of his skin. I was a little late in getting to the meeting, and the vast hall was already packed with listeners; I could only get standing-room on a staircase, from which I could not see the platform or any of the speakers. Presently a powerful voice filled the hall, and I soon became carried away by a flood of noble eloquence, the like of which I had not heard since some of the most splendid efforts of Bright or Gladstone. I could not help whispering to my wife, who was with me, "Why, this man is a greater speaker than Wendell Phillips." It was, in fact, Wendell Phillips himself, whom I had not before that time had a chance of hearing at his very best. I have always thought it—selfishly thought it,

perhaps—a pity that fortune did not place Phillips in the House of Commons. How he would have sustained the cause of Gladstone, and rivaled the eloquence of Bright, and outsatirized the satire of Disraeli, and answered with pitiless sarcasm the sarcasms of Robert Low!

An interesting conversation with the distinguished playwright and actor, Dion Boucicault, as to the standards of stage propriety in different generations, is thus recorded:

I remember once talking to Boucicault one day, when I had the pleasure of dining with him at his hotel in Boston, Mass. He was giving me some interesting recollections of his early experiences as an actor, and he raised a question as to the different standards of theatrical propriety which different generations choose to set up. In his younger days, he said, no English comic actress, no English hallet-girl, would consent to appear upon the stage for a single moment in the scanty semi-transparent drapery which, in later days, is seen every night in every pantomime and opera bouffe. Such an exhibition, he went on to say, with some emphasis, would have been considered absolutely indecent and intolerable in those days, while, at the time of our conversation, neither the performers nor the public felt in the slightest degree shocked by it. So much for the superiority of the decent past over the indecent present. But then, he had a good deal to say on the other side of the question; in his early days an actress, even of the best class, would think nothing of speaking a passage, or many passages, in some comedy containing words and phrases, jests and allusions, which the lowest class of actress would not utter now in the lowest order of theatre, and which the audience would not listen to if she were to attempt to utter them. Which time, then, has the advantage of decorum? Is it better to stick to modest clothing and disregard modesty of language, or to be reckless about drapery and careful about words?

In his chapter on Henry Ward Beecher, he says:

I met Beecher during my first visit to America, and I heard him preach in the temple of his ministrations, the Plymouth Church in Brooklyn. Beecher's style as a preacher was more like that of the pulpit orators who flourished a century or two ago than like the style of our own more refined or more conventional days. He never thought it beneath himself or his calling to say an amusing thing in one of his sermons if he thought came up appropriately in his mind. He had a way when he entered his church on the Sunday of taking up any letters which might be addressed to him there; and he sometimes opened one of these and read it out to the congregation, and made it a text on which to hang a discourse. One day he opened such a letter and he found that it contained the single word "Fool." He mentioned the fact to his congregation, and then quietly added, "Now I have known many an instance of a man writing a letter and forgetting to sign his name; but this is the only instance I have ever known of a man signing his name and forgetting to write the letter."

Mr. McCarthy informs us that Bright and Disraeli, when they met in the House of Commons, were on very friendly terms. Disraeli had as high an opinion of Bright's eloquence as any of Bright's companions could possibly have had:

Bright told me that he and Disraeli were sitting together one night—I think in the smoking-room of the House of Commons—talking, like the pair in Kirke White's poem, "of various things—of taxes, ministers, and kings," and, among other subjects, of the amount of time that had to be given up to the work of Parliament. Disraeli paused for a moment, and then said: "You know, Bright, what you and I come here for—we both come here for fame." Bright earnestly insisted that he came there for no purpose of the kind; but he assured me that it was impossible to convince Disraeli that he was serious in the disclaimer. Disraeli ceased to argue the point, and listened with a quiet, half-sarcastic smile, evidently quite satisfied in his own mind that a man who could make great speeches must make them with the desire of obtaining fame. Bright's objection to Disraeli was founded mainly on the assumption that Disraeli was, and must be, a radical reformer at heart; that a man of his intellect could not be anything else; and that, therefore, he had become a Tory with the object of making his way to a high position in Parliament and in society. This sort of assumption or conclusion belonged to Bright's whole habit of mind, and he could not free himself from it. He judged everybody by a rigid moral standard which he had set up in his own mind, and which assumed that every honest man possessed of intelligence must really be in favor of an extended electoral suffrage. In this way Cobden had a far more liberal mind, and was quite able to understand that a man might differ absolutely from him on the most essential principles of radicalism and yet be deserving of confidence and admiration.

There is a grateful glimpse of Disraeli acting as guide to the sightless Fawcett:

On one of the first occasions when he was thus kindly conducted, his guide seemed especially careful and anxious about him, and took a great deal of trouble in conducting him safely on his way. There was something about the manner of the guide which seemed to Fawcett markedly kind and genial; and when he had reached the place he wanted, he said to his companion: "I am afraid I do not know your name." "Yet you have heard it often," was the reply, delivered in a deep-toned voice; "my name is Disraeli."

How Disraeli received an inopportune and infelicitous compliment is thus described:

An acquaintance of mine, formerly a member of the House of Commons, stopped Disraeli in one of the lobbies during a critical division, and said to him: "Mr. Disraeli, my wife and my daughters are great admirers of your novels." Disraeli blandly replied: "Sir, that is indeed fame." And the fun of it was that my poor old friend always told the story himself, with positive pride, as a proof of Disraeli's affability and thankfulness.

The late Sir John Mowbray comes in for one of Mr. McCarthy's most pleasant anecdotes:

As I was passing the group in the lobby, Sir John Mowbray's quick eye lighted on me. "Mr. Justin McCarthy," he said, in a tone of amazing solemnity, "I want my friends here to see how we Conservative gentlemen treat Irish members publicly accused of favoring conspiracies to murder." Then, in an instant, the solemn manner was changed, and Sir John's eye beamed with its wonted animation and kindness. "Give me your hand, my dear McCarthy," he exclaimed, "and let me present you to my friends here, who will be all delighted to know you." No words of mine could tell how deeply I was touched by such a welcome from such a man at such a moment.

An error in spelling was as offensive to Parnell, Mr. McCarthy tells us, as the sight of a blackheetele is to many a man:

I once handed him a letter which I had received from a constituent of mine, asking me to call Parnell's attention to some improvement which he thought might be made in a bill then before the House dealing with the subject of agricultural occupation of Ireland. Unluckily the poor man who wrote the letter had spelled agricultural with two *gs*. Parnell looked at the letter, smiled sadly, and handed it back to me. "Do forgive me," he said, "and tell me all about it. I couldn't read through a man's letter who spells agricultural with two *gs*." It was indeed a curious stroke of fate which led the unhappy author of the Parnell forgeries to ornament his letters with flagrant examples of bad spelling.

Among other men who have been honored with almost entire chapters are Richard Cobden, John Stuart Mill, Charles Sumner, Walt Whitman, Brigham Young, George Eliot, George Meredith, Charles Reade, Anthony Trollope, Lord Randolph Churchill, Sir Stafford Northcote, Prince Napoleon, Frode, Freeman, Cardinal Manning, William Black, Rudyard Kipling, and last—William Ewart Gladstone.

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LITERARY NOTES.

The Upper Suckles, by One of Them.

Twenty years ago Richard Grant White, in recording his impressions of England, remarked on the extraordinary mastery of the machinery of politics possessed by the high-class Englishwoman. She did not address public meetings nor did she shriek for suffrage, but she knew how each man in her county stood on local questions, what influences could be brought to bear on him, and what abilities he possessed that could be used by a political party.

That the same women have not changed with the times is evidenced in W. H. Mallock's new novel, "Tristram Lacy; or, The Individualist"—first published, by the way, in the *Fortnightly*, over the pseudonymous signature of "Wentworth Moore." In the opening pages we are introduced into the presence of two *grandes dames* who are deep in discussion of the availability of a certain man for a contingently vacant seat in Parliament. They have the ins and outs of the subject at their fingers' ends, and the other women of their class who figure in the story are almost equally well informed concerning public men and measures.

This, however, is only one of the types of English women whom the novel exhibits. We are shown the rivalries of the fashionable women, the methods and manners of the social climber, the slavery of the chaperon of established position who launches and guides "paying guests," the woman novelist who is full of nebulous theories and petty vanity, the carefully guarded daughter of the upper classes, and half a dozen other types. The men include a premier with a senile penchant for anything in petticoats, a fledgling in diplomacy, a fashionable youth who lives by his wits, a latter-day usurer, a rake or two, and a few gentlemen. Altogether the cast of characters runs the gamut of upper-class English society.

To string all this together a story is told—that of Tristram Lacy, the "individualist." He has successfully tried the army, politics, and diplomacy, and has given them all up as not worth while. Coming into a large estate, he improves the condition of his tenants, though he regards the labor as futile, falls in love with an unforgotten young girl, and comes to his senses sufficiently to marry a woman who will be a companion to him. This outline of the story does not sound exciting, but the book is not that, but pleasurable. The author knows intimately the types he describes, and the language he uses is the perfection of clear and beautiful English.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

A Miscegenetic Romance.

One of the latest additions to the Town and Country Library series is a tourist-story by Mrs. Campbell-Praed, with the title "Madame Izan." The hero of the first half of the tale is a stalwart young Australian, rich, good-looking, and of good family. While on a visit to Hong Kong this young man chances to see the most perfect young woman in the world, who, of course, turns out to be the heroine, "Madame Izan," as she is called, is almost as tall as he, and strangely attractive; but there is a mystery about her. It seems that she had been blind all her life until within a year, and while blind and in miserable poverty had been inveigled into marriage with a Japanese student. She had separated from her husband at the church door; and then a rich uncle opportunely or inopportunely had borne her off to an eye specialist. Now she was on her way to Japan to secure release from her hated bonds. The Australian falls madly in love with her, and she seems not indifferent, when—whether because the story is not yet long enough, or to illustrate the perversity of the sex—a Japanese guide turns up, and the beautiful lady allows herself to fall in love with the little brown guide instead. An accident, discarded wig and goggles, explanations, and presto! the little brown man is a great noble in disguise. Also, which is quite as important, he is Mme. Izan's long-sought husband, that truly loves her.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

The Dangers Threatening China.

The Associated Chambers of Commerce of Great Britain wanted accurate information concerning China—how security could be insured for capital invested there, and the possibilities for business undertakings—and induced Lord Charles Beresford to visit the East, as their commissioner, and report. Lord Charles undertook the mission in the spirit in which it was tendered, and his examination was a thorough one. His report is now given to the world in a volume of nearly five hundred pages, and the statistics gathered and conditions reported upon represent much labor. He has named his book "The Break-Up of China," a title which seems justified, if his conclusions are well-founded.

The great weakness of the Empire of China is the lack of cohesion between the different provinces. The imperial authority reaches only those in official position—the people have no devotion to the empire, but are separated by innumerable divisions, physical and political. This condition was most impressive to Lord Charles. He found the northern provinces completely under Russian influence, and the south gaining ground everywhere that England was not inclined to defend the position she had occupied in the past. Although sixty-four per cent. of

China's foreign trade is English, and only eight per cent. American, with the remaining twenty-eight per cent. divided among other nations, Japan in the lead, the future for British enterprise is not bright, unless vigorous action is taken.

The plan proposed by Lord Charles, and emphasized throughout his book, is for a thorough reorganization of the Chinese army, to furnish military protection to foreign residents when their rights are assailed. The "open-door" policy is insisted upon. The "spheres-of-influence" arrangement he declares will lead to trouble between rival nations; worse, it will weaken the central power of the government, and hasten the disintegration of the empire. His investigations led him to all parts of China open to foreigners, and the undeveloped resources of the country, the hindrances to commerce, the unprogressive nature of the people, were recognized everywhere. He says the people are not overtaxed, but badly taxed; that official corruption is universal; yet that the people are honest, have a traditional regard for authority, and need only an honest and strong government.

The book is singularly free of speculation. It is a plain, concise statement of matters seen and inquired into. The observations of the writer are confined to a single chapter. It is, nevertheless, a readable book, for the writer's opportunities for examination were unusual, and he is so thoroughly in earnest that every paragraph is impressive.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$3.00.

Stories in German.

Two helpful books for the use of the young student in German are among the late additions to Heath's Modern Language Series. The first of these, "Geschichten und Märcchen," is an elementary book of anecdotes, compiled and edited by Lillian Foster, late of Adelphi Academy, Brooklyn. It is intended especially for children, the first half of the book being printed in the familiar Latin characters, the second half in German text.

The other book, "Stille Wasser," is a collection of three short tales from the German of Anna von Krane, Hans Hoffman, and Ernst von Wildenbruch, selected and edited by Dr. Wilhelm Bernhardt. The notes and vocabulary are especially full and helpful. The language of these tales is not difficult, and they are such as to hold the interest and make the language work attractive.

Published by D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Bret Harte's new volume of fiction, which will be published in the autumn, is to be entitled "The Mediation of Jack Hamlin, and Other Stories."

A Boston publisher announces "A Kipling Primer," by Frederick Lawrence Knowles. This volume claims to contain the most complete and authentic biographical information extant concerning the celebrated and much-written-of author.

Robert Barr, with the aid of Cosmo Hamilton, is preparing a dramatic version of his novel, "Tekla." There is talk of Mr. Barr's visiting America again this summer.

The new edition of the Brontë novels which is now being prepared, and for which Mrs. Humphry Ward is writing introductions, will be called the "Haworth Edition." Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë," which Clement Shorter is editing, will be published uniformly with the "Haworth Edition," and will contain some forty hitherto unpublished letters by Charlotte Brontë.

Frank T. Bullen, the author of those delightful books "The Cruise of the Cachalot" and "Idylls of the Sea," has recently resigned his appointment at the meteorological office in London in order to devote the whole of his time to literary work.

Mr. Ruskin's autobiography, it is said, is never to be completed, but the possessors of the incomplete third volume will be able to make up that volume, after all. Mr. Allen is preparing with this object a new edition of "Dilecta" (which consists of notes supplementary to the autobiography). Some unpublished material intended by Mr. Ruskin for this latter work will be included, together with a comprehensive and elaborate index.

Mr. T. Gallon, author of "Tatterley" and "A Prince of Misceance," has completed a new story, entitled "The Kingdom of Hate," which will be published shortly by D. Appleton & Co.

It is supposed that Justin McCarthy will supplement his recently published "Reminiscences"—which are reviewed at length in this week's *Argonaut*—with a book on the Ireland of his early days. His history of the four Georges is making steady progress, notwithstanding his trouble with his eyes.

Within three weeks of its publication over twenty thousand copies of "Richard Carvel" have been sold. It is now in its fifth edition. The last edition was taken up in three days.

M. Gabriel Hanotaux, former French Minister for Foreign Affairs, has almost finished a book which Frenchmen are looking forward to with lively interest. The title will be "La France." M. Hanotaux endeavors in this, his latest work, to show that France has always been, and is still, in the vanguard of civilization, and that the French mind, being

open to all new ideas, is much superior to that of Anglo-Saxon peoples, who never start anything, but content themselves with adopting French inventions.

It is not expected that the novel on which Gilbert Parker has been at work for some time will be ready for publication before 1900.

The *Anglo-Saxon*, Lady Randolph's guinea quarterly, is almost ready to appear. "It will contain a proper quantity of articles by dukes and duchesses, as well as by people who can write," satirically remarks the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "and the subscription list at the end will be a feature of the volume. Nothing could be sounder than the idea of issuing such a work by subscription; it would be wisdom to refuse to supply it to the circulating libraries. Insertion of one's name on the list will confer a *cachet* which may come to be almost socially indispensable, and which, in any case, is cheap at four guineas a year."

Julia Ward Howe's New Poem.

Mrs. Howe, at the age of eighty, has written a poem which compares with the finest of her lyrics, next to the splendid "Battle Hymn of the Republic," that entitled "Our Orders." The solemn duty of war was then her theme; now it is the call to peace she sends to the world. The poem is written for the *Sunday School Times*:

 Bid the din of battle cease!
 Folded be the wings of fire!
 Let your courage conquer peace,—
 Every gentle heart's desire.

 Let the crimson flood retreat!
 Blended in the arc of love
 Let the flags of nations meet;
 Bind the raven, loose the dove.

 At the altar that we raise
 King and kaiser may bow down,
 Warrior knights above their hays
 Wear the sacred olive crown.

 Blinding passion is subdued,
 Men discern their common birth,
 God hath made of kindred blood
 All the peoples of the earth.

 High and holy are the gifts
 He has lavished on the race,—
 Hope that quickens, prayer that lifts,
 Honor's meed and beauty's grace.

 As in Heaven's bright face we look
 Let our kindling souls expand;
 Let us pledge, on Nature's book,
 Heart to heart, and hand to hand.

 For the glory that we saw
 In the battle-flag unfurled,
 Let us read Christ's better law,
 Fellowship for all the world!

Mrs. Howe describes in a recent issue of the *Atlantic Monthly* the way in which she came to write the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." She had attended with several friends a review of troops near Washington in war time, and was driving slowly back to the city and "beguiling the way with song." They sang "John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the grave," and the soldiers on the road liked it and applauded. Mr. J. F. Clarke said to her: "Mrs. Howe, why do you not write some good words for that stirring tune?"

She says:
"I replied that I had often wished to do this, but had not as yet found in my mind any leading toward it. I went to bed that night as usual, and slept quite soundly, according to my wont. I awoke in the gray of the morning twilight; and as I lay waiting for the dawn, the long lines of the desired poem began to twine themselves in my mind. Having thought out all the stanzas, I said to myself: 'I must get up and write these verses down, lest I fall asleep again and forget them.' So, with a sudden effort, I sprang out of bed and found in the dimness an old stump of a pen, which I remembered to have used the day before. I scrawled the verses almost without looking at the paper. I had learned to do this when, on previous occasions, attacks of versification had visited me in the night, and I feared to have recourse to a light lest I should wake the baby, who slept near me. I was always obliged to decipher my scrawl before another night intervened, as it was legible only while the matter was fresh in my mind."

"At this time, having completed my writing, I returned to bed and fell asleep, with the reflection, 'I like this better than most things that I have written.' The poem, which was soon after published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, was somewhat praised on its appearance, but the vicissitudes of the war so engrossed public attention that small heed was taken of literary matters. I knew, and was content to know, that the poem soon found its way to the camps, as I heard now and then of its being sung in chorus by the soldiers."

Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, the novelist, died at her home in Washington, June 30th, aged eighty. Although her work was far from being classical, it was full of human interest. Each story was well-planned and carefully finished, the mass of unimportant detail being its greatest weakness. "Self-Made," a novel founded on the life of William Wirt, was one of her greatest successes. "The Hidden Hand," another of her most popular novels, was dramatized, and the play is often seen on the melodramatic stage. For a time Mrs. Southworth was not only the most prolific but the most read of women writers in America; to-day her novels are known to but few of the younger readers.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Stephen Crane in Black-and-Blue.

It is the fortune of the parabolist that his paragraphs should now and again be judged for what they are not. The critics say this parable is not historically true; that apologue, no vision that ever was; another allegory contains within itself elements that damn it scientifically; and so on. The writer of parables may even find himself condemned as no poet, when—who knows?—it may be never considered himself to be one.

Stephen Crane's late book of "parables" is a case in point. This queer book, by name "War Is Kind," has been brought to task by the critics, first because it is not exactly poetry; then because it has been illustrated by a freak draughtsman with a shading-pen, which is not exactly art; and, finally, because it is printed in black on a sort of Wedgewood-blue wove stock, with covers to match in laid, two lines, or more or less, to the page—which is not exactly orthodox bookmaking. While all the time—who knows?—it may never have been intended for poetry, or art, or the other thing.

Mr. Crane makes constant use of the figure irony, in his parables. For instance, he tells of a little garden-party in these words:

The trees in the garden rained flowers.
Children ran there joyously.
They gathered the flowers
Each to himself.
Now there were some
Who gathered great heaps—
Having opportunity and skill—
Until, behold, only cbanse blossoms
Remained for the feeble.
Then a little spindling tutor
Ran importantly to the father, crying:
"Pray come hither!
See this unjust thing in your garden!"
But when the father had surveyed,
He admonished the tutor:
"Not so, small sage!
This thing is just.
For, look you,
Are not they who possess the flowers
Stronger, bolder, shrewder
Than they who have none?
Why should the strong—
The beautiful strong—
Why should they not have the flowers?"
Upon reflection, the tutor bowed to the ground.
"My lord," he said,
"The stars are displaced
By this towering wisdom."

A more successful bit of irony is the author's "War Is Kind." It is perhaps the best thing in the book. We quote it:

Do not weep, maiden, for war is kind.
Because your lover threw wild hands toward the sky
And the affrighted steed ran on alone,
Do not weep.
War is kind.

Hoarse, booming drums of the regiment,
Little souls who thirst for fight,
These men were born to drill and die.
The unexplained glory flies above them,
Great is the battle-god, great, and his kingdom—
A field where a thousand corpses lie.

Do not weep, babe, for war is kind.
Because your father tumbled in the yellow trenches,
Raged at his breast, gulped and died,
Do not weep.
War is kind.

Swift blazing flag of the regiment,
Eagle with crest of red and gold,
These men were born to drill and die.
Point for them the virtue of slaughter,
Make plain to them the excellence of killing
And a field where a thousand corpses lie.

Mother whose heart hung humble as a button
On the bright splendid shroud of your son,
Do not weep.
War is kind.

Here is another wastefully significant page from the book of parables:

A slant of sun on dull brown walls,
A forgotten cry of bashful blue.
Toward God a mighty bymn,
A song of collisions and cries,
Rumbling wheels, hoof-beats, bells,
Welcomes, farewells, love-calls, final moans,
Voices of joy, idioy, warning, despair,
The unknown appeals of brutes,
The chanting of flowers,
The screams of cut trees,
The senseless habble of hens and wise men—
A cluttered incoherency that says at the start:
"O God, save us!"

The illustrator of the black-and-blue book is Will Bradley. His pictures, freakish to the last degree, are in the poster-girl manner, and help to fill up the space between covers. Here is the poem that faces one of Mr. Bradley's dead borses:

Fast rode the knight
With spurs bot and reeking,
Ever waving an eager sword,
"To save my lady!"
Fast rode the knight,
And leaped from saddle to war.
Men of steel flickered and gleamed
Like riot of silver lights,
And the gold of the knight's good banner
Still waved on a castle wall.
A borse,
Blowing, staggering, bloody thing,
Forgotten at foot of castle wall.
A horse
Dead at foot of castle wall.

The parable of "bats and a million dollars" affords Mr. Crane opportunity to show his theoretical disdain for more than one dollar at a time:

The impact of a dollar upon the heart
Smiles warm red light,
Sweeping from the hearth rosiy upon the white table.

With the hanging cool velvet shadows
Moving softly upon the door.
The impact of a million dollars
Is a crash of flunkies,
And yawning emblems of Persia
Checked against oak, France and a sahré,
The outcry of old beauty
Whored by pipping merchants
To submission before wine and chatter.
Silly rich peasants stamp the carpets of men,
Dead men who dreamed fragrance and light
Into their woof, their lives;
The rug of an honest bar
Under the feet of a cryptic slave
Who speaks always of baubles,
Forgetting time, multitude, work, and state,
Champing and mousing of hats,
Making ratful squeak of hats,
Hats!

Here is something by chapter-headings, as it were. It means— It occupies four pages, and is illustrated with a tail-piece of three candles and some smoke:

The chatter of a death-demon from a tree-top.
Blood—blood and torn grass—
Had marked the rise of his agony—
This lone hunter.
The gray-green woods impassive
Had watched the threshing of his limbs.
A canoe with flashing paddle,
A girl with soft searching eyes,
A call: "John!"
Come, arise, hunter!
Can you not hear?
The chatter of a death-demon from a tree-top.

Barring the Wedgewood wove and the shading-pen, with which Mr. Crane can have had little to do, the book is in much the vein of the "Black Riders" of three years ago, over which earlier work its author seems to have made no appreciable advance in this, his latest rhythmical production. Being neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, it ought to sell well.

Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; price, \$2.50.

A Squeeze in the London Market.

Commercial morality is a law unto itself, but it is surprising to find evidence of its sway in the realm of fiction. Hitherto the immoral man whom the novelist pictures has been held up to scorn, or shown finally in the torture of his merited fate, but in "The Market-Place" Harold Frederic created a rascal whose villainy succeeds, and has left him at the end a strong man, with the money that gives power, and a beautiful, refined, and loving helpmeet who is a guaranty of his future happiness on earth.

This strange villain is Joel Thorpe, who has knocked about the world for twenty years, and acquired a comprehensive knowledge of business methods and a capital of seven thousand pounds. With these he lands in London and endeavors to float a company for the development of a rubber plantation in Mexico. He is reduced to borrowing a paltry sum from his needy sister, and only a few hundred shares have been floated when the bears on 'Change begin to sell his stock short. By getting others to subscribe for all the remaining shares, he gets control of the market and then proceeds to squeeze the shorts. In a few months he cleans up a fortune of more than two and a half million dollars, and retires from the city to become a gentleman of property.

His financial success is absolute. It was necessary to have one man plied with drink until he died of alcoholism; but Thorpe did not do the deed himself, and so escapes the penalty of the law. His domestic life, too, is successful, for he marries a fair flower of the aristocracy and is admitted to intimacy in the highest social circles. And there the author leaves him, at peace with himself and all the world.

This is not poetic justice, but perhaps it is life. Thorpe is a strong man, and, from certain notable matrimonial combinations and financial operations that have been aired in the papers of late, it begins to look as if the man who has power were above the social law and the statutes.

Its morals or immorals aside, however, "The Market-Place" is a strong and interesting story. Its central figure is a well-drawn creation, and his operations in the social and financial worlds are almost as thrilling as those of the buccaners of old.

Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

A Shattering of the Vase.

The American reader will not be disposed to understand the significance of a book that ends so unhappily as "A Tent of Grace," by Adelina Cohnfeldt Lust. Foreign manners are not American manners; and while to one acquainted with the Germany of this not altogether sad tale the sad sequence may seem inevitable, to an American the effect is rather that the author arbitrarily cut off the light by means of a convenient accident, than that she did so because there was no other proper unbending of the crux.

The main problem is not an unfamiliar one. It has to do with the love of a Jewess for a Christian.

Jette, the heroine, after having been nearly torn to pieces because of her race, had been adopted by a broad-minded pastor into a Christian home. As she was Jewish, her foster-father insisted that she observe scrupulously the rites of her faith; and so she grew up more Jewish than the Jews. Physically, mentally, spiritually, she came very near to the poet's ideal of womanhood—a magnificent and lovable woman. But the pastor, her benefactor, had a son, likewise strong and beautiful; and they fall in love with each other. A rich, ugly, little, young Jewish banker, backed by powerful influences, seeks Jette's hand in marriage. Everything seems to be coming around all right—the girl has finally refused the banker, and she and her lover arranged to sail for America, where she and he may wed regardless of religious obstacles—when an anti-Semitic mob attacks Jette on a false charge of child-stealing, and kills her. Her lover arrives half a minute too late to save her. The story is simply told, and maintains its interest.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

New Publications.

A story whose element of mysticism was intended to sustain the interest of the reader is "An Index Finger," by Tulis Abrojal. The work is not particularly well done. Published by R. F. Fenno & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

In the Classic Translations of Classic Authors one of the latest volumes is "The Prometheus Bound of Æschylus," translated, with introduction and notes, by Paul Elmer More. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, 75 cents.

The sixth volume of the Temple Edition of "Plutarch's Lives," Sir Thomas North's translation, contains the sketches of Sertorius, Pompey, and Crassus, among others, and is one of the most notable of the volumes on that account. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

Three lectures, on "The Christian People," "The Christian Doctrine," and "The Christian Power," delivered before the Johns Hopkins University by William Newton Clarke, D. D., have been brought together in a volume which the author entitles "What Shall We Think of Christianity?" Dr. Clarke has written simply, earnestly, and with feeling in these essays. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.00.

Among the "society" rhymesters of the day there is none more industrious than Tom Hall. His ink flows freely and his lines are always rhythmical. Sometimes the thought is as pretty as the form of his verse. His latest volume is "When Love Is Lord," and there are eighty-five compositions in the book, nearly all of which have appeared in New York periodicals. Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

A sketch by Charlotte Perkins Stetson, first printed in an Eastern magazine seven years ago, and entitled "The Yellow Wall Paper," has been brought out in book-form. It is written in the first person by a woman who is taken by her husband to an old house in the country to recover from a nervous illness, and who goes mad. It is a morbid piece of work, not without marks of the author's skill, but it has no good excuse for being. Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston; price, 50 cents.

A college-life story that will charm the many is "Three Freshmen," by Jessie Anderson Chase. The scene of the story is Smith College, in that beautiful old New England town, Northampton, and the prominent figures are a Boston girl, a Chicago girl, and a Virginia girl. School friendship, school tasks and diversions, and the influence of home are described with animation and truth. A wedding breaks up the ideal companionship at the end, but this, too, is true to life. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.00.

Professor L. Dupont Syle is assistant professor of English literature in the University of California, and undoubtedly has a wide acquaintance with the printed drama, and takes delight in the illusions of the stage. Some of his thoughts about the productions at local theatres found a place in the columns of a daily newspaper, and it is probable that this fact encouraged him to make up a volume entitled "Essays in Dramatic Criticism." His book adds little worthy of note to critical literature, and his "impressions of some modern plays" hardly merit preservation. In most instances the subject is trivial, and in the exceptions the writer is neither profound nor convincing. Published by William R. Jenkins, New York; price, 75 cents.

When Kipling arrived at Liverpool, on June 22d, a large crowd of people assembled at the landing-stage to witness the debarkation of the passengers who arrived on the White Star Line steamer *Teutonic*. When they were all ashore, it was announced that Mr. and Mrs. Rudyard Kipling had landed hours previously. A stampede to the railroad station ensued, and the train in waiting was ineffectually searched. It was then discovered the popular author was still on board the *Teutonic*, and the crowd raced back to the steamer, reaching the vessel just in time to see Mr. Kipling walk quickly down the gangway. He refused to give an interview, saying emphatically that he had nothing to communicate to the public.

WOMANLY BEAUTY.

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JOHN V. SHOEMAKER, A. M., M. D.,

Professor of Materia Medica, Therapeutics, Clinical Medicine and Diseases of the Skin in the Medico-Chirurgical College of Philadelphia; Physician to the Hospital; Member of the American and British Medical Associations; Fellow of the Medical Society of London, etc.

Is the author of a comprehensive new book entitled:

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The General Laws of Health: Physical beauty dependent on their observance—The spendthrift tendency as to health—Imprudence in exercise—City-bred and country-bred—The secret of enjoyable life.

The Source of Beauty in the Fair Sex—Causes chiefly concerned in producing the relative beauty of the fair sex—Men choose the best-favored—Women the sedulous care of enlightened nations—Beauty-producing prevalence of romantic love—The influence of sexual selection.

The Regulative Law of Life and Growth—Evolution—Comparison of theories—History of the discussion.

The Evolution of the American Girl—Dressing for adornment—Dressing of American women—Of foreign women—Modifying fashions to suit forms—Beauty of American women compared with French—Fifty years of fashion—From simplicity to luxury—The Countess of Jersey on improvement in hygienic practices—The female form—Its proportions—Points of elegance—Beauty of the bosom—Warning against quacks—Tight shoes and gloves—Tight-lacing—Blonde and brunette types—The grace of Spanish women—Conditions tending to make American women the handsomest type of the world.

Nature's Evidence of the Law of Life and growth—The relation between species—Effects of sexual selection upon animals—The courting of birds—Rare case of the female courting the male—Nature's relinquishment of unused organs.

Man's Physical Place in Nature—Educated man and the savage—Likeness to the anthropoid apes—Types of brain conformation.

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Arthur Tennyson, younger brother of the late Lord Tennyson, the poet laureate, whom he strikingly resembled in appearance, died in London on June 27th.



"Let us suppose" that irascible military governors will spend money ungrudgingly to avenge themselves on scornful beauty; that proud ladies, the flower of the Polish nobility, will jump at matrimonial prizes without glancing at the family tree; that citadels are stormed while pretty little "tin soldiers" in dainty flesh and blood perform stage evolutions—and we shall be in the proper receptive attitude for Millöcker's winsome opera. "The Beggar Student," performed at the Grand Opera House during the past week, is distinctly the triumph of the impossible; but impossibilities are so gracefully glossed over, life's ugly realities so delicately painted out, the poetry of song and sentiment so cunningly intertwined, that the pretty fairy-tale carries the audience away. Absurdities of plot, bordering dangerously near burlesque, are overlooked; rhythmic airs catch the popular ear, the popular eye is feasted with attractive costumes and well-attuned color gradations, and the public leaves its theatre humming audibly—an unflinching proof of popular favoritism.

Millöcker alone, however, can not take sole credit for this success; indifferent interpreters could easily turn his sparkling little fairy tale into operatic farce, and the Southwell company deserves a full meed of praise for its share in this successful revival of "The Beggar Student." Many a theatre, charging far higher prices, gives an inferior *mise en scène* to that offered at the Grand Opera House; the supers are admirably drilled, artistically clad, and, it may be added, chosen by an artistic eye. It is very seldom that the lady of the chorus can with impunity affront the cold inspection of the leveled opera-glass, but in "The Beggar Student" crowd some faces were to be seen as attractive as the costumes which set them off. Vocally, the choruses were weaker; some opening numbers on the first night were taken with an amount of hesitation and slur which was exceedingly unfair to the excellent orchestra. But these are blemishes inseparable from rapid production, and taking into consideration the exceedingly short runs and the extensive repertory of the Southwell company, it is their perfections rather than their shortcomings that astonish.

As to the principals, they played their parts *con amore* and were apparently at one with their public in reckoning life a fairy tale. There are no tragic moments in "The Beggar Student," you never think of taking the hero seriously, even when he is kneeling before his insulted bride, or knocking about portly General Ollendorf; neither can you feel a stirring sorrow for the heroine, though she bury her pretty face in the solitary family *mouchoir*. Your chief anxiety is lest she disarrange, in the violence of her grief, her picturesque Polish head-dress. But they noné the best bewitch you with their fanciful love-making, and you are heartily relieved to see Edith Mason glide into the arms of a husband who can bestow on her the coveted position she adorns so well; to know that Mr. Persse will not have to exchange his princely raiment and gallant bearing for the rags and erdge of the beggar student.

And how prettily they sing through their tangled hopes and fears! Miss Mason, who began on the opening night with a certain amount of nervous stiffness, soon warmed to her work, and her arch smiles and glances gave a piquant naturalness to Laura's rôle; her voice, occasionally lacking in power, has the flute-like quality peculiarly suited to Millöcker's melodies. Mr. Persse, whom Nature seems to have cut out specially for the sturdy, rollicking, honorable "beggar," threw passion and tenderness into his full notes, and the favorite "Let Us Suppose" duo won its usual triumph. Daisy Thorn, on the other hand, was undoubtedly handicapped by the part of Bronaslava; possibly her exaggerated costume, somewhat trying to the dignity of a damsel bent on conquest, may have induced her to exaggerate the rôle, but her interpretation of the *espigle* Polish *ingénue* of noble birth did not commend itself to the fastidious. Yet her singing at times induced pardon for her *outré* acting, and the "Love Me" duo between Bronaslava and Janitsky (Mr. Delamotta), was a really fine rendition.

Nor were Bronaslava's the only exaggerations. Mr. Wolff gave us a splendidly judicious Ollendorf, with the fun well pointed, the songs well sung, and merriment expressed even in his broad back; but the amount of superfluous gag introduced into the parts of Ollendorf and the jailor (Mr. Wooley) bids too directly for gallery applause, and wears the average theatre-goer who wants his opera undiluted. Moreover, the gagging is not funny; the presumably topical song, "Sponge It Out," is lacking in topics and points; and even the thundering applause from above could not cover such a lamentable deficiency. Surely lively San Francisco can produce some topical-song

writer capable of taking witty advantage of his many opportunities. Or is it, perchance, that Ollendorf's sarcastic "every-one-has-his-price" soliloquy was thought sufficiently appropriate for the situation?

To other matters, however, unstinted praise can be given. Bertha Ricci took the somewhat thankless part of Countess Palmetica with dignified graciousness; Mr. Delamotta, who sang well, acted with sufficient conviction; and the minor rôles were filled with that fidelity which makes more for the success of a production than the brilliancy of one or two stars. Some of the *ensemble* numbers were admirable, notably the slipper song, with its brilliant *coup d'ail* and its dashing dance—presumably an adaptation of the Polish redowa. But what took the audience by storm was a final appeal to the present war craze—the perfectly executed fancy drill with its pretty soldiers, of unmistakable sex, in white and red trappings. Their prolonged presence on the stage seems to have as much to do with the case as the celebrated flowers that bloom in the spring; but the hand of the public clapped unwearingly as the white-and-red phalanx swerved and curved, marched and wheeled in faultless measure. And at last it dawned upon an obtuse mind that the "little red soldiers" had their use after all; they were there to divert the attention of the audience while Cracow was being stormed, in order that the course of true love might run smoothly!

Annie Myers is a witching young lady, created, unlike most witching damsels, "with a purpose," and that purpose was the embodiment of charming Kitty O'Toole. There is no getting away from this conviction while watching the Tivoli performance of "Shamus O'Brien," that fervid combination of tender melodies and mock heroics. Nominally, Villiers Stanford's popular opera is an appeal to patriotic sympathies and racial prejudice. We are supposed, while holding fast to a thread of melodramatic comedy, to suffer passionate heart-throbs on behalf of the all-pervading Shamus; but, as a matter of fact, it is Kitty who dominates the situation. The composer, with masculine weakness, has proved faithfulness to his hero, and deliberately written up—or down—to charming Kitty; the librettist has also devoted chief attention to charming Kitty; the result being that we follow suit, and in Miss Myers's coquettish hands, charming Kitty might just as well give her name to the opera.

But it is a benevolent opera withal, and each of the principal characters gets a fair chance of displaying special aptitudes. If Kitty bewitches us from the first with her appeal, "Where is the man who is coming to marry me," if she prove the soul of the succeeding trio with Captain Trevor and Mike Murphy, none the less do the captain and Mike represent spirit and body, with most happy results. And in the continued flirtation between Ireland and England, Rhys Thomas's captain is no whit behind his enticing little lady-love in dramatic action and vocal power.

The great feature of the first act, from a popular point of view, is undoubtedly the grotesque appearance of Shamus the Fool gulling British despotism on behalf of Shamus the Sane. Whether such a transparent device could ever have beguiled a genuine rebel-hunter is not to the point; Trevor was a tender-hearted giant, already in the meshes of the spider's web, and his views were consequently bazy. The real point lies in the opportunity given Mr. Denis O'Sullivan to dance, caper, joke, and jeer "I surely ought to know" with a robustness that carries all before it. Indeed, it is this robustness, vocal and physical, which carries Mr. O'Sullivan successfully through the outlaw's part. His voice justifies his reputation, and the songs he sings appeal to the popular sympathy; but without his superabundant vitality the part of Shamus might possibly remain somewhat unconvincing. The melodramatic pathos which borders unfairly on bathos, culminating in a *coup de main* which just escapes being farcical, is calculated to mar the really romantic quality of the little opera.

The true romance comes out in the music, and the rapid transitions from grave to gay are themselves suggestive of the national character. Where can you find a prettier scene than that in which Nora's pathetic Banshee song is followed up by the impetuous, light-hearted dance of the jigging peasantry? And after we have had the merry dance, and Shamus's merry song, comes the creepy, weirdly lighted Banshee scene, with its mournful wail and its delicate orchestral echo. Among the trippers, by the way, was one damsel, ruddy-baired and ruddy-kirtled, who ought to be singled out for special jig-dancing; she was apparently the one little Irish girl with the peculiar light toe and *dehanché* motion necessary to graceful "stepping."

But we must not forget Shamus, who, bound and in prison, scores by a vigorous rendering of "The Wearing of the Green"; scores so heavily that he has to be led out again while his guard scurries ignominiously to the back, through the exigencies of the encore. The jail court is responsible for a good deal of musical *brlo*; there Father O'Flynn (Mr. Pruette) gives us a fine solo; there Mike Murphy (Mr. Branson) wails his "Achone, when I used to be young!" And there is enacted the piquant duo of "The Damnable If," when Kitty pouts and flouts "so it's kisses you're craving, you big soldier man!" Yet the best appeal to ear and sentiment remain, as they should, for the last act, and the

pathetic trio, "'Twas but a Week Ago," with its *pizzicato* accompaniment, strikes a deeper note than we catch elsewhere.

For in "Shamus O'Brien" the note does not always ring true, the librettist is not *ever à la hauteur* of the composer. The theme is too thrilling, the situation too tense, the political suggestion too realistic, to admit of burlesque; yet burlesque is shaved very closely, and only sympathetic melody and delicate orchestration, only dashing, convincing acting, save the situation. As it is, we rejoice at Shamus's escape and lucky run under fire; but we laugh at him withal, and feel, despite Kitty's witcheries and Nora's tears, that he was never really in deadly peril. As a matter of fact, we are far more keenly anxious as to the fate of Father O'Flynn, whose knife did such vigorous work; and, achone! what befalls Kitty and her captain? The part of gentle Nora was gracefully taken by Anna Lichter, whose *tremolo*, however, was painfully apparent, even in the lighter scenes.

ROSE-SOLEY.

BERNHARDT ON HAMLET.

A Defense of Her Interpretation of the Rôle.

In answer to the storm of criticism that has greeted her impersonation of Hamlet, Sarah Bernhardt has written the following letter to the London *Daily Telegraph*:

DEAR SIR: I am unable to reply to all the criticisms which have been made upon me, but there are, however, some which I should like to answer.

I am reproached with being too sprightly, too "mannish." It would appear that in England one must present Hamlet as a melancholy professor of Wittenberg, but I assume—because Shakespeare himself says so—that Hamlet was a "student of Wittenberg."

It is said that I do not play the *tradition*. But where is the tradition? Each actor has his own. I am reproached for having molded my rôle according to the sixteenth century. Quite so. The time of Hamlet is undoubtedly the eleventh century, if the ferocity of the play is considered; but its philosophy is much more recent, and the train of thought is that of a man less savage and more polished. Then, again, Shakespeare speaks of cannons, of salvos of artillery, and uses a thousand other technical words which are of the sixteenth century and not of the eleventh.

I am reproached with not being sufficiently astonished, not sufficiently dumfounded, when I see the ghost. But Hamlet comes expressly to see it; he awaits it, and utters these words: "I will speak to it, though hell itself should gape and bid me hold my peace." These are not the words of a weak or languid person. When the ghost wants to take him aside, he draws his sword against his friends, and threatens to kill them if they will not let him pass. That does not bespeak a feeble man.

Hamlet dreams when he is alone, but in company he speaks—speaks to conceal his thoughts.

I am reproached with not being polite enough with Polonius; but Shakespeare makes Hamlet say all kinds of unpleasant things to him.

When Polonius says to him, "My honorable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you," Hamlet replies, "You can not, sir, take from me anything that I will more willingly part withal."

Really I do not know a more cutting or better merited reply. In the oratory scene I am reproached with going too near the king; but if Hamlet wishes to kill the king, surely he must be close to him. And when he hears him pray words of repentance, he thinks that if he kills him he will send him to heaven; and he does not kill the king, not because he is vacillating and weak, but because he is firm and logical. He wishes to kill him in a state of sin, not of repentance; for he desires to send him to hell and not to heaven. Some wish to see in Hamlet a womanish, hesitating, flighty mind. To me he seems a manly, resolute, but thoughtful being.

As soon as Hamlet gathers what is in his father's mind and learns of his murder, he forms the resolution to avenge him; but as he is the opposite of Othello—who acts first and thinks afterward—Hamlet thinks before he acts, which is the sign of great strength and great power of mind.

Hamlet loves Ophelia! He renounces his love! He renounces study! He renounces everything—in order to gain his object. And he attains it. He kills the king while in the blackest and most mortal sin; but he kills him only when he is absolutely sure.

When he is sent to England, he takes the first opportunity of leaping alone into an enemy's vessel, and announces his name that he may be made prisoner, certain that he will be brought back. He calmly sends Rosencrantz and Guildenstern to death. All this bespeaks a young, strong, and determined character.

When he dreams, it is of his plan—of his vengeance. If God had not forbidden suicide, he would have killed himself in disgust of the world. But since he can not kill himself, he will kill!

To conclude, sir, permit me to say that Shakespeare by his colossal genius belongs to the universe, and that a French, a German, or a Russian brain has the right to admire and to understand him.

LONDON, June 16, 1899. SARAH BERNHARDT.

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SAN FRANCISCO'S LATEST PLAYWRIGHT.

Those who, like myself, were lured to the little O'Farrell Street playhouse, on the promise of a new one-act comedy, must, ere the little play ended, have found it necessary to readjust all their preconceived notions of the curtain-raiser, and of its place and function in the dramatic firmament. Charged with the memory of these traditionally curtain-raisers, I fear that there were few of us quite prepared for the serious work presented us on Monday last in Miss Charlotte Thompson's one-act play, though its title, "None but the Master Shall Blame," should in a measure have given us an inkling of something serious to follow.

When the curtain rises we have no inkling of what lies before us, no hint of the thoughtful wrinkles which all too soon will deface our untroubled brows, only the harmless, make-believe love-making of two pretty, innocuous young creatures—just such a pair as, from time immemorial, have gamboled and giggled through the puzzling mazes of farce-comedy, or have been introduced at proper intervals to relieve the storm and stress of melodrama, and give the property man the time required to prepare the mechanical accompaniments of some shivery deed of daring on the part of the hero. Yet with all the old melodramatic traditions haunting our memory, we were still all unprepared for what was to follow the traditional *ingénue* love-scene between Dulce Venable, her pet kitten, and her bashful lover. This pair of young lovers comfortably disposed of, we confidently awaited the entrance of a second *duo*, older and a trifle more worldly, it may be, and with some slight misunderstandings to settle in the brief three-quarters of an hour allotted for that purpose; but we were soon to be undeceived; for, although their love-scene opens smoothly, thereupon follows the entrance of an old admirer—one Richard Leary, U. S. N.—and with him enters the Problem, or, rather, problems, since there are several crowded within the short hour's space, and all presented with that polished and ornate language which inevitably suggests small clothes and flowered brocades.

The most striking, though not the first of the problems presented for our study, was "the club." Not that modern woman's affair of instructive essays and destructive "five-o'clocks," but the male club; that institution so long cherished by the writers of farce-comedies; that lasting bulwark of the newspaper joke; and here we are asked, first of all, to forget the past—that theatrical past when the club was the standard grievance of the wife, and the pet complaint of the mother-in-law—and to look to the future, a future in which the club is to appear as the truest haven for crushed hopes and blighted affections.

It is there that the disillusioned surgeon, Richard Leary, seeks spiritual consolation after that fatal meeting with the heroine, which leads to his very prompt belief in her guilt; it is to that same peaceful sanctuary that he in turn sends the broken-hearted lover of the same wrongfully suspected heroine; and how many more would have sought refuge and spiritual restoration within its peaceful portals, had the play lasted another hour, it is difficult to surmise.

So impressed were some of us with this new problem of the apotheosized club, that when the maligned heroine declared that we were not there "to discuss clubs," we turned with a feeling of disappointment to the discussion of the more serious, and likewise more trite, problem of man's inhumanity to woman; or, as the heroine less strenuously puts it, "The little comedy of friendship." But, though forced by the exigencies of the play to lay aside the more attractive of the two problems, we inwardly determine to resume our study of it on leaving the theatre. And who can say how many an intended curtain-lecture may have been averted by its timely lesson? How many hitherto prejudiced wives will thenceforth welcome their late-returning lords with more gentle mien, realizing for the first time that they have in the club not a dreaded foe, but a kindly ally, one who alone can restore the masculine serenity after an ill-cooked dinner at home, and thus pave the way for the presentation of the untimely milliner's bill?

These and many other hitherto unsuspected club resources might have been interestingly discussed had the heroine allowed her one-time admirer to reveal them; but, filled with her own wrongs, she insists, woman-like, upon reverting to them to the exclusion of generalities, be they ever so attractive. So, we are forced to consider Richard Leary, U. S. N., and his justification in telling what he saw on a fatal November evening, one year previous to the opening of the play. That a glimpse of the heroine making her exit from a house of more than questionable repute would give him just cause for suspicion no one can deny, while to condemn her in his own heart was his undoubted privilege, as a confirmed cynic; but, to condemn her so relentlessly to another—and that other her affianced lover—was a breach of manliness—it was cowardly, since no criminal is condemned unheard.

Yet, he had denied the woman, whom he declares he loved, the right accorded to even the unloved in the cold courts of justice. That he is filled with horror, and dies of incipient heart trouble, upon discovering his well-nigh fatal blunder, seems no more than right and proper, for here is an exigency which even the consoling club could scarcely meet. Even the heroine seems to admit the rightfulness of the

penalty which he pays, for the curtain falls just as she has taken a letter from his stiffened fingers, reading its vindication of her honor with a shade too much of triumph, perhaps, and a glance just a trifle too happy, considering that, while her happiness is just begun, that of her mistaken admirer is forever ended.

That the play has the benefit of some very good acting—notably upon the part of Miss Roberts, who plays the heroine—can not be doubted, and that the play itself is strong in its central idea is also to be admitted. With judicious pruning of the speeches, which are rather long and savor in places of the rostrum, the play could be made very effective. Miss Thompson has plenty of dramatic instinct which promises well for future efforts, in which she will have the good wishes of both friends and theatre-lovers. A. R. M.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Return of the Frawley Company.

The announcement that the Frawley Company, headed by Blanche Bates, is to begin a five-and-a-half weeks' engagement at the California Theatre on next Thursday evening will be received with pleasure by all San Francisco theatre-goers, for they have come to be looked upon as a permanent feature of San Francisco's summer theatrical season. The opening production is to be Daly's clever comedy, "The Last Word," in which Miss Bates, as the Russian countess, will have an opportunity to duplicate her success of last year. That she will receive an enthusiastic reception is a foregone conclusion, for, since her last appearance here, she has scored a great success in the East, especially in New York, where she made hits in Daly's production of "The Great Ruby," and in James O'Neill's version of "The Three Musketeers."

Among the other members of the company are Manola Mould, a daughter of Marion Manola, who will have the *ingénue* rôle; Mary Van Buren, Kathleen Chambers, Edith Miller, Rose Whitney, Belle Vaney, Mary Starkey—all new members of the troupe—and Mrs. F. M. Bates. Augustus Cook, the original Napoleon in "Madame Sans-Gêne"; Harrington Reynolds; Charles W. King, who was here with the Frawleys during their first two seasons; Alfred Hickman; J. R. Amory, a clever comedian, who has not been seen on the coast for ten years, and George Gaston will also be seen with the company.

Henry Arthur Jones's "The Dancing Girl" will be given during the week beginning July 17th.

"Lord and Lady Algy" at the Columbia.

Anthony Hope's romantic comedy, "The Adventure of Lady Ursula," will be given at the Columbia Theatre for the last time this (Saturday) evening. Next week Mr. Miller will present R. C. Carton's famous comedy, "Lord and Lady Algy," which proved the hit of the Empire Theatre Company's season in New York. Its success was so great that Charles Frohman has decided to place it upon the Empire stage again next season, instead of producing a new play.

Mr. Miller and Miss Anglin will, of course, have the leading rôles. Among others in the cast will be Mrs. Thorndyke Boucicault and Margaret Dale, who have not appeared with the company during the past fortnight, and the veteran and sterling actor, C. Leslie Allen, father of Viola Allen, who makes his first appearance during the Miller engagement.

At the Tivoli.

Dr. Charles Villiers Stanford's romantic opera, "Shamus O'Brien," with Denis O'Sullivan in the title rôle, has drawn large audiences to the Tivoli Opera House during the week. It will be continued only until next Thursday, when a gorgeous production of the extravaganza "Blue-Beard" is to be offered, and, in addition to a strong cast, Ada Walker, the Australian soprano, will have a prominent rôle. A number of new songs and dances will be introduced, and the scenery and stage effects will be especially novel and elaborate.

The Southwell Company in "Carmen."

At the Grand Opera House Millocker's "Beggars Student" will give way on Monday evening to an elaborate production of Bizet's masterpiece, "Carmen." Hattie Belle Ladd will be given her first real opportunity this season in the title rôle, in which she has won great success in the East. Edith Mason and Daisy Thorn will alternate as Michaela, and Julie Cotte has been specially engaged to sing Frasquita, while Bertha Ricci will be the Mercedes. Thomas H. Perse and Miro Delamatta will alternate as Don José, William Wolff will be seen as Dancairo, Winifred Goff as Escamillo, Arthur Wooley as Remendado, Raphael Bailey as Zuniga, Nace Bonville as Morales, and Charles Arling as Lillas-Pastia.

Minnie Palmer at the Orpheum.

The most notable feature of the Orpheum's bill next week will be the appearance of Minnie Palmer, the popular soubrette, in a sketch entitled "Rose Pompon." For a number of years Miss Palmer has been a reigning favorite in England, but recently she has forsaken the legitimate for the vaudeville stage, and, assisted by Francis Jerrard, from the Haymarket Theatre, London, has been presenting her dainty little play, with great success, in the East. Among the other new-comers are George Wilson,

the monologist; the Rixfords, acrobats of renown; and Millian and Shields, the comedians, who will introduce a wealth of new gags, witty repartee, and songs.

Those retained from this week's bill include Hayes and Lytton, who have made a big hit in their skit, "A Wise Guy"; Morie, "the tourist juggler"; the Gardner Brothers, musical comedians; and the Farrells.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Law and Justice at Wardner.

FRUITVALE, June 28, 1899.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Replying to the *Argonaut's* editorial of June 25th, captioned "Spectacular Sympathy for Outlaws": This caption is declarative of a fallacy. The writer, nor any other American citizen who attended the meeting alluded to by the *Argonaut*, gave not his presence there to express "sympathy for outlaws." On the contrary, the one object and purpose of that meeting was to condemn outlaws and outlawry. Not one who participated in that orderly, earnest meeting expressed any sympathy or had any sympathy for any man in Idaho who was or is guilty of violation or infraction of the laws of this country. The whole sentiment of that vast assemblage of American men and women was to uphold the law and vindicate its majesty by advocating faithful adherence thereto and conscientious, rigid enforcement thereof. It was to protest against subversion or perversion of law in the interest of a class to the detriment and injury of the mass that that meeting was held.

Those men who had been and are deprived of their liberty by being incarcerated in the "bull-pen" had and have no charge of crime registered against them specifically. They were and are simply suspected of complicity in a crime, to-wit: the blowing up with dynamite of the Sullivan and Bunker Hill Mills. When these men, so incarcerated, invoked through counsel their constitutional prerogative, writ of *habeas corpus*, to regain their liberty pending a trial by a jury of their peers upon any specific charge that might lie against them, they were met with denial, upon the ground that martial law had been declared, and the writ of *habeas corpus* suspended.

Was there just or lawful occasion for declaring martial law at Wardner? The equities of the case, as between the civil authorities of Idaho, the citizens, and the military authorities, hinge on the just answer to this question. If declaration of martial law was imperative as safeguard to life and property, well and good. Martial law having been declared, under the constitution the rigidity of enforcement warranted suspension of *habeas corpus*. On the other hand, if the conditions at Wardner or the *Cœur d'Alenes* were not such as to render martial law necessary as an exigent, and this constitutional provision was availed of as an unjust means to terrorize and tyrannize organized labor in the interest of the mine-owners, then the civil authorities of Idaho were culpable in permitting military autocracy to have sway. "Law," said Edmund Burke, "is beneficence acting by rule." What is beneficence? According to Webster, beneficence is "the practice of doing good; active goodness, kindness, or charity." Hence the law of *habeas corpus*, trial by jury, presumption of innocence until guilt is proven, benefit to the accused of reasonable doubt, etc. All this is beneficence toward him upon whom the law lays its hand. Now, if, by the exercising of usurped authority, law as administered nullifies these, then the administration of law destroys its salient attribute, viz.: beneficence, and converts it into an engine or instrument of oppression. This has been done and is being done in Idaho, hence remonstrance and protest by American citizens who regard law as defined by Burke.

Now, I ask the *Argonaut*, has the law been impartially interpreted and administered at Wardner? If not, why not? Very truly,

JOHN AUBREY JONES.

[Mr. Jones admits that if there was a necessity for declaring martial law at Wardner, the subsequent actions were justified. The *Argonaut* claims that when the streets of the town were paraded by armed bands bent upon lawlessness; when thousands of dollars' worth of property was destroyed; when innocent laborers were driven from their work and hunted like wild beasts by these same armed outlaws; when men were being shot down in the streets and upon the hillsides; when the civil authorities were utterly powerless to restrain these acts of lawless violence—the necessity for martial law existed. Mr. Jones evidently thinks differently.—EDS.]

Concerning Customs of English Society.

LONDON, June 10, 1899.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: As an American, living in London and married to a "noble Englishman" (do your Western journalists *always* employ the language of the "penny dreadful"? I have been honored (?) by receiving anonymously a copy of the *Bulletin*, of the first of May, containing an article directed against Lady Deerpur and her family, and I think it is time some one said a word on the other side in the matter of these scurrilous attacks, the very style of whose writing betray their having originated in a low and ignorant mind.

For several years now, London society has been bored to tears by the anonymous circulation of these virulent attacks directed against a family living in our midst, and of whose origin and social standing we can judge without the assistance of spiteful and malicious articles in these little blackmailing papers from "over the ocean." Throughout this "paper warfare" we have all admired the quiet dignity with which the Bonynges have acted, taking no notice by word or deed of any of the attacks against them, but going quietly and unharmed on their way amongst us, without assertion, or any of the "push" for which some of our country-people have made them-

selves notorious over here. As to their origin, any one who has been in California, as I have, will know that Mrs. Bonyng's family (she was a Stephens) are well-known in that State, and one has only to meet Mrs. Bonyng herself to feel convinced that her "occupation in life" has never been other than that of a lady.

English people have not so far to look for Mr. Bonyng's origin. They need only turn to Burke's "Landed Gentry" to find an authentic account of his family since the year 1667. Lady Deerpur (on this side we do not call them "viscountess," except in the kitchen) is a most natural and charming woman, who can not have an enemy in the world, save those who are envious of her rank and popularity, and her greatest grief is, contrary to the statements in the article above referred to, that she has no son, but only two little daughters. The amount of truth contained in this account of Lady Deerpur and her family can be measured by this one fact alone!

Her sister, Mrs. Maxwell, is well known to have largely assisted in forming her husband's career, and he now stands second only to Lord Kitchener in the Egyptian army, and is commonly spoken of as his natural successor as sirdar.

As for Princess Christian, the originator of this crude slander shows his—or her—ignorance of things social in a deplorable way. It is not the habit of royal princesses to become "bosom friends" with either American or English ladies. Her royal highness has been a staunch friend of the Bonyngs for many years, and during these attacks has stood by them firmly, as a royal lady should; but, as I said before, princesses of the blood are not addicted to "bosom friendships" like nurses or kitchen-maids.

I will beg you to insert this letter in your paper so as to enlighten the ignorance of Western newspapers and their readers on the "habits and customs of members of English society," not as imagined by a California editor, but as known to

ONE OF THEM.

A trip over the Mill Valley and Mount Tamalpais Scenic Railroad is one of the most enjoyable excursions out of San Francisco during this lovely weather. The mountain road is eight and one quarter miles long and nearly an hour and a half is consumed in climbing the mountain. The views of the bay, ocean, and surrounding country, which are revealed at every turn, are incomparable.

Prospective Mothers.

Preparatory Hints; Bathing; Clothing; Habits; Fresh Air; Second Summer, etc.; are some of the subjects treated in "Babies," a book for young mothers sent free by Borden's Condensed Milk Co., N. Y., who make Gail Borden Eagle Brand.

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Dividend Notices.

SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 101 Montgomery Street, corner Sutter.—The board of directors declared a dividend for the half-year ending June 30, 1899, at the rate of three and eighty-four hundredths (3.84) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and three and twenty-hundredths (3.20) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, and payable on and after Saturday, July 1, 1899. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal from and after July 1, 1899. CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

THE CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA,

222 Sansome Street,

Has declared for the six months ending June 30, 1899, a dividend of 6 per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, 7 per cent. on one-year term deposits, 10 per cent. on class "F" stock, and 14 per cent. to class "A" stock.

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VANITY FAIR.

AN OLD FAN.

A dainty thing, with rare illuminations,
Old lace grown yellow, lines of faded gold
Whose arabesques uncertain gleam, and faintly,
Worn by much careful closing, fold by fold.
Ages ago these tarnished colors trembled
With new-born life, thrilled from the hand of Art;
Each wondrous fancy, by the touch of genius,
Graving its beauty on "my lady's" heart.

Swinging from slender zones, in old cotillions,
Or sinuous, languorous, matchless minuets,
With princes *vis-à-vis*, to airs Sicilian—
One marvels if the fan itself forgets?

In Louis's Court, under great candelabra,
The tale of love, traced by the painter's hand,
Made the sweet text for many a declaration
That gave rejoicing to a kingly land.

Now all are gone—kings, queens, and courtiers faded
Into oblivion; still some grace is thine—
The magic of the past; its rare traditions
Live in thy dim, fair realm, old fan of mine.

—Mary A. Dennison in *Collier's Weekly*.

The Newport season this year is collecting arrears of gaiety. Last year it was the nearness of the sea, with its phantom Spanish fleets, which made the early summer rather hopelessly dull. So it is no more than fair that the sea should even matters up this year (says the *Basar*). Admiral Sampson's squadron has attended to that. Ordered to Newport early in June, it helped to inaugurate a season which promises to be memorable. The leadership at Newport is commonly assigned to what is called "the social strategy board." Naturally this "board" is not incorporated under the laws of the State. It has no officers, no constitution, no by-laws. In fact, there are only three members of the board—Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, and Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish. Mr. Belmont is put down in local parlance as a "legal adviser." The board is said to have held several meetings and outlined a brilliant campaign against boredom. Newport almost always has two or three foreign lions of a social nature to help the season along. Last year the Count of Turin was the centre of a good deal of gaiety. This year there will probably be the Prince Cantacuzene, who will come over late in the summer to marry Miss Grant. It is rumored that the wedding will take place in September at Beaulieu, the Brice villa at Newport, which Mrs. Potter Palmer has taken for the season. But the real lion of the summer may be the young Duke of Manchester, who is expected to visit this country with his mother, formerly Miss Consuelo Yznaga, of New York.

Some of the London and Continental papers, by the way, have not yet finished scolding and berating Mrs. Palmer for her recent snub to the Princess Eulalie. A London paper speaks of her with studied disdain as "one Mrs. Potter Palmer," and tries to belittle her social position in New York and Newport, if not in Chicago. The story of the snub of the Infanta to Mrs. Palmer during the World's Fair of 1893 is thus related: At the Palmer residence, where the Infanta had been invited to meet a "few," nearly a thousand guests were waiting. They were packed in like sardines, but barred off from crowding against the royal guests by red and yellow ribbons. Mrs. Palmer was gowned magnificently in white brocade, with ropes of pearls and diamonds and her famous crown of jewels, to do honor to the princess—gowned, in fact, as the Infanta could not afford to gown herself. A sort of throne had been erected, and to this the princess was escorted, and Prince Antoine took up his position back of her chair. Then Mrs. Palmer brought up one after another to present to her royal guests, without having first asked their permission. These people, after the presentation, instead of passing on through the room, backed themselves around the walls to stare, and as stare they did, the foot of the princess began to pat the red velvet rug. Suddenly she signified a wish to be relieved from the painful situation. Mrs. Palmer took her into a little room adjoining the conservatory, and from there her carriage was ordered. A banquet had been laid with most elaborate care, but the princess would not stay. At half-past eleven she was out of the house. The next reception in honor of the Infanta was given by Mr. and Mrs. Hobart C. Chatfield-Taylor, and to this one hundred and fifty guests were bidden. It was most informal, and Prince Antoine and Princess Eulalie mingled among the company in the most democratic, American way. A certain number were presented to them, and the princess made her own selections as to who should sit with her at the banquet-table. She was amiability itself. During these days there were constant rumors of the rudeness of the princess to Mrs. Palmer in refusing to stop for the banquet, and the next afternoon it was remarked that the Palmer box was vacant at the concert given in honor of the princess in Festival Hall. But the princess soon came in and stayed but two minutes. The truth of the matter is, the princess is not made of the stuff (says *Town Topics*) that enjoys any conventionality. She was happily running around the Midway, drinking beer in a Vienna, smoking cigarettes somewhere else, and having what she considered a general good time in her own way. She objected to being placed on exhibition, but she stood it as long as she could, and then she bolted. She had no idea of snubbing

Mrs. Palmer. If Mrs. Palmer did not care to meet the Infanta again, it is more than likely that, this time, it was the woman that Mrs. Palmer considered and not the princess.

The question as to whether women should propose is being discussed in New York newspapers, the discussion being the outcome of the remarks of Dr. Hartland Law, said to be from San Francisco, at the Berkeley Lyceum recently. "I hope," said Dr. Law, "to see the day when a woman shall be free to ask the man she loves to become her husband, as a man is free to ask the woman he loves to become his wife. A woman should be able and wise to choose the father of her children, and it should be no social offense for her to seek in marriage as well as to give herself in marriage." The *Sun* thinks there are some who will make light of the suggestion on the ground that many women really propose at present, and adds: "Of course it takes a clever woman, or comparatively clever woman, to do so, and at the same time leave the man under the foolish impression that he took the first step; that he has remained master of his fate and has settled his own future. No doubt women are better judges of husbands than men are of wives. But it is not fair to ignore the question of etiquette. In this case, as in all others, social custom is a safeguard. No self-respecting man likes to refuse a woman anything. And he could not wish to refuse to give her such a trifle as the whole of his life unless he was able to plead a prior engagement. It is probable that if women proposed there would be a great diminution in the number of bachelors. That many in that ridiculed class are afflicted by extreme modesty is indisputable. It is not that they think that 'marriage is a desperate thing,' or that they are selfish, or for a thousand and one other reasons, but simply because they hesitate to offer so little where they ought to offer so much. However, there is little chance of Dr. Law's proposition being accepted. Even if women had the right to propose, many of them would refuse to use it. They would prefer to have men, metaphorically speaking, crawl on their knees for a favor, willingly granted perhaps, rather than reverse the process."

London society, at least the female side of it, has started a new craze, and it is the coming of African savages to Earl's Court that has caused it. There is nothing in the whole show which is so attractive to society ladies as these African warriors. The stalwart chief, Prince Lobengula, has made himself quite a favorite with the ladies, and "Loben," as he is best known, has got to love the English ladies in turn, as he stated in an interview which a representative of the *Daily Mail* had with him the other day. Society ladies have made him rich with trinkets and jewels which the prince delights in wearing. In fact, ladies in society have adopted a number of Kafir words, which it has become quite the fashion to use in polite circles. Thus it is quite common at afternoon teas and garden parties to hear ladies referring to the weather as "makaza," meaning cold, or to talk of their jewels as "ubshengi." And now the ladies who visit Earl's Court regularly have found a new object of interest in the shape of a little bit of chocolate-colored humanity. The new Basuto baby, Umhloonga, as the tiny pickaninny is called, is on all their tongues. Surely no baby ever had so many distinguished visitors; surely no English baby, far less a Basuto one, ever was so petted and dandled in the arms of so many high-born dames as this, and the presents and expensive toys that are showered on the little black girl, which is voted a little beauty notwithstanding its color, are innumerable. It is said that there is quite an active competition going on among a large number of ladies for its godmotherhood. Who, if any, will have the rather dubious honor is not yet decided. It has been suggested that the choice will have to go to ballot.

"Forward, march!" is still the order to which golf is advancing. There is no halt in the starting up of new clubs and links, while the courses are better than ever before and planned with a care to detail that would imply that they are to be permanent. There are now more links in the United States than in the United Kingdom, for the latest estimate puts the number at about 650, of which some 120 are in New York State. Great Britain, with about 260 for Scotland, can muster a grand total of about 525. The indication is that there will be over 1,200 links in the United States by the end of the year. It would be idle to state that the links in this country, aside from their number, lead in any way the golf-courses of the United Kingdom, for there the science of golf-course making has long been an exact study. A point in which golf is stronger here than in any other country (comments the *New York Sun*) is that it is under the control of a central body, while abroad each club is a microcosm and knows or cares nothing about its neighbor. In Great Britain the control of the open championship is vested in five clubs, and the competition held in turn on the links of the respective clubs, while the amateur championship is controlled by twenty-three clubs and the play hitherto confined to four links—St. Andrew's, Prestwick, Sandwich, and Hoylake. In this country the game is regulated by the United States Golf Association, which now consists of some 200 clubs, but which controls, through its subsidiary branches or through the individual members, vir-

tually every link in the country. The Metropolitan Golf Association—which includes thirty-two links within fifty-five miles of New York and throughout the whole of Long Island—and the Golf League of Philadelphia are the oldest of the minor organizations. Similar local unions are in existence on the Pacific Coast, about Chicago, in Central New York, in Connecticut, and one is proposed for Boston. Under the policy of the U. S. G. A. the growth of minor associations for clubs united on geographical or other lines is to be promoted until the entire country will be divided up, when it is expected that the national championships will be simply the final meeting of the annual local champions, and the U. S. G. A. the supreme council of the smaller leagues.

According to the *New York Herald*, another new bit of fashion is already under way for next season. In this case it is in regard to dancing. Last year there was a deal of talk that this season there would be a revival of those slower and more graceful forms of the dance—the minuet and gavotte order. Attempts were made to introduce them in fashionable ball-rooms without success. At balls it is waltz, waltz continually, and though the mazy dance is too much of a favorite to die, many of the younger members of society have been crying out for a change. Accordingly, the professors of the art have entered into competition and set their inventive faculties to work with some success. It would appear that something very different from the minuet or gavotte will be the favorite dances next season. The leading professors of the British Association of dancing have been at work, and the novelties of next season will be a new round and a new square dance. The former is Scotch in character, and is called the "Balmoral Schottische." The latter, named "The Albany," is a very lively dance, and promises to become one of the most popular dances of recent times. It is a new arrangement of circles, valse, chaises, Berlin, polka, grand chain, all-around-the-barn dance, set to partners, hands across, etc., in four figures. But it is to be danced right through, without an interval as in ordinary quadrilles and lancers.

It is said that Parisian modistes have revolted against the eel-tight skimpiness of the present fashion in skirts. The very latest gowns from Paris, have a distinct element of fullness introduced into the back widths of the skirts at the waist, and although gowns are worn just as long and sweeping as ever, they will no longer outline the figure with such startling plainness as has hitherto been in vogue. According to Anne Morton Lane, in the *Chicago Times-Herald*, the latest French wrinkles, however, take a long time to reach the sensibilities of the English dressmaking world, and so it is not at all likely that London will see a return to the fuller outlines of skirts for some time to come. Like everything else, the fashion has been carried to excess, and instead of being, as was originally intended, a graceful and artistic style, it has become ludicrous, uncomfortable, and frequently frankly indecent. It has, however, taught Englishwomen one thing, and that is that the best corsets are made in France, and that although in that fair country the ladies may pinch their waists unduly, they also give free scope to the figure above and below the waist, with a result that is far more satisfactory than the board-like style of figure that is usually denominated English.

Princess Charlotte and Princess Victoria, sisters of the Kaiser, recently participated in an occurrence which is a reflection on the airs assumed by some of the German nobility. Not long ago a servant in livery entered a local station and asked to have a compartment in the next train to Berlin reserved for two princesses. When the train came, all the compartments were occupied. In one there was only a French woman, who was requested by the guard to vacate the premises. "La citoyenne," however, stood on her rights, and declined to budge. The august pair, hearing of the trouble, came up, and cried: "What's all this fuss about? Why, there's room enough here for half a dozen," and got in forthwith.

Peace in the Philippines.
Peace in the Philippines is bound to prove profitable to all concerned. Warring conditions, whether they be in the Philippines or in the human stomach, are equally disastrous. If your stomach has rebelled, there is one authority that will quickly subdue it. It is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and it cures constipation, indigestion, biliousness, nervousness, and dyspepsia. See that a private Revenue Stamp covers the neck of the bottle.

Persistent bride—"Will you love me just as much when I am dead?" **Bridegroom** (absently)—"More darling; more."—*Tit-Bits*.


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Teacher (severely)—"Is that chewing-gum in your mouth?" *Boy*—"Yes, ma'am." *Teacher*—"Give it to me!" *Boy*—"Wait, an' I'll get you a piece that ain't chewed."—*London Topical Times*.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Since Paderewski's marriage, the story is being revived of a well-known society woman who wrote to him for "a lock of hair." She received this reply: "DEAR MADAME: M. Paderewski directs me to say that it affords him much pleasure to comply with your request. You fail to specify whose hair you desire, so he sends samples of that of his valet, cook, waiter, and mattress belonging to M. Pullman, proprietor of the coach in which he traveled in America."

An American who visited the Stevensons at Samoa relates that the Samoans boldly ask for whatever they may covet wherever it may be found. The novelist became tired of this practice, and therefore said one day to a Samoan friend who had acquired from him a neck-tie, handkerchief, and some other trinket: "Is there anything else you want?" The Samoan made a hasty survey of the room. "There is the piano," suggested Mr. Stevenson, ironically. "Yes," replied the native, "I know, but," he added, apologetically, "I don't know how to play it."

He had been out so late the night before that he did not know at what hour he had come home. When he awoke, he was curious to learn just how "rocky" he looked. He accordingly reached out for the silver-backed hand-mirror that lay on the table beside his bed. Instead of it he got hold of the silver-backed hair-brush. Not recognizing his mistake, he took the brush up and gazed at the bristles for a moment. Then he felt of the silver back and then stared back at the bristles. "Good heavens," he murmured at last, "but I need a shave!"

Colonel Henderson has always been an enthusiastic advocate of the free distribution of seeds by congressmen, and his constituents have been highly favored in this regard. One of his postal-cards anent this topic, in a woman's handwriting, bore this message: "John's influence can't be got with fifteen cents' worth of free seeds, but if you will send me a box of hairpins I will look after him. His WIFE." Another communication read: "Why not let up on seeds for a while and send jack-knives? Everybody could use them, and there would not be so much waste. In that case, radish seeds would not come up poor turnips, and the congressman would be saved much ridicule which he now often gets."

A lady who had moved into a certain country neighborhood twelve years before, and had met all the principal residents except a certain bumptious lady, was surprised to receive a call from her one day. After making a few vague remarks, apparently excuses for the long delay in calling, Mrs. X. boldly came to the point and asked for a subscription to her voluntary schools. Mrs. C. agreed with enthusiasm, and at once wrote a check and handed it to her visitor. "So glad to help you! I hope you will find this right, but I have a poor head for figures; if it is wrong, please correct me. It has taken you a long time to get here. I imagine it will take you as long to get back. I have therefore post-dated the check somewhat, so that there may be no difficulty in getting it cleared. Good-by." The check was dated March 24, 1911.

A leading citizen in a little town in the north of Scotland was asked to take the office of elder in the kirk. He seemed reluctant to accept the honor till a wag, who knew his weakness, whispered to him that if he became elder he would get five pounds and a pair of trousers at the end of the year. The year passed away, and when the promised garment did not appear, the elder went to the minister and said: "I haven't got the breeks yet." "What breeks?" said the minister. The elder explained, and the minister smiled and declared that the promise was only a silly joke. The elder expressed great disappointment about the trousers, and was turning away, when the minister said: "You seem to care more about the breeks than about the money?" "Oh, ay! the fi' pun," replied the elder; "I juist belpt mase! to that fra the plate."

Meilhac, the French librettist, once when one of his operas was being presented, entered a fashionable restaurant and threw himself down at a table, thinking earnestly about the musical event of the evening. A waiter brought him a bill of fare, and Meilhac abstractedly indicated with his finger the first dish on the bill that his eye had struck. It happened to be the most elaborate and costly dish on the bill. The proprietor and the chief-cook devoted themselves to the preparation of the famous dish. One man was sent for this choice ingredient, and another for another. Meantime Meilhac waited, absorbed. At last the dish was brought with a great flourish, and the proprietor stood not far away to observe the result. When it was deposited on the table Meilhac looked at it with an expression of melancholy interest. "Did I order that?" he asked. "Certainly, monsieur!" "Do you like it?" "But—but yes, monsieur!" "Then please take it away and eat it yourself," ordered Meilhac, "and bring me two fried

eggs!" The order was carried out, and the proprietor wondered if he had a madman to deal with.

A returned sailor from Manila was drinking beer the other day in a road-house, two tables over from the agent of the brewing company. "I see you wear the cap ribbon of the McCullough on your handle-bars," said the agent, coming over; "were you at Manila?" "Yes." "May 1st?" "Yes; and to December, for the matter of that." "We sent fifty barrels of this beer over there to you fellows right after the big fight. Got there about the first of August, I guess." "Yes, I think I remember." "How did you like it?" "Fine stuff, I'm told." "Taste good in that hot country?" "I don't know. You see—" "Do you mean to say you didn't get any good of that big shipment?" "Oh, yes, I got good of it. You see, in every barrel were two pictures—lithographs of a pretty girl sitting on earth and looking down, for she was ashamed of her shirt-waist. The officers sent one of those pictures forward, and we enlisted men were allowed to look at it."

A Tragedy of the Tub.

"Um-m-m!" said Mr. Shivers, thoughtfully, laying down his paper; "I believe there is something in that."

"In what?" asked Mrs. Shivers. "Why, in their 'Health Hints for the Helpless,' they say that the reaction and afterglow of cold morning-baths is an infallible cure for neuralgia and rheumatism," explained Mr. Shivers.

"Cold water right out of the spigot, without any warm water at all?" cried Mrs. Shivers.

"Certainly," replied Mr. Shivers. "O-o-o-h, I couldn't!" shuddered Mrs. Shivers. Mr. Shivers smiled a superior smile.

"Of course it is rather heroic treatment, and requires considerable moral as well as physical courage, but to a man convinced of its efficacy that is of no consequence," he said, complacently, "and I certainly shall give it a fair trial. Besides," he continued, fortifying his sudden resolution, "it is not one sudden, freezing plunge, but a gradual immersion while you very slowly count six. Like this: one, and you put in one foot; two, you put in the other; three, you sink upon one knee; four, you kneel on both; five, you plunge in your arms; and six, you immerse your body. So, after all, it is not so very dreadful. Yes, I shall certainly try it tomorrow morning."

However, Mr. Shivers did not seem so enthusiastic in the morning. His wife let the cold water run, according to his instructions, until the tub was full to overflowing; but in spite of reiterated information to that effect, he still lingered in bed.

"Jeremiah," cried Mrs. Shivers at last, from the bureau where she was doing up her hair, "this is the eleventh time I've called you, and you just must get up. You'll be late for breakfast as it is. You needn't try that bath if you are afraid of it," she added, with a laugh.

Slowly and reluctantly Mr. Shivers crept out from under the warm covers, silently casting a look full of reproach upon his smiling spouse, and into the bathroom, with the laggard step of one who has something weighing upon his mind. Then there was a long, a very long wait. Nor was it until his wife had several times exhorted him to "Hurry up, Jeremiah!" that she heard him say:

"O-o-o-one. Ouch! Gosh!"

Then there was another wait, and another exhortation.

"T-t-t-two. Ow-ow-ow-ow!"

Another wait and exhortation.

"Th-th-th-three-e-e-e," next came chattering from the bath-room, immediately followed by a blood-curdling shout and a tremendous splash. Then there was a succession of agonized yells, and what Mrs. Shivers at first took for a streak of lightning flashed out of the bath-room, plunged into bed, and rolled itself tightly up in the covers.

"Why, Jeremiah!" gasped Mrs. Shivers.

Mr. Shivers simply glared and shivered.

"Woman," he growled, when he could control his chattering teeth, "did you leave that cake of soap in the bottom of the bath-tub on purpose?"—*Bazar*.

Mrs. Jane Stanford has returned to the Olympic Club for cancellation five thousand dollars of its five per cent. bonds, which were purchased a year or two before his death by Senator Leland Stanford as a means of aiding the club to build its present home on Post Street. The gift was made through Mrs. Stanford's understanding of the difficulties with which the club has labored for several years, and the members can not fail to appreciate her generosity. *Jahart*

Three hundred of the most prominent men in Scranton, Miss., joined in the lynching of Daniel Patrick, a negro, who confessed to an assault on a young woman. The coroner's jury, impaneled after the event, brought in the following verdict: "We, the jury, find that deceased came to his death by climbing a tree, venturing too far out on a limb, and broke his neck." *Jahart*

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THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

The Dance.

Tread of the thistle-down
Lighting on heather,—
Curls in a dancing crown
Bursting their tether,—
Laugh of a bobolink
Swaying on rushes,
Breath of the meadow-pink
Born of the blushes,
Free as a swallow dips,
Moving to viol-tones,
Over the floor she trips,
Men's hearts her stepping-stones.
—Arthur Guiterman, in the *Criterion*.

She Shops.

She shops!
She does not mean to buy,
For funds are low and prices high,
So many people wonder why
She shops!

She shops!
She keeps herself apprised
Of all the bargains advertised,
And with a gusto undisguised—
She shops!

She shops!
The tired assistant sighs,
For long experience makes him wise,
He knows wherein her weakness lies—
She shops!

She shops!
She hurries to and fro,
And when the sun is setting low,
A thousand captured samples show
She shops!—*Pearson's Weekly*.

The Old Maid's Soliloquy.

Alas! the seasons come and go;
They bring no change for me;
I'm sitting here a year ago
I sipped my Oolong tea.
My mirror opposite proclaims
The sad, unwholesome truth,
That all the charms I boasted once
Are passing, like my youth.

My raven locks are changing fast;
My face betokens bile;
My voice seems cracked, for when I sing
My saucy nieces smile.
I seek in books the largest type—
Not that my eyes are dim—
I must have strained the optic nerve
Looking in vain for him.

Ab! once I thought that Sandy Bean
Would offer me his hand;
But he was drafted to the war,
And killed at Cumberland.
Then John McMartin walked with me
From church that rainy day,
But a "war-widow" drafted him,
And took him home—to stay.

My hopes are like the withered leaf
Borne on the autumn blast;
My brightest morning sun at noon
With clouds is overcast.
The streets are full of flirting girls—
Such horrid, sickening sights
I can't endure; I'll take the stump,
And go for "woman's rights."

—S. K. Saxe.

A Song of Summer.

I sing the song of the open car
And the man at the end of the seat
Who never is willing to move along
Or even retract his feet.
He sticks to his place—the selfish churl!—
As if he were stuck with glue,
And his whole manner says, as plain as words,
"I don't care a hang for you!"

Oh, he is a selfish, selfish man;
I call him the end-seat-hog.
He's the sort of man who would kick a cat,
Or torture a faithful dog.
The world will be better when he is dead
And laid on a tomb's dark shelf.
I hate and despise him with all my heart,
For I want that seat myself.

—*Somerville Journal*.

"A prudent man," says a witty Frenchman, "is like a pin; his head prevents him from going too far."—*Tit-Bits*.

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Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1899.
Coptic (Via Honolulu)..... Friday, July 14
Gaelic (Via Honolulu)..... Wednesday, Aug. 9
Doric (Via Honolulu)..... Saturday, Sept. 2
Coptic (Via Honolulu)..... Friday, Sept. 29
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Nippon Maru..... Saturday, July 8
America Maru..... Saturday, July 22
Hongkong Maru..... Thursday, August 17
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.
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W. B. CURTIS, General Agent.

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S. S. Mariposa sails via Honolulu and Auckland for Sydney, Wednesday, July 12, 1899, at 10 p. m.
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Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:
For Alaskan ports, 10 A. M., June 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, July 5, change to company's steamers at Seattle.
For E. C. and Puget Sound ports, 10 A. M., June 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, July 5, and every fifth day thereafter.
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 2 P. M., June 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, August 2, and every fifth day thereafter.
For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports, 9 A. M., June 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, July 3, and every fourth day thereafter.
For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 A. M., June 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, July 1, and every fourth day thereafter. For further information see folder.
For Mexican ports, 10 A. M., seventh of each month.
The company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates and hours of sailing.
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SOCIETY.

The Duperu-Reed Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Mabel Eunice Reed and Mr. Alphonse Mauffray Duperu took place at the residence of the bride's parents, 2413 Fillmore Street, on Saturday, July 1st, at noon. The bride was accompanied by her sister, Miss Julia Reed, as maid of honor, and Mr. Redick McKee Duperu, the groom's brother, acted as best man. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father Jones, O. P.

The bride is the daughter of Captain W. I. Reed, U. S. A. (retired), and Mr. Duperu is the youngest son of Mr. Numa Duperu, formerly a member of the San Francisco Stock Board.

The Fourth at Burlingame.

A most enjoyable time was had by the members of the Burlingame Country Club and their friends on Monday and Tuesday, July 3d and 4th. An elaborate programme of events had been laid out by Major J. L. Rathbone, the president of the club, and the directorate, and every arrangement had been made for the amusement and convenience of those who were present.

On Monday, July 3d, the ladies' golf tournament for the Prince Poniatowski Challenge Cup took place. The contest was open to all lady players, and the cup must be won twice by the same player to become her property. Play began at ten o'clock and lasted four hours, the following scores being made:

Miss Alice Moffitt, Oakland Golf Club—First round, 56; second round, 66; total, 122. Miss Rowe, Burlingame Country Club—70; 71; 141. Mr. D. Drysdale, scorer.

Miss Edith McBean, Burlingame Country Club (though also a member of the San Francisco Golf Club)—67; 70; 135. Mrs. Gilman Brown, San Rafael Golf Club—62; 65; 127. Mr. A. B. Ford, scorer.

Miss Genevieve Carolan, Burlingame Country Club—71; 70; 141. Miss Emily Carolan, Burlingame Country Club—78; 78; 156. Mr. Mountford S. Wilson, scorer.

Mrs. Harry T. Goodwin, San Francisco Golf Club—74; 68; 142. Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Burlingame Country Club—73; 71; 144. Mr. A. W. Blackie, scorer.

Miss Crockett, Burlingame Country Club—70; 76; 146. Miss Houghton, San Francisco Golf Club—82; 80; 162.

Miss Alice Moffitt, having made the best score, 122, was declared the first winner of the Poniatowski Cup, but it will remain in the possession of the Burlingame Club until it has been won twice by one player. Mrs. Gilman Brown ranked second, with a score of 127. Of the special prizes offered for members of the Burlingame Country Club, Miss Edith McBean won the first with a score of 135, and Miss Rowe and Miss Genevieve Carolan tied with 141 for the second, but in a re-try for the last hole Miss Rowe won by a score of 7 to Miss Carolan's 8.

Pigeon-shooting was the first event on Tuesday, beginning at ten o'clock on the shooting-grounds just east of the last hole on the golf-links. Mr. J. K. Orr was the referee, and he awarded the match to Mr. W. H. Howard, after Mr. Howard had beaten Mr. F. W. Tallant—with whom he tied with a score of eighteen birds—in a ten-bird re-try. Mr. Howard killing ten straight and Mr. Tallant killing nine. The contestants could use one or two barrels on twenty birds at from 30 to 26 yards, with a killing radius of 60 yards. The scores were as follows:

Mr. F. W. Tallant, 18; Mr. W. H. Howard, 18; Mr. W. B. Tubbs, 12; Mr. A. C. Tubbs, 12; Baron H. von Schröder, 14; Mr. D. Drysdale, 15; Mr. H. Fortman, 10; Prince Poniatowski, 9; Baron A. von Schröder, 10; Mr. F. J. Carolan, 12; Mr. W. S. Hobart, 8; Mr. P. D. Martin, 16; Tie: Mr. F. W. Tallant, 9; Mr. W. H. Howard, 10.

Luncheon was then enjoyed by about one hundred persons in the dining-rooms and on the broad veranda of the new club-house, which was voted a marvel of beauty and comfort, and then the entire company was whirled off to the races at the Corbett Track, a mile away. The races resulted as follows:

Three-sixteenths of a mile for polo ponies carrying 170 pounds—Mr. Ollie Tobin, on Peanuts, won; Mr. Charles Dunphy, on Driscoll's Merrylegs, second; Mr. Walter Hobart, on Dandy, third; Mr. Joseph S. Tobin, on Driscoll's Killarney, fourth. Baron A. von Schröder, on Peter Martin's Geegee, and Mr. F. J. Carolan, on Fiddlesticks, also ran.

Five-eighths of a mile, for polo ponies carrying 165 pounds—Mr. Hobart, on Comanche, won; Mr. Dunphy, on Killarney, second; Mr. Carolan, third; Baron A. von Schröder, on Geegee, fourth.

One mile, with 150 pounds in the saddle—Prince Poniatowski's Yocatan, ridden by Mr. Dunphy, won; Prince Poniatowski's Master Lee, ridden by Mr. Carolan, second; Mr. H. D. Walters, on his Brag, third; and Mr. J. J. Moore, on his Maud, fourth.

Half-mile, with 175 pounds to carry—Mr. Hobart, on Brandy, first; Mr. Dunphy, on Mr. Driscoll's Killarney, second; Mr. Ollie Tobin, on Peanuts,

third; Mr. Carolan, on Geegee; Mr. C. Tobin, on Apache; and Mr. Driscoll, on Merrylegs, also ran. One and one-fourth miles, with five hurdles—Baron A. von Schröder on Hobart's Dr. Tevis, first; Mr. Ollie Tobin on Jubilee, second.

Mule race, three-sixteenths of a mile—Mr. Hobart, Mr. J. Tobin, Baron A. von Schröder, Mr. Dunphy, Mr. Peter Martin, and Mr. F. J. Carolan finished in the order named.

This was followed by a polo match between Mr. Tobin, Mr. Driscoll, and Mr. Dunphy on the Blue Team, and Mr. Hobart, Mr. Peter Martin, and Mr. Ollie Tobin on the Red Team. The first-named team won by seven goals in three periods of play.

San Rafael Golf Club.

At the links of the San Rafael Golf Club, which are just now the most popular in the vicinity of San Francisco, there was a caddies' tournament on Saturday afternoon, July 1st, in which the members took a lively interest, in spite of Andrew Lang's definition of a caddie as "a gentleman of leisure who for a consideration will consent to sneer at you for a whole round."

On Monday morning, July 3d, there was a children's nine-hole handicap, medal play, in which the following scores were made:

Clement Arnold—Gross, 78; handicap, 0; net, 78. Harry Hastings, 107; 25; 82. Barton Parker, 140; 35; 105. Dennis Donohoe, 87; 25; 62. Miss M. Toy, 117; 50; 67. Miss Roma Paxton, 144; 50; 94.

Clement Arnold won first prize (lowest gross score), and Dennis Donohoe, Jr., second (lowest net score).

A number of members and their guests enjoyed luncheon on the veranda of the pretty club-house, and in the afternoon there was the ladies' handicap, over nine holes, medal play. The scores made were as follows:

Miss McCalla—Gross, 104; handicap, 0; net, 104. Mrs. F. S. Johnson—104; 15; 89. Mrs. Fechteler—116; 17; 99. Miss Eleanor Morrow—83; 5; 78. Mrs. Marcus Gestle—167; 30; 137. Mrs. William Gestle—136; 25; 111. Mrs. J. J. Crooks—89; 12; 77. Miss Patricia Cosgrove—183; 27; 156. Mrs. Francis—139; 25; 114. Mrs. Dennis Donohoe—108; 25; 83.

The first prize (lowest gross score) was won by Miss Eleanor Morrow, and the second (lowest net score) by Mrs. Crooks.

On Tuesday afternoon there was a men's handicap, medal play, over eighteen holes, resulting as follows:

Mr. R. Gilman Brown—First round, 61; second round, 68; gross, 129; handicap, 0; net, 129. Mr. J. Athearn Folger—First round, 64; no further returns. Mr. Charles P. Eells—First round, 61; no further returns. Mr. Carter P. Pomeroy—First round, 73; no further returns. Dr. Denis Arnold—First round, 76; second round, 72; gross, 148; handicap, 12; net, 136. Lieutenant T. G. Roberts—65; 65; 130; 12; 118. Mr. R. E. Warfield—78; 79; 157; 16; 141. Judge W. W. Morrow—92; 82; 174; 20; 154. Mr. C. Arnold—80; 83; 163; 16; 147. Mr. H. O. Howitt—77; 73; 150; 20; 130. Mr. R. A. Parker—91; 80; 171; 18; 153. Mr. W. G. Curtiss—85; 81; 166; 24; 142. Mr. E. M. Greenway—84; 83; 167; 35; 132. Mr. H. Francis—80; 75; 155; 24; 131. Mr. H. Dibblee—66; 62; 128; 27; 101. Mr. B. Holliday—76; 75; 152; 27; 125. Mr. S. H. Boardman—79; 88; 167; 30; 137. Mr. P. W. Tompkins—90; 89; 179; 33; 146. Mr. F. H. Green—85; 85; 171; 35; 136. Mr. H. P. Sonntag—74; 82; 156; 30; 126.

Mr. Harrison Dibblee won in both gross and net scores.

A driving competition was won by Mr. Charles P. Eells by a clear carry of 172 yards 9 inches in the best of three strokes. Lieutenant T. G. Roberts took second prize, with 156 yards 20 inches.

An approaching competition for the average of three best balls in five shots over a net at 75 yards was won by Lieutenant Roberts, with an average of 20 feet 3 inches from the cup, first prize; and the second went to Mr. R. Gilman Brown, with an average distance of 23 feet 2 inches.

Among those present on the links and at the club-house were:

Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Crooks, Judge and Mrs. W. W. Morrow, Dr. and Mrs. Denis Arnold, Mr. and Mrs. H. Francis, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Oxnard, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mr. and Mrs. Fred H. Green, Mr. and Mrs. R. Gilman Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Ignatz Steinhart, Mrs. Dennis Donohoe, Mrs. Gestle, Mrs. R. H. Warfield, Mrs. James A. Folger, Mrs. James Daniels, Mrs. R. A. Parker, Mrs. Fechteler, Mrs. Gestle, Miss Jennie Blair, Mrs. Therese Morgan, Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss Eleanor Morrow, Miss Eleanor McCalla, Miss Kate Dillon, Miss Patricia Cosgrove, Miss Ethel Patton, Miss Charlotte Ellinwood, the Misses Crosby, the Misses de Young, Mr. C. P. Pomeroy, Mr. Worthington Ames, Mr. C. P. Eells, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. Frederick L. Greenwood, Mr. Lawrence Van Winkle, Mr. J. Athearn Folger, Mr. S. H. Boardman, Mr. Donald de V. Graham, Mr. C. H. Haswell, Jr., and Mr. Charles de Young.

Notes and Gossip.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Mrs. J. M. Cunningham to Mr. James Athearn Folger. Mrs. Cunningham is a daughter of the late Nicholas Luning and was married several years ago to Mr. John M. Cunningham, who died in 1896. Mr. Folger is a son of the late James A. Folger, of

Oakland. He is a brother of Mrs. Le Grande Cannon Tibbetts, of New York, and of Mr. Ernest R. Folger, and is a member of the Pacific-Union Club and of the Oakland Golf Club.

The marriage of Miss Harriet Pierce Graham, daughter of Brigadier-General William Montrose Graham, U. S. A., late commandant at the Presidio, and Mrs. Graham, to Lieutenant Archibald Henderson Scales, U. S. N., will take place at Christ Church, Bay Ridge, N. Y., at noon on Tuesday, July 11th.

The marriage of Miss Alice Bradford Ames, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Pelham W. Ames, to Mr. Thomas Hinkley Robbins, of Boston, will take place at Grace Church on Wednesday noon, July 19th.

The engagement is announced of Miss Alice M. Beatty and Mr. Brooke Wright. Miss Beatty is the daughter of Chief Justice and Mrs. William H. Beatty. Mr. Wright is the son of Mrs. Selden S. and the late Judge Wright.

The week's outing at Del Monte under the auspices of the Pacific Coast Pony Racing and Steeplechase Association will begin on August 21st and end on the following Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred H. Green entertained very pleasantly at dinner on Friday last, at the Hotel Rafael, Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Gestle, Mr. and Mrs. Will Gerstle, Miss Dillon, Mr. Tarn McGrew, Mr. Lawrence Van Winkle, Mr. Carter P. Pomeroy, and Mr. E. M. Greenway.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Johnson entertained a number of friends at dinner, at their home in San Rafael, on Saturday evening last.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick H. Green and Mr. E. M. Greenway gave a dinner at the Hotel Rafael last Saturday evening. Their guests were Mrs. Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. William Gestle, Miss Dillon, Mr. Carter P. Pomeroy, Mr. Mark Gestle, Mr. Lawrence E. Van Winkle, and Mr. Tarn McGrew.

Miss Dillon, who has been spending the past month at the Hotel Rafael, gave a charming dinner-party at Pastor's Fairfax Villa on Monday last to twenty-six of her friends. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Casey, Mr. and Mrs. Fred H. Green, Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Johnson, Miss Patricia Cosgrove, Miss Charlotte Ellinwood, Miss Dorothy Patton, Miss Marie McCalla, Miss Jennie Blair, Mrs. Henry, Mr. Tarn McGrew, Mr. Lawrence Van Winkle, Mr. Samuel H. Boardman, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. J. O'H. Cosgrave, Mr. R. W. Carle, Mr. Crags Smith, and Lieutenant T. G. Roberts.

Among the many pretty dinners given at the Hotel Rafael on the Fourth of July was that of Mr. Crags Smith, of Georgia, who is spending the summer in California. His guests were Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Casey, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Dorothy Patton, and Miss Patricia Cosgrove.

Dr. and Mrs. N. M. S. Beede gave a dinner at the Peak Hotel, Hong Kong, on May 31st, entertaining Admiral Dewey, Commodore and Mrs. Powell, Colonel and Mrs. Mainwaring, Consul-General and Mrs. Wildman, Flag-Lieutenant Thomas M. Brumby, U. S. N., Lieutenant Richmond P. Hobson, U. S. N., Mr. Blake, Mr. F. A. Blake, and others. The *Olympia* band played during dinner, and afterward gave some of Admiral Dewey's favorite selections.

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreeckels and Miss Jolliffe have gone to Del Monte for the summer. Miss Edith McBean is visiting friends at Burlingame.

Miss Carrie Taylor is spending the summer with her sister, Mrs. George F. Pope at her home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Runyon are at the Hotel Rafael for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Dibblee were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Coleman at their home, in Burlingame, over the Fourth.

Mr. and Mrs. Sigmund Feuchtwanger have gone to Del Monte for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. William Haas are at Del Monte for the summer.

Miss Fanny Thompson, daughter of ex-Secretary of State Thompson, has been visiting Mrs. Adolph Scheld in Sacramento.

Miss Alice Owen is visiting friends at the Hotel Rafael.

Miss Lorena Barbier is visiting friends at the Hotel El Paso de Robles.

Mr. A. U. Canfield, of Santa Barbara, is in town for a few days and is stopping at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Frank D. Madison leaves next week for a month's camping trip in Siskiyou County.

Mr. John W. Twiggs spent the Fourth at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow left last week for Del Monte, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. Lansing O. Kellogg left last week for Del Monte.

Mr. Milton S. Latham left Dawson several days ago, and will spend the summer in San Francisco.

Mr. Tarn McGrew has returned from a visit to Mr. Lawrence Van Winkle, and expects to leave in a few days for Honolulu on a visit to his family.

Mr. Alex. Rutherford returned early in the week from Japan, and is now visiting his mother, Mrs. George Crocker, at her cottage at Castle Crag.

Mrs. Samuel Blair and Miss Jennie Blair, who are spending the month with Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Dodge at their cottage in San Rafael, will leave shortly for the springs in Lake County, where they expect to remain until October.

Miss Charlotte Ellinwood has returned from San Rafael, and is now at Lake Tahoe. She will go to Del Monte later in the season.

Miss Cora Jane Flood has returned from her visit to New York, and is now at the Hotel Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton E. Worden and Mr. Nelson T. Shaw are among the recent arrivals at Del Monte.

Dr. and Mrs. Grant Selfridge and Mrs. Latham have gone to the Hotel Rafael for the summer.

Mr. Donald de V. Graham and Mr. Fred A. Greenwood were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young in San Rafael over the Fourth.

Mr. Hermann Oelrichs and Mr. Fred R. Webster have gone to Del Monte for the summer.

Miss Mollie Thomas has returned from a visit to Miss Van Ness.

Miss Cadwalader is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Mayo Newhall at their home in Ross Valley.

Mr. Ernest R. Folger has gone to Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman McLaren are in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Whittier and Miss Carroll have gone on a fishing trip up the McCoud River.

Mrs. Adam Grant left last week for the Hotel Del Monte, where she will spend the summer.

Miss Emilie Hager, Miss Ethel Hager, and Miss Ella Morgan left on July 1st for Del Monte, where they will pass this and next month.

The Misses Fanny and Josephine Loughborough have gone to Del Monte to spend the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Casey, Miss Kate Dillon, and Miss Cosgrave left San Rafael on Wednesday last for Lake Tahoe, where they expect to remain a fortnight and then, after a short stay in San Francisco, they go to Del Monte for the remainder of the summer season.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean, Miss Helen Dean, and Mr. Walter L. Dean are at the Hotel Rafael.

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, whose health is completely recovered by a long sojourn in Madeira, is now in London with her son, Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, and his wife. The family are booked to return to America on the *Kaiser Frederick*, which leaves London on August 27th. Mrs. Stevenson intends to make her home in California.

Mrs. C. W. McAfee and Mr. L. C. McAfee visited the Tavern of Tamalpais during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop E. Lester were in London at latest advices, and intended crossing in a few days to Paris.

Mr. F. Marion Wigmore, of Los Angeles, is at the California Hotel.

General W. H. L. Barnes is sojourning at the Hotel El Paso de Robles.

Mrs. C. F. Mullins and Miss Maud Mullins are passing the summer at Coronado Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Hicks, of Los Angeles, are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. A. W. Judd and Mr. H. P. Judd, who have been visiting in San Francisco, returned to their home on the Oceanic liner *Australia* on Monday, July 3d.

Mrs. J. M. Masten and Mrs. C. J. Stovel are visiting their mother, Mrs. J. L. Martel, at Mountain View.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Baldwin, *né* Glascock, have returned from their wedding trip to Lake Tahoe. They will soon occupy their new residence on Devisadero Street.

Mr. Valentine Hush returned from the East last week. Mrs. Hush and Mrs. Thomas McGee, Jr., will remain in the East for some weeks longer.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Morse and Mr. Harry R. Cooper returned last Wednesday evening from a

very enjoyable trip to Washington, D. C., where they were the guests of Mrs. Morse's uncle, President McKinley.

Mr. W. S. Jones was in San José early in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Craddock were among the visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais during the past week.

Mr. Richard H. Follis and Mr. C. G. Follis are among the guests at the Hotel Rafael.

Captain and Mrs. C. J. Bruguière were among the guests of the California Hotel during the past week.

Dr. J. W. Phillips, of Reno, Nev., has been stopping at the California Hotel since the tennis tournament.

Dr. William Martin, U. S. N., is at the Hotel El Paso de Robles.

Mrs. Pratt and Mr. Orville Pratt are at Coronado for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Hunter, of San Rafael, were guests at the Palace Hotel early in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. De Golia, of Oakland, have taken the Barroilhet place at San Mateo for the summer.

Mr. John J. Valentine, president of Wells Fargo & Co., is spending a few days at the Hotel El Paso de Robles.

Mr. and Mrs. Byron Mauzy have returned from a two weeks' drive through the country, having visited Napa Soda Springs, Angwin, Johannisberg, the Geysers, Skaggs's Springs, and the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Antoine Borel and the Misses Borel will leave soon for their Chateau de Gorgier in Switzerland. They will also visit France before their return, remaining some months in Paris during the exposition next year.

Mr. and Mrs. Max C. Sloss, *né* Hecht, arrived here on Thursday, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Among the guests at the Hotel El Paso de Robles are Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Smith, Mrs. Henry Gutzeit, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Ayer, Mrs. Charles Mitchell, Mrs. H. A. Heath, Mr. Charles A. Hug, the Hon. G. H. Buck, of Redwood City, Mrs. William Hammond, of Livermore, and Mr. W. E. Starr, of Detroit.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. J. W. Davis, of San Mateo, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence M. Smith, of Alameda, Mr. O. M. Gehlsen, of Germany, Mr. L. Hartman, of Washington, D. C., Mrs. Q. Graham, of Los Angeles, Miss Goodwin, and the Misses Warner, of Boston, and Mrs. S. H. Babcock, of Salt Lake City.

Among the guests of the Hotel Rafael during the past week were Mrs. F. B. Raymond, Judge R. J. Tohin, Mr. J. O'H. Cosgrave, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Ehrman, Mrs. S. Sussman, Miss Alice Sussman, and Mrs. M. S. Latham.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Bill, the Hon. John Bidwell and Miss Annie K. Bidwell, of Chico, Miss B. Heitman and Mr. C. W. Heitman, of Honolulu, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Abbott, Mr. and Mrs. S. Bellow, and Mr. B. McCoy, of New York.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Mrs. Caroline E. Wood, mother of Brigadier-General Leonard Wood, U. S. A., Military Governor of Santiago, Cuba, arrived here last Monday from her home at Buzzards Bay, Mass. She will remain some months as the guest of relatives in Oakland.

Captain John McGowan, U. S. N., arrived in town on Tuesday last, and is at the Occidental Hotel.

Lieutenant C. L. Bent, Seventh Infantry, U. S. A., commanding officer at Fort Brady, Mich., and Mrs. Bent recently gave a reception at their quarters in honor of Secretary of War General Russell A. Alger and his party.

Lieutenant H. E. Parmenter, U. S. N., arrived on the *Coptic* from Hong Kong on Tuesday, July 4th, and is at the Occidental Hotel with Mrs. Parmenter, who had gone to China to meet him. Lieutenant Parmenter commanded the collier *Nero* when she towed the *Monadnock* to Manila last summer.

The President has approved the sentence of the court-martial that dismissed Captain John M. Neall, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., from the service, the sentence to go into effect on July 15th.

Mrs. Terry, wife of Captain Silas W. Terry, U. S. N., of the *Iowa*, and Miss Eleanor Terry, left for the Hotel Rafael on Monday last.

Lieutenant and Mrs. W. C. Miller, U. S. N., and Miss McCalla, who have been spending some time at the Hotel Rafael, left on Monday last, and are now at Mare Island.

Mrs. Marie Raymond Gibbons, wife of Dr. Henry Gibbons, Jr., died at her home at Polk and Geary Streets, on Sunday evening, July 2d, of pleuro-pneumonia. Her father, Samuel Raymond, was a well-known mining man, and her husband is dean of the faculty of Cooper Medical College. She leaves six children, two sons and four daughters. Mrs. Gibbons was prominent in social and charitable circles. She was a leading member of the First Unitarian Church, of the Colonial Dames and Daughters of the American Revolution, and was past president of the Century Club. When the Red Cross Society was most active, Mrs. Gibbons was head of the hospital committee.

Mr. William Scollay Whitwell, third, was awarded the scholarship prize for his form and also the Founders' Gold Medal for highest scholarship in the past three years at the graduating exercises of St. Mark's School at Southboro, Mass., this year. These are the highest honors attainable at the school.

Mr. Whitwell is the son of Dr. William S. Whitwell, of this city.

The Tennis Tournament.

The twelfth annual tournament for the tennis championship, gentlemen's singles, of the Pacific States was held on the courts of the Hotel Rafael, at San Rafael, on July 1st, 3d, and 4th, under the auspices of the Pacific States Lawn Tennis Association. There were eighteen entries, and the all-comers' contests resulted as follows:

Mr. Merle Johnson defeated Mr. Barclay Henley, Jr., 6-3, 5-7, 6-3, 6-1; Mr. Harry Weihe defeated Mr. Richworth Nicholson, by default; Mr. Grant Smith defeated Mr. W. C. Allen, 2-6, 6-3, 7-5, 6-4; Dr. Phillips defeated Mr. J. J. Crooks, 6-1, 6-0, 6-4; Mr. H. C. Routh defeated Mr. G. H. Powers, Jr., 7-5, 6-4, 6-1; Mr. Paul Selby defeated Mr. Merle Johnson, 6-3, 6-0, 6-8, 6-2; Mr. Harry Weihe defeated Dr. C. B. Root, 6-2, 6-4, 6-3; Mr. George F. Whitney defeated Mr. George Bradshaw, 6-1, 8-6, 6-1; Mr. Harrison Dibblee defeated Mr. James A. Code, 6-4, 4-6, 6-4, 6-4; Mr. Samuel F. Hardy defeated Mr. Reuben G. Hunt, 6-4, 4-6, 6-2, 7-5; Mr. Smith defeated Mr. Phillips, 3-6, 6-2, 6-2, 6-4; Mr. Selby defeated Mr. Routh, 6-3, 6-8, 6-3, 8-6; Mr. Whitney defeated Mr. Weihe, 7-5, 6-3, 6-3; Mr. Selby defeated Mr. Smith, 2-6, 4-6, 6-3, 6-2, 6-1; Mr. Whitney defeated Mr. Hardy, 6-4, 6-1, 6-3; and Mr. Selby defaulted to Mr. Whitney. Mr. George F. Whitney thus won the tournament and the All-Comers' Cup, and on Tuesday, by a score of 4-6, 6-4, 6-1, 6-1, he defeated Mr. Sumner Hardy, who held the championship, and thus became champion of the Pacific States.

In the consolation doubles, Root and Bradshaw defeated Crooks and Dibblee, 6-4, 6-1; Hardy and Hunt defeated Nicholson and Weihe, 6-4, 3-6, 6-2; Root and Bradshaw defeated Routh and Allen, 6-2, 6-4; Hunt and Hardy defeated Phillips and Powers, 6-2, 6-3; and Hardy and Hunt defeated Root and Bradshaw, 6-2, 6-2.

Californians are rejoicing over the victory of Miss Marion Jones, of Santa Monica, daughter of Senator John P. Jones, in the tournament for the ladies' singles championship of the United States in tennis, held last month near Philadelphia. She had not entered in the Pacific State Lawn Tennis Association tournaments in the past two years, but in private matches she had beaten both Miss Bee Hooper and Miss Alice Colden Hoffman. Last year she entered for the United States championship and was barely defeated by Miss Julia Atkinson, of Staten Island. This year, having had the benefit of practice with her sister, Miss Georgiana Jones, who is with her at Bryn Mawr College, and also with Mr. Picher, champion of Southern California, she defeated all comers. In the first round she defeated her opponent by 6-1, 6-4; in the second she won by 6-3, 6-0; and in the finals she won out by 6-1, 6-1, 6-7. Miss Atkinson, last year's winner, did not defend her title.

Secretary Hay wore a tow suit at a recent morning wedding, and some of his friends expected to hear criticisms of his action. It is thought that the Secretary knows how to dress well and to be comfortable at the same time. All the Cabinet officers in Washington are wearing clothing that will help to keep them cool just now. Secretary Long wears linen or crash coat, waistcoat, and trousers, and a linen hat of the lightest description. Secretary Hay wears linens of various weights. Secretary Gage, who is always particularly well dressed, wears dark blue serge of light weight, with a white vest and chip hat.

The Bohemian Club's regular summer camp in Meeker's Grove on the Russian River opens to-day (Saturday, July 8th), and on July 22d the annual Midsummer High Jinks will be held, with Captain Robert Howe Fletcher as sire and Mr. James Graham as sire of the low jinks.

— THE "ENGLISH GRAY" STATIONERY with mourning border presents a very pretty appearance, and makes a pleasant relief from the regulation white. Messrs. Cooper & Co., the Art Stationers, are exclusive agents therefor.

The Crystal Baths.

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LEAVE	From June 25, 1899.	ARRIVE
7:00 A	Benicia, Suisun, and Sacramento via Woodland, Oroville, and Redding	5:45 P
7:00 A	Elmira, Vacaville, and Runney	5:45 P
7:30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa	6:15 P
8:00 A	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	9:45 A
8:30 A	San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, and Red Bluff	4:15 P
8:30 A	*Milton, Oakdale, and Sonoma	4:15 P
8:30 A	Yosemite Valley via Oakdale and Chinese	4:15 P
9:00 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations	11:45 A
9:00 A	Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno	12:15 P
9:00 A	Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East	6:45 P
10:00 A	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations	7:45 P
11:00 A	Martinez, Niles, and Way Stations	2:45 P
12:00 M	Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Sacramento, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville	4:15 P
*1:00 P	Sacramento River Steamers	8:00 P
3:00 P	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations	5:45 P
4:00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa	9:15 A
4:00 P	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Oroville	10:45 A
4:30 P	Niles, San Jose, and Stockton	7:15 P
4:30 P	Yosemite Sleeping Car for Raymond	12:15 P
4:30 P	The Owl, Tracy, Fresno, Bakersfield, Saugus for Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	9:45 A
5:30 P	Stockton, Merced, and Fresno	12:15 P
5:30 P	Martinez, Tracy, Mendota, Fresno, Mojave, and Los Angeles	8:45 A
5:30 P	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	6:45 P
6:00 P	Chicago-San Francisco Special, Ogden and East	8:45 P
6:00 P	Haywards, Niles, and San Jose	7:45 A
7:00 P	Vallejo	12:15 P
7:00 P	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East	7:45 A
18:00 P	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Stations	10:50 P

COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).
(Foot of Market Street.)

17:45 A	Santa Cruz Excursion for Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations	18:05 P
8:15 A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations	5:50 P
*2:15 P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations	10:50 A
4:15 P	San Jose, Glenwood, and Way Stations	9:20 A
8:15 P	Felton, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations	19:20 A

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.
From SAN FRANCISCO-Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)-
7:15 9:00 11:00 A. M. 1:00 2:00 13:00
4:00 6:00 8:00 P. M.
From OAKLAND-Foot of Broadway- *6:00 8:00
10:00 A. M. 12:00 *1:00 2:00 *3:00 4:00 *5:00 P. M.

COAST DIVISION (Broad Gauge).
(Third and Townsend Streets.)

*6:10 A	Ocean View, South San Francisco	*6:30 P
*7:00 A	San Jose and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only)	*8:00 A
17:30 A	Sunday Excursion for Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations	18:35 P
9:00 A	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Surf, Lompoc, and Principal Way Stations	4:30 P
10:40 A	San Jose and Way Stations	6:35 A
11:30 A	San Jose and Way Stations	1:30 P
*2:45 P	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San Jose, Hollister, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove	*10:36 A
*3:30 P	San Jose, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations	*7:30 P
*4:15 P	San Jose and Principal Way Stations	9:45 A
*5:00 P	San Jose and Principal Way Stations	*8:35 A
5:30 P	San Jose and Principal Way Stations	*9:00 A
6:30 P	San Jose and Way Stations	5:30 P
11:45 P	San Jose and Way Stations	17:30 P

A for Morning, P for Afternoon.
* Sunday excepted. † Sunday only. ‡ Saturday only.
§ Saturday and Sunday. / Sunday and Monday.
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"By gracious!" exclaimed Brassey, when he saw a picture of a lictor bearing his fasces, "I didn't know golf was as old as that."—*Boston Transcript*.

Madge—"Why are you buying such expensive stockings? You don't need them." Mayme—"Oh, I'll put them away for a rainy day."—*Town Topics*.

"I go to call on her father to-morrow. He will look me over like a piece of horseflesh, eh?" "Well, don't act like an ass, old man."—*Brooklyn Life*.

His honor—"Young man, do you appreciate the solemnity of an oath; do you know what an oath is?" Boy—"Ye-es, sir; I caddied for you last Sunday."—*Life*.

"Doctor, my husband says black and red spots appear before his eyes every night. What do you advise?" "I advise that he stop playing poker."—*Chicago News*.

Husband—"I am going to join another club to-night." Wife—"I don't suppose I shall see you at all after this." Husband—"Oh, yes! They have a ladies' day."—*Puck*.

Kelly (growing pathetic)—"Pity a poor, unfortunate man, Kelliher, that's got to go home to his wife!" Kelliher—"Brace up, Kelly! Brace up! Ye should be thankful ye are not the Sultan!"—*Puck*.

"What is that old proverb about the moss and the rolling stone?" queried the Chicago girl. "A revolving fragment of the paleozoic age collects no cryptogamous vegetation," replied her cousin from Boston.—*Chicago News*.

"Seems odd, nowadays, that such poets as Moore and all of them were always writing 'Lines to Fannie.'" "Probably Pegasus is like other horses, and they gave the lines to Fannie so as to have their hands free."—*Harlem Life*.

The host—"Now that they're divorced, what kind of an arrangement is to be made?" The pessimist—"The town house will go to the wife, the country place and stables to the husband." "And the children?" "To the devil."—*Life*.

"Faugh! he is of ze canaille! I hate heem. Louce, hear-r-r me—I vill smash hees hat!" "No, Henri, do not do eet. Zey vill send you to ze prison for four-r years!" "Ah, zen I vill smash a hat zat ees like hees!"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Bull—"Who was the gentleman you nodded to in the hallway?" Bear—"He? Oh, he's Dunbar, the millionaire." Bull—"And who was that man you shook hands with and gave a cigar in the elevator?" Bear—"He? Oh, he's Muggins, the janitor."—*Chicago News*.

A paper published in Paris recently contained the following unique advertisement: "A young man of agreeable presence, and desirous of getting married, would like to make the acquaintance of an aged and experienced gentleman who could dissuade him from taking the fatal step."—*R.*

Miss Antique—"No, I'm not going to Mrs. Whitehair's reception." Miss Budd—"Why not?" "Oh, she always talks about old times, and that makes me tired; I don't see how you can stand her." "But, my dear, her subject is new to most of us, you know."—*New York Weekly*.

Prison visitor—"Wasn't it rather a cold-blooded thing to do—shooting the man down while he was praying?" Mountaineer—"I had to do it, podner. If I'd let 'im pray a little while longer, he mought o' won the Lord over to his side. An' then whar would I be ben?"—*Indianapolis Journal*.

"I am afraid," remarked the Filipino, "that we are not going to be successful in our undertaking." "Never mind about our undertaking," answered his superior officer, savagely, as he put a couple of gold collars into his dress-suit case; "what we want to do is to keep those Yankees from being successful in their overtaking."—*Washington Star*.

"Oi am dhe head av dhe family," said O'Hogarty, musingly; "Oi hov said ut manny's dhe toime, an' Oi still maintain ut, but—" He caressed his whiskers a trifle ruefully. "Oi sometimes tink that whoist Oi am dhe head, beyond a doubt, me woife is dhe neck. Luk how she turns an' twists me around as she plazes!"—*Bazar*.

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De Garry—"Are you sure no one was looking when you kissed her?" Merritt—"Positive. She wasn't even looking herself."—*Town Topics*.

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Among the scraps of news that have broken through the barrier of secrecy surrounding the proceedings of the peace conference at The Hague, is the announcement that the American proposals regarding the immunity from capture of private property at sea during war have been unanimously referred to a subsequent congress. At first view this may not seem to be so great a victory as to justify the mighty exultation of the daily press, yet it marks a very considerable advance. The present congress was convened to consider certain enumerated questions only, and the power of the delegates does not extend beyond this. For them to adopt rules with regard to other questions would be, to use the legal phrase, *ultra vires*. The reference of this immunity of commerce

to a subsequent conference by unanimous vote, however, registers the personal approval of the principle by all the delegates. In view of their influential positions in the various countries, this in itself is an important fact. By implication it further registers their opinion that such conferences should be held periodically to consider international questions as they may come up.

The question of the rights of private property, whether on land or at sea, during a period of hostilities, illustrates perhaps more clearly than any other question the influence of public opinion upon the rules of international law. It was barely a century ago that armies of invasion were provisioned from the products of the country they invaded, the soldiers were given full permission to pillage, and what was not used was destroyed, in order that it might not again fall into the hands of the enemy. Naval warfare was even more concerned in the capture of prizes than in the destruction of the enemy's warships, and the property of neutrals was no more exempt than was that of hostiles. So far as the formal rules of international law are concerned, private property on land stands to-day in the same position that it did then. It is merely to preserve discipline that soldiers are no longer permitted to pillage. Enforced contributions of money or requisitions of provisions are still legal, and whether there shall be compensation is a question of policy and not of law. Theoretically these are limited to the "necessities of war," but that is an elastic phrase that may be made to mean anything. The property of enemies found by a belligerent within its own jurisdiction is legally subject to confiscation. These are the legal rules; that they are never enforced now is the result of a strongly adverse public opinion.

As regards private property at sea, three cases may arise: Goods belonging to subjects of the enemy may be found in neutral ships; neutral goods may be found in enemy's ships; and enemy's goods may be found in enemy's ships. The original rule, enforced with greater or less severity, was that in all three cases the goods were liable to capture. The first advance was made with regard to the first class, and the new principle was expressed by the phrase, "free ships, free goods; enemy's ships, enemy's goods." The movement was started in 1650 in a treaty between Spain and the United Provinces, and the Dutch were the strongest upholders of the principle. England strongly opposed it; France and Spain recognized it in special treaties, and ignored it in practice. In 1780, on the initiative of Russia, the Armed Neutrality was formed to protect the rights of neutral vessels. This was an advance, but nothing definite was accomplished until the Congress at Paris, at the close of the Crimean War, when the signatories entered into a declaration exempting neutral vessels from capture. The history of neutral goods in enemies' ships has been similar. The earlier rule was that neutral goods were so tainted by contact with the enemy's property as to be subject to confiscation. The position of countries was reversed, however, England holding that neutral goods under these conditions were free; France and Spain maintaining the opposite. The Declaration of Paris established the immunity of neutral goods from capture. As to the third class—enemy's goods in enemy's ships—the question is comparatively a new one, and legally they are still considered subject to confiscation by all countries.

Such is the development of the rights of private property in Europe; what has been the position of the United States? The Russian declaration that resulted in the Armed Neutrality was issued in February, 1780, and eight months later Congress declared its adherence to the principles therein set forth, and offered to enter into treaties based upon them. The European countries, however, were not yet prepared to recognize the new government, and nothing came of it. In the early treaties entered into between the United States and European countries the principle of "free ships, free goods; enemy's ships, enemy's goods" was incorporated, except in the Jay treaty with England, when this country was forced to take a step backward. In 1785 Benjamin Franklin negotiated a treaty with Prussia in which it was held not only that free ships make free goods,

but that contraband of war was not subject to confiscation. Ships carrying contraband, however, might be captured and held until the contraband was taken out, but, if used, it was to be paid for.

In the two subsequent renewals of this treaty with Prussia, the adherence of the two countries to the principle was again declared, but it was not made the rule of action. In 1823 President Monroe instructed the ministers at Paris, London, and St. Petersburg to propose the abolition of all private war at sea. England evaded this question by insisting upon the concurrent consideration of others; France and Russia demanded general agreement of all countries, and thus the matter fell through. In 1854, in the treaty with Russia, the principles were laid down that free ships made free goods, and that neutral property, except contraband, on enemy's ships, was also free. These principles were to apply to all countries that adopted them. When the Declaration of Paris was issued the United States agreed to adopt the rules exempting private property at sea, but refused adherence to the rule abolishing privateering. In practice, however, the rules expressed in the declaration have been almost universally observed, and it may be accepted as the rule of international law that free ships make free goods, and that neutral goods, except contraband, on enemy's ships, are exempt from capture.

The final step—the exemption of all private property from capture—is the logical development of what has gone before. It was recognized in the treaty of 1871 between this country and Italy, and the United States is peculiarly its champion. The confiscation of private property has practically no influence at all upon the development and results of hostilities, and it works untold harm. The proceedings at The Hague have proved that the questions submitted to the conference were not the best that could have been selected, and it is to be hoped that a more practical gathering will be convened.

Citizens have every right to manifest the active interest they feel in the tax levy, and to protest against any tendency to ignore the pledge that placed the limit at one dollar. There is a common conviction that this will produce sufficient revenue to meet the legitimate wants of the city. There is no desire to meet the other kind. The time has come for extravagance to be corrected. Waste of public funds has gone to a criminal extent. There has even been actual theft. Citizens will no longer assent to a system of loot. They do not wish to see any department crippled, but neither do they wish to see the political cormorant unduly thrive; indeed, if he be starved to work and apparent honesty, none will regret his fate.

The shameful career of the board of education, which unhonored went from office a few months ago, is yet fresh in the public mind. Recently there have been charges against the management of the fire department. Without attempting to render a decision as to their justice, it is fair to observe that a volume of smoke is regarded as indicative of a blaze. In the office of the county clerk there has been a crowd of useless employees. Before Curry's time, six thousand dollars a month was enough to conduct the office, and do it well. Under Curry this figure was increased more than two-thirds. Deane had his tuition under Curry, and learned so thoroughly that he has twice the number of deputies the law allows, a circumstance that does not seem distressing to him. The street and health departments have in great measure been employed for the purpose of paying political debts, and, in fact, the City Hall has been packed with clerks whose chief labor is to draw salaries. It is not to impair the efficacy of any branch of government that the demand for a change is made, but it is made in the hope of lopping off the superfluous idler and forcing those who remain to earn the pay they draw.

Office-holders are reported as being "wild with indignation" at the proposed cut in their perquisites. By a system of reasoning that the tax-payers follow with fidelity, they have arrived at a settled belief that

created for the exclusive benefit of those elected to them, and that funds wherewith to run them are to be divided among personal adherents. Advocates of the one-dollar levy do not accept this view. The question resolves itself into a contest between those who supply the money and those who have too long been undisturbed in the joy of expending it.

The assessment-roll this year shows great changes. Valuations have been put nearer where they belong. One substantial resident who formerly paid on one hundred dollars of personal property finds the estimate raised to \$25,000, and there have been many other increases as radical. On the other hand, small holders have been relieved of a portion of their burden. Perhaps it is due to the assessor's course that there is this year an unusual interest in the levy, and a stronger determination to force the supervisors to respect the limit set in advance.

Despite all the fervid asseveration that this department and that will be crippled, the public feels no alarm. In other words, the public thinks an attempt is being made to befool it again, and refuses to be duped. It has grown tired of having its substance scattered, and getting no adequate return. It turns a deaf ear to the wail of the wasteful, nor does it thrill with an impulse to ease the itching palms of the City Hall contingent. The supervisors appear to realize that the popular sentiment is too strong to be over-ridden, and while a part of them would gladly fix the levy at a higher figure, and are throwing out hints calculated to win permission to do so, they meet with no encouragement. Possibly one or two extraneous schemes of improvement would have to be deferred, but it would be better to have this so than to crowd upon the tax-payers now a greater load than they are willing to bear, or to furnish money to be squandered. Let the supervisors keep faith. Unless they all intend leaving political life they will later be glad of having done so; besides, a pledge should not be broken, and there is such a thing as conscience.

Even such Americans as have no sympathy with the subjugation of the Philippines regret that the military course there has been so barren of result. Having determined to assert authority and hold sway, regard for national pride would dictate that the task be quickly accomplished. The truth is that little has been done. Our army holds Manila and some territory near by. The soldiers have been gallant and daring. Some of their feats have been brilliant, all of them successful, and all of them fruitless. They have taken towns only to give them up again, have stormed intrenchments only to retire from them, permitting the enemy to come back. This has been humiliating alike to the soldiery and the nation.

The mistake, long ago discerned, was that not enough troops have been sent. The handful under the command of Otis can scatter any force the Filipinos can muster, but it can not hold the ground. Its efforts are wasted, its blood vainly spilled. Had the magnitude of the task been realized in the beginning, hostilities might have been over before the setting in of the rainy season. It was soon realized, but only a feeble effort has been made to overcome the error. Otis is to have more men, but not enough more. If there is any merit in the judgment of numerous authorities who have been on the scene, the augmented force will be sufficient only to carry on the sort of futile war that has preserved hope in the heart of Aguinaldo. General Lawton, a veteran Indian fighter, says the Philippines can not be taken and held by less than one hundred thousand men. Hampered by the ethics of his profession in expressing his convictions, he assuredly would not overdraw the situation. He has had a bitter experience in defeating Filipinos only to discover that the next day they were in the same place, ready to be defeated once more. When Dr. McQueston, who had served long on the staff of Otis, came back to his home in this city, he expressed himself freely, drawing a dark picture of the aspect. He told of the reign of disease under which many Americans were certain to fall, while the natives would be gaining in strength and perfecting their defenses. According to his estimate, one hundred and fifty thousand soldiers would be needed. In the light of events, this does not appear to be an exaggeration.

The administration is making no effort to supply anything approximating the number by General Lawton deemed necessary. Otis is to have less than fifty thousand, according to present plans, and with these the war will simply be prolonged indefinitely. It is not believable that Lawton spoke without knowledge, nor does it seem wise that his counsel should be ignored. The administration should remember that this is not a popular war. The first flush of excitement has died away. The truth has dawned that Aguinaldo, albeit a mercenary adventurer, fights with unwavering courage, and that the ragged hordes following him are offering their lives for the sake of liberty. It is folly not to acknowledge his strength. It is idle to term him a reck-

less savage, nor can the belief be checked that there is in him and his men a valor worthy of admiration, and that in their struggle they are as conscientious as the invading Americans. And as the war is unpopular now, it has only to last to become the source of an opposition so fierce as to give to the political enemies of the administration the means of attack and may be of victory.

Jahart

The Bakers on one side and the Whites and Howards on the other are the central forces of the great feud in Clay County, Kentucky. Recently Tom Baker killed a member of the opposition, and while he was under arrest he in turn was killed. These murders make six that have been perpetrated in that feud during the last two years. The feud originated fifty years ago over a spring wagon valued at forty dollars, and has been waged with merciless fury ever since. How these feuds are handed down from generation to generation may be inferred from the following vow publicly made by the widow of Tom Baker:

"I can not realize that poor Tom is dead. He was so good to me and the boys. There are eleven of them, you know, and I have prayed to God that my unborn child will be a boy, that he, too, can help in the work of vengeance that I have laid out for my sons to do. They have sent my eldest boy, Jimmie, to jail, but he will get out, for they can not convict him. I shall devote my life to getting revenge for the slaying of Tom. I shall teach the boys that it is their duty to kill every White and every Howard who was in any way responsible for the killing of their father."

Thus, not only are the sons taught by their parents to perpetuate the feud, but the children, male and female, draw it in with their mothers' milk, and are made murderers before they are born. Under these circumstances, coupled with the fact that it is something of a point of honor with the administrators of the law not to interfere in these private quarrels, the feuds gather strength with each succeeding generation, and nothing but the extermination or expulsion of one side by the other ends them. For this reason the people of the mountains of Kentucky stand wholly apart from the great body of Americans, and present a very curious and instructive study in sociology.

The condition now existing in Kentucky was at one time common to all the Southern States, and was finally abolished only by the terrible stress of the Civil War. That conflict so overshadowed any feud, so thinned the ranks of the fighters, and so completely broke the fighting spirit, that nothing was left upon which the feuds could subsist. Before the South could recover, the liberation of the slaves and the rapid change of social, business, and industrial conditions established a new order of things, a new civilization, lacking many of the graces and most of the elegance of the old, but utterly banishing family feuds.

The mountains of Tennessee, Kentucky, and the Carolinas were inaccessible to the influences that destroyed the feuds of the level farming regions. The fight that the mountaineers had to make against rebellious natural conditions was harder. The mountains shut out the rest of the world. Besides, the men, for the simple reason that they were mountaineers, were harder, more independent, more restive under restraint of any kind. They had never been softened by the luxury of slave-holding. Because there was no attrition with the outside people, they maintained without change the ignorance, half-savagery, courage, and cunning that distinguished them from the days when Daniel Boone pioneered their ancestors thither—the same sense of personal accountability, uprightness in business dealings, cleanness in private life, and jealousy of individual liberty.

There seems to be an odd instinct among the American people that urges them to homogeneity—a kinship of local laws, customs, and aims. This homogeneity embodies the strength, the greatness, the majesty of the nation. Slave-holding was offensive, and was therefore abolished by the sheer force of the rest of the country, largely because it was an offensively local custom. The lynchings in the South are the residuum of the spirit upon which the feuds of the farming regions thrived; and they are highly offensive to the rest of the country. Polygamy, a local institution in Utah, is even more offensive, and the engineering of the national government has been brought into service to suppress it. There is a great, silent power that demands of us all that we shall be one people; that power makes the strength and glory of the nation. It is the tyrannical, irresistible power of the majority, the true spirit of democracy; it is the thing that distinguishes this country from all the other great countries of the world.

Along with the feuds of the Appalachian range are other conditions of a kindred character. The illicit distillation of spirits is one of them. This form of robbing the government is merely a variation of an almost universal spirit among the people of all the States. The manufacture of "moonshine whisky" is not a whit worse than the evasion of the poll-tax or a concealment of property from the tax-assessor by the most respectable and enlightened deacon of a wealthy metropolitan church. He is a rare citizen who is not ready to evade payment of taxes to the furthest limit of his wit or

daring. Hence it is unjust to the Kentucky "moonshiners" to seek to make them odious by holding up their peculiar industry to obloquy. Let them be called upon to show their patriotism in a way best suited to their temperament—let them be shown that they should fight for their country—and they would come down grim and strong, and go forth silently to kill or be killed.

It is easy to say that if these people, having in their blood the rudiments of the finest, purest, and strongest citizenship, were educated, the problem of their lawlessness and their taming would be solved. What may be learned from books is but a small part of a citizen's education. General Howard's proposed university, which is to teach these people, will find itself besieging an impregnable fortress. They are religious, but Christianity sets aside for the feud; and so would the school. It is the isolation of these splendid half-savages—people of our own blood, and as good as the rest of us, and in some ways better than we—that makes them what they are; and that is the one obstacle that can not be overcome. In time (but that time is very remote) it will be overcome, but that will be only when the mountains are denuded of the splendid forests that cover them.

There are students of sociology ready to argue that the feud is not a regrettable thing, for the reason that there naturally go with it certain social forces of exceptional beauty and value. Certain it is that in the old slavery days in the South there existed, with the feud, individual and social traits working more powerfully for individual strength and social purity than any law could do. The law was a convenience, not a resort. A man's promise was his bond; that was the cradle of honor. His protection was his courage and his hand; that was the foundation of personal accountability. His home and all within it were his kingdom; that enlarged his responsibility and paternalism. But sectional institutions are un-American; that is the thing which damns them.

Jahart

Through the ingenuous use of the newspaper interview, that latest echo branch of the Democratic party which does not believe in tying up to the old silver issue for another campaign seems to be injecting a new Presidential possibility into the field. We refer to the recently published interview with ex-Senator Gorman, of Maryland, which appeared in the *New York World*.

Personally, Mr. Gorman is gaining in strength in his own State and looms up in proportion as an available candidate for his party. His case looked desperate when Maryland went solidly Republican, electing not only a governor but a legislature which deprived Mr. Gorman of his seat in the United States Senate. But that astute politician has, Achilles-like, gotten his political heel on the ground in Baltimore, where his party has elected a mayor by a majority which threatens to change the political complexion of the State this fall. As the contest stands now there are but two Democratic candidates for President in view, and the decision between them depends wholly on the choice of an issue. If the Democratic convention stands by free silver as the leading issue, Mr. Bryan is its logical and almost certain nominee. If silver is displaced there is no longer a place for Mr. Bryan, and many of his former supporters are liable to drift into the camp of Mr. Gorman, or some other Democrat holding similar views.

Mr. Gorman has fairly outlined the platform preferred by the anti-Bryanites, and the contest of issues is fairly on. Mr. Gorman says: "My deliberate judgment is that the battle against that class of trusts which obtain by legislation undue power to restrain trade will be the overwhelming issue." To this he indefinitely adds the secondary "questions of militarism." What these questions are Mr. Gorman does not disclose. While he never approved of the acquisition of the Philippines as a whole, he always favored the acquirement of Manila and sufficient contiguous territory for a coaling and naval base, and he now admits that the present situation demands that this country shall continue the war until the Filipinos are suppressed.

It is not yet certain where Democratic opinion is going to land on this vexed question of expansion. The strength of the Democratic party lies in the South, and the evidences are that it will have to meet in its stronghold a very uncomfortable amount of expansion sentiment. The Southern States were enthusiastically active in the Spanish War; Congressman Bailey was promptly turned down when he attempted to pledge his State of Texas against the acquisition of foreign islands; the editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*, whose hand is on the Democratic pulse in the South generally, and in Georgia in particular, has warned his party not to make anti-expansion its issue; and the reception of General Wheeler's recent Charleston speech, in which he portrayed the beauties of an expansion policy, indicated that his remarks had touched a popular chord in South Carolina. Mr. Gorman's attitude is one of tactful caution, as it relates to that subject. In the divided condition of his party he needs to be cautious. His anti-silver views will give him

CONTINUING A
MILITARY
MISTAKE.

trouble enough in the West. To go counter to the sentiment of Democratic voters in the South on the issue of expansion would be fatal.

The presentation of Mr. Gorman as a candidate is made by Mr. Perry Belmont, who is president of Richard Croker's Democratic Club, and the announcement, which also comes by the interview route, is understood to be the outcome of recent conferences between Democratic leaders in New York. On issues, Mr. Belmont is generally vague and mysterious, as seems to be the rule with Democrats who are not silver fanatics. He is sure that the parity of our dollars will not be impaired by the Democrats adopting what he calls the "16 to 1 ad." That he is not violently anti-trust may be judged from his statement that "it is incredible that Democrats will demand that the federal power shall control State industries and State corporations that are absolutely local." He believes both parties will evade that issue. He is equally vague as to expansion. He foresees dire trouble arising in the future between the Constitution and the Philippines, between Congress and the Executive, but just what it is, or how his party regards it, the deponent saith not. What he is entirely certain about is that if "the Democracy shall unite on Gorman as a candidate, with the fervor the party exhibited in 1876, he will carry their banner to victory."

In the Republican branch of the campaign which is preparing for next year there are also indications of movement. Governor Roosevelt, hitherto regarded as the most formidable, if not the only contestant with President McKinley for the nomination, has definitely taken himself out of the race. His journey to New Mexico proved an ovation. It also proved that not only his Rough Riders but a great many people beside regarded him with favor as a candidate for the Presidency. So pertinent and persistent were the popular expressions from his own State to the South-West, that the governor took the first opportunity on his return to Albany to state for publication his attitude toward the Presidency. This he did by saying: "Everybody in the West is for McKinley's renomination, and I am most emphatically for his renomination, of course." To which he adds, as a reason, that "the Philippine question alone makes it necessary to secure McKinley's renomination and election as a national duty."

In the face of the pointed demands on Governor Roosevelt and the characteristic frankness with which he has met them, there can be no doubt that he means exactly what he says, and that his withdrawal has so far removed all serious opposition that the friends of the President now regard his renomination as a certainty. With the withdrawal of both Reed and Roosevelt it would, indeed, seem that the last obstacle had been removed. Still there are rumblings of discontent within the party, occasioned by the course of the Executive. They are plainly voiced by the Portland *Oregonian*, a paper whose devotion to the party and to expansion is well known. It charges the administration with cowardice, delay, and equivocation in the Philippines; with disgraceful appointments to office; with betrayal of the civil service and violation of the pledges of the party as to currency reform. It finds plenty of available material for the Presidency in Seth Low, Charles F. Adams, Secretary Long, Senators Lodge and Spooner, and Benjamin Harrison. But it concludes that, if McKinley is renominated, he must be elected in order to preserve the gold standard. There is more of this matter, which must be deferred for want of space.

The temperance people of England have received a shock in the reports published by the royal commission charged with investigating the effects of the liquor laws of England and Wales. These laws in the main regulate the traffic in intoxicating drinks by a rigid enforcement of certain standards of purity, by fixing the quantities that shall be sold for certain sums, and by requiring the orderly conduct of public houses. The enactment of these laws was opposed by temperance advocates on the ground, first, that it was essentially immoral and degrading for a nation to recognize and protect the traffic in liquor; and second, that prohibition, in the form of local option or excessive license charges, was the only possible way to check the evil. Since the adoption and enforcement of the laws the temperance people have been producing evidence that the evil was increasing, and that the English people were steadily going to ruin.

The reports promulgated by the royal commission show a very different state of affairs. They show that temperance has increased in every part of England and Wales during the last twenty years. In the years 1874-8, the proportion of persons tried for drunkenness was 812.48 in 100,000. From 1879 to 1883 the proportion dropped to 697.50. From 1884 to 1888 the proportion fell to 636.40. In 1894 it was 594.54. Thus in twenty years there was a decrease of 217.94 in 100,000 of trials for drunkenness.

Expert opinions, taken independently of these records,

bear them out. Sir John Bridge, the eminent Bow-Street magistrate, declares that there has certainly been a decrease of drunkenness, and the records of his court verify his assertion. In the Piccadilly district there is a slight increase, but that is because of clubs there. From Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Bradford, Lancashire, Staffordshire, Bristol, Plymouth, York, and all the other cities come reports of a marked decrease.

Local option has about had its day in the United States, where it had a wide sweep some years ago. A large proportion of the towns in which it was tried have relapsed. Prohibitionists themselves, or some of them, have admitted that the great Maine experiment was a failure. The Prohibition party, whose rise and decline may be taken as an index of the prohibition sentiment in this country, is no longer a factor in politics.

Temperance workers are now proceeding on other lines, with prospects of substantial results. Recognizing, as do all intelligent persons, the evil of drink, they have turned their efforts to the education of the young. It was largely through their efforts that the injurious effects of alcohol were made a part of the instruction of children in the public schools of many of the States. As children are apt imitators, it is natural that they should follow the example of their parents; if these drink, the children will naturally do so—will likely inherit a tendency to drink, besides acquire the practice from example. It has come about, as a result of the new method of instruction, that drinking in many a home has been abandoned through the influence exercised by the children.

The original plan of temperance reformers was to abolish drinking by force. In order to do this a curtailment of personal privileges was a corollary. How this procedure was resented is remembered by all who recall the violent opposition roused everywhere to what came to be known as "sumptuary laws." Of a piece with these laws were others, framed in the interest of labor unions, prohibiting its members from working on Sundays and holidays. In this way laws curtailing the privileges of the individual multiplied, provoked antagonism, were enacted and enforced in many instances, and gradually were ignored and forgotten.

Regulation in the true sense has never been attempted in this country. There has been no limit of charges, no standards of purity, no special efforts to enforce the orderly conduct of drinking-houses. The experience of England might be considered with profit. Add to it the effect of popular instruction of children, and the drink evil ought to be manacled in time. But the drink evil is only one of very many evils—less than it, but evils notwithstanding—that await the good effects of education and regulation.

While the Non-Partisans have been a factor in every recent campaign in this city, they have never by their own votes elected a candidate, and there is no reason for supposing that they ever will. Siebe and Hebbard were nominated by them, but won through personal popularity, and there is no doubt that if they maintain their organization and scatter their indorsements they will occasionally hit upon good men, and in the election of them find cause for rejoicing, taking to themselves unction of soul.

Non-Partisans profess to be in favor of honest government and a riddance of bosses. These are excellent professions, and need only to be lived up to to accomplish much of benefit to the community. However, they are not lived up to, or there would not now be witnessed the spectacle of these avowedly moral citizens engaged in an attempt to defeat the new primary law. In other places purification of the primaries is regarded as a matter of first importance, and is steadily advancing, while reputable citizenship is glad to see it advance, and views the circumstance as a triumph for decency. That the primary, loosely conducted, ignored by a large element of respectability and turned over to that class of social offal known variously as "heelers," or "the push," is the basis of most political evils, is too plain to be denied. Any so-called effort at beneficent change not directed by recognition of this fact is not that which it purports to be. It is either a deliberate fraud or an impotent waste of endeavor. The way to strike at bossism is through the primary.

Minnesota has acted upon this knowledge, with the result that it now has a law abolishing all nominating conventions. Nominees are to be chosen alone by primary election, and this is stringently regulated. It will give all voters an equal chance, and if it does not succeed in abolishing the boss will certainly fail of its purpose, and for reasons that can not now be discerned. By the terms of this law the auditor must have printed official ballots containing the names of all who desire to be candidates. Each such person must present a petition signed by at least five per cent. of the voters, reckoned from the figures of the election immediately previous, and must pay to the auditor a fee of ten dollars. Those

who receive the largest support at the primary will be given place on the ballot at the general election.

People who are really anxious to see elections purified will watch with interest the working of the Minnesota plan, as it has yet to be tried. It appeals to the judgment as being well calculated to break any party machine, and to put political power into the hands of the people from whom it has been wrested by demagogues and unscrupulous "statesmen" of the corner-grocery variety. To be effective, however, it will necessitate the awakening of the voters to the importance of the opportunity afforded them. They have the privilege of freeing themselves from a condition little less than a hateful bondage, and if they do not care to avail themselves of it they do not deserve rescue.

While the effort to bring about this change was under way, there was no report that the Non-Partisans of Minnesota were exerting themselves to continue the primary as a mere tool of corruption. It is not too much to say that the local band might well look to that State for a few hints as to how to become truly good, and avoid the unpleasant likelihood of being suspected of hypocrisy.

The episode of the *Nippon Maru* and its cargo of bubonic plague bacilli is at an end, but the conditions which involved friction during its continuance continue, and it may be proper to say a few words respecting it, lest there should be a repetition. Briefly stated, the friction resulted from a contest between a federal official endeavoring to perform his duty under the plain letter of the law, and a State official anxious to perform some work to justify him in drawing his salary. The assumption of the city board of health that it was necessary for its employees to take action in this case, to protect the people of the city from infection is absurd. The federal authorities were doing that in a thorough and competent manner, and there was no necessity for interference. The city board of health is continually asking for larger and larger appropriations; let it confine itself to its legitimate duties and it will not only save money but it will be able to perform those duties more efficiently. Assuming that there were germs of the plague on this vessel, and that the federal authorities had not made provision for effective quarantine, what would have been the result? The city board has provided no quarantine station, so the vessel would have been anchored out in the stream, and the passengers would have been cooped up in it. The conditions would have been most unfavorable for effective fumigation; the passengers, besides being made uncomfortable, which is comparatively unimportant, would have been exposed to contagion, which is important. Case after case would develop, since medical science has not yet learned to cure the disease, and each case would have prolonged the period of quarantine.

The law on the subject is perfectly clear, and has already been stated in these columns. The federal quarantine law provided that whenever the President found that the local authorities were not enforcing the national quarantine regulations he should appoint a federal official to perform those duties, and that, when this was done, the State laws should be abrogated. The subject of quarantine is in the hands of the federal government under the constitution, though the States may act in the absence of federal action. The President found that in San Francisco the federal regulations were not enforced, and that the facilities for their enforcement did not exist here. Thereupon he appointed a federal quarantine officer. After that the State quarantine officer had no legitimate duty to perform beyond drawing his salary, and he should confine himself to that duty.

It has been said that where argument fails ridicule is a most effective weapon in routing a well-intrenched enemy, and perhaps this offers an explanation of the latest move that has been reported in the field of trusts. The news comes that the Pullman-car porters have organized themselves into a trust. There is clearly something beneath the surface in this move, for everybody knows that organization for mutual protection among these people is wholly unnecessary. There is no more unrestricted autocrat than the porter on a sleeping-car. The President of the United States, despite his high office, must confess to seventy million masters, but the Pullman-car porter knows none. The justification of this trust must be found elsewhere. The most plausible explanation comes in the suggestion of ridicule. The humor of the colored man is proverbial, and these porters are usually colored. Who can say that they have not found a more effective weapon for the destruction of trusts than have the multitudes of legislators who have been enacting anti-trust laws throughout the land?

A SERIOUS BLOW AT THE TRUSTS.

The signature of the editor is appended to every article in this issue written, dictated, or inspired by him, in accordance with the "signature law," enacted during the session of the legislature.

SIMILIA SIMILIBUS.

The Mystery of a Memorable Dinner-Party.

The Lowdens gave a dinner recently at which ten guests were present. Little Roach told me about it, the next day after it occurred, with a great deal of gusto. I fancy Roach is not asked there to dinner very frequently, nor anywhere else for that matter. His excessive curiosity, and his disposition to talk over affairs that are not his own, makes people nervous about him, and render his conversation just a little tiresome.

Now there was nothing unusual about the fact that the Lowdens gave a dinner. Max does not dance, and Mrs. Lowden dislikes cards, and neither of them care much for music, so they have compromised on the dinner, as a convenient method of entertaining friends and of repaying social obligations. They keep an excellent cook, and Mrs. Lowden herself, so her husband once told me, watches every detail of the event. Max is a good judge of wines and an agreeable talker. They have friendships among no end of clever people, and they are judicious in their arrangement of their guests. To be invited to a dinner at the Lowdens is at once a distinction and a piece of good fortune, and I did not wonder at the enthusiasm of little Roach.

"I sat between Mrs. General Gumm and Count von Haasse," said he, "and we talked—"

"Who else was there?" I asked, looking about me, and planning the quickest method of escape.

He gave me the list, checking them off on his fingers to insure a correct count. As he proceeded, I listened with more and more interest, and when the tale was ended, it suddenly dawned upon me that this was an event of a most unusual character, and one that I must know more about—but not from Roach.

"There goes my car," I exclaimed, and was presently put down four blocks out of my way.

Max Lowden and I are old friends, and our fathers were business associates half a century ago. I was confident that if I gave him a chance, he would explain the mystery of this dinner, and I telephoned to ask how soon he and Mrs. Lowden would be at home on an evening. I had a handful of new opals to show them. Not to-night, nor to-morrow night; but the next, and I "would be most welcome."

In the meantime I met another of the guests of that extraordinary dinner, a Mrs. Hoppin, whom I know but slightly. I know her husband, however, a subdued, crushed, much-married-looking individual, who occasionally wanders unhappily about the rooms of the club where I live. I was making a call, and there were a good many people there, and I was talking to somebody, or trying to talk, for the incessant twitter of a shrill voice a few feet away made conversation difficult.

"Yes; I met him recently at a dinner at Mrs. Lowden's," the voice said—it was the voice of Mrs. Hoppin. An eloquently vacant look came into the face of my companion. She was not listening to me, which was well enough, for I was paying no attention to what I said. "It was a charming dinner—a most delightful set of people one always meets at the Lowdens." I could tell from the inflection that the person to whom she spoke was not so fortunate as to know the Lowdens. "Let me see: who were there? I am sure you know them all." Then came that list again, and for a second time I felt the strange thrill that comes with an unexplained mystery.

Mrs. Hoppin twittered on, her sharp notes cutting their way through the soft hum of the general conversation about us. She really had never had such a charming dinner as that. She must be excused for speaking of it, for it was like an event in one's life, don't you know.

I assured my *vis-à-vis* that we agreed perfectly on the matters we had been discussing, and then went off to hunt for my hat. I was anxious to learn about the dinner, but not from Mrs. Hoppin.

The Lowdens were in the library, when I called—a cozy little den, which was usually sacred to Max and his friends; but on this occasion Mrs. Lowden was there, seated at the desk, with a writing-pad before her.

"You are just in time," she said, signaling at me with a lead pencil, "to help us determine who beside yourself shall come to dinner here next Wednesday."

"Besides myself," I repeated; "truly I am in time, if my presence has accomplished that much."

"You are just about always on the list old man," said Lowden. "I should think you would grow weary of our dinners."

I started in to say something about oases in the arid desert of social life, when Mrs. Lowden interrupted:

"Come; give me a name."

"Put down little Roach," said I.

Mrs. Lowden pressed the pencil against her lips. "Do you really like him—pretty well?" she asked, doubtfully. "Besides," she continued, with feminine disconnectedness, "he dined here only last week; so it would not do, you know."

"Of course," said I; "let me see. How about Mrs. Hoppin?"

"Mrs. Hoppin!" cried the lady at the desk, and her voice suddenly took on a shrill quality, quite foreign to it. "Oh, no, not Mrs. Hoppin. We had her, too, last week." I meditated for a moment in silence.

"General Gumm," I said, at length.

Max Lowden started up and looked at me suspiciously. His wife laughed.

"I n't that funny, Max," she exclaimed. "Mr. Robinson has pitched upon three out of the ten people that we had to dinner last Thursday."

"Put down Count von Haasse," said I, seriously.

Mrs. Lowden dropped her pencil and stared. Max rose from his chair near the fire-place and brought a decanter of Scotch and a bottle of seltzer and a glass, and placed them on the tabourette at my elbow.

"The drinks are on us," said he. "Who told you about it?"

"Oh, several," said I, indifferently. "Where do you get this Scotch?" There was a faint cry from Mrs. Lowden.

"Are people talking—" she asked. Mr. Max grabbed the poker, and began hammering a lump of coal in the fire-place.

"What difference does it make," said I; "people must have something to talk about, and a peculiar affair like that—"

"But it was not peculiar at all," exclaimed Mrs. Lowden, and then added, incoherently: "that was why it was so strange."

"I see," said I, though I really did not see at all, but was, in fact, entirely mystified. "Whose idea was it, in the first place?"

"I will tell you all about it," said Max, waving the poker in a threatening way. "Probably I was more to blame—"

"Max, you mustn't!" cried Mrs. Lowden, with great vehemence; "we ought not to talk about it. Mr. Robinson will excuse us, I am sure."

"Of course," said I, with great dignity; "I did not suppose it was so bad as that."

"Nonsense, Marie," said Lowden. "I am going to make a clean breast of the whole business to Ned; he may be able to help us out. But tell me, first of all, do you think any of them suspect?"

"Not one," said I, with splendid confidence.

"Thank Heaven for that!" said Mrs. Lowden. "You may tell him, Max."

"You are a bachelor, Ned," said Lowden, "and you probably have very little idea of the many and complicated social problems that people who entertain even as little as we do must meet and solve. Now I used to think, in the innocence of my pre-marital days, that the whole social scheme was based on the desire of certain people to make things pleasant for certain other people whom they like and admire. But bless your heart, my boy, that has no more to do—"

"Oh, Max," interrupted his wife, "you are not telling this story the right way. Mr. Robinson understands well enough that every social set has attached to it, inevitably, a class of people that are somehow not exactly what you might call—"

"Desirable," I suggested.

"She means the bores," said Max.

"I mean," said Mrs. Lowden, with dignity, "those people that do not seem to mix well with others."

"Exactly," I assented, "the disintegrators."

"It is perfectly mysterious," continued Mrs. Lowden, "how many people of that sort manage to get strings on you. That is what Max calls it. Some of them are distant relatives of your own, others are near relatives of your dearest friends. Sometimes they do things for you, before you can head them off, and place you under obligations that way, and sometimes they just cold-bloodedly make demands that you have not the courage to refuse."

"And both you and Max are sympathetic by nature," I added.

"What is a man to do?" said Lowden. "There is that chap, Rufus J. Peet. You know him. We all three went to school together. Of course he is, from a social point of view, just about everything that a man ought not to be, but when he came to my office a little while ago, and remarked almost pathetically that he so frequently heard his friends speak of my dinners, but had never been invited to one, although he was an old friend—a very old friend—well, I tumbled into it, and Marie was furious."

"But that was no worse than the case of Mrs. Rankin," said his wife. "You wouldn't believe, would you, that a woman could have the impudence to actually demand—well, I simply can not tell it."

"I understand," said I; "the hold-up business flourishes in every line of life. But go on with the story."

"Every time we have made up a dinner-list lately," resumed Mrs. Lowden, "there has been a sort of a—you might call it a discussion—"

"Row," interjected her husband.

"—Between Max and myself about inviting some of these people, to—to—work them off, you know."

"I understand," said I. "You objected to his particular friends, and he objected to yours."

"Yes, and we both hated to inflict them on people of the right sort. So Max finally suggested—"

"Only in fun, you know, but Marie took it in earnest."

"Well, so did you finally. Max suggested that we make up a list for one dinner to contain absolutely nothing but bores—the very worst ones we knew."

"There were ten of them," said Max, "all stars of the first magnitude."

"Ten, not including ourselves," commented Mrs. Lowden, with the instinctive arithmetic of a dinner-giver.

"I would not think of including you, of course," said I.

"There was that Mrs. Rickie, who tells you all about the various things her husband died of; and little Roach, you know him, of course; and the Hoppins, he scarcely spoke above a whisper, while she just shrieked; and Max's dear old friend Peet—"

"Cut that," growled Lowden; "he was paired off with Marie's particular fancy, Mrs. Rankin. They talked religion with great vigor throughout the meal. The solemn Miss Pollock, who never says a word, sat next to Count von Haasse. Did you ever read any of his books?"

"Horribly soggy," said I; "undigested German-English."

"Well, be it worse than his books."

"It is a shame to talk about people in such a way," said Mrs. Lowden, covering her face with her hands; "when one has entertained them, too. That is why I did not want Max to tell about this dinner."

"And General Gumm and his wife," began Lowden.

"Oh, I know the list well enough," said I. "But tell me, how did the affair pass off?"

Mrs. Lowden gave a rapturous little laugh, and her husband's features relaxed into a grin.

"That is the strangest part of it," she said. "Nothing ever took place in this house that was a bigger success than that. We expect our guests to have a pleasant time, or we are disappointed, but we do not look to see them go into ecstasies of joy, and fairly gurgled with happiness, as these people did. They ate enormously—"

"And drank," interjected Max.

"And that is one of the surest signs that people are enjoying themselves. But the queerest thing of all was the way they took to one another. We matched them up with some care—"

"Marie did that," said Lowden. "Tell him your plan, dear."

"It is perfectly simple," said she. "Bores are divided into two classes—those who talk too much, or those who don't talk at all. Little Roach, who prattles incessantly, took out Mrs. Gumm, who was never known to say anything except 'yes' and 'no.' Mr. Hoppin sat next to Mrs. Rickie and listened most attentively to all her troubles. It was like that all around the table. Max and I had nothing to do but to sit up and look pleasant."

"What a triumph!" said I. "What a splendid social achievement! To entertain clever people is nothing—they entertain themselves and one another—but to accomplish such results with such material—it was magnificent. Would that I might have been there to behold it. Tell me, Mrs. Lowden, why was I not invited?"

"Indeed, Mr. Robinson," answered the lady, "we discussed asking you, and at one time had about decided—"

"You see," cut in her husband, hastily, "our first plan was to invite some very clever people—two or three—to help us entertain the others."

"Yes," assented Mrs. Lowden, with an eagerness that seemed to cover a little confusion; "but we changed that, and left you out. Now won't you help make up the list for a little dinner next week?"

I said nothing more on the subject of my invitation, but I could not avoid giving the matter some quiet thought.

Perhaps Max was right. It would have been better not to have told the story. CHARLES DWIGHT WILLARD.

SAN FRANCISCO, July, 1899.

TROOPER JACKSON.

"Don't you hear the bugle soundin', Trooper Jackson?
Come, shake yourself! There's trouble down ahead!
With a lot o' Texas run they're a-makin' matters hum!
She's a-tootin' 'boots an' saddles'! Out o' bed!
They're a-yellin' like the devil down the cañon!
A han'some lot of able-bodied Utes—
An' the orders is, to rip 'em,
An' to slash 'em, an' to nip 'em,
So jump along an' tumble in your boots!"

Oh! the ride was wild an' darin' down the bottom!
Just sixty men, where ten troops should have been.
Not a tremble, not a quiver, as they dashed along the river
At the howlin' horde of undiluted sin!
Like a teamster's whip the guidons were a-snappin'!
My God! the Indians numbered ten to one.
Through the blindin' rifle flame
They kept ridin' just the same,
With "Old Glory" in the van a-leadin' on.

Like a catapult they bit 'em in the middle!
While the "traders" powder tore its dirty way,
An' the flamin' sheets o' hell scorched their tunics as they fell,
An' their yellow plumes were crimson from the fray.
But the orders was to give 'em a "chastisin'!"
With sixty men, where ten troops should 'ave been.
But they done it just the same!
An' they never thought to blame,
With the forty dead and dyin' carried in.

"Here's to you, cussin', fighting, Trooper Jackson!
Here's to you for the glory that you won!
'Twas a slashin', dashin' ride when you crossed the Great Divide,
But you done it as I like to see it done.
Your photograph's a-hangin' in the barrack,
An' your sabre ornaments the Colonel's hall.
'When your bugle sounded 'taps,'
Then you won your shoulder-straps,
An' you'll wear 'em at the final grand 'recall.'"
—Thomas Edward Grafton in *July Harpers*.

Robert Bonner, who built up a great fortune as editor and proprietor of the New York *Ledger*, is dead at the age of seventy-five. He came to this country from Ireland when a boy of fifteen, and learned the printer's trade. In 1851 he bought the *Ledger*, when he was twenty-seven. The paper was a commercial weekly, but Mr. Bonner changed it to a story paper. Its circulation began to increase and every means was used to extend it. Prominent people as well as noted writers were invited to contribute to the paper, and high prices paid for their articles. Mrs. Sigourney, Fanny Fern, Edward Everett, James Parton, Henry Ward Beecher, William Cullen Bryant, and others as notable signed poems, essays, and stories in the *Ledger*, and their work was advertised with a lavishness previously unknown. The paper reached a circulation larger than that of any other in the country. Mr. Bonner retired from the management of the *Ledger* in 1888. For some years he had been interested in trotting-horses, and owned several of the fastest in the world. Dexter was his first notable purchase, and Maud S. and Sunol came afterward. Three of Mr. Bonner's sons took charge of his business on his retirement.

The burglars who robbed Mrs. Delia Mendes, a New York dressmaker, a few days ago, of goods valued at a thousand dollars had some feeling. The newspaper accounts of the burglary noted that it was the ninth time the place had been visited by thieves, and that each time the dressmaker's loss had been heavy, and the statement produced a remarkable and unlooked for result. A few hours later two bundles were received by Mrs. Mendes, brought by the city express, and on opening them she found the missing goods and an anonymous letter expressing sympathy for her in her previous losses.

LIFE AND DEATH IN CUBA.

Criticism of the Administration—Trouble at Cienfuegos—A Modern Revival of the Blue Laws—Gomez or Brooke, Which?—Yellow Fever Among the Soldiers.

The shy Cuban "soldier" is becoming more and more resigned to the "good-will loan" of five cents per census American—or seventy-five dollars per soldier Cuban—thrown at his head by his good friend at Washington, since he sees what enormous possibilities for noise there are in that contemptibly insignificant sum of nickels. The new thing in his life is the fire-cracker. Even yet the soldier Cuban might be reconciled to this dreary existence if only the eternal clock were to run down and stop forever and ever at the Fourth of July. A dispatch to the *New York Times* tells about the ins and outs of patriotism at Havana:

"The Prado and other streets of Havana were as noisy, doubtless, as any quarter of New York, Chicago, or San Francisco. More than three hundred persons attended the banquet in the Tacon Theatre this evening [July 4th].

"General Enrique Collazo, in a long letter to-day, compares the American annual celebration with present conditions in Cuba, dwells upon the assistance which the French gave to the Americans during the Revolutionary War, and contrasts the subsequent behavior of the French with that of the Americans in Cuba. He says: 'The Americans came to teach us the sublime right of personal freedom. Let us learn what is valuable and forget what is vicious. Let us imitate them day by day in their love of liberty.'

"The editorials in the local press are generally devoted to the Fourth of July. *La Lucha* exhorts the Americans to 'restrain their arrogance.' *La Discusion* congratulates the Americans upon their happiness, and says: 'Let them not forget that Cubans possess the same love of liberty that caused Washington to begin the creation of that nation which stands to-day a monument to his name.' *El Reconstruido* says: 'We also have our Fourth, which it is not necessary to compound with the happiness of the Americans. To-day we are really servants and slaves. We can not mix in the festivals of a free people.'

The Puerto Principe newspapers announce the withdrawal of General Carpenter from that province. If they were American papers their words might have weight; as it is, they were either omitted from the list of soldier Cubans, or lost their muskets. *Dos Republicos* says:

"As we have said before, we oppose the form which American intervention has assumed. We have protested, and always shall protest, against President McKinley's dictatorial system. We are as tired as ever of an undefined policy, and we continue to insist upon that absolute independence for which the youth and wealth of the islands have been sacrificed these many generations. Still, we must say that General Carpenter has proved a dignified and just governor and a cultured gentleman. He has always attempted to further the interests of our people, who had grown to admire him. The Washington administration is making an error in removing a man universally popular among us, and sending to succeed him an unknown quantity—a man who may prove equally acceptable, but who has before him a long and tedious experience in learning the situation, proving his ability, and winning the confidence of the province."

These papers, of course, are prejudiced against the Americans. They complain that military rule is tyrannical, and cite instances of official conduct they do not like. Thus the press dispatches of June 25th from Cienfuegos give an instance of objectionable conduct on the part of some American army officers:

"Three American officers who had been creating a disturbance in a house of ill-repute, and had resisted arrest, entered a carriage and began firing their revolvers, wounding Policeman Ortega. Other policemen returned the fire, and, joined by a mob, pursued the carriage to the railway station, where American pickets were guarding wagons and a safe containing money. The troops, mostly recruits, on seeing that the officers were in danger, entrenched themselves behind the wagons, and began shooting, wounding two policemen and three civilians. A wealthy planter, who was passing in a carriage with his children, was struck by a Krag-Jorgensen. Señor Frias, the mayor, the Cuban General Esquerro, and Major Bowman, commanding the Americans, rode through the crowd, begging the people to restrain themselves and ordering the troops to stop firing. Their attempts were finally successful. The corporal in charge of the pickets says he did not give an order to fire, but people who were near insist that they heard him give such a command. Indignation runs high, but there is no fear of further trouble. The offending officers have been locked up."

The correspondent of the *New York Sun* at Havana gives the outcome of this disgraceful fight, under date of July 6th:

"A dispatch from Cienfuegos confirms the statements that Captain Fenton, who is charged with shooting into a crowd during the recent troubles in that city, had been relieved from his command. Lieutenant Mitchell, who commanded the squad guarding the pay-office, which fired on the Cubans, will be court-martialed. The residents of Cienfuegos will hold a mass-meeting to-night to thank General Brooke and General Wilson for doing justice in this case."

Some of the military orders that have been criticised as unnecessary and tyrannical, seem to have originated with the Cubans themselves; but there are others that the Americans are responsible for, and between them Havana would appear to be one of the most-governed cities in the world. We quote from the recent press dispatches:

"Señor Perfecto Lacoate, mayor of Havana, with the approval of Major General Ludlow, will issue a decree prohibiting the wearing of undershirts exposed—that is, uncovered by outer shirts or coats—in public places, doorways, windows, or balconies, under penalty of imprisonment at hard labor in the discretion of the court. It is the revival of a municipal ordinance of 1894, which had not been enforced."

"Another decree has been issued prohibiting smoking in street-cars and omnibuses. With reference to the latter, *La Lucha* will say to-morrow that such an order is 'petty and unreasonable among a population devoted to tobacco.' . . . A new order was promulgated lately by Police-Chief Menocal. Some time ago his force were deprived of cigarettes, which are to the Cubans as the staff of life; and now he has forbidden the men to drink even water while on duty, under the penalty of two dollars fine for each violation of the law. . . . Colonel Davis continues his exemplary work of hygiene and sanitation in this city. He has issued orders forbidding the carrying of soiled linen in street-cars or public conveyances. . . . The early closing regulations for week days, which are to go into effect shortly, provide that shops shall be shut at eight o'clock on all evenings but Saturday, when the time limit is extended to midnight. These reforms have been undertaken solely for the benefit of the working classes, and will doubtless justify themselves in public opinion after a brief trial. . . . General Ludlow's order for the closing of all stores—except *cafés*, drug-stores, and hake-shops—after ten o'clock Sunday morning was vigorously enforced to-day by the police and American soldiers. Many of the store-keepers here live in their stores, and they insisted that if they were compelled to close they would smother for lack of air; but the police were persistent in enforcing the order. Many merchants are indignant, saying that the conditions here are not such as prevail in the United States, and that it is an injustice to compel the closing of the stores. . . . General Ludlow is planning to change the names of the streets in the city and to designate them hereafter by numbers."

General Gomez, however, may have something to say about that; for a street can not be called Sixteenth Street and

Gomez Avenue at the same time. Osgood Welsh, who has lived in Cuba for thirty years, writes to the *New York Herald* that Gomez has a good deal to say about things:

"There is no getting away from the fact that Gomez and not General Brooke is the actual governor of Cuba. The Americans own and rule the cities, but the insurgents own and rule the interior. The President knows this and all his army officers know it. Brigandage is as bad now as it was at any time under Weyer. They are shooting brigands all the time. Six, I believe, were shot the other day at Santiago. The American people do not know what is going on because the information is kept from them. American owners of plantations are afraid to come out openly for annexation because they fear the insurgents. But they are working under cover. As the owner of one of the largest plantations near Cienfuegos, I am not afraid to tell the truth. If annexation does not come pretty quickly this government is going to have more trouble in Cuba than it has ever dreamed of."

"A great mistake was made at the outset, when the American soldiers went down there in January to take possession. The policy should have been to select a sufficient number of insurgents—and enough could have been obtained then—to police the island from one end to the other, and call upon the insurgents to give up their arms. What are our soldiers there for? Are they expected to protect the property-holders from plunder and brigandage by Cuban outlaws? If so, they are not doing it. The situation is as bad there now as it was under the Spanish. We have taken away the best government Cuba has had within four hundred years, and have put nothing in its place. There is no fear of the Spaniards in Cuba. The Spanish question is as dead there as the Irish question is in America."

"Do not misunderstand me. It was the proper thing for the Americans to take Cuba. We need it in our business, as the saying goes. But why not come out openly and say that we have taken it, and mean to keep it? What is the use of frittering away time by parleying with a lot of people who have no intention of developing the rich resources of the island, and who could not do it if they would? We Americans that own property in Cuba believe that annexation should come now, before any further injury is done. We are Americans, and have a right to protection there. It was bad enough to suffer ruin under the Spaniards, but it is intolerable to have it continued by our own people."

Mr. Welsh thinks that the plantations will be able to secure what labor they can use. He adds:

"We need not expect much help from the insurgents in that respect. They do not want to work, and they will not work. That is not their idea of the victory the Americans have won for them. They are looking for government positions and for plunder. Their army is breaking up into bands of brigands. The Spaniards know this, and they know that under Cuban rule existence would be made a burden to them. They are finding it out to a large extent already. That is why so many of them are leaving the island."

Major George M. Barbour, the sanitary commissioner at Santiago, pays his respects to the soldier Cuban. He says, in his official report:

"I take this opportunity to denounce in strong terms the existing police force of the city as something utterly incapable of any duty or assistance in maintaining or enforcing sanitary laws. It has never yet reported to this department any of the countless number of cases of flagrant violations and disobedience of such established sanitation regulations and laws, nor has it ever done one thing to prevent or arrest offenders, even in cases where officers were close witnesses of most disgusting acts. I find the so-called policemen lounging in *cafés*, saloons, and shady places, smoking and gossiping, or sleeping. Especially is this true of those supposed to be on duty in the suburban districts. Either from long-trained ignorance or contemptuous indifference, they constitute the most useless, stupid, and ridiculous alleged police force I have ever happened to observe."

The same officer, in a private letter that was published by the *New York Sun*, speaks of the sanitary work at Santiago:

"This is now as clean and as healthy as any city in the world, the result of American ideas, of constant attention, unremitting energy, and a good, heavy Spanish riding-whip frequently used. As yet there is no established, defined law on this or any other specific matter; simply a sharp military order, on my request, and then, backed by such order, I go ahead and execute the work and cause obedience by polite request or by force, as the case and the person make expedient. No five dollars fine and costs or ten days' here as yet. After an inspection and a second order, if that is found necessary, all goes well if that second order is obeyed. If not, more drastic measures."

"Within twenty-four hours after the American troops entered Santiago last July the sanitary commission was ordered. The filth and debris of bombarded buildings, ramshackle dwellings and stores, was awful. I secured a Spanish horse, ate plenty of bread with black coffee, drank plenty of good American whisky, got a whip, and sailed in. We broke into the houses and everywhere else where the smell indicated a corpse, human or animal, and removed eleven hundred and sixty-one dead men and two hundred and fifty animals in sixty-eight days, beginning and including July 21st, and the weather was, to me, red hot."

"I dropped all theoretical advice about one's health; took no special precautions or care of myself; kept in good humor, left water entirely alone, drank plenty of black coffee, claret, and constant nips of whisky. With a relay of horses, I was in the saddle from five-thirty in the morning until six or seven in the evening, and just pushed things for all I was worth. In many cases the men were encouraged by the example which the Americans set to the gangs of timid, suspicious, and superstitious laborers. It frequently happened that I was compelled to force my way into houses and other places wherein was a smell of a foul, swollen body, a victim of the yellow fever. I would grab this roll it into a blanket, quilt, sheet, or anything else that was handy, throw it into a wagon, and, with a load of eight or ten others, hurry to the dumping-place, and, with fire and petroleum, soon send them to ashes and to heaven."

Shortly after this letter was written yellow fever broke out at Santiago and Puerto Principe, and on June 19th there were three deaths—all of them American soldiers. By July 2d fifteen had died at Santiago alone of the disease. A dispatch of the latter date from Santiago to the *Chicago Times-Herald* says:

"Ten new cases of yellow fever were reported yesterday, and five have been reported to-day. This raises the total number of cases to seventy-four. The United States troops have all been removed from the infected camp, but the doctors seem unable to check the progress of the disease among them. The camp, which is on the road to El Morro, and in hilly country, was chosen because of its known salubrity and perfect sanitary condition. There are no cases of yellow fever in the city."

On July 5th a dispatch from Santiago says:

"Ten new cases of yellow fever and seven deaths were officially reported to-day. All the victims of the disease were soldiers, except one, an American blacksmith. A new fever hospital has been established near Boniato Camp, north of El Caney."

Surgeon General Sternberg on the same date received the following cable from Major O'Reilly, chief-surgeon at Havana, giving the yellow fever situation:

"Harvard (chief-surgeon at Santiago) telegraphed to-day total cases about one hundred, with twenty-one deaths. Surgeon Clendennin died yesterday. Other medical officers and three nurses are sick. Of our two camps one is safe, and the other, located in the foothills, five miles away, will probably be moved in a few days. One case is reported from Manzanillo."

Surprise may well be expressed that, after the cruel lesson of last year, the little garrison at Santiago should have been set down in a pest-hole to fight it out again with the plague of yellow fever; and something more than surprise, that the disease should have broken out in the barracks in each instance, and nowhere else.

WARRING COLONIAL DAMES.

They Go Into Court to Determine Who May Legally Use that Title—What the New York Women Claim—Amusing Incidents of the Trial.

If William Schwenk Gilbert had been in New York last week, he would have found in Part V. of the Supreme Court material for a farce that would have been far funnier than his "Trial by Jury." Justice Bookstaver's court-room was filled for several days with women of a class that seldom graces the musty chambers of the law. There was an air of high breeding about them that was not owing to their modish gowns alone, and it quite overpowered the ordinarily stern minions of the law. The ladies poured into the room when their case came up as if arriving at a fashionable reception; they moved about from group to group, greeting their friends with the unabashed freedom of kittens at play before a king; they applauded the testimony that suited them with ecstatic clappings of small, gloved hands; and when the brass-buttoned court functionary timorously rapped his gavel for order, they accorded him a well-bred stare through their lorgnettes and then dismissed the poor man with an indulgent smile.

The case being tried was that of the Colonial Dames of America against the Colonial Dames of the State of New York and the National Society of Colonial Dames of America, the first-named organization praying the court to restrain the other two from using the words "Colonial Dames" in their title. The Colonial Dames of America were organized on May 16, 1890, and incorporated on April 14, 1891, the incorporators being Elizabeth Duer King, Elizabeth Coralie Gardiner, Emily N. Trevor, Mary King Van Rensselaer, Eleanor Van Rensselaer Fairfax, Mary Van Wyck Church, Martha J. Lamb, Cornelia A. Beekman, Annie Townsend Lawrence, Sarah Alden Derby, and Sarah Goodwin King. Before the Colonial Dames of America were incorporated they attempted to organize a chapter of the society in Philadelphia. Some of the Philadelphia ladies refused flatly to belong to a branch of a New York organization. "They said that they considered the colonial ancestors of the Philadelphia women were superior and nobler than those of the women of Boston and New York," testified Mrs. Christine Biddle Cadwalader, of Philadelphia—think of the bliss of being both a Biddle and a Cadwalader and living in Philadelphia, all at the same time! The New York leaders were considerably ruffled and returned home, but they arranged finally for the organization of the Philadelphia chapter on April 9, 1891. The patriotic Philadelphians got ahead of them, however, for on April 8, 1891, Mrs. Crawford Arnold organized the Pennsylvania Society of Colonial Dames.

The first witness to step into the box was Mrs. John Lyon Gardiner, president of the Colonial Dames of America, who testified to the organization of her society on May 16, 1890, and its incorporation on April 14, 1891. Then Mrs. Christine Biddle Cadwalader gave her testimony about the organization of the Philadelphia chapter. Mrs. Emilie McKim Reed, of Baltimore, Md., called by the defense, told of the organization of the National Society of Colonial Dames at Wilmington on May 19, 1892. Mrs. Reed, who was dressed entirely in black and wore spectacles, was very severe with the lawyer who examined her, so severe that when she said that the national society was composed of representatives of the fourteen original colonial States, he did not dare ask her the name of the fourteenth. She admitted, however, that when her society was organized, she and others knew of the society in New York called the "Colonial Dames," and also that her society had tried unsuccessfully to be incorporated in 1897. Various other ladies testified to the date of organization of the particular variety of Colonial Dames to which they belong and to the good work they had done in collecting historical manuscripts, pictures, and so on, and in sending funds to the hospitals during the late war with Spain.

All this testimony was given and received with the most perfect good will on both sides. The ladies of the three factions sat together, irrespective of which side of the case they were on, and all seemed equally delighted with the importance of the occasion. Justice Bookstaver listened amiably throughout the proceedings, and even laughed when one of the New York ladies, testifying to the insulting treatment to which they had been subjected at a conference with the Philadelphians, said: "Why, they even had a lawyer present at the interview!" But the official whose duty it was to keep order in court was sorely perplexed by the difficulties of his position, and when the ladies vigorously applauded the statement of Mrs. Justine Van Rensselaer Townsend, president of the National Society, that she was "Dutch to the backbone," he rushed forward and exclaimed: "Eef you ladies don't keep some more quiet pretty quick, some of you ladies will be sorry." Whereat the applause was deafening.

On the last day of taking testimony, however, there was quite a rumpus. Mrs. Gardiner, while on the stand, proceeded to relate a conversation in which Mrs. William Rhinelander, Mrs. Mary E. Jones, Mrs. Ely, and Mrs. Livingston had admitted that they had done wrong in taking the name "Colonial Dames" for their society. Instantly there was blood on the face of the moon. Indignant "Ohs!" and "My!" came from all parts of the room, and, as Mrs. Gardiner took her seat, Mrs. Jones demanded that she be allowed to go on the stand. Counsel for the defense looked thoroughly rattled, but, ladies of both parties surrounding him in a clamorous throng, he yielded, and called Mrs. Jones. This lady, white with anger, denied emphatically that any such conversation as Mrs. Gardiner had just narrated had ever taken place, looking the president of the Colonial Dames of America straight in the eye. But Mrs. Gardiner only laughed, and the lawyers were allowed until July 17th to put in their briefs.

NEW YORK, July 7, 1899.

DIPLOMACY IN SAMOA.

Isobel Strong Writes of the Deposition of Tanu—Necessity of a Ruler—Objectionable Features of the Berlin Treaty—One Happy Island Left.

The latest advices from Samoa bring news that the committee upholds the decision of Chief Justice Chambers, and recognizes Tanu as king, and the same dispatch tells us that that monarch has resigned the kingship. Tanu never could have been king without the help of the white people; he had no native following; he was the candidate of Mr. Chambers and the English missionaries, supported by the warships. He was, in fact, a puppet, just as Taniasese was in the hands of the Germans in 1889. When he resigns, it means that Mr. Chambers and the London Missionary Society have withdrawn their support. One naturally asks, if the commission upholds Chambers's decision, why should that gentleman withdraw his king?

We must try to get accustomed to the shy ways of diplomacy if we are to have colonies. We have a free press, and think we know what is going on in our various possessions; but can any one say he knows the truth about the condition of Cuba; the army dissatisfaction in the Philippines; the labor laws and Oriental immigration in Hawaii; or the settlement that is taking place in Samoa?

It looks as though the commission were trying to do the right thing in a very delicate and diplomatic manner. They recognized Tanu as king for the sake of appearances; not to publicly go against Chambers—to "save his face," as the Chinese say—but with the understanding that the boy-king must resign. It was impossible, on the face of it, that Tanu could ever hope to rule, and it would be a thankless task for us to keep men-of-war constantly in Samoan waters, to uphold an unpopular candidate. But to what avail is it to abolish the kingship? Or is that only another diplomatic move to support the choice of all Samoa—Mataafa?

Some one must rule the native population, whether he be recognized by the three powers or not. The natives look to their highest chief for advice and support. They take, uncomplainingly, the punishment he deals out to them, and him they regard as their ruler, whether he be called king or chief, irrespective of the white people. A foreign governor can rule or misrule Apia and the municipality, but his influence over the forty thousand natives on the various islands that make up the Samoan group extends through the chief, and it is important to declare who this chief shall be. The English rule the islands of Fiji, the French rule Tahiti, and both groups govern the country through the most important chief, who is held responsible for the good conduct of his people. If the commission, by withdrawing Tanu, mean to leave Mataafa in authority over the Samoans, it matters little whether he be called king or kaiser, but his position should be defined and upheld.

It is difficult for us Americans, used to civilization, to postal service, good roads, and easy means of communication, to realize the difficulty of managing the islands of Samoa. There is no way of reaching the other islands of Tutuila and Savaii except by whale-boat, and when the rainy season is on and the winds are high, communication is entirely cut off. There are no post-offices in the other islands; letters are saved up at Apia and given in a package to the first trustworthy native party that sets out to make the journey. It is hard to get authentic news from the opposite side of the island of Upolu. Indeed, the most popular form of communication between the authorities and the natives is by means of printed or even type-written notices that are pasted on the cocoanut-trees, and a heavy downfall of rain may make even that method futile. The inhabitants of Samoa complain that Admiral Kautz allowed only three days to elapse after his arrival before he began firing on the town. The admiral, no doubt, if he did warn the people, thought that his message would be telegraphed, or sent by cable-cars, or by a district messenger-boy. It is hard for the new-comer to realize the primitive condition of Samoa.

The petty chief rules his family, that consists of his brothers and nephews, and their wives and children; they belong to a village or clan that is under the authority of a higher or clan chief, and the various large clans owe allegiance to the highest chief of all. So it will be seen that the proper government of the islands can only be undertaken through the chiefs, and it is most important that the highest one should be the choice of the people. They have proved the popularity of Mataafa by a ninety-five per cent. majority in his favor. We have had troubles before in Samoa. We have had white people sent out to patch them up, which they generally did with some pink court-plaster and a little soft soap, and then left with a blare of trumpets and "the gratifying intelligence that peace had been established in Samoa."

There will never be any peace or prosperity in Samoa so long as the Berlin treaty is allowed to endure. Mr. Stevenson wrote, in 1894: "The government by the Berlin General Act is no more than a mask, and a very expensive one, for government by the consular triumvirate. Samoa pays—or tries to pay—twenty-two hundred pounds sterling a year to a couple of helpers" [Note—The president and the chief-justice], "and they dare not call their souls their own. They take their walks abroad with an anxious eye on the three consuls, like two well-behaved children with their nurses; and the consuls, smiling superior, allow them to amuse themselves with the routine of business. But let trouble come and the farce is suspended. At the whistle of a squall these heaven-born mariners seize the tiller, and the twenty-two-hundred-pound amateurs are knocked sprawling on the bilge. At the first beat of the drum the treaty officials are sent below, gently protesting, like a pair of old ladies, and behold the indomitable consuls ready to clear the deck and make the deadly cutlass shine! In the last war they got rid (first) of the honor of their respective countries, and (second) of all idea that Samoa was to be governed in a manner consistent with civilization, or govern-

ment troops punished for any conceivable misconduct." [Note—This refers to the pardon extended the government troops by the consuls for taking heads in battle.]

Chief Justice Ide says of the Berlin treaty: "The weak point is its complicated character—a wheel within a wheel; a native government theoretically autonomous, a president to advise it and try to control it, a chief-justice to recommend legislation to the native government and to be the final legislator in the municipality of Apia, as well as a court of last resort, and three consuls with ill-defined boundaries of power. Thus, instead of one king, there were six."

The treaty has been a stumbling-block to the progress of Samoa ever since it was first read, in 1889, to the assembled Samoans. How touched they must have been with the promises therein contained that "The three powers recognize the independence of the Samoan government, and the free rights of the natives to elect their chief or king, and choose their own form of government, according to their own laws and customs." The treaty still remains in force; there has been no talk of abolishing it, and yet the commission has declared that there shall be no king, and propose a new form of government. The Samoans, after giving up their arms, are now waiting patiently and expectantly to see what form of government shall be meted out to them. They tried "to elect their own king" and "choose their own form of government," and were soundly punished for obeying the Berlin treaty.

I remember, years ago, when H. M. S. *Curaçoa* was sent to Samoa to quell some native disturbance, how reluctant the captain was to fire upon the villages. He sent plenty of warning beforehand, and even then, to his great sorrow, eight people were killed, one poor old woman suffering horribly. The English officers did not like the business at all, and had no hesitation in saying so. "It never pays," they said, "to fight the untutored savage; if he whips you, the world looks on in scorn and jeers you for a coward, and if you knock him out, there is a universal cry of 'Brutes!'" And so the *Curaçoa* did as little as she possibly could, but when Atua was bombarded the surgeon, a young man of the name of Austin, declared that he saw some wounded people, and, with the reluctant permission of his captain, he packed together a few medicines and bandages, and with an orderly to accompany him, disappeared into the rebel country. His shipmates were pretty anxious about him, and I remember their coming to Vaillima to ask if we thought he was in any danger. After six days Dr. Austin was seen coming from the rebel country safe and sound, his faithful orderly leading an old white horse that was loaded down with presents from the friends and relatives of his grateful patients.

A year after, the *Curaçoa* came again to Samoan waters. The war was over, and the captain and officers were invited to a great feast in Atua, where Dr. Austin was the honored guest. His description of the suffering he saw from the effect of the bombardment gives one a sickening idea of what horrors the *Philadelphia* and *Porpoise* must have left in their trail. A missionary, in a card to the *London Times*, writes that he sent word to the warships that there were no warriors in his village, only women and children and sick non-combatants; but, he says, the bombardment continued, and many innocent people were killed.

When the Berlin treaty first appeared in Samoa it was found that the name of one island of the group, Manu'a, had been omitted through some oversight, and great was the rejoicing upon that island. When some white officials went there on business they were told politely, but firmly, that their authority did not extend over Manu'a. "You are welcome as visitors," the natives said, "but the government of our island is in our own hands." As a commentary on the Berlin treaty, it is a fact that the island left out is the only peaceful one of the group. The natives live a happy life, free from the petty jealousies of white officials; their queen, a pretty half-caste girl, reigned in peace until her death in 1896, when a young man came to the throne. There was no trouble about his succession, though he is of a different family from the queen's. He reigns supreme, and the island left out of the treaty is still the happiest one of the Samoan group.

ISOBEL STRONG.

In the Franco-German War the French hospital at Vendome was in charge of Mme. Coralie Cahen, one of the most noted nurses of the time. There, aided by two nurses and seven Christian Sisters of Mercy, she received thousands of French and German soldiers. When the Prussians occupied Vendome, they wished to hold the hospital and plant on it the German flag. But, warned of the enemy's intentions, Mme. Cahen, early one January morning, visited the Prussian general, who, surrounded by his staff, was about to seize the building. "Sir," she exclaimed, "we have received your wounded and nursed them as though they were our own; we will continue to do so, but we will remain in a French hospital; we will not have it converted into a German hospital." "Madame," was the reply, "we are masters." "In the town it may be; here, no!" was the answer; "we are protected by the Red Cross and the French flag; you have no right to touch either the one or the other." She conquered, and from that day the utmost admiration was openly evinced for her by the Germans. The recent death of Mme. Cahen in Paris has recalled this among other incidents in her life of unselfish service.

Juliet

The name of the governor of New York and the colonel of the Rough Riders is pronounced in various ways by different people, but the one and only correct pronunciation is, according to the governor's explanation in answer to a recent inquiry, "Ros-y-velt, a word of three syllables."

Juliet

Presidents Monroe and Tyler were buried in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, Va., and it is proposed to remove the remains of Chief Justice Marshall from the neglected Shockoe Hill Cemetery to this spot. The grave of Jefferson Davis is near by.

Juliet

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Sievking, the Dutch pianist, who was imprisoned for a while in Austria last summer for disrespect to a religious procession, is reported to have eloped with the daughter of a Vienna hotel-keeper.

The report that Osborne Deignan, of Iowa, one of Hobson's companions on the *Merrimac*, had been compelled for want of money to give up the project of entering the Naval Academy is denied at Des Moines, where it is said that he is about to enter the preparatory school at Annapolis, and that the people of Iowa will see that he does not fail to become a cadet for lack of funds.

Dr. Doyen, a French surgeon, has exhibited to numerous doctors and students at the Kiel University cinematograph pictures showing various surgical operations. Dr. Doyen advocates the use of such pictures for the education of students, saying that they are far more effective than the most elaborate written descriptions. The spectators were enthusiastic over the marvelous accuracy of the representations.

Palermo has not yet got over the Duc d'Orléans's dinner costume. The French pretender presented himself at a dinner-party given by an Italian duchess there in white knee-breeches, white silk stockings, white waistcoat, velvet smoking-jacket with the orders of the Golden Fleece and of Charles the Fifth on the breast, and in shoes with diamond buckles. He explained that it was the way he dressed for dinner at home.

The Argentine and Chilean Governments have resolved to award one hundred thousand dollars to Minister Buchanan as a reward for his intervention in the Punta de Atacama question. In all probability Congress will have to pass a resolution authorizing it before he can accept the money, as the law is very strict in matters of this kind. Friends of Mr. Buchanan in the State Department, however, say he accepted the arbitration in his private capacity, and therefore should be allowed to receive the payment.

Commenting upon the recent reports that Queen Victoria was about to undergo an operation at the hands of a German oculist for cataract, the *British Medical Journal* says: "We have the best authority for stating that the alarming paragraphs regarding the queen's eyesight which have appeared lately are erroneous and misleading. For a considerable time her majesty's eyesight has been to some extent impaired owing to changes incidental to advanced years, but we are glad to be in a position to say that the deterioration has ceased to be progressive, and that the queen's eyesight has in no respect become worse during the last few years."

Professor A. G. Nathorst, the Swedish explorer and scientist, who is now searching for Andrée, or the relics of his expedition, is a member of the Swedish Royal Academy and of the leading geographical societies of the world. In 1870, and again in 1882, he explored Spitzbergen. In 1883 he made a voyage to Greenland, and he was a member of the famous *Vega* expedition around Asia. The *Antarctic*, Professor Nathorst's ship, will sail to the region between seventy-three and seventy-five degrees north latitude, near Cape Bismarck, on the east coast of Greenland, and will follow the coast toward the south in the hope of finding some trace of the intrepid Andrée.

Admiral of the Fleet Sir Harry Keppel, the father of the British Navy, celebrated his ninetieth birthday last month. His son, Commander Colin Keppel, who has been promoted to captain for his brilliant services while in command of the Nile gunboats during the recent campaign, is now by several years the youngest captain in the navy; he is not yet thirty-seven, and received his promotion over the heads of one hundred and forty-three other commanders, his seniors in some cases by many years. Sir Harry Keppel, in spite of the weight of ninety years, is still in vigorous health, and the other day not only attended a review in company with the Prince of Wales, with whom he has been for many years on the closest terms of intimacy, but was present the same evening at a ball.

Lady Randolph Churchill, having successfully launched her *Anglo-Saxon Review*, took an earnest part in her son's canvass of Oldham, which he hoped to represent in Parliament, in succession to the late Mr. Robert Ascroft, Conservative. Lieutenant Winston Churchill's campaign attracted great attention all over the country. "Winston is making a great fight of it," said Lady Churchill, in an interview, "and as the struggle gets hotter and hotter the more we are enjoying it. It's quite like old times. Of course, I am going to be in the thick of the fight during the coming week, for," she explained, laughingly, "the Liberal candidates, being married, have a distinct advantage. Winston is overwhelmed with depositions from licensed victuallers, dog-muzzlers, vaccinators, anti-vaccinators, and women suffragists. Besides, he is addressing four meetings daily." Lieutenant Churchill was defeated by 1,400 votes.

Brigham Young Roberts, of Utah, who was elected a member of the Fifty-Sixth Congress in November, 1898, and about whose eligibility for that place there has been some discussion, appears to be a member of Congress, and if he has been as business-like as most other members-elect, he has been drawing his salary since March 4, or for about four months. A copy of the "unofficial list" of members of the House published by the clerk of the Fifty-Fifth Congress, who makes up the roll for the Fifty-Sixth Congress, has just been issued, and in that list the name of Brigham Young Roberts appears along with some three hundred and fifty-two others, vacancies existing in five districts. When Congress meets, Roberts will be a member of it; at all events, he will have received pay for eight months at the rate of five thousand dollars a year. Roberts may not care a great deal about the salary—he may not even have taken it—but the fact that he is on the "unofficial list," clearly shows that it is not a question of his admission, but of his expulsion, that is to confront the next Congress.

Juliet

GAMBLERS AND GAMBLING.

Some Instances of Sensational Success at Wiesbaden, Homburg, and Monte Carlo—The Fashionable Game in Paris a Century Ago—An Extraordinary Austrian Promoter.

"Many a one may be kept out of mischief by a lively exposition of the sheer folly of rash speculation who would pay but little attention if simply preached at on the immorality of gambling," says "Rouge et Noir" in his entertaining volume on "The Gambling World." Therefore, by exposing its folly and villainy as demonstrated by his personal experiences in all the notable temples of hazard and speculation in England and on the Continent, the writer hopes to instruct, to amuse, and to deter. That he instructs and amuses goes without saying; whether he will deter any who peruse his pages is another matter, for he himself says that "in spite of the spread and progress of education, the lion of gambling is as rampant as ever." From the following chapter-headings, "Dice," "Cards," "Roulette," "Trente et Quarante," "Gambling Hells," "Lotteries," "Betting," "Stock Exchange," "Promoters and Their Fly-Traps," "Manias," "Panics," "Monte Carlo," "Advertising," and "Humburg," the reader is enabled to form an excellent idea of the great scope of the work.

No end of books and pamphlets are published, all teaching infallible systems, but the writer informs us that he has tried every one of these systems, and they were all found wanting. He adds:

Many years ago I went with a Russian friend, who had just received 900 florins for his journey home, to Wiesbaden, he being determined to try his luck at the tables. In about two hours he had won upwards of 9,000 florins. I then advised our return to Frankfurt, where we were then staying. He consented, and we went to several hotels to get a carriage to take us there. But no carriage was to be had, and my young Russian, as firm a believer in omens as the ancient Romans, declared this to be a sign that he was not to go away just yet, but was to continue his play, which no doubt would be as lucky as it had been. He went back to the tables, and in less than two hours not only had he the 1,000 florins he had won, but his original capital of 900 florins been raked in by the merciless croupiers. Of course, his journey home was put off; he expressed a wish to go to England, I provided him with money for the purpose, and when I expected to bear of his arrival in London I had a letter from him, written at Aix-la-Chapelle, saying he was in pawn there at the hotel, as he had lost all his money at the gambling table. Eventually he reached London, played again, lost, bought a pistol, and shot himself at the age of twenty-six on a lonely spot in Kent.

About the same time two Frenchmen came to Wiesbaden, bringing 1,000,000 francs with them, with the avowed purpose of breaking the bank:

And they had a system, and it looked for some time as if there were something in it, for they won, day after day, enormous sums. Their play stopped all others, for everybody was bent on watching them. They had won upward of 2,000,000 of the bank's money, when luck turned, and they lost more rapidly even than they had won. They lost their winnings and their original capital, and could not settle their hotel bill. So there was nothing in their system.

Two brothers, Russians, are recorded as having played at Homburg and won about 500,000 francs:

One of the brothers for some time watched the play, without staking, and noticed the frequent recurrence of the same numbers. He discovered that it was to the fact that in cleaning the roulette the servant was obliged to press heavily on certain parts which took a polish with difficulty. Through this some spots of the brass were depressed in a manner imperceptible to the eye, but palpable in its results. The rolling ball was diverted from its legitimate course by these inevitable indentations; hence certain numbers were sure to win repeatedly during the day, while others never turned up. On this knowledge the brothers acted; when they had gained 10,000 francs a day they gave up play, and did not return till next day. Hence their final success. But theirs was no system in the usual sense.

A man named Garcia, who in winter plundered the Parisians by means of loaded dice and packed cards, in the summer went to Homburg, and had extraordinary luck there:

In 1860 or 1861, he on one occasion began with a stake of 12,500 florins, the maximum at *trente et quarante*, and early in the afternoon he had won 500,000 francs. He then, with the permission of the bank, increased his stakes to 60,000 francs, broke the bank five times, there being 350,000 francs in it every time, and when the rooms closed that night he was a winner of 1,750,000 francs. On this occasion Garcia had the sense to leave Homburg with his gains, but he returned next year, and within a week lost 1,000,000 francs to the bank; he procured another million from Paris, and within six days had not a penny left. He afterward was detected cheating with packed cards at Nice; he made his escape, but the court sentenced him to five years' imprisonment in default.

Two recent instances of sensational success at Monte Carlo deserve mention:

In the autumn of 1891 one Charles Wells astonished the visitors at Monte Carlo by his extraordinary success at the tables. Interviewed by a *Times* correspondent he declared that he played according to a system invented by himself, as nearly infallible as human ingenuity could make it. He won, indeed, it is said, \$750,000. But those who watched his play could not detect anything new in it; he simply played boldly and remained cool, whether he won or lost. He kept on with double stakes, following up the table assiduously with the maximum, when a series was running, and dropping his stakes to smaller amounts when the cards or colors were persistently intermittent. All this had been done thousands of times before, but Mr. Wells was lucky and won. He had a steam-yacht magnificently fitted up, with ball-room and music-room, and capable of accommodating sixty guests. He stayed at Monte Carlo and Nice during the year 1892, and gave lavish entertainments on board his yacht, which were attended by the *elite* staying on the Riviera, and the insignificant, common-looking little man, vulgar in his speech and manner, was made much of, for was not supposed to be enormously rich and to possess the ring of King Solomon by which he could win wealth untold at Monte Carlo? How the noblemen and gentlemen of high degree, the fashionable ladies of rank, who all felt themselves honored in being admitted to his yacht and his presence, must have winced when they found, toward the end of 1892, that their idol had been arrested at Havre for swindling in France, and that shortly after he was extradited to England, where, in January, 1893, he appeared a prisoner at Bow Street, charged with obtaining in England, by false pretenses, the sum of \$144,500, he having swindled one lady alone out of \$90,000! His business was that of a working engineer, who, by falsely pretending that he had valuable patents, induced people to trust him with their money, which, of course, he spent on himself. He was sentenced to eight years' penal servitude.

The last fortunate punters to any large amount at Monte Carlo who were wise enough to leave the place when they had secured a tidy little sum, were Woolfe Joel, a relative of the late Barney Barnato, and Mr. Frank Gardner, the well-known Australian financier. They won 380,000 francs, and in honor of the event gave what they called a "red dinner" at the Savoy. That color was chosen because the money was won by their persistently backing the red, and winning no less than twelve consecutive times.

In his chapter on "Dice and Dicing," we learn that the Greeks were much addicted to dice-playing:

It is recorded that a Lacedæmonian ambassador, being sent to Corinth with a commission to conclude a treaty of friendship and alliance, when he saw the captains and senators of that city playing at dice, he returned home, saying that he would not sully the glory of Spartans by having it said of them that they had made a league with gamblers.

The Romans, too, were great dice-players, as the law *de aleatoribus* proves:

Their emperors set them a bad example, especially Augustus and Claudius, the latter adventuring 400,000 sesterces on one cast of the die. He also wrote a treatise on gambling, therefore Seneca played him in the lower regions, condemned to play dice with a box without bottom. Gambling was severely prohibited by Justinian, and at one time the house where *hasard* was played was liable to confiscation. With the Romans the highest possible throw—and they played with three dice—was called "Venus," and the lowest "Canis," whence possibly our expression of "going to the dogs" may be derived. The dice of the early Greeks and Romans were the knuckle-bones of sheep and goats, numbered, and tossed up in the air and caught on the back of the hand. The *fritillus*, or dice-box, was, as now, funnel-shaped, and fluted inside. Two ways of playing were usual with them; he who threw the highest number took the stakes, or he who beld the die, before playing, named the number he wished to throw, and if it appeared, he won; or he left to his opponent the fixing of the number, and if that number came, he lost.

At the beginning of this century the most fashionable game in Paris was *la bouillotte*, or *le brelan*:

Five persons took their seats at a round table, in the centre of which stood a three-branched candelabrum. Each player placed before him the sum he intended to risk, which usually was six livres. Then counters were distributed, eight to every player, one of which was laid on the base of the candelabrum as the necessary contribution. Then the cards were dealt three to each, and the sixteenth was turned up for trump. The hope of each player was to have most pips in one of the four suits; wbo, therefore, thought he had good cards declared it, and if none of the other players had sufficient confidence in his hand, the dealer received from every one a counter, but if two or more thought their cards good enough to incur the risk, they stated a sum against the first declarer, and which he was bound to agree to, or forfeit his rights. All having staked, the cards were turned up, and the highest pips decided the game. Three similar cards of different suits were called the *brelan*, and if the sixteenth or trump card was the color of the *brelan*, this latter beat the highest pips of the other players. As each game was quickly played, the sums originally put down soon disappeared before some of the players, who had to make room for others, each one of whom, of course, laid his counter on the candelabrum. Before retiring every player had to produce the complete number of his counters, and as he had lost some or all he had to buy fresh ones from other players or from the candelabrum, paying for them according to the price agreed upon before the commencement of the game. Now, the greater the stakes, the more frequent the changes of players and the thence resulting additions of counters on the candelabrum. These counters, or the money they represented, were considered as veils given to the servants, but as these contributions, in houses where high play prevailed, often came to considerable amounts, the masters kept them, and made the servants a small allowance in lieu of them. And, in fact, some families, living in style and doing the grand, relied entirely on the candelabrum offerings for keeping up their establishments, and were successful, too, especially if the mistress of the mansion was a pretty, pleasant lady, who knew how to entertain. She would invite persons worth plucking to dinner or tea, immediately after which a quiet game of *bouillotte* would be proposed, and of course started at once, with the final result that the *grande dame* found her guests "paying guests" indeed.

In the time of Queen Anne it was quite a common thing for ladies of fashion, on falling into pecuniary difficulties, to open gambling-houses for the entertainment of all persons who played for fashionably high stakes, and for peeresses to insist on their privilege to keep "hells":

This privilege continued to be claimed until the year 1744; Lady Mordington, who kept a gaming-house in Covent Garden, was one of the persons charged by the grand jury with keeping a disorderly house; she boldly replied that as a peeress of Great Britain she claimed her privileges, and continued to advertise her "assemblies"; but the House of Lords subsequently declared that no person was entitled to privilege of peerage against any prosecution for keeping any public or common gaming-house.

Attempts to cheat the banker, of course, are sometimes made:

Thus, in Paris, at the table of Zano, the Venetian ambassador, M. d'Arc, a natural son of the Count de Toulouse, won by one *coup* 500,000 francs, but it was annulled because his stake, as accidentally discovered, was a spurious *rouleau* of double louis, containing, except the two end pieces of gold, only coins of six liards.

In London *Truth* of July 17, 1879, we also read:

At the Casino of Pesth a worthy baron had won about \$50,000 by keeping the bank at baccarat. . . . He always put before him a bright metallic cigarette-box. When he had to deal a card he held it for a moment over his box, so that the under part was reflected on the lid; thus he knew the value of each card that he dealt to his adversaries.

An anecdote is told of a monk of Oporto, very fond of cards, and withal a famous preacher:

Having on one occasion, absorbed in his favorite amusement, stayed over-long at the card-table, while he knew his congregation to be awaiting him in the neighboring church, he, who always carried his own cards with him, slipped the pack into the sleeve of his cassock, and hurried up into the pulpit. There, in a burst, he lifted up his arm, and the cards fell out and were scattered all over the floor of the church. A boy ran from his mother's side, and picked up three of the cards. "What cards are they?" shouted the monk, who had noticed the boy's act. "The king of clubs, and the six and four," the boy replied. "There," moralized the monk, "what is the good of my preaching? Your children know the cards better than their books of prayer."

The following interesting extract is taken from the chapter on "Commercial Manias":

From 1634 to 1637 the tulip mania raged in Holland. Bulbs, which were never seen by broker, seller, or purchaser, were sold for enormous sums, and were to be delivered within a certain time. Contracts were made for the sale and purchase of tulips, and if they were rare, houses and lands were parted with to obtain them. A single *Semper Augustus* fetched 13,000 florins, and three of them together 30,000 florins. One dealer in bulbs made a profit of 60,000 florins in one week. But soon the speculating fever abated, contracts were repudiated, though the states-general decreed that debts incurred in such bargains could be sued for like any other debts. A panic arose, and there was a sudden collapse in the tulip market, and the bulbs became unsalable. Many years passed before the country recovered from the misery this mania had inflicted on it.

The Casino at Monte Carlo, we are assured, is not the bugbear to the inhabitants of the neighborhood it is to "bystatical busybodies" living thousands of miles away:

They enjoy a most enviable position; not only do they live amidst the most lovely climatic conditions, but no tax-gatherer, no rate-collector ever disturbs their serenity. They are Jesuit and priest-ridden, it is true. It is asserted that suicides are frequent in consequence of losses at the table, but, according to reliable statistics, the proportion of suicides is not greater than that of Paris or London. And as the natives of Monaco are not allowed to enter the Casino, the gambling does not affect them injuriously. The advantages the Casino confers on the principality of Monaco are far greater than the evils it causes. Land, formerly not worth a few francs, is now worth thousands for the erection of private houses; the grand hotels, beautiful villas, and resi-

dential suburbs, which in these latter years have arisen along the Riviera, especially between Mentone and Nice, would have no existence were it not for the Casino of Monte Carlo; as we now behold them, they testify to the ever-increasing prosperity of the district. Prosperity, you may say, due to the money abstracted from the pockets of visitors. True; but the visitors come voluntarily, and their contributions are not exacted; they offer them spontaneously; not without the hope of being themselves the spoilers of the bank. Moreover, the bulk of them do not feel their losses, and such losses are spread over the whole of Europe and America.

Of the *croupiers*, who rake in the money for their employers, the writer says:

The majority of *croupiers* are persons who have been habitual gamblers, and who have been ruined at the tables. They make good croupiers for they know the game thoroughly. Few *croupiers* have attained distinction, and their occupation is not one to stir up ambition or avarice, for their experience at the table satisfies them that neither the one nor the other can permanently be gratified by their courting the fickle goddess themselves, and so they settle down into automaton, only fit to handle a rake, with no more interest in the work than the farm-laborer has in handling his rake.

One *croupier* has left some record behind him, however:

This was M. Charles, who began life as an errand-boy, then became a billiard-marker, and afterward a *croupier* at one of the fashionable gambling-houses in Paris, which, in spite of the severity of the law and the vigilance of the police, continue to flourish in that capital. In time he became a millionaire by lending money to rich gamblers, who generally paid him back with compound interest. Then he cut the croupiership and set up for a connoisseur in articles of "bigotry and virtue." He took possession of a magnificent hotel, gave grand dinners and costly entertainments. He bought bronzes and statues, pictures and bric-a-brac, and was shamefully swindled by the dealers and friends who passed their rubbish off on him without compunction, and pretended to bestow favors by letting him have it. But he might have stood this; unfortunately for him he went in for stock exchange, or, as the designation is in Paris, for Bourse speculations, and the slowly acquired millions went very quickly the way of all such speculations. His mansion and its contents were brought to the hammer, and poor M. Charles went raving mad. The proceeds of the sale did barely suffice to clear off his liabilities, the treasures he had collected fetching but wretched prices.

Here are two clever advertising tricks—clever boaxes, in fact, because, though intended to mislead, the description of the goods advertised was not inaccurate—which the writer gives:

The first was that of one individual who, in 1833, for a postal-order of a few shillings, undertook to forward colored portraits of Queen Victoria, and on receipt of the order sent half-penny or penny postage-stamps. But he had been anticipated by some one else in this dodge who sold pennies for fifty times their value, having advertised them as bronze medallions with portraits of the sovereign in bas-relief.

One more hoaxing advertisement may be quoted for the exquisite fun of it:

Years ago some one in a Northern town advertised that he had for sale a painting, supposed to be by an Italian master, representing a hermit's cave, with a hermit inside. A price was named. A gentleman living in London wrote to the advertiser, asking for further particulars. He received a somewhat more detailed description to the same effect as the advertisement. He sent the money, and in due time the painting, a large one, arrived at his house. It was a daub, but showing a picturesque hermit's cave; no hermit, however, was visible. He wrote to the vender, mentioning this fact. The answer came back: "Of course you can not see him, because he is inside." The gentleman, who must have been very difficult to please, was not satisfied with this, and wrote back: "If the hermit is inside, and therefore invisible, how do you know he is there?" The vender replied: "Because I saw him go in, and if you wait long enough you may see him come out again. But he may by this time be dead, and so unable to re-appear, which would grieve yours truly, Tommy Flatcatcher." The purchaser, finding insult added to injury, "went for" the rascally vender, but he had emigrated—gone West, perhaps to California. Moral: never buy a pig in a poke.

A promoter of an extraordinary stamp was William, the brother of Baron von Pawel-Rammingen who, on April 24, 1880, was married to the Princess Frederica of Hanover:

William entered the Austrian army in 1853 as lieutenant of a dragoon regiment, but he was dismissed from the service three years later by a court-martial for contracting dishonorable debts, attempts to defraud, and downright theft from a brother officer. He betook himself to New York, where he led an adventurous life, depending chiefly on play and loans from chance acquaintances. His credit being exhausted, he returned to Europe, and first obtained a situation as clerk in an hotel, and afterward the post of professor of English and French at Innsbruck. He there became acquainted with a local school-teacher, who, in the course of his studies, had discovered that the Indian begum, Somra, who died in 1849, had been married to an Austrian officer of the name of Reinhardt, a native of Innsbruck. Baron William, on hearing this, made the information the basis of a gigantic swindle. He bunted up the surviving relatives of Reinhardt in the neighborhood of Innsbruck, and informed them that an enormous fortune had been left by a member of their family in India, and that he would surrender by the authorities on the legal heirs presenting themselves. Of course this was but a delusion, but on the strength of it the baron started a bogus joint-stock company under the plea of compelling the British Government to surrender the begum's estate. He procured letters written from London, stating that he had made application to the Indian authorities there to that effect. Each stockholder was to receive an enormous bonus on the successful termination of the negotiation. In this manner the baron obtained upward of \$30,000 from the poor people at Innsbruck, which enabled him to come to England and be present at his brother's wedding at Windsor. But foolishly returning to Innsbruck, and failing to satisfy the people whom he had swindled, the latter became suspicious, and finally appealed to the chief magistrate of their town. He, without communicating with the ministry of justice at Vienna—which, to avoid so great a scandal, would probably have put a stop to all further proceedings—began a thorough investigation of the matter, and having satisfied himself that the supposed fortune of the late begum was a pure myth, he issued a warrant for the arrest of the baron on a criminal charge of fraud. The evidence at the trial, which could not now be prevented, showed that the baron had from the first behaved dishonestly; that he had never done anything to even pretend securing the fortune said to be existing; and that he had squandered the funds intrusted to him in riotous living at Vienna. He was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude and to degradation from the rank of nobleman.

In addition to an elaborate table of contents, and several well-chosen illustrations, among which is a portrait of the author—who, for some strange reason, is willing to publish his likeness, but not his real name—there are nine appendices, among which may be mentioned: "Gambling on the Turf and Bookmaking," "Gambling Days at Homburg and Wiesbaden," "Gambling Women," "A Romance of Trente et Quarante," and "How They Go On at Boulogne-Sur-Mer." Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

Paris's most fashionable society no longer uses envelopes, but has reverted to the old fashion of folding up the sheet of paper and closing it with sealing-wax or wafers. All sorts of delicate colors are employed for the wafers, the favorites being faint-heliotrope, sky-blue, dull-gray, fawn-cream, and robin's-egg-blue; dark-green or red is in bad taste.

LITERARY NOTES.

A Picturesque Young Criminal.

Chimmie Fadden, Checkers, and now Young Alf, make up an extraordinary trio of nineteenth-century young men, whose prototypes may have existed in every age and in every clime, but who themselves come to the reading public as being absolutely *sui generis*. Thackeray was much taken with the Bowery boy and street-arab of New York, but Edward W. Townsend first immortalized him in "Chimmie Fadden." The young man who follows the races and lives by his wits is not a recent development, but "Checkers" alone has presented him as he is in the flesh. Dickens made quite a character of the Artful Dodger, but it has remained for Clarence Rook to devote a whole book to the life and opinions of a young and unrepentant English criminal.

The book is entitled "The Hooligan Nights." The word "Hooligan" has come over to us much as "hoodlum" has gone forth from San Francisco and "larrikin" from Australia. Visiting Englishmen have let it drop in conversation, and it has been seen in the smarter English periodicals. From "The Hooligan Nights" we first learn definitely what it means. To collate a few of Mr. Rook's definitions:

"The typical Hooligan is a boy who, growing up in the area bounded by the Albert Embankment, the Lambeth Road, the Kennington Road, and the streets about the Oval, takes to tea-leafing [picking up unconsidered trifles] as a Grimsby lad takes to the sea. If his taste runs to street-fighting, there is hope for him. He may enlist. . . . On the other hand, if his fingers be little and sensitive, if he have a natural turn for mechanics, he will naturally slip into the picking of pockets and the rifling of other people's houses. . . . He is a product of the Board School, writes a fair hand, and is quick at figures. His type of face approaches nearer the rat than the bulldog; he is nervous, highly strung, almost neurotic. He is by no means a drunkard; but a very small quantity of liquor causes him to run amuck, when he is not pleasant to meet. Under-sized, as a rule, he is sinewy, swift, and untiring."

The Hooligans are so called, by themselves and others, because of their emulation of one Patrick Hooligan, a forceful and picturesque criminal of this type whose memory has become a cult among his successors.

The narrator of the story is a literary man who studies Young Alf as a type, and an interesting one he is. His earliest recollections are of living in some novel "viv me muer and a acerabat." The acrobat taught him to walk noiselessly across a creaky floor, and then utilized him in his burglarious operations by sending him through fan-lights to open front doors. But such work was too small for a lad of spirit; he wanted to "do something class," so he rifled the pockets of the actors in a show in which the acrobat took part, and cleared several pounds by the operation. This brought him the favor of Billy the Snide, a counterfeiter, and he was soon busy placing the spurious coin. Next he was taken up by one Jimmy, a burglar, and when the latter became too stout for work and retired to the respectability of keeping a "fence," Young Alf carried on the work by himself, now and then robbing a house but neglecting no smaller jobs that came in his way, even to the stealing of a constable's beer penny. The fair sex exists in Lambeth Walk as elsewhere, and Young Alf, of course, has his *affaires de cœur*; and it is the sequel to one of these that he is inducted into matrimony, and so disappears from the reader's ken.

The knowledge of the ways of the criminal classes that the author shows is astonishing, and the book might well serve as a guide to the gentle art of burgling. The methods of the footpad and pickpocket, working singly and in groups, are luminously expounded; sundry schemes for bunking the countryman or the befuddled townsman are detailed; and the burglar is minutely instructed regarding the ways in which a house may be entered, how burglar-alarms may be avoided, and what action should be taken in various possible emergencies. The non-criminal classes may be glad to know that the pistol carried by the midnight marauder is not loaded except in the case of a man with a black police record behind him, as any young criminal would prefer imprisonment for burglary to hanging for murder. But, unfortunately, Mr. Rook gives no indications by which the householder may distinguish the man whose pistol is a mere bluff from the desperate old hand who would rather die than be taken.

Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

Et Toujours Klondike.

This is the year in which it was expected that the two great classes of Alaskan explorers would settle down to their work—and it seems that they are doing it. The one class—gold-seekers—are this year in Alaska engaged in searching for gold. The other class—novelists, poets, newspaper correspondents, writers for the magazines—are engaged in exploiting their experiences, which also is searching for gold. And so there has come to be a vast deal written about the great North-Western country by men—women, too—who went there on purpose to have something to write about. Not all of it, however, has been worth publishing.

"The Trail of the Gold-Seekers," by Hamlin Garland, is the latest addition to the literature of the Klondike hegira; and it belongs to the class of

books worth publishing. Unlike his predecessors, Mr. Garland did not strike out over the beaten trails of commerce—he has too good a literary instinct for that—but over the almost unknown overland trail through the Canadian forests from Ashcroft. This trail for hundreds of miles follows the line of the old inter-continental telegraph that was to have reached London from New York by way of the Behring Strait and Siberia. Mr. Garland took with him every convenience for traveling, including an able-bodied partner, several horses, crystallized food, insect-proof tents, and a supply of dollars. He himself rode a fine horse he called Ladrone, a most intelligent and faithful animal; and when he left Alaska he brought the horse home with him—with what difficulty is told in the book. Interspersed between the chapters are a number of poems. All in all, the commentary is a very readable one, sympathetic, and containing much information.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

A Novel from Hungary.

For fifty years Maurus Jókai has been recognized by his fellow-countrymen as a novelist of great power, for his story, "A Hungarian Nabob," captivated critics and people alike on its first publication. That novel has now been done into English by R. Nisbet Thain, and the translator has earned the gratitude of all readers.

John Kárpáthy, "the Nabob," is one of the most eccentric of characters, almost incomprehensible in another land and in these later days, but he will not soon be forgotten by those who follow his fortunes in the book from the first meeting with his degenerate nephew to the pathetic ending. There are other characters in the novel worth knowing, as well as many who are not to be admired. The change in the Nabob's life that comes in his later years through his marriage with a young, innocent, and beautiful woman, seems hardly in keeping with his usual impulses, but the author has made it plausible. The girl wife is a well-drawn picture, and the friends she chooses on her elevation to the rank of her husband—the young countess and the old steward—are characters whose originality and charm are among the chief attractions of the story. The strange pictures of Hungarian life, in the semi-barbaric domain of the Nabob and in the society circles of Pressburg, are drawn with the hand of a master, and all his descriptions, however unfamiliar the scene, are vivid and full of color.

Published by the Doubleday & McClure Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

A biography of the late Congressman Dingley is to be written by his son, E. N. Dingley. President McKinley has practically agreed to write the preface to the book, while the members of the Ways and Means Committee associated with Mr. Dingley in the preparation of his great public monument, the Dingley tariff bill, will each probably contribute a chapter.

Another volume in the Nikola Series by Guy Boothby is promised by D. Appleton & Co. about July 28th. It will be entitled "Dr. Nikola's Experiment."

Laurence Hutton will spend the better part of the summer in England, having rented for the season Professor Max Müller's house at Oxford, where he intends writing a descriptive essay upon the literary landmarks of the old university town, so wonderfully rich in associations of that nature.

F. Marion Crawford is engaged upon a novel dealing with the proceedings of Italian secret societies. "The Anarchists" is the title chosen.

Charles Frohman has secured the acting rights of Hall Caine's new and yet unchristened novel for both America and England. Mr. Caine, who is now in Italy, is hard at work completing the novel, and, according to Clement Scott, the publishers are paying for it the large sum of seventy-five thousand dollars, the largest price ever paid for an unwritten novel.

A popular edition of Edward Bellamy's "Equality," with portrait and biographical sketch, has been brought out by D. Appleton & Co.

"The Game and the Candle," Rhoda Broughton's new novel, will be published this month.

Max Pemberton is writing a romance of Russian family life, entitled "Princess Falka," telling of a girl brought from society for extravagance and gambling.

M. Victorien Sardou has authorized and has co-operated with Auge Galdemar to construct a novel from his play, "Robespierre," in which Sir Henry Irving has met with such extraordinary success in London. An English adaptation will be published in the fall, under the title of "Robespierre: The Story of M. Victorien Sardou's Play."

A hitherto unpublished work in this country, by George Ebers, is promised for next month. The title of the volume is "The King and Queen of Mollebusch," a folk-tale, which has been translated from the German by Mary J. Safford.

Gerhardt Hauptmann, who is spending his summer near the Lake of Lucerne, has a great deal of work on hand. He is finishing a "Der Arme Hein-



THAT GREASE SPOT.

How did it come there? Or, to ask a more important question, "What will remove it?" This very day stop at the grocer's and get a cake of Ivory Soap. Don't be afraid of the cloth! "Ivory" is different from every other soap manufactured and can be used on any cloth safely.

Now rub well, using flannel and hot water. If it is obstinate, employ a nail brush.

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rich" after Hartmann von Aue's epic, a Biblical drama called "The Shepherds' Song," and a Silesian village play. It is not yet decided whether his "Kunigunde von Kynast," to be produced in the fall, shall be acted first in Berlin or in Vienna. "Jurakel," his comedy in Silesian dialect, will be ready next winter.

In the July *Review of Reviews* there is an interesting article by Raymon Reyes Lala on the gold deposits in the Philippine Islands.

Following the issue of Dean Hole's "Our Gardens" in the Haddon Hall Library Series, the Macmillan Company announce the publication of another work on the same subject by H. Forbes Sieveking entitled "Gardens Ancient and Modern."

Morley Roberts's new novel "The Colossus," to be published in England in October, is said to have been suggested by the career of Cecil Rhodes.

In commenting on the unfeigned delight with which Mark Twain recently listened to some high words of praise about his books in an after-dinner speech by Sir Walter Besant, the London *Academy* says: "When the time comes to sum up Mark Twain, it will be found that his humor is largely frankness fortified by good sense—a very rare blend."

D. Appleton & Co. will shortly bring out the new story by G. Colmore, entitled "The Strange Story of Hester Wynne, Told by Herself."

Frau Magdalene Thorsen, the mother-in-law of Henrik Ibsen, the Norwegian dramatist, and herself a novelist, received from King Christian of Denmark on her eightieth birthday recently the golden medal of merit. She also received the Norwegian medal of recompense.

Pierre Loti's entry into the French diplomatic service is thus explained: The novelist had long desired to visit Central Asia. With a view to facilitate his journey, he has been intrusted with a diplomatic mission to Persia and Afghanistan.

M. Emile Zola recently made his first public appearance in Paris after his return from exile at a meeting of the Literary Society. He entered quietly and took his seat as if nothing had happened during his absence. M. Marcel Prévost, who is president of the society, led the discussion of the various questions, which included the proposed monument to Balzac. M. Zola took part in the proceedings, and had a good deal to say about the intended memorial to the author of the "Comédie Humaine." At the conclusion of the business, M. Prévost and other members surrounded the defender of Dreyfus and shook hands with him cordially. It is the consensus of opinion among M. Zola's friends that further prosecution of the famous novelist depends upon the result of the inquiry which General Duchesne has opened against General de Pellieux, who investigated

Esterhazy's doings. The appeal of M. Zola from the decision of the Versailles assizes will not be considered until Maître Labori is in better health. This now eminent lawyer, who won such great fame by his cross-examination of witnesses at the Assize Court of the Seine at the first Zola trial, is still convalescent at Sannois, just outside of Paris.

Every test that is of value in ascertaining what glasses are needed is applied here. There is no such word as "trouble" while we are testing.

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Make the best and finest line of Pleasure Vehicles shown on the Pacific Coast.

The prices on these are right. We accord every customer fair and reliable treatment.

"1899" styles in Vehicles are now on exhibition, and our trade on them is good.

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L. F. WEAVER, Manager.

LITERARY NOTES.

Lowell, Luffell, and Holmes.

"Old Cambridge," by Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, forms the first volume in the new National Studies in American Letters Series, of which Professor Woodberry is the editor. Colonel Higginson is one of the few survivors of the famous New England group of writers that included Lowell, Emerson, Longfellow, Holmes, and Margaret Fuller. The present volume deals almost entirely with the "Cambridge group"—Holmes, Longfellow, and Lowell—and is composed chiefly of personal reminiscences. Some very charming glimpses are had of the every-day life of these men, and also of persons famous in their time but now quite forgotten. "Fame," says the author, "is very chary of personal rights; it is difficult to erect a new altar. Everything tends to concentrate on a single name, and just as for years every good thing said in Boston was ultimately attributed to Holmes, or Motley, or Tom Appleton, so one sees to this day phrases credited to Emerson which really belonged to Alcott, or Parker, or Hedge."

Among other interesting documents Colonel Higginson prints some "hasty notes" of a talk he had with Lowell in December, 1888, concerning his life in Spain and England:

"Lowell talked most agreeably about his life abroad—said that his life in England was much easier than in Spain, where the consuls were incompetent. . . . He said the Spaniards were easy to get on with after they found he would not take money, and was to be regarded as a gentleman. . . . Said that Browning had a good deal of jealousy of Tennyson, whereas Tennyson was too absorbed in himself to be jealous of Browning. B. has Jewish blood, but will not admit it. [I asked his reasons for thinking B. Jewish.] No one who has studied his face can doubt it. He used in one case a Hebrew line, then canceled it in a later edition. Besides, if you dine with a Jew in London, you are sure to meet Browning. [These arguments seemed to me quite insufficient.]"

The book contains material to be had nowhere else, for it is a commentary on the side history of a great epoch in American letters, written by one who had a place in it.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

In a New Hampshire Village.

There is a realism that is neither commonplace nor forbidding. Here is a study of a village and some of its people, that is as true as a reflection in a perfect mirror, yet it bears "the marks of tragedy, of pathos, and of joy." It has been made by one who chooses "to read fine meanings into threadbare things," and the result is a lasting tribute to her insight and her skill. "Tiverton Tales" is the title of the book, and it is by Alice Brown, who has written other stories and essays, but few that deserve to rank above those in this latest volume. And no poet or novelist has written with a better understanding, with more truth and grace, of the New England life.

There are ten stories and two rambling essays in the volume, and in all of these not a dozen paragraphs that the reader will care to miss. Some of the stories will linger in the memory longer than others, but each one has a charm of its own. "A Stolen Festival" is perhaps the daintiest, with more color and fragrance than most, but it is not the only one in which the author has shown the perfection of her art. "The Way of Peace" is another that touches the heart, and its scenes and incidents, all in a minor key, are faithful to the character of the place.

Tales of New England form no small part of American fiction, and several of our masters of short-story writing have found their best inspiration there. The work of Alice Brown deserves a place with the best. It may ring more clearly and sweetly to those who know the field and reverence its traditions, but it will win the high regard of all who read and judge.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

On Mimes and Miming.

"Masques and Mimmers," by Charles Frederic Nirdlinger, is a collection of essays in dramatic criticism on the "theatre of here and now," previously published, many of them, in the *Illustrated American*, the *Criterion*, *Town Topics*, and the *Empire Magazine*, and intended for those who are interested in things dramatic. In common with most critics, Mr. Nirdlinger does not hesitate to contradict himself, if only by so doing he can add a bright chapter or two to his book. He will dwell upon a half-truth as though it were the one and only truth in the world, if only he can be bright about it. For instance, the first paper in the book—and perhaps the brightest—is the one "On the Current Nonsense About Acting," in which the epithet "artist," as applied to a play-actor, is taken exception to, on the ground that actors succeed or not regardless of preparation, knowledge of acting, or even of intelligence, and citing examples of histrions who attained immediate and striking success on their mere personal presence. Mr. Nirdlinger shows conclusively—and brightly—that there is no such thing as the "art of acting." He ridicules the idea that such an ignorant woman as Rachel, the greatest tragedian ever known, could have been an "artist." Yet, a few hundred pages further on, he discusses gravely—and brightly—"Signora's Art and

Madame's Antics," and shows just how and why Duse is a greater "artist" than Bernhardt. Then he goes on talking about the "artistic sense" in actors, "dramatic art," the "art of the theatre," "Duse's art," *u. s. w.*, as if he had never heard of such a thing as "no art" in acting.

Published by the De Witt Publishing House, New York; price, \$1.50.

Hunting in Forests Far and Near.

A book that will delight the true sportsman is "Fur and Feather Tales," by Hamblen Sears. It could have been written only by one who finds keen enjoyment in the woods with dog and gun, and beside the camp-fire at night, and who has tasted such pleasures in many fields. With the practical knowledge of a hunter's life the author possesses the power of graphic description, and the quick, observant eye of the man who has tracked all sorts of wild game, has noted many views that are fresh and full of interest.

The stories cover a wide range. The first sketch describes duck-shooting at Cape Cod over live decoys, and gives the humorous details of life in the home of a Yankee hunter. The second story takes the reader to the great forest of Fontainebleau, a little way from Paris, and tells of the pack of French hounds kept by a marquis, and the many novel features of their breeding and training. The hunt of the stag and the memories evoked of the chase in historic times are recorded with simple art. Moose-hunting in the trackless woods of Northern Maine is described in the third sketch, and the peculiarities of the old hunter-guide, half-Indian, half-Puritan, are set down with appreciation. Tracking reindeer, in Norway, is the subject of one of the stories that is most unfamiliar in its setting, while the concluding sketch brings the author home to the luxurious resources of wealthy sportsmen on a Long Island club reserve.

There are few books of shooting adventures which have the quiet charm and unaffected simplicity of this volume. Mr. Sears is a philosopher and a humorist, and the reader will decide that more than half the attractiveness of the hunter's various companions is the reflected geniality of the author.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.75.

New Publications.

"Qualitative Analysis for Secondary Schools," by Professor Cyrus W. Irish, is a text-book which teachers of chemistry will appreciate. Published by the American Book Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

A history and description of St. Mark's Church, Venice, has been written by Dr. Alexander Robertson and made into a handsomely embellished volume. It is entitled "The Bible of St. Mark." Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$3.50.

There is good, honest verse in Henry Newbolt's volume, "The Island Race"; tales of bravery, and tender memories, sung as the minstrels sang them in days gone by, and clear and sweet as the notes of the hunter's horn in the greenwood shadows. Published by John Lane, New York; price, \$1.00.

The story of French Revolution times which Jules Claretie has written under the title "Vicente de Puyjoli," and which Emma M. Phelps has done into English, is full of life and action, but the moralizing is from the view of the nobility-worshiper. Published by R. F. Fenno & Co., New York; price, 75 cents.

A pamphlet of forty pages, compiled by John W. Taylor, ex-superintendent of San Francisco schools, since his return from the Philippine Islands in April, gives a quantity of information about our new Asiatic possessions. The little book is entitled "Facts About the Philippines," and is published by Cunningham, Curtis & Welch, San Francisco.

The fourth volume of the handsome Eversley Edition of "The Works of Shakespeare," contains "Pericles," "Cymbeline," "The Winter's Tale," and "The Tempest." Professor Herford has written model introductions for the plays, and his notes and references invariably are of value. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

"The Student's Life of Paul," by Professor George Holley Gilbert, of Chicago Theological Seminary, aims "to present the biography of the great apostle to the Gentiles entirely apart from his theological teaching." The references throughout are given in foot-notes, and include not only Biblical sources but modern literature. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

James Henry Brownlee has collected a lot of the newspaper and magazine verse inspired by the military events of the past year, and made a volume which bears the title "War-Time Echoes." There are some remarkable poems in the book, but not so many as there might have been had the collector's acquaintance with periodical literature been more extended. Published by the Werner Company, Akron, O.; price, \$1.00.

A romance of Scotland in the early years of the seventeenth century is "The Angel of the Covenant," by J. MacLaren Cobban, and it is a well-thought-out tale, as are most of those by this industrious author. It has some good character-drawing, some moving scenes of action, and some

dialect hurdles for those who would race through the story. Published by R. F. Fenno & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

A new series, to be known as the Beacon Biographies, is being issued, and it is intended, in time, to include the lives of the most notable figures in American history. The five volumes now ready include "J. R. Lowell," by Edward E. Hale, Jr.; "Daniel Webster," by Norman Hapgood; "Phillips Brooks," by M. A. de Wolfe Howe; "Robert E. Lee," by W. P. Trent; and "David G. Farragut," by James Barnes. The books are of handy pocket size and attractive in appearance. Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston; price, 75 cents each.

The edition of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" that makes one volume of the Pocket English Classics, is one that may be compared safely with many much more costly. There is an introduction of fifteen pages and nearly one hundred pages of notes by Professor Andrew J. George. In addition, there is a full index, and the works referred to in the notes appear in a list. The book is handsomely printed, with a portrait frontispiece. A companion volume in the same series is "Milton's Comus, Lycidas, and Other Poems," arranged and annotated by Professor George. The book also contains Matthew Arnold's address on Milton. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 25 cents each.

Given an intimate acquaintance with Kipling's stories of the country "east of Suez," a vivid imagination, and the knack of writing, and some fairly good sketches of India may result. Sidney Lanier wrote his travels in the land of rupees without making the journey, and his account is convincing. But W. A. Fraser's stories in the volume named after the initial sketch, "The Eye of a God," are not so impressive. There are four of them, and the best one, "Djalma," is full of suggestions of previous acquaintance. There are in the book two stories of adventure among American Indians in the Blackfoot and Cree country, and they are more effective, because they are more the author's own. Published by the Doubleday & McClure Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

The Wife of a Poet.

The wife of a Poet, biographies show it, has happiness rich and rare;
In rapturous revel he deigns to dishevel her carefully done back hair.
He calls her to listen, with glances that glisten, to songs of his sensitive soul,
While she is discerning by odors of burning, that cook, with her fancies of penny romances, is finding a heaven with X 37, and dinner is done to a coal!

Oh, there's nothing that's weary or hard
In the life of the wife of a Bard;
No maiden would choose to reject or refuse
The offer to marry a son of the Muse!

Her duty should bring her to cherish her singer with readiness prompt and gay,
When nature beseeches for pines or for peaches,
clear turtle or Crown Tokay;
For him in a holder of jewels must smolder cigars of a flavor unique,
And as for the payment for food and for raiment, if creditors claim it she never must name it, for if he should know it the sensitive poet would warble no more for a week!

For a singer's a flower in the sun,
And he shuts at the sight of a dun;
The creditor storms and the creditor sues—
There's not any money in sons of the Muse!

A poet in passion must follow the fashion by choosing a love for life.
Some Beatrice, or a Petrarchian Laura, or somebody not his wife.
It's strictly de rigueur for her to inveigle the Bard into tropical rhyme;
The wife, if neglected, must not be dejected or deeply affected, but try to be happy on prose that is scrappy and frequently snappy, and leave to her betters, the "onlie beggetters," the sonnets and letters whose raptures and rages the subsequent ages will read in his pages, and weeping wonder why destiny's blunder had torn him asunder from somebody fitted with him to be knitted if law had permitted and he could have flitted and quietly quitted the woman half-witted and not to be pitied who fettered his fancy sublime!

For the wife who would check or control
Such a beautiful union of soul,
Deserves to be slated in all the Reviews
For marring the life of a son of the Muse!

—Adrian Ross in Literature.

In Paris people look at the eccentric with a more lenient eye than they do in America. For instance, there is Jean Richepin, who, according to a writer in the *Critic*, dresses in this manner: "When reading in public he wears a long red mantle, and his working clothes are a gray corduroy jacket, a flannel shirt with a broad collar cut low at the throat, knee breeches, white stockings, and low shoes with huckles. His hair and beard are thick and curly, his skin is bronze, his fingers are slender and tapering, and his left arm is encircled by a collection of gold link bracelets. Over all he wears, when he leaves the house, a full-skirted overcoat and a broad-brimmed high hat." Fancy an English or American author going about in this style!

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NEW BOOKS.

A POPULAR EDITION OF

EQUALITY.

By EDWARD BELLAMY, author of "Looking Backward," "Dr. Heidenhoff's Process," etc. With Portrait and Biographical Sketch. 12mo. Paper, 50 cents.

In response to numerous requests, and in accordance with the desire expressed by the lamented author and shared by his family, a popular edition of "Equality" is now presented to the public. The portrait and biographical sketch which have been added give the book the character of a memorial edition. The biography contains some extracts from previously unpublished writings by Mr. Bellamy which illustrate the profound sympathy with humanity that permeates all his work.

PLANT RELATIONS.

A FIRST BOOK OF BOTANY. By JOHN M. COULTER, A. M., Ph. D., Head Professor of Botany, University of Chicago. Twentieth Century Text-Books. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.10 net.

"Plant Relations" is the first part of the botanical section of Biology, and, as its title indicates, treats what might be termed the human interests of plant life, the conditions under which plants grow, etc. The analytical study of plants, their definitions and nomenclature, are taken up in the second part.

THE KINGDOM OF HATE.

By T. GALLON, No. 227, Appleton's Town and Country Library. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.00. Paper, 50 cents.

Mr. Gallon has proved his imaginative quality in his previous books, but "The Kingdom of Hate" shows more vividly than the others the arresting effect of imagination, romantic but controlled, which illuminates the dramatic possibilities of modern life. Mr. Gallon has made his mark already, and "The Kingdom of Hate" will raise the question whether the time of his "arrival" is not close at hand.

UNCLE SAM'S SOLDIERS.

By O. P. AUSTIN, Chief of the Bureau of Statistics, Treasury Department; author of "Uncle Sam's Secrets." Appleton's Home-Reading Books. Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth, 75 cents net.

The purpose of the story, like that of the earlier one of the series, is instruction, though in this volume the line of instruction is confined to military matters and methods, including the organization and handling of armies, the methods of their training and field work, the gathering and distribution of supplies, modern arms, artillery, ammunition, coast defenses, etc., and especially modern methods of fighting in actual, active field work.

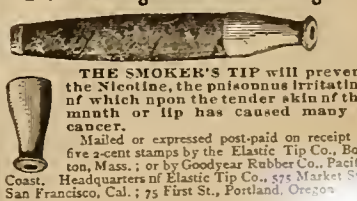
These books are for sale by all booksellers; or they will be sent by mail, on receipt of price, by the publishers.

Appleton's Fiction Bulletin, just issued, will be sent to any address upon application. Many suggestions for summer reading will be found therein.

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"Lest You Forget! Lest You Forget!"





"I always ride straight and take all my fences." Dashing, impulsive, spoiled, leal-hearted Lady Algy, the *fin de siècle* Lady Gay Spanker, strikes the dimly heard moral key-note in Mr. Carton's latest comedy. Without the dehonair but refined "Cis" the story of Lord and Lady Algy would be purposeless, not to say flavorless. She it is who serves as the *sauve piquante* to a dish of very humdrum human nature; who, despite her own recklessness, puts straight certain folk desirous of going wrong; whose turbulent wifehood, true and tenacious, "rises at its fence" in the hour of danger, and brings her, strong and supporting, to her husband's side. All this because she deserves, morally as well as physically, Lord Algy's encomium of having the cleanest seat in the saddle of any girl he knows. In short, in his heroine, Mr. Carton has given us a strong, wholesome sketch of a not uncommon type—the type of *grande dame* who throws herself *à corps perdu* into madcap excitement, but who "never has any dirt on her petticoats."

And, let it be said at once, Margaret Anglin is an ideal Lady Algy. It would be so easy to exaggerate the part; so easy to let its racing proclivities decline to horsiness; so easy, by a little over accentuation, to eliminate the innate refinement of the type and leave us a hoisterous, petulant impersonation; so easy to substitute jerkiness for grace, self-assertion for ease of manner, flippancy for *finesse*—thereby marring the one charming character in the play. But Margaret Anglin has imbued herself with Lady Algy's spirit to the very finger-tips; beautiful, mobile face, graceful motion, melodious voice, clothes that apparently grow on her, all merge the actress's personality in that of her faulty, fascinating Cecilia; but, most important of all, Miss Anglin is emphatically, from first to last, a "thorough-bred," and old stagers know that this is no light test of an actress's capacity.

If Mr. Carton and Miss Anglin are kind to Lady Algy, Henry Miller is a great deal kinder than Mr. Carton to Lord Algy; indeed, save for Mr. Miller's admirable acting we should undoubtedly grudge that erring personage his adorable wife. To be sure we are very sorry for "Algy" in his married bachelor home which Cecilia declines to supervise; why the twain elected to remain twain when the church had pronounced them one does not altogether appear, differences in the matter of horse tips and cigarette brands seem chief factors in the disagreement, with depressing results. But because we sympathize alike with Lord Algy, going the pace for lack of a "missus to stick to," and with Swepson, the valet, martyred by a tyrannical cook for lack of a "missus's" firm hand, is that any reason why the whole of our third-act energies should be absorbed in watching Lord Algy neandering through a drunken phase? Undoubtedly Mr. Miller handles this phase with singular delicacy, eliminating all latent repulsiveness from the scene, and by his refined realism raising an occasional laugh which has no ring of disgust. The fact remains that Mr. Carton has been very unfair to Lord Algy, in proof whereof we appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober. The latter, whatever his shortcomings, is invariably a self-respecting gentleman. Philip drunk is by no means a gentleman, and has no manner of self-respect, which fact is contrary to all vinous tradition. "A gentleman is always a gentleman in his cups." So runs the time-honored legend, which poor Lord Algy outrageously transgresses, while we sit out a so-called ball-room scene and watch him being hustled off the premises by his *parvenu* host.

And this, an it please you, is the chief scene, the hero's great opportunity, in this "School for Scandal" up to date. For Carton's comedy irresistibly suggests Sheridan—with a difference. We have Charles and Joseph Surface, represented by Lord Algy and his virtuous brother, the Marquis of Quarmby; we have an old dotard, the Duke of Droneborough, who believes in the saintliness of son Joseph and the profligacy of son Charles; we also have an erring little wife, who is just saved from going astray with the saint; and we have a glorified Maria, in the form of Cecilia, who sets everybody right at last. But alack for latter-day justice! Things are only set right in the conventional sense, and we leave the theatre harrowed by the thought that Joseph will still be the darling of Exeter Hall, while people will mention Charles's name with a shrug.

Then where lies the moral and where the charm of this comedy which drew London for eight months and New York for a fashionable season? Spicy witticism and cynical epigram are lacking, as, indeed, was to be expected, Mr. Carton's vein not running in that line; even the "smart sayings" are so few and so thin that we treasure up Quarmby's

plea for the retention of whiskers—"consideration for the political cartoonist, poor devils, they live by our peculiarities"; Algy's retort to the son of the bone-boiler, "Oh, why did he do that? They're so much better grilled!" and Swepson's feeble little joke anent the cook and the coal-scuttle.

Put baldly, the plot amounts to a farce: Good boy Quarmby, tired of his copy-book life and his liver preoccupations, proposes to elope with his neighbor's wife, not because he is particularly in love with her, but because it is a spicy, naughty thing to do; he utilizes—by permission—bad boy Algy's apartments for clandestine appointments, persistently conceals the name of the lady, and undesirable complications arise. The neighbor's wife also is running away for the sake of variety, a patrician lover seeming more romantic than a plebeian husband; but she has some scruples of conscience, and wishes to fade from Algy's memory like "a hazy dream." Thanks, however, to the usual dropped photograph, convenient side-doors, and inconvenient visitors, the hazy dream rapidly becomes a substantial nuisance, bringing down upon Algy's devoted head the wrath of his indignant father and of "Hazy Dream's" bone-boiling husband; while Quarmby, source of all the trouble, acts the part of an unmitigated cad, playing virtue to his brother's supposed vice. Add to this that Algy sinks "deeper and deeper still" by his attempts, drunken and sober, to lure Hazy Dream back to the paths of virtue; that Lady Algy, like a true-hearted woman, chooses the moment when every one censures her husband to prove her faith in him; and that financial difficulties are suddenly solved by the outsider, "Flikermarou," beating the favorite and putting some thousands into Cecilia's pocket, and you have the plot in a nutshell—one might almost say a chestnut-shell.

There is a fine touch, however, in the last act, which redeems a great deal of commonplace. Lady Algy, knowing her husband to be laboring, with fallen fortunes, under an unjust accusation which fraternal honor forbids him to refute, glides gracefully on the scene and "takes her fence" gallantly with unerring seat and touch. By a few glib society fibs, she saves silly Hazy Dream from exposure, clears her husband, photograph and all, soothes the nerves of the irate bone-boiler and the hoodwinked duke; but, with true pride of race, shields the real culprit. Quarmby, always a fool, has suddenly proved himself a knave; he has put half a dozen people into offensive positions, and shouldered the blame on them; but Quarmby is her husband's brother, responsible for the family name, and Quarmby is not to be shown up at any price. *Noblesse oblige* in more senses than one.

It is in this scene that we suddenly realize the depths of character that lie beneath Lady Algy's sparkling surface; she gives us a glimpse of unexpected tenderness, of womanly wiles, and we know that Lord Algy's future, like his family honor, is safe in her firm hands. Those two made believe very hard that they did not care, for "caring was not in the contract." They have found themselves out, they know that they care exceedingly, and our last sight of them is through a soft cloud of smoke rising from a closely touching pair of cigarettes—those same "Egyptians" that partly caused their original separation. Peace be with them! They have the show parts, as the title of the play indicates, and they fill them well, but the minor characters must not be ignored. Hazy Dream, known to society as Mrs. Tudway, whose miseries oscillate between romantic love and an excruciatingly tight waist, is prettily dressed and prettily acted by Blanche Burton. The exceedingly graceless *role* of the Marquis of Quarmby is taken with an almost exaggerated amount of silliness by Guy Standing, whose fine bearing gives no indication of the "sneaky" nature he represents.

In the costume-hall scene, Quarmby, in his pearl-gray satins, makes a superlative Charles Surface, and one only regrets that he should have selected the attire of the wrong brother. Other ball-room dresses are gorgeous to behold: Lady Algy's graceful hunting costume, Mrs. Tudway's glittering "Du Barry," Lady Pamela's (Mrs. Thorndyke Boucault) "Josephine," with many another shimmering robe, down to the grotesque shepherdess "after Reynolds" of Mrs. Vokins, Hazy Dream's impossible mother (Mrs. Whiffen). Indeed, the dresses need to be attractive, as a pure relief to the eye, while Algy, drunk as the proverbial lord, caricatures the "Duke of Marlborough," supported by his jockey (Mr. Whiffen) disguised as "The Pretender." Why Mawley Jemmett, jockey, should come prominently on the scene it is not easy to see, save by way of evidence that a jockey, even unduly given to stimulants, may be the soul of honor, ready to tear up hundred-guinea checks which he has not earned. Neither does one know why the Duke of Droneborough (Mr. Walcott) should be suddenly saddled with the Henrietta of his youth, whom he had not met for forty years, in the objectionable guise of the Reynold shepherdess. But we owe the duke a grudge for his parental blindness and feel that justice is meted out to him. Brabazon Tudway, *nouveau riche* and bone-boiler (Mr. Allen), Mrs. Vokins, Swepson (Mr. Lamb), these three furnish what comic element the play possesses, unless indeed we include as comic the insolence of well-born dames who refuse an introduction to their plebeian hostess. Mr. Carton has no great idea of the manners of the aristocracy.

But, once again, if the play be neither witty nor moral, nor strikingly original, whence its popularity? First and foremost, undoubtedly, because it is preeminently a star—a double star—piece, with everything depending on the interpretation of the title-roles, and Mr. Carton has been singularly fortunate in London, in New York, as now in San Francisco, in his stars. Excellent as the company at the Columbia Theatre is, "Lord and Lady Algy" could not have a night's success if Miss Anglin and Mr. Miller did not do more than the author himself for the principal characters. But there is something more than this. In "Lord and Lady Algy" we have a sex play without the depressing sex problem; we are neither harried up nor worried down with philosophies, but simply laugh through the vagaries of some very ordinary folk, who, despite their faults, come out, with one exception, clean and wholesome in the long run. And there is something yet behind—a charm which in the present reaction from psychological morbidity appeals to the public taste—the charm of the straight-seeing, straight-minded woman, who, frivolous from sheer willfulness, yet keeps her hand on the curb, guard's her husband's honor, and "takes her fence" gallantly. The straight rider has once more the vogue, and Mr. Carton knows it.

Perhaps, after all, there is no question of a moral; Mr. Carton and his public may be like the little girl who flatly refused to read story books "that were in the least instructive." ROSE-SOLEY.

THE CRY OF THE LITTLE PEOPLES.

The Cry of the Little Peoples went up to God in vain:
The Czech, and the Pole, and the Finn, and the
Schleswig Dane.

We ask but a little portion of the green and ancient
earth:
Only to sow and sing and reap in the land of our
birth.

We ask not coaling stations, nor ports in the China
seas,
We leave to the big child-nations such rivalries as
these.

We have learned the lesson of time, and we know
three things of worth:
Only to sow and sing and reap in the land of our
birth.

O leave us our little margins, waste ends of land and
sea,
A little grass, and a hill or two, and a shadowing
tree;

O leave us our little rivers that sweetly catch the
sky,
To drive our mills, and to carry our wood, and to
ripple by.

Once long ago, like you, with hollow pursuit of
fame,
We filled all the shaking world with the sound of
our name;

But now we are glad to rest, our battles and boast-
ing done,
Glad just to sow and sing and reap in our share of
the sun.

And what shall you gain if you take us and bind us
and heat us with thoughts,
And drive us to sing underground in a whisper our
sad little songs?

Forbid us the very use of our heart's own nursery
tongue—
Is this to be strong, you nations, is this to be strong?
Your vulgar battles to fight, and your shopman
quests to keep,
For this shall we break our hearts, for this shall our
old men weep?

What gain in the day of battle—to the Russ, to the
German, what gain,
The Czech, and the Pole, and the Finn, and the
Schleswig Dane?

The Cry of the Little Peoples goes up to God in
vain,
For the world is given over to the cruel sons of Cain;
The hand that would bless us is weak, and the hand
that would break us is strong,
And the power of pity is naught but the power of a
song.

The dreams that our fathers dreamed to-day are
laughter and dust,
And nothing at all in the world is left for a man to
trust.

Let us hope no more, or dream, or prophesy, or
pray,
For the iron world no less will crash on its iron
way;

And nothing is left but to watch, with a helpless,
pitying eye,
The kind old aims for the world, and the kind old
fashions die.
—Richard Le Gallienne in London Chronicle.

Curious Custom.

In China it is the custom for guests at dinners to run around between the courses. This is supposed to keep the diner's digestion in good condition, but the nervous, hustling American needs something else, and there is nothing better than Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. If a man or woman is suffering with constipation, indigestion, or any stomach trouble, it's their fault if they don't get well. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will cure them. See that a private Revenue Stamp covers the neck of the bottle.

Yvette's Latest Hit.

Yvette Guilbert has routed her enemies in Paris by performing a skit on herself called "Zut Yvette." When the curtain rises she is seen in her dressing-room, on the walls of which is a life-size poster of herself, getting ready to leave the theatre. She goes out without saying anything, and after a while the poster figure begins to move. It comes forward and runs Yvette down, repeating the criticisms that have been made against her and mimicking her repertoire. Then it undertakes to show what it could do if it were in her place and sings several brand-new songs. The poster figure is, of course, Yvette herself, and the sketch fills the *café* where it is performed as in the days of Yvette's greatest vogue. Jahart

EYE-GLASS CLIP

Which we attach for 50 cents. Don't slip—tilt—or waver. It is always put on our new eye-glasses without extra charge.

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Every Evening. A Hot Show. The Laughing Triumph.
The Spectacular Extravaganza.

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(In Summer Attire).
Great Cast. Superb Scenery. Beautiful Costumes.
Matinée Every Saturday at 2 p. m. Next—Finish of the
Comic Opera Season—"Wang."
Popular Prices—25c and 50c. Telephone, Bush 9.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.

Beginning Monday. Sixth Week of the Season. Charles
Frohman Presents Mr. Henry Miller and A
Special Company. Last Six Nights. Matinée
Saturday.

-- LORD AND LADY ALGY --

July 24th—The London Success, "Brother Officers."

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.

S. H. FRIEDLANDER, MANAGER
Tremendous Success of Miss Blanche Bates and
Company of Players. Ovation at Every Per-
formance. Commencing with Monday Evening, July
17th, Magnificent Production of

-- THE DANCING GIRL --

With Blanche Bates as Drusilla Ives.
Reserved Seats—25c, 50c, 75c, and \$1.00.
Telephone, Main 1731.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

MOROSCO AMUSEMENT CO., INCORPORATED. LESSEE
Telephone, Main 532.

Commencing Monday, July 17th. Magnificent Revival
of Audran's Charming Opera,

-- OLIVETTE --

Our New Prices—Orchestra (Reserved) 35c and 50c;
Dress Circle (Reserved) 25c; Family Circle (Re-
served) 15c; Gallery, 10c. Matinée, Saturday.
Branch Ticket-Office Inside Main Entrance of Emporium.

MECHANICS' PAVILION

Opens To-Night (July 15th).

The International Cake Walk Carnival.

Open all Next Week. Four Matinees. School Children
will be admitted Free at Matinees by Cutting this
Ad out and Presenting at Pavilion.
8 Big Cake Walks Each Night. Bennett's
Band. 3,000 Free Seats. 48 Private Boxes. A Show for
the Ladies.

Regular Admission, 25 cents.

ORPHEUM.

Week Commencing Sunday Matinée, July 16th.
Direct from England. Kilpatrick & Barber, Great Trick
Bicycle Riders; Direct from the Olympics, Paris, Les
Browns, the Only Monopede Acrobats in the World;
Re-Engagement for One Week Only of the Pasqualis,
in Selections from "Cavalleria Rusticana"; the Great
Houdini, King of Handcuffs—Sensational Feats; Minnie
Palmer, in New Specialties; the Rixfords; Hayes &
Lytton, in a New Act; George Wilson, Monologist; and
Millian & Shields. Matinees, Wednesday, Saturday,
and Sunday.

MT. TAMALPAIS

SCENIC RAILWAY. (Via Sausalito Ferry.)

Leave San Francisco, commencing April 23, 1899.

WEEK DAYS—9:30 a. m.; 1:45 p. m.

Extra trip on Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday at
4:15 p. m. Returning same evening, arriving in San
Francisco at 11:20 p. m.

SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 a. m.;

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ROUND TRIP from San Francisco, \$1.40

We'd like to have buyers

for all the galvanized iron

we make, and keep nobody

waiting.

If anybody waits, it isn't

the regular buyer.

Apollo Iron and Steel Company, Pittsburgh.

STAGE GOSSIP.

At the Orpheum.

The bill at the Orpheum this week is varied enough to please the most opposite tastes. It presents Minnie Palmer in light comedy, and Hayes and Lytton in low comedy, while Wilson represents old-time minstrelsy, with, old-time jokes interspersed with some new ones, and, happily, all are good. The Rixfords, two of the best acrobats since the Pantzer Brothers, do marvelous things with their educated muscles, while a clever little boy dances, sings and juggles a drum-major's baton in a truly astonishing manner—in fact, is a whole show in himself; and then the audience—only to watch them, from the orchestra and parquet upward, and to hear them from the gallery downward, will easily cause one to overlook any dull moments in the evening's programme.

"Hully Gee!" remarks a plastered-haired youth on my right, gazing admiringly at Minnie Palmer as the bejeweled Rose Pompon; "say, she must be cold; look at the ice around her neck!" With this he resumes his study of the programme, and then observes to his companion, with a sigh of relief: "Oh, I say, de 'Wise Guy' comes next; just wait till you see him!" They did wait, and rather impatiently, and I began to share their impatience, as Miss Palmer sought by her *chic* and good looks to lend a sparkle to dull dialogue and rejuvenated ditties, but the play did not hold our interest; the fate of her soldier sweetheart did not arouse our tearful sympathy; we felt too confident that the beguiling Rose would obtain his ultimate reprieve, and only wondered that it should take that naughty little person so long to do it.

The audience welcomed the next rise of the curtain with approving smiles, which became audible upon the entrance of the "Wise Guy," *alias* Cock-eye Hogan; and when he re-appears a little later tightly compressed in a dress-suit three sizes too small for him, the laughter grows uproarious. The fun may be a trifle coarse, but the situations are certainly novel and laugh-producing. This and George Wilson's monologue shared the applause of the evening, and, as a tired-looking business man near by remarked on Mr. Wilson's opening sally, "Ah, now this is what we came here for!" From the foregoing, and many similar remarks, it is evident that we go to the Orpheum to be either startled or diverted, but above all "it is to laugh." A. R. M.

Blanche Bates in "The Dancing Girl."

The re-appearance of Blanche Bates and the Frawley Company at the California Theatre on Thursday night, in Augustin Daly's "The Last Word," resolved itself into a veritable ovation, and it is safe to predict that this well-balanced company will draw large audiences during the remaining five weeks of their engagement.

On Monday evening they revive Henry Arthur Jones's English society comedy, "The Dancing Girl," with Miss Bates as Drusilla Ives, the *role* she played here last year and in which she captured the critics of Washington, D. C., and several other Eastern cities. T. Daniel Frawley will be the Duke of Guisebury; Augustus Cook the father; and Harrington Reynolds the John Christian, the lover of Drusilla. Others in the cast will be Frank Mathieu, Charles W. King, Alfred Hickman, and J. B. Hollis.

Second Week of "Lord and Lady Algy."

Henry Miller and his excellent company scored another hit in R. C. Carton's clever English comedy, "Lord and Lady Algy," which is to continue for another week. The acting throughout was admirable. Too much can not be said in praise for the elaborate and effective stage-settings, and the beautiful costumes worn by the ladies of the company, especially in the fancy-dress ball in the second act. It has been a long time since plays have been staged here in so complete and tasty a manner.

The next production will be "Heartsease," by Alfred Klein and J. I. C. Clarke, which served as Mr. Miller's opening play at the Baldwin Theatre last August. The *role* of Eric Temple, the young musical composer, presents Mr. Miller at his best and will give Margaret Dale, and Mrs. Thorndyke-Boucicault an opportunity to be seen to advantage.

A Revival of "Olivette."

Despite the fact that the production of Bizet's "Carmen" at the Grand Opera House is one of the most pretentious and artistic which the opera company now playing there has yet given, it will give way on Monday night to a revival of Audran's charming opera, "Olivette." The cast will include Edith Mason in the title-*role*, Hattie Belle Ladd as the Countess of Rousillon, Mindel Dreyfuss as Veloutin, Bertha Ricci as Moustique, Gertrude Hayes as Sausterre, Addie Arnold as De Juyense, Marguerite Haskins as Folles, Claudine de Voll as Pio Pios, Arthur Wooley as Captain de Merriac, Thomas H. Perse as Valentine, Miro Delamotta as the Duc des Ifs, William Wolf as Coquelicot, and Winfred Goff as Marvevor.

The Orpheum's Excellent Bill.

Next week the Orpheum will offer its patrons an especially fine programme, including Kilpatrick and Barber, the great trick bicycle riders; the Les Browns, "the only one-legged male and female acrobats and instrumentalists in the world"; the

Pasqualis, who have been re-engaged and will give several new operatic selections; and Houdini, the man who puzzled the police and all who saw him, with his marvelous ability of disentangling himself from chains, ropes, and handcuffs.

Those retained from last week's bill be Minnie Palmer, in a new sketch entitled "An Engagement"; the Rixfords, the acrobatic wonders; Hayes and Lytton, in a new version of "Ingomar"; George Wilson, the monologist, who has made a big hit; and Millian and Shields, the burlesque comedians.

The Tivoli's Extravaganza.

The gorgeous extravaganza "Blue-Beard"—with its wealth of lovely scenery, beautiful costumes, dazzling effects, novel skits, and the latest songs, dances, and specialties, together with the excellent cast, which includes Charlotte Beckwith, Ada Palmer Walker, Georgie Cooper, Annie Myers, Maggie Francis Leavey, Edwin Stevens, William Pruette, Phil Branson, William Schuster, Chris Lynton, Fred Kavanagh, and a bevy of pretty girls,—will be continued until further notice at the Tivoli Opera House. The new Dinah-Lou specialty, "My Josephine," the whirlwind dancers, the medley of coster-songs, and the moonlight *finale* to the second act all meet with great applause. The comic-opera season will close with "Wang," with Edwin Stevens as the regent, a *role* in which he has made one of his greatest successes.

The grand-opera season, with a number of noted artists in new and favorite works will follow. Among the first presentations will be "Aida," "Otello," "La Bohème," "Lucia," "Faust," "The Jewess," and "Manon Lescaut."

The Cake-Walk Carnival.

The International Cake-Walk Carnival, which is to open at the Mechanics' Pavilion to-night (Saturday) and continue for one week, ought to draw crowds of spectators, for, in addition to being a decided novelty, it is for a worthy cause—the greater portion of the receipts being given to the California Boys' Fund, which is being raised to give our California Volunteers a fitting reception on their return from the war in the Philippines. There are to be eight big championship cake-walks each night, and, as there are already almost three hundred entries, including a score of precocious children, there is certain to be fun and amusement enough to please every one.

Ada Rehan and the Daly Company.

Augustin Daly's will (says the New York Sun) seems to confirm the general impression in theatrical circles that Ada Rehan had been for four years a partner in his enterprises instead of a hired performer. This relation was said to have begun when Miss Rehan, after the last London winter season of the Daly Company, was on the point of returning to the United States under other management. This had progressed so far that Olga Nethersole was engaged to take Miss Rehan's place in the Daly forces. At that time she had only the reputation of a promising young leading actress, and to this day that remains her status in London. Only in the United States does she take rank as a star of magnitude. The engagement of Miss Nethersole, or some other consideration, led Miss Rehan to change her mind and remain at the head of her old manager's company. It was as the outcome of this incident that she became—according to persons familiar with the facts—a full partner in Mr. Daly's subsequent undertakings. This arrangement is in a measure continued by the provisions of Mr. Daly's will. It is said that the London theatre would have been abandoned even if Mr. Daly had lived. In case his suit with George Edwardes had resulted in his favor, the house in Leicester Square was to have been disposed of. The cause of contention was the disposal by Mr. Daly of the refreshment privileges. The Daly productions of musical farces at the Fifth Avenue will probably be given, although that may depend on the success of "The Greek Slave." Mr. Daly had accepted a piece by H. B. Smith and Reginald de Koven, and another by R. C. Barnett. These musical plays have been produced elsewhere recently by Herbert Gresham, who has entire charge of them. John Malone came over to superintend "A Runaway Girl" and "A Greek Slave," as well as the new Drury Lane melodrama, in which Miss Rehan is to appear. So the continuance of Daly's Theatre for at least one more season is thoroughly planned, even though the lease and good-will should be sold out.

After the recent attack on President Loubet at Auteuil, an American millionaire offered twenty-seven hundred dollars for the president's ill-used hat. Baron de Christiani's cane has given collectors something to covet. Scores of letters have been received at police head-quarters asking when the sale of the objects confiscated will take place. Only one article is sought for, namely, the too famous cane, ornamented with a triple circlet of gold, which damaged the president's tile. All sorts of extravagant sums have been offered for it. Nobody, however, has proposed to serve the four years' imprisonment which that apparently innocent-looking stick secured for its owner.

—ASK YOUR DRUGGIST OR GROCER FOR THE Jesse Moore "AA" Whisky. Do not accept a substitute.

A GREAT COPPER FIELD

THOUSANDS OF ACRES OF RICH DEPOSITS.

THE PROPERTY OF THE BOSTON AND TEXAS COPPER COMPANY.

ITS ROMANTIC HISTORY AND DISCOVERY.

In 1863, during the late Civil War between the States, when almost every man in the State of Texas, between the ages of fifteen and fifty years who was physically able to serve his country, was in the Confederate army, and the Comanche, Kiowa, and Apache Indians made frequent forays into what is now the most prosperous and populous section of Texas, Colonel J. B. Barry, in command of a battalion of Texas Rangers, pursued these predatory savages into what is now Archer County, then a beautiful, picturesque *terra incognita* of gentle undulating hill and dale, covered with wild flowers and nutritious grasses, upon which were fattened thousands of wild deer, antelope, and buffalo, making it a favorite hunting ground of the nomadic, primeval red man.

A severe battle was fought, after closing in with the Indians, in which through greater prowess and equipment the Texans were, as usual, victorious. When about to break camp, copper ore of the richest quality was found scattered all over an area of twenty-five to thirty square miles, on the surface of the ground and imbedded in the surface clay, and extending several feet below, ranging in size from a pea to a goose-egg; also in solid veins running from the sides of the hills, and where the soft alluvial soil had been washed away by rains the ore veins, protruding from the hill-side without support, would break off and roll to the foot of the hill in chunks from two to five hundred pounds in weight each, and sometimes as large as a man's body, until, at the time of the discovery, it was estimated that there had thus accumulated two thousand tons of copper. It was found also in the blue clay, which, beginning at or within a few inches of the surface, would extend in depth from eight inches to eight feet. This latter was apparently almost exhaustless in quantity, for whatever excavations were made a few inches deep this copper-bearing clay was always found. A wagon-load of the ore was hastily gathered and hauled to Austin, the capital of the State, some three hundred miles distant, and assayed by Professor De Ryee, who was then and for many years after the State geologist and chemist of Texas. His assay of the ore yielded from 43½ to 78½ per cent. copper, and the copper-bearing clay an average of about 15 per cent., with an indefinite quantity of silver, gold, nickel, cobalt, azurite, and malachite. A large percussion gun-cap factory was at once erected at Austin and operated successfully by Professor De Ryee; and from that time to the close of the Civil War, in May, 1865, nearly all the percussion caps and fulminating material used in the Confederate army were supplied from these copper deposits.

State Geologist William De Ryee was sent to investigate the source and volume of these copper deposits, and he reported that proper development would demonstrate the existence of the greatest deposits of copper, the cheapest mined, the easiest smelted, and that would pay the largest net profit of any in the United States. At the Isbell lead, or mine, which had been opened, he made a cross-cut about 15 feet, and in ten hours' work, with 4 men, raised 6,000 pounds of ore, averaging 60 per cent., leaving more than as much again in small, broken chunks and nodules, aggregating some 7 or 8 tons, or about 1,900 pounds to the foot. He also found extensive deposits of similar ores and clays at various other places on the property, notably at the Douglas, Ball, and Winn leads, showing the great diversity of the deposits, these four main leads being miles apart.

Professor William F. Cummins, who was, during four consecutive administrations of the State's government in charge of the geological bureau of the State of Texas, and who subsequently examined the property, confirmed Professor De Ryee's report, and said: "The copper ore is practically on the surface. No great shafts to sink at enormous costs, no flooding of the mines by water to contend with; the ore, instead of passing through seven different metallurgical processes, passes through only two inexpensive ones, and instead of yielding only 2 to 5 per cent. of copper, as in some of the great paying mines, it yields from 60 to 70 per cent., while the clay alone, running from 8 inches to 8 feet thick, yields 2 to 28 per cent., an average of perhaps quite 15 per cent., and instead of requiring millions of dollars for a plant to extract the metal, it will be lixiviated and precipitated by chemical means at insignificant expense.

"After the most careful and thorough examination of this property at different times for years past,

my conviction is firm that no rational reason exists why a very great mine may not be developed on the property that would very soon return most gratifying results to the stock-holders."

The federal government at Washington having learned of the existence of this copper ore, the Secretary of the Interior sent an exploring commission under charge of Professor Roessler, a most competent, experienced officer, who made as complete an investigation as the hostile Indians would then permit. His report was exceedingly interesting, and fully sustained the positions taken by Professors De Ryee and Cummins. It can be found *in extenso* in the geological reports of the United States Government.

Major G. Nelson Smith, late paymaster-general in the United States army, and for a number of years a senator from Philadelphia in the legislature of Pennsylvania, visited the property several times, hauled hundreds of tons of copper ore from the surface of the ground a distance of several hundred miles by wagon to the then nearest railroad, and then shipped it by rail about 2,500 miles to the copper smelters at Baltimore and Phoenixville, where it was pronounced the finest copper in existence, and sold for from \$250 to \$400 per ton.

Professor T. A. Gent, then consulting and analytical chemist of the University of Pennsylvania, and afterward its president, assayed about 31,000 pounds of ore out of different shipments made by Senator Smith, which he certified averaged about 62 per cent. pure copper.

The land is also valuable for farming and stock raising. The soil consists of a dark, chocolate-colored loam, remarkably fertile and producing vast crops of corn, cotton, sorghum, wheat, oats, and other cereals, potatoes, fruits of every variety, and grapes equal to the best in California or Italy. The climate is almost perfect, being a happy medium between the long, bleak winters of the north and the almost perpetual summer of the extreme south. The elevation above the sea is about 1,200 feet, assuring perfect comfort and health the year round, such a thing as sunstroke or prostration never having been heard of.

The property was profitably worked for several years after the discovery of copper, and large amounts of the metal marketed in Baltimore and Philadelphia, at a time when the ore had to be hauled by wagons from 150 to 300 miles to a railroad, and only discontinued when the surface ore had been marketed; mining and a plant to work the ore on the ground, became necessary. As in the early days of California gold-mining, the time came that expense was necessary, and as it was not all profit, work stopped. These same California mines, taken up subsequently by men of capital and enterprise, are now the most profitable of all, and pay millions of dollars per year in dividends.

This great property, for the control of which a million dollars was once refused, has been held by the owners for a favorable market and awaiting the development of a proper method for treating the mineral contents economically on a large scale. The Boston and Texas Copper Company has secured the property, and a system for treating the ores and clays successfully employed at Mansfield, Germany, for hundreds of years on similar deposits, and will operate it for all time in it.

The deeds for the property call for 12,274 acres as patented by the State, but it is believed it will survey nearly 20,000 acres. It is some 3½ miles wide and 10 to 12 miles long, and the equivalent of nearly 1,000 ordinary mines or mining claims. The highest expert and engineering authorities pronounce it one of the greatest copper properties in the world, and it is believed it will prove equal to the Calumet and Hecla, which has paid over \$60,000,000 in dividends, and returned \$500 for every dollar paid in on the stock.

Copper-mining is so uniformly successful and profitable that few know anything of the industry except the fortunate holders of securities. Over 500,000,000 pounds of copper is now produced in America, worth \$60,000,000, or within 10 per cent. of our total gold production, and this enormous production, netting \$25,000,000 to the owners annually, is by about twenty properties, located in small territories in Texas, Utah, Michigan, Montana, California, and Arizona. The latter produces 110,000,000 pounds, and the Boston and Texas Company's great property is on the same geographical line.

No industry equals copper-mining in stability, prompt and uniformly successful results. It is the safest and best American investment. The principal companies pay from 15 to 400 per cent. per annum dividends, and the future is more promising even than the past by reason of the constantly increasing use of copper.

A portion of the full paid unassessable stock of the Boston and Texas Copper Company, which controls this great property, may be secured at \$5 per share (par \$10) to provide additional money for plant and development; and it is believed that the company will soon be on a dividend-paying basis, when the stock now offered at \$5 per share will be worth far more. The shares of the Calumet and Hecla Company, which once sold in Boston at \$1 per share, are now worth \$800 per share.

It is announced that the price will be advanced as soon as the amount is sold that is set aside for this purpose, and it is believed the stock will have a large value.

Hon. Emory M. Low, mayor of Brockton, Mass., is president of the company; George W. Russell, Esq., paper manufacturer, Boston, vice-president; Major F. M. Spaulding, second vice-president and financial agent; Colonel Edward B. Robins, treasurer; Colonel James M. Wheaton, Boston, secretary; and its directors are composed of strong men. The company's offices are in the Lowell Building, 2 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Remit by check, post-office order, or registered letter for stock desired to the treasurer, prospectus, reports, and other information.

VANITY FAIR.

The frankness expressed by the Rev. Braddin Hamilton in his sermon before a fashionable congregation in All Saints' Church at Newport, a few weeks ago, may have sprung from a courage born of the conviction that he was well supported in his opinions by certain influential members of the Newport colony. Under the topic, "Home Life," Mr. Hamilton approached the question of divorce. He said: "We ask you, as a favor toward the church, to refuse to recognize divorce in your good society. If you have a friend or a relative who has so erred, simply say to him or her, 'I am very sorry, but for the sake of my home, for the sake of the general effect on the community, for the sake of morality and the church, I can not treat you as I did before.'" With certain matrimonial events fresh in the public mind—notably the Belmont-Sloane marriage—the sermon created almost a sensation, in view of the fact that the Rev. Mr. Hamilton and Mrs. Hamilton, who is the daughter of Colonel Stevenson, of Philadelphia, are widely known throughout Newport society, and coupled with the impression that the sermon had an official ring to it.

Commenting on his sermon a few days later, Rev. Braddin Hamilton said, among other things: "The sermon which I preached in Newport last Sunday was not directed against the society of that place. It was an appeal to that society to stand as an exemplar to the people of the United States. Newport is the social centre of the United States. There are gathered not only men and women of intellect, but also those whose great wealth and social influence place them among the most conspicuous people in the nation. The influence which these people exert can scarcely be estimated. Their actions, their modes of dress, their methods of entertaining, and the incidents of their lives are known throughout the length and breadth of the land. They set the example, not only in dress, but in behavior. What is done in New York and Newport is copied in Chicago and San Francisco. There is no doubt that divorce is on the increase. The newspapers show it and statistics make it clear. The evil is a loathsome one—so loathsome that I dislike to speak of it. There is nothing more horrifying, more detestable, than the spectacle of a man deliberately plotting, not only to wreck another's happiness but to bring shame upon one whom he pretends to love and upon her innocent children; and the sin is none the less when the offender, as is sometimes the case, is a woman. The home is the unit of the nation's moral strength, and the home must be preserved. The man or woman who assails the happiness of one home does not strike at it alone, but at the very foundation of our social and moral structure. I must say that society does not look favorably upon divorcees. Its attitude is one of pity rather than encouragement. People dislike to utterly repudiate their relatives or those whom they have loved as friends, and so the offenders are first received by the few, and then tolerated by the many. Then the audacity of the offenders themselves comes to their aid. They persevere, and, so to speak, cheek it out, until at last their offense is in a great measure forgotten. After a time, when another divorce occurs, these earlier divorcees are able to give countenance to the newer offenders, and so the influence in favor of toleration progresses. It is time now that it should be given a check, and there is no society so capable of making its restraining influence felt as that of Newport. I do not mean to say that the evil prevails in Newport more than elsewhere. But Newport has more power to check it than the combined effort of the Christian churches from Maine to the Pacific Coast. The offenders do not care for the censure of the church, but they do care for the censure of society, and society can deal a crushing blow to the divorce evil simply by visiting the divorcees with ostracism."

The real close of the London season was Mrs. Paget's big bazaar, which beat the record of all charitable entertainments. Never before have English great ladies done more than lend their names to a bazaar, and perhaps grace it for an hour. On this occasion they all worked really hard, and the Duchess of Devonshire, the Duchess of Portland, the Duchess of Marlborough, the Duchess of Sutherland, the Duchess of Montrose, the Duchess of Bedford, the Duchess of Wellington, the Duchess of Abercorn, Lady Cadogan, Lady Londonderry, Lady Lansdowne, Princess Demidoff, Princess Alexis Dolgorouki, and many others sacrificed two days as well as one night to help in what was not only a good cause, but the fashionable event of the season (says a London correspondent). Mrs. Mackay gave over three thousand dollars in beautiful things, which she ordered to be made especially in Paris, and had made for herself the most charming little American flag in sapphires, diamonds, and rubies, which she wore as a badge on each day of the bazaar. Mrs. Bradley-Martin, while she was in America, collected any amount of beautiful silver for the same purpose, and Mrs. A. J. Drexel was also very generous, while those who also helped at the American stall included Miss Choate and Mrs. Padellet. Mrs. Brown Potter, who worked indefatigably at the Kronthal American bar, ordered from Paris the most exquisite dresses, one of soft muslin delicately painted with pink roses, and one of pale-green crepe de chine, with audacious touches

of bright red. Pretty Lady Hesketh, who is one of the American beauties, looked neat and smart as a society waitress; Mrs. Newhouse, whose husband has made such enormous sums in the Utah, Boston, and Avino copper mines, was beautifully dressed each day in white lace, with a pretty feather toque. Miss Ward (whose brother, Mr. Reginald Ward, is known in London as the "Copper King") was also helping at the bar, as well as the Marchioness of Anglesey, Lady Edmonstone, and last, but not least, Miss Amalia Kussner, the famous miniature painter, who has just returned from Russia, and was most beautifully dressed in a dress of pale pink muslin, with a soft toque of pink tulle, and round her neck a necklace of big uncut rubies and diamonds, which she brought back with her from Russia, as well as a ruby and diamond bracelet and magnificent pearl and diamond pin, which were the gifts of the Czar and Czarina.

This is the transitory season in golfing attire. Throughout the cold months the players have relied mostly on heavy stuffs, but now nothing is too light and airy. Casting aside the chrysalis of woollens, the golfers are as gay as butterflies, in white duck, striped flannels, fancy shirts, and feather-weight headgear. Knickerbockers are not as generally worn on the links by men in summer as in winter. Flannel or duck trousers with a *négligé* shirt is now the popular suit. Shirts for men and golf waists for women in flannels, silks, or any light-weight material, and of patterns kaleidoscopic in contrasts, or of neutral shades, are to be seen on the links. Next to the variety in shirt colors comes the wide choice in headgear. Stiff-brimmed straws are worn by some men, but they are apt to feel wabbling in a wind, while some say the fear of hitting the brim has a tendency to shorten the full swing. These objections do not apply to unstiffened straw hats, of which the finely woven Panamas are the best for golf. The favorite hat for hot weather, however, is of soft felt. New modifications of the Alpine and *sombrero* shapes are shown every spring by the hatters in gray and brown shades, which are usually worn with a band in the club colors. The one fault with these hats is that in a high wind the brims flap up and down and take the eye off the ball. Miss Beatrix Hoyt plays without any head covering save her own luxuriant tresses, but, while she has imitators on every link, most of the women do not seem to think that a stiff-brimmed sailor or feather-bedecked Alpine interferes with their swing.

"The *jeunesse dorée* of Paris are certainly the most enervatingly effeminate lot that it has ever been my ill fortune to see," says Anne Morton Lane, the London correspondent of the *Chicago Times-Herald*. "The French young man about town is a terrible individual. His whole life is evidently composed of a simple round that can be followed by the observant eye of any casual visitor. During the four days that I was in Paris I attended all the fashionable places frequented by the smart young men and the many beautiful ladies who appear to be the most conspicuous feature of Parisian life. During that short time at all these places I was sure to see exactly the same number of masculine pleasure-seekers, the same faces went the round each morning, each afternoon, and each evening. At Armonville they breakfast; they drive in the Bois in the afternoon; they trifle with iced absinthe again at Armonville in the afternoon; they dine at the Ambassadeurs or at the Ritz; they go on to the Jardin de Paris or the Casino, and they wind up at the Café de Paris or Mazine's. After that I do not follow them, but evidently it is the same thing day after day. The dress of the French man about town is very peculiar. He usually wears small, high-heeled, patent-leather shoes, with white gaiters, white duck, or very pale-gray trousers, a black or dark-gray frock or cut-away coat, a very high collar with a long tie, tucked and frilled shirt, and a straw or tall hat. An eyeglass without rim or string is invariably screwed in his eye, and white gloves and elaborate stick complete his make-up. He usually drives an automobile, and sometimes a high phaeton with a pair of dashing steeds. He is always accompanied by a lady whose position in society is undoubted, of whom he takes not the slightest notice, while his chief mission in life appears to be to drink absinthe varied by champagne, and to follow every woman whom he chances to see with the lack-lustre eyes that obviously are not guided either by the intelligence of observation or the piquancy of flirtation. One can readily imagine why it was so many women suffered tortured deaths at the Paris Bazaar, and one can also understand very thoroughly the disgraceful scene that occurred at the Auteuil races when President Loubet was assaulted and insulted by the Royalists and their adherents."

A well-known and prosperous New York club recently opened its new house to the ladies on certain afternoons in June. Perhaps it was a mistake. Certainly it made a profound impression on the feminine mind. Everything was opened for inspection—roof-garden, bed-rooms, dining-rooms, library and reading-rooms, pipe-room, lounging-places, and the swimming-pool—a spectacle of luxury, beauty, comfort, and order that no housewife living could hope to rival, and all for annual dues so small that the price of one inexperienced servant for six months in an ordinary household would exceed it. "I

suppose they have a right to it all," one woman sighed. "They make the money to pay for it." "I understand it all now!" some one else exclaimed, laying her hand impetuously on another woman's arm. "This is why nothing at home is ever as it ought to be." The pathos of an undeniable situation, of well-defined lines of alienation between the home and the club, between the man's range of interests and the woman's, his love of creature comforts and her inability to supply them, struck many a woman in fact, and happily some men. "I am not sure I like it," said one man. "I get the best dinners in the world, all the books I want, every periodical, and all without a bit of trouble. But when I look round at it all, at the luxury and the splendor, and go down to that swimming-pool when I am warm, or up to that roof-garden, I think of my poor little wife stewing in her apartment at home, wrestling with servants, and with nothing but a five-by-two tub in a dark bath-room to bathe in." Which goes to prove (says the *Bazar*), that whatever further separations may afterward ensue in American establishments, some men, at least, have existed who have not surrendered to the new order without a protest. *Johns*

"Some men have the best luck!" "How so?" "There's McIntosh, for instance; ice-cream gives his girl neuralgia."—*Chicago Record*.

That Little Book
"Babies," issued by Borden's Condensed Milk Co., New York, should be in the hands of all young mothers. The hints it contains are invaluable to the inexperienced. Sent free upon application.

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The sales on the Stock and Bond Exchange from Saturday, July 8th, to Wednesday, July 12th, inclusive, were as follows:

BONDS.		Closed.	
Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Market St. Ry. 5% ..	7,000 @ 116½	116½	
N. R. of Cal. 5% ..	4,000 @ 113½	113½	114½
Nev. Co. N. G. R. 7% ..	1,000 @ 110	109	
S. P. R. of Ariz. 6% ..	10,000 @ 110½-110½	110½	111
S. P. Branch 6% ..	8,000 @ 124½-125	125	
S. V. Water 6% ..	8,000 @ 116½	116	
S. V. Water 4% ..	7,000 @ 104-104½	104	104½

STOCKS.		Closed.	
Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Gas and Electric ..	150 @ 5½	5	5½
Equitable Gaslight ..	200 @ 15-15½	15½	15¾
Mutual Electric ..	65 @ 48		48½
Oakland G. L. & H. ..	867 @ 70-71½	71½	71¾

Water.		Closed.	
Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Contra Costa Water ..	625 @ 72½-73½	72½	73
Spring Valley Water ..	388 @ 101-102	101½	102
Street R. R.			
Market St.	400 @ 61-61½	61½	61¾
Powders.			
Giant Con.	470 @ 71-74	72½	73½
Vigori ..	100 @ 3½	3	3½
Sugars.			
Hana P. Co.	660 @ 17½-17¾	17¾	17¾
Hawaiian ..	10 @ 99½	99½	100
Hutchinson ..	920 @ 33½-33¾	33¾	33¾
Makaweli S. Co.	1,765 @ 47½-47¾	47¾	
Onomea S. Co.	110 @ 40½	40½	
Paunah S. P. Co.	1,165 @ 40½-40¾	40¾	40¾
Miscellaneous.			
Alaska Packers ..	95 @ 113½	112½	113½
Oceanic Steam Co. ..	770 @ 87-90	90	
Pac. C. Borax ..	45 @ 130½-135	134	135

The market for the week, ending Wednesday, July 12, 1899, had a decided holiday appearance, trading being light in both bonds and stocks.

The Makaweli Sugar Plantation was listed on the 11th inst at 47½ per share. This company is in most excellent condition. They have 34,815 shares of stock in the company, have 17,000 tons of sugar for the year, and will have over \$700,000 profits to divide. They have declared a dividend of 40 cents per share, payable on the 15th inst., which will be paid monthly hereafter, with good prospects of an increase in dividend in the fall. The stock closed at 47½ bid.

The sugar stocks in general were quiet, with slight fluctuations.

San Francisco Gas and Electric was quiet. Giant Powder had a weak tendency on rumors of opposition by the United States Smokeless Powder Company, which rumors, however, are unconfirmed. The stock dropped from 74 to 71, but closed at 72½ bid, 73¾ asked.

INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

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A. W. BLOW & CO.
Tel. Bush 24. 238 Montgomery Street, S. F.

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Hunters' Equipments, Fishing Tackle, Athletic Goods, etc. Bedrock prices. Send for Catalogue. GEO. W. SHREVE, 739 Market Street.

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Strengthens,
Stimulates and Satisfies.

Relished and retained by the delicate,
Just the thing for Lawyers, Clergymen,
Teachers, Stenographers and the

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No trouble to make, a cup of water, a pinch of salt and pepper and a satisfying drink is at hand.

A Pocket Stove Free.

Send us metal cap from a bottle of Vigoral and we will send post paid an Alcolia stove, or the stove and Vigoral will be sent on receipt of 35 cents for 2 oz., or 50 cents for 4 oz. bottle.

Sold by all druggists and grocers.

Armour & Company, Chicago.

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The undersigned having been appointed AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST for the sale of the manufactures of above company, have now in store:

**SAIL DUCK—ALL NUMBERS;
HYDRAULIC—ALL NUMBERS;
DRAPER AND WAGON DUCK,**

From 30 to 120 inches wide; and a complete assortment of all qualities. 28½-inch Duck, from 7 Ounces to 15 Ounces, inclusive.

MURPHY, GRANT & CO.

"I'll never open an umbrella in a house again; it's unlucky." "How so?" "The owner recognized it."—*Chicago Tribune*.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.
Guarantee Capital and Surplus .. \$ 2,187,617.90
Capital actually paid up in cash .. 1,000,000.00
Deposits June 30, 1899 .. 27,656,513.03

OFFICERS—President, B. A. BECKER; First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNY; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GODFELLOW.
Board of Directors—Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohde, D. N. Walter, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, and John Lloyd.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

532 California Street.
Deposits, July 1, 1899 .. \$24,920,395
Paid-Up Capital .. 1,000,000
Reserve Fund .. 205,215
Contingent Fund .. 442,763

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres.
LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH,
Cashier, Asst. Cashier.
Directors—George W. Beaver, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, Albert Miller, Geo. Tasheira, E. B. Pond.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

**CAPITAL .. \$3,000,000
SURPLUS .. 1,000,000
PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT .. 2,159,928**
January 1, 1899.

WILLIAM ALVORD .. President
CHARLES R. BISHOP .. Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN .. Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH .. Assistant Cashier
IRVING F. MOULTON .. Second Assistant Cashier
LEWIS M. CLAY .. Secretary

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Philadelphia .. Union National Bank
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St. Paul .. The Bank of New York, N. B. A.
London .. Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons
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China, Japan, and East Indies .. Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China
Australia and New Zealand .. The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand
Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

WELLS FARGO & CO., BANK

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Cash Capital and Surplus .. \$6,250,000
INO. J. VALENTINE, President; HOMER S. KING, Manager; H. WADSWORTH, Cashier; F. L. LIPMAN, Asst. Cashier; H. L. MILLER, Second Asst. Cashier.
Directors—John J. Valentine, Benj. P. Cheney, Oliver Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, Geo. E. Gray, John J. McCook, John Birmingham, Dudley Evans.
Branches at New York, Salt Lake, and Portland.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$3,702,300; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$2,112,546.

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.
COLIN M. BOYD, Agent for San Francisco,
411 California Street.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A certain Cleveland, O., merchant, who is a bibliophile on the side, was in New York recently in quest of a rarity. He had heard of an authentic first-edition copy of the first book ever printed, and made his wants known to the clerk. "Please let me see your Gutenberg Bible," he said. And the clerk promptly said to a junior assistant: "Run out, boy, and get the gentleman a copy of to-day's racing schedule."

George Selwyn had a strange passion for seeing dead bodies, especially those of his friends. He would go any distance to gratify this pursuit. Lord Holland was laid up very ill at Holland House shortly before his death. George Selwyn sent to ask how he was, and whether he would like to see him. "Oh, by all means!" Lord Holland answered. "If I'm alive to-morrow I shall be delighted to see George, and I know that if I am dead he will be delighted to see me."

Horace Greeley once was discussing in a general company the faults and needs of his own nation. "What this country needs," said he, in his piping voice and Yankee accent, "is a real good licking!" An Englishman present promptly said with unmistakable English accent: "Quite right, Mr. Greeley, quite right. The country needs a 'licking.'" But Mr. Greeley, without glancing in the Englishman's direction or seeming to pay any attention to the interruption, went on in the same squeaky tone: "But the trouble is there's no nation that can give it to us."

During the first years of his career as an actor, Colonel W. F. Cody had in one of his theatrical companies a Westerner named "Bronco Bill." There were Indians in the troupe and a certain missionary had joined the aggregation to look after the morals of the Indians. Thinking that Bronco Bill would bear a little looking after also, the good man secured a seat by his side at the dinner table, and remarked, pleasantly: "This is Mr. Bronco Bill, is it not?" "Yaas." "Where were you born?" "Near Kit Bullard's mill, on Big Pigeon." "Religious parents, I suppose?" "Yaas." "What is your denomination?" "My what?" "Your denomination." "O—ah—yaas. Smith and Wesson."

Jacob A. Riis tells of a reporter detailed to police headquarters by a well-known newspaper. His special forte was fires. He is dead, poor fellow. The firemen in the next block, with whom he made his headquarters when off duty, so that he might always be within hearing of the gong, wished to give some tangible evidence of their regard for the old reporter, but, being in a hurry, left it to the florist, who knew him well, to choose the design. He hit upon a floral fire-badge as the proper thing, and thus it was that when the company of mourners was assembled and the funeral service in progress, there arrived and was set upon the coffin, in full view of all, that triumph of the florist's art, a shield of white roses, with this legend written across it in red immortelles: "Admit within fire lines only."

Castelar, the most voluble of talkers, was one of a party of twenty people who sat down at table one evening, and until the end of dinner he talked the whole time. No one had been able to get in a word edgewise. This greatly disgusted M. Delpech, the French cabinet minister, who was fond of hearing the sound of his own voice. At length there came a pause in the conversation. Castelar was in the act of rinsing his mouth. Delpech seized the only opportunity that he had throughout the dinner of placing his little remark. Castelar, with his nose still in the finger-bowl, stared at him with undisguised astonishment. Just before they rose from the table, he turned to a friend and asked: "That M. Delpech—is he a lawyer?" "No," was the reply; "why do you ask?" "Because he is such a terrible chatterbox," said Castelar.

The late Daniel W. Voorhees was once engaged in a murder trial at Louisville. It was a very warm day and the court-room was packed to suffocation. As Voorhees arose to begin his argument he cast his eye over the jury, and discovered that one of the members had fallen asleep. Frowning with indignation, he motioned to one of the court officials, and in a few seconds the slumberer was shaken rudely into consciousness. He was a fat, timid-looking man, and was so mortified and aghast at the enormity of his offense that he could hardly find words in which to reply to the sharp questions of the judge. Finally he managed to blurt out that he could not help dozing off whenever it was warm and crowded. "If the gentleman always sleeps where it is warm and crowded," said Voorhees, majestically, "the gentleman will no doubt enjoy himself hugely in Hades." There was a roar of laughter, but the fat man hung the jury against Voorhees's client.

When Mrs. Smith decided to give a tea, she promised Mary, her cook, an extra week's wages if she would do her best to make the affair a success. Finding that she would need a girl to help serve the

tea, she asked Mary if she knew of any one that she could get. "Sure, mum," answered Mary; "there's me sister, what's used to waitin', an' who'll be glad to get the chance, for she's a poor gurl just out of a job." As Mary herself was a jewel, Mrs. Smith did not question her further, and Mary received orders to have her sister on hand. Mary's sister reported for duty, and Mrs. Smith gave her minute instructions how she should act, wishing to give the guests the impression that she was a regular member of the household. Things went on swimmingly until Mary's sister, seeing that one of the guests was out of tea, came up and wanted to know if the lady would have "anither." The guest smilingly answered that she would, whereupon Mary's sister, snatching up the cup, bawled across the room in the most approved cheap-restaurant code, "Draw one!"

A Minister's Apt Quotation.

In 1864 a regiment of Confederates from South Carolina were marching north to join Lee. While in North Carolina they camped one day on two opposite hills, between which a road ran. It happened that an old Methodist preacher, a strong Unionist, lived in that vicinity. Early the next morning, the preacher mounted his mule and trotted down the road, meaning to pass through the camp to show his contempt for the "rebels." He was a very old man, with a stern face and long, white beard, which, taken with his white hair, gave him an appearance decidedly patriarchal.

"Hullo, fellows, here comes Father Abraham!" called one soldier to a comrade on the opposite hill, as the old man rode between them.

"No, he isn't," shouted back the other; "he's Father Jacob!"

The old parson stopped and shook the finger of scorn at the laughing soldiers. "I am neither Father Abraham nor Father Jacob!" he cried. A knot of soldiers gathered about him.

"Well, who are you, then?" persisted his tormentor. "It is no use for you to deny you are out of the Old Testament somewhere."

The old man rose in his stirrups and waved his hand toward the camp in comprehensive contempt.

"Yes, I am out of the Old Testament sure enough," he roared. "I'm 'Saul, the son of Kish, looking for his father's asses,' and I've found them."

Moore's Poison Oak Remedy.

Cures poison oak and all skin diseases. Sold by all druggists.

"The world is deeply stirred by this poem, 'The Man With the Hoe.'" "Yes, men always get all the sympathy. Why doesn't somebody write pathetic poetry about 'The Woman With the Broom?'"—Chicago Record.

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S. S. Australia, for Honolulu only, Wednesday, July 26, 2 p.m.
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New Twin Screw Steamer. 600 feet long, 12,552 tons.

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704 feet long. 17,040 tons. Launched.

S. TENNEY FRENCH, G. W. A.,
94-96 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

For passage apply to G. W. FLETCHER, 613 Market Street, or to official railway and steamship offices on Pacific Coast.

COPPER SHARES

SAFEST INVESTMENT.

LARGEST DIVIDENDS

BOSTON AND TEXAS COPPER CO.

Capital Stock, \$2,500,000

In 250,000 Shares, Full Paid and Non-Assessable

HON. E. M. LOW, President, Mayor of Brockton.
GEO. W. RUSSELL, 1st Vice Pres., MAJOR F. M. SPAULDING, 2d Vice Pres.
COL. E. B. ROBINS, Treasurer. COL. JAS. M. WHEATON, Secretary.

General Offices, Tremont Building, Boston

The company controls twelve thousand acres of rich copper land in North Texas which is also valuable for farming and town-site purposes. The tract is some ten miles long and about three miles wide. It is equivalent in size to five hundred ordinary mining claims.

The company is organized with substantial business men in the management. It has such extensive acreage of land, rich in copper, and so easily and cheaply mined and converted, that dividends can be paid during the current year.

The property has been developed sufficiently to begin producing at once, large amounts of the richest copper ore taken out and marketed, and inexhaustible quantities of copper marl and clay running from 3 to 15 per cent. copper found.

From Report of T. B. Everett, Mining Engineer.

ARCHER CITY, TEX., May 3, 1899.
HON. EMERY M. LOW, President, and others, Boston, Mass.: . . . Gentlemen: There is abundant evidence of rich copper deposits, not only at the mines already opened, but at various other parts of the property, and it is my opinion that this will prove to be one of the exceptionally rich copper-bearing fields of the United States.

The ores found in these deposits are immensely rich in copper values, and the cupriferous clays that are also found here in immense beds, while not as rich, will undoubtedly prove of great value on account of the cheapness with which they can be mined and reduced.

The mines are accessible at every point; the cost of mining will be very small, as the ore is not in hard formation.

I have examined the various reports made by others, and confirm them.

As far as I have been able to investigate, and I have done so carefully, I am of the opinion it is one of the richest copper fields in the country.

Very respectfully yours,
T. B. EVERETT, Mining Engineer.

This company can produce copper as cheaply as any in the world. It is capitalized the lowest of any in proportion to its acreage.

Receipts for ore and assays by the leading chemists and assayers in the country are on file in the company's offices.

Only a limited number of shares will be sold at \$5 per share.

Remit to EDW. B. ROBINS, Treasurer, Boston and Texas Copper Company, Tremont Building, Boston.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:
For Alaskan ports, 10 A. M., June 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, July 5, change to company's steamers at Seattle.
For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 10 A. M., June 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, July 5, and every fifth day thereafter.
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 2 P. M., June 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, August 2, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports, 9 A. M., June 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, 30, July 3, and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 A. M., June 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, July 1, and every fourth day thereafter. For further information see folder.

For Mexican ports, 10 A. M., seventh of each month. The company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates and hours of sailing. Ticket Office, 4 New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel). GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., 10 Market St. S. F.

International Navigation Co.'s Lines

AMERICAN LINE.

New York and Southampton (London, Paris), from New York every Wednesday, 10 A. M.
New York August 2
St. Louis August 9
New York August 23

RED STAR LINE.

New York and Antwerp. From New York every Wednesday, 12 noon.
Friedland July 19
Southwark August 2
Adria July 26
Westernland August 9

EMPIRE LINE.

To Alaska and Gold Fields.

For passage and freight apply to International Navigation Company, C. D. FAHNESTOCK, General Agent Pacific Coast, 30 Montgomery Street.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:
Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for

YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,
Calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1899.
Coptic Friday, July 14
Gaelic Wednesday, Aug. 9
Doric Saturday, Sept. 2
Coptic Friday, Sept. 29

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.

D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

Toyo Kisen Kaisha

(ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)

IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND
U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA and HONG KONG, calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

America Maru Saturday, July 22
Hongkong Maru Thursday, August 17
Nippon Maru Tuesday, September 12

Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office,
421 Market Street, corner First Street.

W. B. CURTIS, General Agent.

SOCIETY.

The Graham Weddings.

The wedding of Miss Marie Maccubbin Kent to Lieutenant James Malcom Graham, Nineteenth Infantry, U. S. A., took place at St. Paul's Church, in Oakland, on Tuesday evening, July 17th, at half-past eight o'clock. The ceremony was performed by the Rt. Rev. William Ford Nichols, Bishop of California. The maid of honor was Miss Ethel Lansdale Kent, and the bridesmaids were Miss Augusta and Miss Kathleen Kent, sisters of the bride. Mr. William Montrose Graham, the groom's brother, acted as best man, and the ushers were four of Lieutenant Graham's brothers-in-arms, Lieutenants Ball, Hirsch, McConnelly, and Noyes. A reception followed at the home of the bride's parents, 1115 Jackson Street.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. D. M. Kent, who is identified with the mining interests of this coast, and is related to the late Lieutenant Lansdale, who was slain in Samoa. The groom is the second son of Brigadier-General William Montrose Graham, U. S. A. (retired), who was for several years commandant at the Presidio. Lieutenant Graham has already seen service in Porto Rico, and is under orders to sail for Manila on the 24th inst.

On the same day, but at noon, Miss Harriet Pierce Graham, third daughter of General Graham, was married to Lieutenant Archibald Henderson Scales, U. S. N., at Christ Church, Bay Ridge, N. Y. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Bishop Falker. Miss Meta Graham, sister of the bride, acted as maid of honor, and the ushers were naval officers. A reception followed at the home of the bride's parents, at Ninety-Seventh Street and Marine Avenue, Fort Hamilton, N. Y.

The Wright-Moulder Wedding.

Mrs. Charlotte Clarke Moulder was married to Mr. Leslie Allen Wright last Wednesday evening. The ceremony was performed in the presence of only immediate relatives of the contracting parties by the Rev. Horatio Stebbins at the First Unitarian Church.

The bride is the daughter of Mrs. Jeremiah Clarke, and is a sister of the wife of Lieutenant C. G. Lyman, U. S. A. (retired). She was married to Mr. A. B. Moulder some years ago, but later secured a divorce from him. The groom is the local agent of a London insurance company.

San Mateo Hunt Club Races.

Mr. Walter Scott Hobart has turned over his Hobart Farm Race Track, at San Mateo, to the San Mateo Hunt Club for this afternoon, Saturday, July 15th, when a series of races will be run under the club's auspices. Admission will be free, and every one is invited to attend.

The first race will be a quarter-mile dash for qualified polo ponies that have never won a race, weight 160 pounds at least. Ponies to be drawn by lot. The prize will be the Hobart Cup, to go to the winning rider.

The second race will be a match race between Mr. Carolan's thoroughbred horse Yucatan and Mr. Hobart's pony Comanche. The distance will be one-quarter of a mile, and the weights must be even. Wager, \$50 a side.

The third race, which will be the feature of the day, will be for the J. J. Moore Silver Loving Cup, value, \$250. It is for qualified hunters that have hunted at least twice this year with the San Mateo hounds. Distance two and one-half miles, over ten jumps, minimum weight 200 pounds. The second prize in this race will be a cup offered by the San Mateo Hunt Club, which will go to the jockey on the second horse.

The fourth race will be for the Eyre Cup. Distance one-half mile for qualified polo ponies that have never won a race. Weight 160 pounds, ponies to be drawn by lot.

The fifth race will be a pony burdle, distance one mile and a quarter, minimum weight 160 pounds. Carolan Cup.

The sixth race will be a mile on the flat. Weight 160 pounds; for a cup offered by Mr. Hume. Any horse eligible.

The seventh race will be a match race between Mr. Hobart's "Guzeba" and Mr. Carolan's "Pinto" for \$50 a side, each to ride the other's horse. Money to winning jockey.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Alice Bradford Ames, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Pelham W. Ames, to Mr. Thomas Hinckley Robbins, of Boston, will take place at Grace Church on Wednesday noon, July 19th.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Louise Holcomb, daughter of the late W.

A. Holcomb, of Oakland, to Lieutenant John O'Shea, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Johnson entertained at dinner on Saturday last, at her pretty home in San Rafael, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Runyon, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Green, Miss Alice Owen, Mr. C. P. Pomeroy, and Mr. E. M. Greenway.

Mrs. J. A. Folger entertained a number of her friends at cards at the Hotel Rafael on Tuesday last, her guests including Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, Mrs. John Barton, Mrs. W. R. Smedberg, Mrs. W. L. Morgan, Mrs. Boardman, Miss Patton, Miss Blair, Miss Bowen, Mrs. Sonntag, and Mrs. Garvey.

The annual meeting of the San Rafael Hunt Club was held a few days ago and the following directors were elected: Dr. Howitt, Baron J. H. von Schröder, Mr. Fred H. Green, Mr. J. J. Crooks, and Mr. Leon Bocqueraz. The first paper-chase of the season will be run this (Saturday) afternoon, July 15th, from the Hotel Rafael. Among those who will ride are Mrs. J. J. Crooks, Mrs. Farnsworth, Miss Oge, Miss Smedberg, Miss Thérèse Morgan, Miss Morrow, Baron J. H. von Schröder, Baron Alex von Schröder, Dr. H. O. Howitt, and Mr. F. S. Johnson.

Golf and Tennis Notes.

The fourth and final day of the San Rafael Golf Club's first annual tournament took place on Saturday, July 8th, and attracted the largest attendance the pretty club-house has known this season. The events were a driving contest for ladies and mixed foursomes over nine holes. Miss Eleanor Morrow won first event with a clean carry of 270 feet, Mrs. R. Gilman Brown coming second, with 266 feet. Miss Morrow, whose play is rapidly improving under the coaching of Mr. T. W. Tetley, has a record of 135 yards, and in last Saturday's contest she beat the winning drive, but unfortunately the ball dropped just outside the side lines and could not be counted. Others entered in this event were Mrs. Fred H. Green, Mrs. Frank S. Johnson, Mrs. J. J. Crooks, Mrs. Burke, and Miss Smedberg.

In the foursomes, ten couples went out, making the following scores:

Mrs. R. Gilman Brown and Mr. N. G. Curtis, 74; Mrs. N. G. Curtis and Mr. R. Gilman Brown, 80; Mrs. Frank S. Johnson and Mr. Harrison Diblee, 82; Mrs. Fred H. Green and Mr. Carter Pomeroy, 84; Miss Thérèse Morgan and Mr. Edward M. Greenway, 85; Miss Eleanor Morrow and Mr. R. Emerson Warfield, 86; Miss Burke and Dr. Denis Arnold, 89; Mrs. W. C. Bush and Mr. Walter L. Dean, 91; Mrs. J. J. Crooks and Mr. J. J. Crooks, 93; and Miss Cora Smedberg and Mr. Frank S. Johnson, 105.

Among those who have entertained friends at luncheon at the club-house during the past week are Mrs. W. B. Bourn, of Ross Valley, Mrs. E. L. Griffith, of Ross Valley, Mrs. J. J. Crooks, Mrs. Grant Selfridge, Mrs. Runyon, Mrs. Morgan, Mrs. Fred H. Green, Mrs. R. H. Warfield, and Miss Edith McBean.

The Presidio links of the San Francisco Golf Club are almost deserted now. Most of the lady members are out of town and the men do not remain here on Saturdays and Sundays. Regular play will not be resumed for a month or six weeks yet.

Much the same conditions prevail at the Oakland Club's links. The lady members are away, and there is no regular play. Ten or a dozen men, however, go over the links on Saturdays and Sundays. There were eighteen players out last Saturday. And a further evidence of the enthusiasm of the Oaklanders is the fact that one of the members of the club, Mr. A. S. Macdonald, has offered a handsome silver cup as a trophy. It is to be won only by members of the club in handicap play, and must be won twice to become the property of the winner. The first tournament for its possession will be played off this fall.

The next notable event for golf players will be the tournament which will take place in connection with the outing of the Pacific Coast Pony Racing and Steeplechase Association at Del Monte, toward the end of August. The George Crocker Cup, to be decided in a ladies' handicap tournament, is looked forward to with especial interest, as most lady players feel that they have a better chance for it than for the Poniatowski Cup, which was awarded for scratch play.

The tennis interest is rather dead just now, as an aftermath of the gentlemen's singles tournament in San Rafael. By next week, however, the players will begin practice for the invitation doubles to come off at Del Monte in the latter part of August, and for the doubles championship and ladies' championship to be decided later.

The will of the late Timothy Guy Phelps was filed at Redwood City on Monday, June 19th. The value of the real estate is estimated at \$100,000, and comprises 2,900 acres of land at San Carlos, a number of lots and blocks in San Francisco, and what is known as the Liberty Bell gravel-mining property in Nevada County. The personal property is valued at \$3,000. Mrs. Phelps is appointed executrix without bonds. The whereabouts of but two of the legatees are known at present, these being the sisters of deceased, Mrs. Phoebe Daugbaty, of Kansas City, and Mrs. Frances Whittier, of San José. The will is to be probated on July 15th. By the terms of the will, three-fourths of the estate is left to the widow and the balance is to be distributed among near relatives.

Carriage Service in Golden Gate Park.

Golden Gate Park visitors fully appreciate the latest innovation introduced by the commissioners. Every Sunday and holiday hereafter there will be ready a number of wagonettes holding from ten to twenty passengers, which will make regular trips about the park, over the route laid out. The ride covers a distance of nearly four miles, and the fare for the round trip is only ten cents. The route is as follows: Beginning at Stanyan Street, to the entrance at Main Drive; along Main Drive, passing Peacock Valley and the Conservatory, to the entrance of the Grand Court; around the entire Grand Court, passing the Museum and Japanese Tea-Gardens, and back to the entrance at Main Drive; along the Main Drive and a branch drive to Stow Lake to the intersection with South Drive; along South Drive to the Middle Drive; along the Middle Drive past the Buffalo Paddock, Bear Pit, and Deer Glen; thence southerly to South Drive; along South Drive past the Children's Playground and the Ball Ground, Alford Lakelet, and thence to Main Drive and point of beginning. Stop-over coupons are given at the Museum in the Grand Court, at the Boat House at Stow Lake, the Buffalo Paddock, and at the Children's Playground. Parties can stop off at any or all of these points for as long a time as they desire and continue the trip in any of the carriages as they pass these points during the same day in which the stop-over is issued.

Nearly two hundred members of the Association of Agricultural Colleges of Experimental Stations and Official Agricultural Chemists went to San Rafael on Monday, July 10th, and enjoyed a banquet at the Hotel Rafael. Judge W. W. Morrow was the orator of the evening.

Worth Its Weight in Gold.

To ladies who require a preparation that will erase the wrinkles, keep the skin taut and white, preserve and beautify their complexions, Creme de Lis is par excellence.

The Crystal Baths.

Physicians recommend the Crystal hot sea-water tub and swimming baths, foot of Mason Street, terminus of all North Beach car lines.

Moët & Chandon.

(The Largest and Oldest Champagne House in the World.)

White Seal (Grande Cuvée), of exceptional bouquet and dryness.—*Court Journal*.

WILLIAM WOLFF & CO., Pacific Coast Agents. 329 Market Street, S. F.

GREAT CLEARANCE SALE

Must Raise Money.

350 MEN'S ALL WOOL SUITS Cut from \$10.00 to **\$5.00**

Such extraordinary values have never been offered to the clothing buying public of Frisco.

300 Boys' Suits \$1.95

In Middies, Sailors, and Reefers. Cut from \$3.50.

J. J. GILDEA

756 Market Street, COR. GRANT AVENUE.

Carriages for Sale.

Three imported Carriages—Brougham, Victoria, and Spider Phaeton—nearly new, in first-class order, built by one of the best European builders. Can be seen at

LARKINS', 638 Howard St.

Livery stable near by the Paso Robles Springs—go out for long or short drives—down the river—up the mountain—across the valley.

Winding drives of Paso Robles.

Visit the old San Miguel Missions, 7 miles away; Santa Ysabel Springs and mineral lake—over a hard road from the hotel.

OTTO E. NEVER, Prop. Paso Robles Cal.

City Office, 636 Market St.

Pears'

Pretty boxes and odors are used to sell such soaps as no one would touch if he saw them undisguised. Beware of a soap that depends on something outside of it.

Pears', the finest soap in the world is scented or not, as you wish; and the money is in the merchandise, not in the box.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people are using it.

THE GREAT LEADER OF CHAMPAGNES

G. H. Mumm & Co.'s Extra Dry

WHILE words tell, statistics prove. The importation of G. H. MUMM & CO. EXTRA DRY in 1898 aggregating 85,855 cases, or 52,649 cases more than of any other brand, is certainly the most striking evidence of the great popularity of this famous brand of champagne, and particular attention is called to the fine quality, purity, and natural dryness of the wine now coming to this market.

Used at almost all notable banquets, balls, weddings, etc.

The Place to Eat

The best the market affords—cleanly and wholesome. Music every evening. French dinner, with wine, \$1.00; à la carte if you prefer.

SPRECKELS ROTISSERIE, ALBERT WOLFF, Proprietor, 15th Floor, Call Building.

SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS

First National Bank

N.W. COR. BUSH and SANSOME STS.

STORES Trunks for One Dollar a Month. RENTS safes for \$5 a year, furnishing the most perfect security for valuables of all descriptions. Office Hours, 8 a. m. to 6 p. m.

Pleasure-Seekers Seek Vendome.

Hotel Vendome—starting point for many beautiful drives to interesting points in Santa Clara County. A garden of fruit, flowers, and trees. Mount Hamilton visitors make complete arrangements for a look at Lick Observatory. Competent drivers and serviceable rigs at Vendome Stables.

GEO. P. SNELL, Manager, San Jose, Cal.

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL

NEWLY REFITTED WITH ALL THE LATEST MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

MAJOR WILLIAM B. HOOPER, Lessee San Francisco, Cal.

HOTEL BELLA VISTA

1001 PINE STREET.

THE PIONEER FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL OF SAN FRANCISCO.

MRS. M. W. DENVER.

THE LENOX

628 SUTTER STREET.

First-class quiet Family Hotel.

D. W. JAMES, Proprietor, Late of Paso Robles Hotel.

ROYAL Baking Powder

Absolutely Pure.

Made from Pure Grape Cream of Tartar.

SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. W. S. Tevis has returned to Lake Tahoe after a short visit to Mrs. Lloyd Tevis at the Hotel Rafael.

Mrs. G. M. Cunningham has returned from the Yosemite Valley, and will leave soon for Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Mansfield Lovell have gone on a trip to Shasta.

Mr. and Mrs. Max C. Sloss, *née* Hecht, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Sloss at San Rafael on Sunday last.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Whittier and Miss Carroll have returned from their fishing trip on the McCloud River and will leave next month for Del Monte.

Mrs. W. H. Smith has gone to the Hotel Rafael on a short visit.

Mr. Lawrence Van Winkle leaves to-day (Saturday) for Catalina Island for a short visit.

Mr. Charles Holbrook and Miss Olive Holbrook are at a resort near Shasta.

Mrs. M. S. Latham has returned from San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Wilson, Miss Adelaide Deming, and Mrs. Harry Woods have returned from a visit to Shasta.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Talbot have taken a house in San Rafael for the summer months.

Mrs. Ira Pierce and Miss Sophie G. Pierce have gone to a resort near Shasta for a short visit, and will spend part of next month at Del Monte.

Miss Genevieve Carolan is the guest of Miss Edith McBean at the Hotel Rafael.

Mrs. George W. Fletcher and Miss Martha Fletcher are at a resort near Shasta.

Lieutenant C. W. Rae, U. S. N., and Mrs. Rae, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Beylard, and Baron Alex von Schröder, were the guests of Baron J. H. von Schröder at the Hotel Rafael on Saturday and Sunday last.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stafford were at a resort near Shasta last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Scott Hobart came up from San Mateo last Wednesday and attended the performance of "Lord and Lady Algy" at the Columbia Theatre, where they had as their guests Miss Alice Colden Hoffman and Dr. Harry L. Tevis.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Carroll were among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais.

Mr. Hugh Tevis, Mr. Charles Morel Bruce, and Miss Canavan, of Clairmont, Berkeley, have been visiting Judge and Mrs. John H. Boalt at their summer home, "Montefalda," near Cloverdale.

Mrs. M. A. Wilcox, Lieutenant and Mrs. Randolph Miner, Mrs. Mary Wilcox Longstreet, and Mr. Alfred Wilcox are at Santa Monica for the season.

The Rt. Rev. W. W. Moreland, D. D., Bishop of the Northern Diocese of California, has been a guest at the Occidental Hotel during the week.

Mr. Thomas Hinkley Robbins, of Boston, who is to marry Miss Alice Ames next Wednesday, arrived in town on Tuesday, accompanied by Mr. R. P. Bellows, Mr. S. H. Lerhy, and Mr. R. Walcott, Jr., who are to be of the wedding party. They are at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. W. E. Elliott and Miss Elliott were among the passengers who sailed on the Oceanic steamship *Mariposa* last Wednesday for Honolulu.

Mr. George Almer Newhall, who has been on a three months' trip to Japan, was among the passengers of the quarantined *Nippon Maru* who were allowed to land last Tuesday.

Mrs. John M. Cunningham arrived at the Hotel Rafael last Thursday.

Mr. Charles Fox Tay left on the Occidental and Oriental steamship *Coptic* for Honolulu on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins came up from Menlo Park last Wednesday, and were guests at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant went to Del Monte in the latter part of the week, to remain there a month or more, though Mr. Grant will probably go up to the midsummer high jinks of the Bohemian Club at Meeker Grove on the twenty-third inst.

Mrs. Kittle has returned from an extended visit to her daughter, Mrs. Lewis H. Allen, in Portland, Or.

Mr. Alfred H. Poett, of San Mateo, was in town last Wednesday, and was a guest at the California Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Warten Gregory enjoyed a trip to the Tavern of Tamalpais during the week.

Judge Alfred S. Hartwell, who has been visiting Boston and Cambridge, Mass., returned to his home in Honolulu on Friday on the Occidental and Oriental steamship *Coptic*.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Wyckoff, of Berkeley, were guests at the California Hotel during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. James S. Wethered, Miss Barringer, of Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Kruse, and Mr. Edward Kruse are sojourning at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. J. H. Fisher and Miss Fisher, of Honolulu, returned home on the Occidental and Oriental liner *Coptic*, which sailed on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King, accompanied by their daughters and Miss Valentine, spent last week in the Yellowstone National Park and are now at home after an extended visit to the East.

Professor Benjamin Ide Wheeler, who will probably be made president of the University of California, arrived here last Tuesday and registered at the Palace Hotel. After spending a few days as a guest of Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst, at her home at Sunol, he will return to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert P. Lamdin came down from Napa early in the week, and were guests at the California Hotel.

Mrs. Robert Grieve sailed on Wednesday for Honolulu on the Oceanic liner *Mariposa*.

Among the week's guests at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. John J. Astor, Mr. H. F. Damon and

Miss M. M. Damon, of Honolulu, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Herd, Mr. R. H. Follis, Jr., Mr. C. G. Follis, and Dr. Henry M. Sherman.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Davis, of Chicago, Mr. Hugh Phipps and Mr. J. F. Carriere, of Los Angeles, Mr. Walter B. Beebe and Mr. H. I. Corbett, of Portland, Or., Mr. and Mrs. A. Satter and Miss O'Donnell, of Guatemala, Mr. and Mrs. N. Beeman and Miss Beeman, of Salt Lake City, and Mr. Rudolph Seller, of Germany.

Among those who visited the Tavern of Tamalpais during the week were Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Robinson, Mrs. H. Wise, Mr. H. F. Cutter, Mr. J. J. Scrivener, Mr. Carlos F. Monteleague, Mr. J. B. Stetson, and Mr. Alexander McAdie, of San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Crockett and Mrs. A. B. Miller, of South Bend, Ind., Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Thurston, Mr. L. Dawson, and Mr. H. Evers, of Honolulu, and Mr. M. Copeland and Miss Copeland, of Boston.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Lieutenant-Colonel Stephen P. Jocelyn, Twenty-Fifth Infantry, U. S. A., has been assigned to duty at the Presidio as chief officer in connection with the mustering out of volunteer troops from the Philippines. His assistants include Captain Charles L. Beckurts, Sixteenth Infantry, U. S. A., Captain Edward R. Crisman, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., First-Lieutenant Thomas W. Darrah, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., First-Lieutenant E. G. Oven-shine, Sixteenth Infantry, U. S. A., First-Lieutenant John Robertson, Sixth Infantry, U. S. A., and First-Lieutenant C. N. Purdy, Sixth Infantry, U. S. A.

Captain Edward H. Plummer, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A., has been commissioned as lieutenant-colonel of the Thirty-Fifth Infantry, U. S. V. He left on Thursday for Vancouver Barracks.

Captain Stephen M. Foote, Sixth Artillery, U. S. A., has been transferred from the Presidio to Angel Island.

Colonel Marion P. Maus, Inspector-General of the Department of California, U. S. A., arrived here on Saturday, July 8th, accompanied by his bride, a granddaughter of Admiral Poor.

The United States transports *Ohio* and *Newport* arrived in port from Manila on Wednesday, bearing the first installment of volunteers to return from the Philippines, the Second Oregon Regiment and the first company of the Volunteer Signal Corps. Among the officers of the latter is First-Lieutenant L. F. Kilbourne, late of the First Infantry, U. S. A.

Lieutenant Edward Eherle, U. S. N., of the battleship *Oregon*, has been appointed flag-lieutenant to the commander-in-chief of the Asiatic Squadron. Lieutenant Eherle has been on the *Oregon* since the date of her commission, three years ago, and now succeeds Lieutenant Brumby, U. S. N., of Admiral Dewey's staff.

Lieutenant Arthur J. Hephurn, U. S. N., and Mrs. Hephurn are at the Hotel Rafael for a few weeks.

Lieutenant Thomas W. Darrah, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., has been appointed a captain in one of the new volunteer regiments.

Mrs. Nicholls, wife of Captain Maury F. Nicholls, Third Infantry, U. S. A., and daughter of Colonel H. C. Keller, returned from Manila Wednesday on the United States transport *Newport*.

Art Notes.

M. Paul de Longpré, the painter of flowers, who is known as "le roi des fleurs," is visiting this coast, and has established a studio at 2609 Figueroa Street, in Los Angeles. He came up to San Francisco, early in the week, and put up at the Palace Hotel, and has been entertained by Mr. M. H. de Young at his San Rafael home, "Meadowlands." M. de Longpré will make a trip to Shasta before returning to Los Angeles.

Miss Blanche Letcher, the artist, has returned from New York, and is at her home, 3036 California Street.

A varied programme of entertainments was enjoyed by the guests at Angwin's Howell Mountain on the Fourth of July. The day opened with a tennis tournament, in which Miss Mary Fitch and Mr. Elias M. Hecht won the finals, defeating Miss Ethel Angwin and Mr. Clarence Colman in closely contested sets. The features of the play were the excellent work by the ladies, the hack-court work of Mr. Colman, and Mr. Hecht's game at the net. The subsequent swimming matches were well attended, and produced much excitement. In the evening an excellent concert and clever minstrel performance were presented, the notable numbers including orchestral selections and dramatic recitations. A dance, attended by many from the surrounding country, fittingly concluded the day's celebration.

Owing to the success of the special evening trips which have been run at intervals in the past, the Mt. Tamalpais Railway has announced moonlight excursions for July 15th, 17th, 19th, and 22d at 5:15 P. M., and Sundays, July 16th and 23d, at 4 P. M., returning the same evenings. These trips will give all a chance to behold the indescribable and gorgeous colors of a California sunset as Old Sol sinks to sleep in the broad Pacific, as well as the beautiful scenic effects of the moonlight on the bay and ocean.

The Olympic Club has instituted a grill and *café*, which will be open daily from 10 A. M. until midnight.

RECENT VERSE.

The Sad Farewell.

The troops came marching down the street;
Bright gleamed their bayonets in the sun,
And many a youth both brave and fair
Passed by, but she saw only one.

With screaming fife and beat of drum
And cheer on cheer the air seemed filled.
Through blinding tears she seemed to see
A list—his name among the "Killed."

Above, around, on every side
Gay banners streamed, while far overhead
The blue sky smiled; but this saw she—
A blood-stained plain, where he lay dead.

Oh, fair young face, oh, dear brown head,
Oh, heart that always beat so true!
Shall deadly rifle do its work,
Shall shell a target make of you?

Oh, woe the hunter, how'er bold,
Who tears the eagle from its nest!
And *Maranatha* be to him
Who harms that head upon her breast!

But oh, exultant was the strain
The trumpets blared, the fife shrilled high!
And hark! the rhythm of their feet—
"Left right!" "right left!" the boys pass by.

Far down the street their banners wave,
Yet still come back the stirring strains;
But all she hears—a funeral dirge
That sounds for him o'er Luzon's plains.

—J. B. Ellis in *Leslie's Weekly*.

They've Mustered Out the Volunteers.

They've mustered out the volunteers,
And hearts beat gay North and South.
The hrown hand calms the mother's fears—
Dear kisses touch the bearded mouth.
The house is glad, the fires are bright,
The hero tells about the fight.

They've mustered out the volunteers—
The captains cried, "We're off to-day."
The pine-woods rang with maddened cheers,
The troop-sheds swung along the way.
The hero talks "guard-mounts" and "taps,"
Ponchos, death, and shoulder-straps.

They've mustered out the volunteers—
The bugles set the camps astir,
And at the word some fell to tears
And some embraced the messenger.
And now the hero, with two bars
Upon his shoulder, sings the wars.

They've mustered out the volunteers!
The papers shout it, hush the mail
Brings no bright word. The wet wind veers,
And he still guards the muddy trail;
Last orders have not come his way!
Though all the soft winds sing of peace
He holds the road to Siboney
And waits the final, great release.

The hero, when the candles fail
Hears singing, down a distant trail.
—Theodore Roberts in the *Independent*.

—THE NEWEST SENSATION IN STATIONERY is the "Wynne Gray" made by Marcus Ward & Co., of England. It is a rich, unpretentious color, sure to meet with favor among the ultra-fashionables as well as the more conservative. Messrs. Cooper & Co., the Art Stationers, show this in all the latest shapes.

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Brown—"What motive had your son for becoming a railway engineer?" Smith—"A locomotive, I presume."—*Chicago News*.

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(Main Line, Foot of Market Street.)

LEAVE	From June 25, 1899.	ARRIVE
7:00 A	Benicia, Suisun, and Sacramento....	5:45 P
7:00 A	Marysville, Oroville, and Redding via Woodland.....	5:45 P
7:00 A	Elmira, Vacaville, and Runney.....	8:45 P
7:30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	6:15 P
8:00 A	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.....	9:45 A
8:30 A	San José, Livermore, Stockton, Yuba, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, and Red Bluff.....	4:15 P
8:30 A	*Milton, Oakdale, and Sonoma.....	4:15 P
8:30 A	Yosemite Valley via Oakdale and Chinese.....	4:15 P
9:00 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	11:45 A
9:00 A	Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.....	12:15 P
9:00 A	Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	6:45 P
10:00 A	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations.....	7:45 P
11:00 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	2:45 P
12:00 M	Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Sacramento, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville.....	4:15 P
*1:00 P	Sacramento River Steamers.....	8:00 P
3:00 P	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	5:45 P
4:00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	9:15 A
4:00 P	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Oroville.....	10:45 A
4:30 P	Niles, San José, and Stockton.....	7:15 P
4:30 P	Yosemite Sleeping Car for Raymond.....	12:15 P
5:00 P	The Owl, Tracy, Fresno, Bakersfield, Sacramento, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	9:45 A
5:30 P	Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.....	12:15 P
5:30 P	Martinez, Tracy, Mendota, Fresno, Mojave, and Los Angeles.....	8:45 A
5:30 P	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	6:45 P
6:00 P	Chicago-San Francisco Special, Ogden and East.....	8:45 P
6:00 P	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	7:45 A
*6:00 P	Vallejo.....	12:15 P
7:00 P	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redwood, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	7:45 A
18:00 P	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Stations.....	11:50 P

COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

LEAVE	From Market Street.	ARRIVE
17:45 A	Santa Cruz Excursion for Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations.....	18:05 P
8:15 A	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	5:50 P
*2:15 P	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations.....	*10:50 A
4:15 P	San José and Way Stations.....	9:20 A
4:15 P	Felton, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	9:20 A

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO-Foot of Market St. (Slip 8).	ARRIVE
*7:15	9:00 11:00 A. M. 11:00 *2:00 13:00
*7:40	15:00 16:00 17:00 18:00

From OAKLAND-Foot of Broadway.

LEAVE	ARRIVE
10:00 A. M.	12:00 1:00 2:00 3:00 4:00 5:00 P. M.

COAST DIVISION (Broad Gauge).

LEAVE	From Market Street.	ARRIVE
*6:10 A	Ocean View, South San Francisco.....	*6:30 P
*6:10 A	San José and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only).....	*8:00 A
17:30 A	Sunday Excursion for Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations.....	18:35 P
9:00 A	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Surf, Lompoc, and Principal Way Stations.....	4:10 P
10:40 A	San José and Way Stations.....	6:35 A
11:30 A	San José and Way Stations.....	1:30 P
*2:45 P	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Hollister, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.....	*10:36 A
*3:30 P	San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations.....	*7:30 P
*4:15 P	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	*8:35 A
5:00 P	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	*9:00 A
6:30 P	San José and Way Stations.....	5:30 P
*11:45 P	San José and Way Stations.....	17:30 P

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Father—"Who is the best writer in your class, Bobby?" Bobby—"Jack Bulger; he writes the excuses for every feller in the class."—*Judge*.

Edna—"Why do you wear gloves while learning to play poker?" Edith—"Because Jack told me never to show my hand."—*Chicago News*.

Mother—"You have been a very naughty boy, Jack, and I must punish you." Jack (who has been to the dentist recently)—"Oh! ma, can't you give me gas?"—*Ally Sloper*.

Amy (reading)—"He gave her a jeweled v-i-n-a-i-g-r-e-t-t-e—how do you pronounce that?" Uncle Isaac (gruffly)—"I pronounce it downright foolishness."—*Jewelers' Weekly*.

The parson—"I heah de angels done fotched yo' anudder baby brudder?" Little pickaninny—"Yaas, but it jest seems lak dem angels picks us out de blackest babies up dere!"—*Life*.

"I thought," said the disappointed friend, "you told me this election was going to be a walk-over." "Well," answered the former candidate, "it was. I was the doorstep."—*Washington Star*.

Coach (loudly)—"Two are out! play for the batter." Mrs. Notupp—"Batter! b-a-t-t-e-r! Goodness sakes, what sort of batter are these men playing for?" Mr. Mann—"Dough, madam."—*Judge*.

Tramp—"Yep, lady, I'm known from Maine to California as 'Printed Calico.'" Lady—"What a funny name. Why do they call you that?" Tramp—"Cause if yer went to wash me I'd run."—*Chicago News*.

"You are quite run down," said the facetious cyclist to the man he had knocked over; "you ought to take something." "I will," said his victim, jumping up; "I'll take your name and address."—*Pick-Me-Up*.

In the parlor: Edith (showing her smart little brother to her new beau)—"Now, Tommy, you have counted up to eleven, tell us what comes after eleven." Tommy—"Pop, in his stocking feet."—*Brooklyn Life*.

One day Tommy accompanied his mother on a shopping expedition, and, seeing a large candy man in a confectioner's window, he paused in front of it with a wistful look; then, turning away regretfully, said: "Mamma, I could lick that fellow with both hands tied behind me."—*Troy Times*.

Dorothy—"Mamma, if I should die, would I go to heaven?" Mamma—"Why, yes, darling; of course you would." Dorothy—"And if you should die, would you go to heaven, too?" Mamma—"I hope so, dear." Dorothy—"I hope so, too, because it would be very awkward for me to be known as the little girl whose mother is in hell."—*Life*.

Intricacies of language: "What does that young man propose to do?" inquired Mrs. Cumrox. "I think, mamma," answered her daughter, in a tone of slight annoyance, "that he proposes to propose." "Oh, you think that, do you? Well, what I desire to know about his purpose is this: When does he purpose to quit purposing and propose?"—*Washington Star*.

Yes, her hat was certainly lovely, though it had cost but eighteen dollars and thirteen cents; quite as lovely as that Smith woman's, which had cost nearly a hundred. "But the Smiths are able to own a more conspicuous pew in church than we are," faltered her husband. "Well, they can't come in any later than we can," she exclaimed, radiantly.—*Detroit Journal*.

"Look here! Are you the man I gave a square meal one cold, bleak February morning?" "I'm de man, mum." "Well, do you remember you promised to shovel all the snow out of my back yard, and then sneaked off without doing it?" "Yes, mum, an' me conscience smote me. Dat's de reason I tramped all de way here through de blazin' sun to finish de job."—*Chicago News*.

Sunday-school teacher—"Who was the wisest man, Johnny?" Johnny—"Solomon." Sunday-school teacher—"That's right. Now, Willie, who was the strongest man?" Willie—"Jonah?" Sunday-school teacher—"Wrong; but what reason have you for believing Jonah was the strongest man?" Willie—"Cause the whale couldn't hold him after it got him down."—*Denver Times*.

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ANNUAL MEETING.

The adjourned annual meeting of the Argonaut Publishing Company will be held at the rooms of the Company, Room 13, No. 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California, on Tuesday, the eighteenth day of July, 1899, at the hour of one o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve during the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.
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The Argonaut.

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The political situation, as it is affected by the affairs and prospects of the Republican party, is growing interesting from the increasing indications within party ranks of discontent with the trend of current events. The basis of the trouble is too much drift and too slight a grasp of the situation by the powers that be.

Theoretically all is well with the party. Its immediate future is assured, and the renomination of the President is widely regarded as a foregone conclusion. The return of the party to power has been signalized by a return to the tariff policy under which the immense industries of the country have been built up and the wages of labor protected from serious foreign competition. Mills and factories have been re-opened by the hundreds in the past three years, and

trade, foreign and domestic, has taken on a boom which has made a new record in its marvelous increase in volume and in its decrease in failures. With the return of prosperous business, and with plenty of money in circulation, the financial question is no longer a serious and absorbing problem. Under a Republican administration, a foreign war has been concluded with a measure of success which has bound together in renewed amity the great sections which had been sundered by civil strife. No candidate has yet appeared on the scene to mar the prospects of the Presidential incumbent for a unanimous renomination. And yet it can not be gainsaid that there is trouble brewing in the party ranks in sufficient quantity to endanger success at the polls unless the causes are eradicated.

The accumulating difficulties may be directly attributable to the policy of drift altogether too conspicuous in the management of affairs to incite confidence. We drifted into a war with Spain with hazy notions of our intentions, and we drifted out again as victors, dragging a long array of serious problems with which we are still drifting. No one seems to know yet what is to be the status of Porto Rico, or how long or with what intent our forces shall remain on Cuban soil. Departmental management has entailed a scandal which has only been made presentable by a liberal coat of whitewash, and the offending parties still retain their prestige in the councils of the Executive. We drifted into a war with the Filipinos with little apparent judgment as to its prosecution, but hoping from day to day for a favorable outcome. Through it all has run a series of bad appointments, inefficient plans, and humiliating failures. Naturally enough the responsibility for it all is coming home to roost on the shoulders of the President, and the dissatisfaction is finding more and more pointed expression in the public prints. Editorials may be merely the expression of individual opinion, but they undoubtedly reflect the sentiments of a large or small circle of citizens respectively, and they as surely plant the seeds which grow into settled convictions among a host of voters. The Argonaut called attention last week to the criticism of one prominent Republican journal, and promised some additions to the list indicating the swelling discontent.

The Minneapolis Tribune has this to say of the Philippine matter:

"The suppression of the rebellion there within the next six months will insure President McKinley another four years' term, but if in six months the situation there shall remain as unsettled as it is now, his calling and election will be very doubtful."

The New Bedford (Mass.) Mercury, speaking of the conduct of the Philippine affair, complains of General Otis:

"Every day he cables to the United States a story of successful battles and a conquering army. He had nearly convinced the people of this country, but the Filipinos have not heard the news. He should send a few bulletins to them, that they may know they are conquered."

The Chicago Tribune points out:

"At this rate the insurrection will drag along through the summer and autumn of 1900 and will soon begin to cut a figure in national politics as well as in international comment."

The Baltimore American sees disaster ahead if the present conditions continue. It says:

"It is futile to hope for Republican success next year if the voters of the country every morning are to be confronted with stories of battles and of loss of life through disease and on the firing line. The pride of army is not developed to such an extent in this country, and the sentiment of the nation will not stand for it."

The Pittsburg Dispatch fears that the administration will waste thousands of lives and millions of money in the Philippines in a war of extermination. It commends pacification, which it believes would command the support of the people, and adds of those who insist on the opposite course:

"They will have to bear the responsibility for all its results. They have enough responsibility for what the war has already cost; but that in the future will be an addition that no wise man will seek."

The following is from the Buffalo Express:

"We are all willing to admit that obligations which have come to us as the result of the war with Spain rest upon us now, but it does not necessarily follow that there will not come a time when we can transfer them to others if it should seem best to do so. The burden is ours now; but for how long must it remain so?"

The Boston Advertiser finds:

"The grim and ghastly truth confronts us that the Philippine Islands can be subjected to American domination only by a military

conquest which will require a mighty army and the indefinite but enormous expenditure of American blood and treasure."

The Newark Advertiser does not mince matters in saying:

"The fatuous policy of the government has made useless all the splendid valor of our devoted troops in the late campaign and rendered more difficult the problems which we set out to solve in the Philippines."

The Indianapolis News voices the same discontent:

"It begins to look as if we need not merely a firmer hand and a surer sense in the Philippines, but that we need a better War Department. President McKinley can not too soon give his undivided attention to the situation."

Even the stalwart New York Tribune displays impatience thus:

"The course of events in the Philippines has not met expectations encouraged by outgivings that purported to come from the War Department. . . . The elaborate tactical descriptions of movements in progress, which never resulted as Washington expected, gave the public impression that General Otis did not often guess very well. Later events have indicated that it was not General Otis who guessed wrong."

The policy of optimistic drifting appears to have brought a large portion of the Republican press to the limit of their patience in the last six months. Another half year of it will endanger not only the President's hopes to succeed himself, but the continuance of the party itself in power.

The broader sentiment of the United States—the sentiment not biased by considerations of political expediency, nor by sectional prejudice, nor by ignorance—is developing a greatly enlarged

view of the race problem in the South. Persons of liberal minds are beginning to ask themselves these questions: Do the frequent lynchings of negroes by white men in the South indicate *prima facie* that Southern men are lawless? Do these lynchings suggest that Southern men are still angry that the negroes were given the benefits of manumission? Are these lynchings an expression of the white men's resentment that the negroes enjoy civil rights equally with them? After all, might not a similar condition of affairs exist anywhere else in the country if negroes were proportionately as numerous as they are in the South? Is it not conceivable that irreconcilable racial differences exist of a nature somewhat similar to those which precipitated the conflict some years ago between the whites and the Chinese of the Pacific Coast, and between the Gentiles and the Jews of certain European countries throughout all history?

The tendency to ask these questions is significant—it seems to show that in the solution of all grave problems the true homogeneous American spirit will eventually make its presence manifest. In this inquiry it is hardly necessary to raise the question of the negro's inferiority; it is needless to quote anthropological data to the effect that the sutures in the skull of a negro child close earlier than in the case of a white child, and that the negro's cranial capacity and brain complexity are less than a white man's. We are on broader and safer ground when we take the position of the irreconcilability of the racial differences existing between whites and blacks. This gives us a biological basis for study, and it is as firm as the firmest human knowledge can be.

Whites of all nationalities easily assimilate. The one exception is the Jews, whose religion keeps them a separate race, and therefore a race against which antagonisms are bound to arise. Their alienage is purely a fictitious quantity. This is not so with the "colored" races, such as Asiatics and Africans. Here the difference in color is merely the outward sign of fundamental differences that reach to positive and irreconcilable antagonism. Neither the white nor the so-called "colored" races are to blame for this. There is no question of blame in the matter. The whites of all nations on the one hand, and the blacks, browns, reds, and yellows on the other, exhibit differences as distinct and irreconcilable as those that make the cat and the dog instinctive and habitual enemies.

The impossibility of equality—a word that we are now using in its scientific, not social, nor political, nor intellectual, sense—between whites and blacks may be appreciated when we consider the origin and history of the two races. Only a few generations back that the negroes can

various savage tribes of the most primitive sort. And they did not come as the white races came, as conquerors of new worlds from inferior races through countless generations, but were dragged unwilling hither as slaves, and for generations were held in slavery. Under these simple circumstances, how is it possible to consider the possibility of their equality with the whites—still employing that word in its scientific sense?

The raping negro—the victim of the lynchers—is found principally in a belt extending through Georgia and South Carolina. With the exception of a few individuals there is no ambition among them. The *Argonaut* has suggested that they be formed into regiments to garrison our tropical possessions, but this would only take the best and leave the worst. President Councill, of an Alabama college for negroes, thinks that the negroes will ultimately be returned to Africa, but how is that possible, seeing that such efforts in the past have proved failures, and that the white man has taken possession of that country?

The South says: "Lynching is barbarous and horrible; but what can we do? Legal remedies are inadequate, because outraged women refuse to go into court, or, if they do, refuse to answer indelicate questions. Give us a remedy." This is an appeal to the intelligence, the generosity, the American sentiment of the whole country. What remedy can be offered? If none is given, lynchings must continue, and the whole power of the United States can not suppress the causes that make them possible. It is claimed that education will probably increase the negro's animal lawlessness by adding to his power and stimulating his arrogance. Africa does not offer a promising field. The army has limited possibilities.

More than all that, the negro is an excellent worker if kept within bounds, and it is not believed that white labor can take his place. Meanwhile, here are some criminal statistics: From 1891 to 1897, the number of lynchings in the United States was 1,285; an average of 214 a year. In 1897 it was 166, as against 128 legal executions in that year. From June 5, 1898, to April 24, 1899, it was 166 again. The *New York Morning Telegram* says: "With the education of the blacks, crime among them has increased. Of the crimes of last year in the United States, 70 per cent. were committed by negroes. Eighty per cent. of the law-breakers of the South were black, and of the negro criminals 92 per cent. are of the educated variety."

Hence it is that the race problem is beginning to be regarded as a national one, appealing to the conscience and intelligence of the whole people. What solution is possible? And if none is found, how is there a probability of avoiding a crusade of extermination by the whites of the South?

The alignment marking the trust and the popular opposition to it becomes more distinct. Almost daily new trusts are being formed, but the crystallization of sentiment against them is in no measure retarded. In Missouri the fight has been long and determined, and only recently has there been a decisive victory. There the anti-trust law has triumphed, to the great consternation of the insurance companies, which had arrogantly and openly refused to pay any attention to it. By the terms of a decision of the supreme court seventy-three of these companies are barred from doing business in that State, their licenses being not simply revoked, but, according to the general view taken by lawyers, the superintendent of insurance rendered powerless to renew the licenses even though he might desire to do so. While the companies acknowledge defeat, and the agents that for the present at least their occupation is gone, they are not ready to concede the hopelessness of the situation.

As the first instance in which a trust has been utterly routed, the Missouri contention and verdict possess peculiar interest. There was involved in the litigation all the constitutional questions that could be raised. Members of the combination brought forward, through their attorneys, every legal objection, quibble, technicality, and a mass of evidence that, in the light of results, seems to have been tainted of perjury, but in vain. The court sustained the law in every detail; and the defendants not only lost, but other trusts, formulated in defiance of the statute, received a shock, and fearfully await the time they shall be taken to task.

This trust was in some respects unique, although following the rule of asserting that it was not a trust. After the court had passed on the facts, it declared it "A plain, palpable, and bungling trust, pool, agreement, combination, confederation, and understanding, organized to evade the anti-trust laws of Missouri, but wholly inefficient for the purpose." Moreover, the court held the companies responsible for the acts of agents. Herein is exemplified the wide difference between the judicial and the corporation view. Insurance agents at St. Joseph had what they were pleased to designate a "Social Club." According to their testimony this club was in no sense for business purposes, but relaxation and

fraternity, and kept no records. The truth was that by means of this club a uniform rate was maintained, each agent making daily reports to the secretary, one Scott, who was in reality the representative of Insurance Expert Fetter, of Kansas City, who regularly furnished "rate sheets" by which all the agents had to be guided, and to whom all reports were sent, so any violation of the compact could be at once detected. One agent, impressed with the illegality of this, refused to be bound by it, and was informed by his principals that unless he would continue to disobey the law his credentials would be withdrawn. He was obdurate, and lost his position with several companies. To this circumstance was due largely the success of the attorney-general, for the ex-agent turned upon the concerns that had wronged him, and against the facts at his command the trust was unable to prevail.

There is rejoicing in Missouri, for the people there had long been under the domination of this trust, and its exactions were little less than robbery. The action which has just terminated was first brought in October of 1897. So long had it dragged, so vast were the resources of the trust, that hope of relief had nearly vanished when the welcome news of the decision came from the capital. A glance at the figures will demonstrate that the companies had so good a thing that reluctance to let it go is not hard to understand. On a capital of \$49,077,875 they declared in a year dividends of thirteen per cent., while their surplus was increased by \$9,046,261, the total per cent. of gain on the capital amounting to thirty-three and one-third. So far as Missouri is concerned, one gigantic trust has found an ending. There are other trusts, but they will fight shy of that State.

Rudyard Kipling had won the respect and admiration of the judicious by refusing to be interviewed, by refraining from writing his opinion on any subject for yellow journals, and by hedging his personality about with the dignity and reserve so becoming to his genius. He had seemed to have the modesty of true greatness of the finer sort, and to care only for the doing of the work that had been given him to do. It was this course that had made him a hero—his work had already proclaimed him a genius. But as a hero he has at last written his own funeral dirge. That were a loss which might be philosophically borne, but we fear that the qualities which made the hero will drag down the genius in their fall. For Kipling, in a letter printed as the preface of a book devoted to vulgar, silly, and indiscriminate laudation of his personality and work, announces that he has read the manuscript "with a good deal of interest"; he hardly saves himself with the protest that it "would be best published after the subject were dead." From all accounts, this book is the yellowest kind of yellow journalism put into covers.

The desire of the public for knowledge of the personality of authors is old; the modern methods of gratifying the desire for that knowledge are new, and it is feared that the effect upon literature will be bad. Every author, even of a single book that has attracted attention, is besieged with requests for his biography and portrait for publication. This is a new and excessively active industry, and it is pursued both by literary paragraphers of the "snippet" sort, and by publishers of endless books of the order of "Who's Who." Women's clubs beg the privilege of lionizing him. The evil of it all lies in the inevitable demoralization of the literary workers themselves. When a young author finds his mail burdened with requests for his portrait and biography, and sees himself lauded to the skies in flash publications, he is very likely to lose the hard and narrow way that leads to real renown; he is too apt to acquire a conceit that his abilities do not warrant, and so prostitute his ideals and drift into the rôle of a showman and money-grubber. The author or poet who believes that booming has any substantial value has already taken a fatal poison into his blood.

An ugly phase of the matter is that promising authors themselves are getting into the scramble to boom other authors. On this subject a writer in *Literature* says: "Instead of going on with their own work, dreaming their own dreams, and completing their own education, some of them seem to have fallen into the habit of writing each other's life." Of the Kipling biography (by G. F. Monkshood) he says: "It would hardly have been inadequate had it been presented as a biographical eulogy of Shakespeare." As to the possible effect of this upon Kipling himself, the London *Saturday Review* remarks: "No one now before the world is in a position more perilous. It is depressing to be underestimated, and may even have a baleful effect upon the temper. But to be overestimated is far more dangerous to those qualities which a man needs in the prosecution of his daily work." Then, to show that Kipling can not properly be regarded as the impeccable deity that popular laudation makes him, it says: "Mr. Kipling has been, and now habitually is, overpraised." The elements that make him great are summarized by the *Review* as "the pungency of

his style, the closeness and abundance of his observation, his rich and multiform imagination." All praise for these is due him. "But these alone," adds the *Review*, "would not account for a quarter of his popularity. . . . All that is utilitarian and materialistic, all that is inimical to thought and favorable to action, all the external rowdiness and latent puritanism with which this century is closing so surprisingly in England, find their exact echo and confirmation in Mr. Kipling's books." Our contemporary denies that Kipling has been a directing force in the thought of England; he has merely "called forth the forces which ran."

Clearly, if Kipling's deification blinds him to his limitations, it will prohibit his rational and wholesome development; for it must be remembered that he is still a very young man. The key-note of yellow journalism (and its congener, yellow literature) is life and action. Introspection, retrospection, analysis—in short, profound thought, sharp discrimination, and fine ideals—have no consideration from it. Its purpose is to stir, to thrill. It advances the individual ahead of his work. It is a pitiful retrogression from the splendid system that Socrates began and Plato developed.

The explanation of it all lies in the recent discovery that the great, heedless, uneducated, untrained, undeveloped masses of the people are a mine of fabulous richness for exploitation by writers, editors, and publishers of a certain sort. These masses want only the frivolous, the shallow, the unsubstantial things of life apart from the money for which they grub and sweat in their serious hours. In a moment they may bring an author or poet to the pinnacle of success and fame. But alas! their power begins and ends with the boom, and all booms are founded on fictitious or exaggerated valuations. A collapse inevitably comes; and the helpless victim of the boom, after dreaming a short hour that he was the maker of worlds, lies ridiculously and pitifully dead. The enthusiastic, ebullient, god-making masses are as mercilessly cruel in the end as they are generous in the beginning; and at last the idol of the day finds, as did Icarus, that his wings were of wax after all, and that in his hardihood he had soared too near the sun.

There is a chance for American ingenuity in devising some sensible method of celebrating the Fourth of July. Certainly the present means employed do not appeal to the intelligence, nor seem in any manner fitting. Even those who blow their own fingers off must be conscious that they have not fully met the requirements of patriotism. There is no appropriateness in Chinese fire-crackers nor in Japanese kites exploding picturesquely.

Statistics as to the recent Fourth are full of information. According to data hastily collected, and doubtless now much more impressive than the figures show, there were 33 people killed, 1,851 injured; reported losses by fire amounting to \$422,570, and probably doubled if all the truth were known. People fell out of balloons, were scared into hysterics by torpedoes, bruised by runaways, got lockjaw from toy cannon, were scorched or perforated by pistols. And all to what purpose? We must confess to a lack of knowledge. Why a civic event should be commemorated by the noise, and much of the danger of war, is a question that is beyond solution. In San Francisco alone fire did damage to the extent of \$12,000, and physicians at the Receiving Hospital put in extra time patching the wounds of the enthusiasts, most of the victims being able to advance the plea of extreme youth. None of them knew what all the fuss was about. They simply understood that the day bore with it license to commit the nuisance of noise and trifle with powder. Many of them were unaware that the birth of the nation was being commemorated. They had never heard of the birth of the nation.

The system must strike everybody, unless, indeed, the undertaker, as being senseless. It is hard to account for. The signing of the Declaration of Independence was a calm and silent act. There was in it no savor of war. The Chinese and Japanese certainly were not considered at the time. There is no particular nicety in a native of the Orient, who happens now to be in our midst, exploding yards of sulphurous sound in honor of an event of which he has no possible knowledge. It is plain that if a national reputation for sanity is to be preserved, there must be a change.

Just how this change is to be brought about is the question making demands upon invention. There are now "literary" exercises, but, as a rule, they are an infliction. People who are not able to read, read the Declaration. Orators, from whom is absent every element of oratorical ability, go upon the rostrum, and the assemblage goes away or wishes that it could. There is surely much of interest in our national history. There must be some method of expressing it. It is not to be expressed by red-fire. It does not find adequate voice in the platitudes of an ambitious, but sadly amateurish Demosthenes. It does not find even in a procession, with banners and bands, the highest form of

impressiveness. Plainly, something should be done. Nobody wants the day to pass unnoticed. It might better so pass than to be celebrated by the inauguration of Bedlam, in the uproar of which there is no indication of purpose, no shadow of memory, and no sign of uplifting. The American to propose some method of celebration which shall be reasonable, instructive, and tend less than the present to swell the mortality list will do much for his country.

In spite of the recent statement of Mr. Henderson, who is admitted to be the successor of Speaker Reed, to the effect that nothing has yet been decided upon regarding the currency hills to be introduced and pushed by the Republican members of the next Congress, it is evident that an effort will be made to recognize upon the statute books the fact that this country has a currency based upon gold, and to place the currency more strongly upon that basis. In 1896 there was considerable uncertainty in commercial circles regarding financial policy. In spite of this uncertainty the American people declared in favor of honest money. Three years have elapsed; there has been no change in the proportionate value of the currency and no change in the standard, yet prosperity has returned and industries are thriving. The Republican party, being in power, has left the financial legislation as it was; the time has now come to take a step in advance, and indications that this step will be taken are multiplying. It is generally accepted that a provision requiring all redeemed "greenbacks" to be paid out only in exchange for gold will be a feature of the proposed legislation, and Henry C. Payne has stated that the Republican members of the Senate finance committee will present a bill declaring all government obligations payable in gold. The essential fact is that legislation will be introduced intended to place the finances of the country upon a firmer basis. This fact being established, the old question, and the only question having any weight propounded by the silverites, arises once more—can this country maintain a gold basis?

The first point to be taken into consideration is the increasing production of gold. During the ten years ending with 1890 the average annual production in the world was \$105,989,200; during the next five years the annual production was \$162,376,400, an increase of fifty per cent. In 1896 it was \$202,632,300, in 1897 it was \$237,504,800, and in 1898 it was \$300,000,000. Director of the Mint Roberts, who has nearly every source of information at his command, predicts that this year the output will equal the product of gold and silver combined in 1896—\$420,000,000—when Mr. Bryan was predicting the dire results that would follow from the confirmation of the gold standard in this country. Moreover, there is every reason to believe that the increase will be continued for a number of years, when the new fields that are being developed in all parts of the world are considered.

As regards this country alone, there is another point to be considered, as is comprehensively discussed in a recent issue of the *Quarterly Journal of Economics*, by Professor Charles F. Dunbar, of Harvard. Briefly stated, his argument is that this country has nothing to fear from a gold famine so long as its surplus products are more in demand abroad than the foreign surplus products are in demand here. To use the old, misleading, and unscientific phrase, we are safe as long as the balance of trade is in our favor. As he points out, this country, so far as the financial question is concerned, has a great advantage in the field of international trade. It has an immense territory of remarkably productive capacity, which has been already developed to such a point as to place it in the first rank of producing countries. It has a people of great capacity, who are as yet free from the drain of the immense armaments that sap the vitality of European countries, though, it may be added, this advantage hides fair to be wiped out by the mania for imperialism. It has varied industries, and, until within a year, was the greatest gold-producing country in the world.

This country can lose gold only through a reversal of the ratio of exports and imports, or through financial transactions with other countries. As to the first point, our demand for foreign products is far less intense than their demand for the products of this country, as is shown by the fact that under the severe strain of financial stringency imports materially decrease, while exports are limited only by the available surplus. The statistics of foreign commerce show that the surplus products available for export are increasing at a rate hitherto unknown in the history of the world, and there is every reason to feel confident that this rate of increase will be maintained for a number of years. At the same time the identical forces which are producing this growth in the export trade will tend to reduce the demand for foreign products. So far as the ratio between exports and imports is concerned, then, there is no room for alarm.

It is a favorite argument of the advocates of debased

coinage that this is a debtor nation and that England, as a creditor, can drain the United States of its gold. If this scarecrow is punctured, however, it will be found to be filled with straw. It is true that the United States uses—and uses profitably—a large amount of foreign capital, and in the form of interest or dividends must make large "gold payments" for its use. But these "gold payments" are not always made in gold. Two conspicuous instances may be cited. The Geneva award, in 1872, required the payment by England to the United States of \$15,500,000. The transfer across the Atlantic was made by the shipment of United States bonds called for payment. The United States paid to Spain \$20,000,000 for the "perpetual revolution" in the Philippine Islands, yet no gold was shipped to balance the indebtedness. England, as a creditor nation, is not represented by one directing will, but by a multitude of individual wills, and each acts as its interests dictate. Their demand is not for gold, but for goods to use in their manufactories, and goods they will have from this country if they can get them cheaper here.

So far as the supply of gold for maintaining the gold standard is concerned, this country has nothing to fear. All that is necessary to be considered is so to perfect the financial system of the country that it will not be a menace during the recurring periods of commercial depression that are inevitable in the present stage of industrial development.

That there should be regulations uniform among the various States in relation to divorce has long been a familiar contention. Some method is required whereby the migratory marriage, and the almost inevitable dissolution of bonds lightly assumed, shall be checked. The present condition is a scandal. Marriage is by many looked upon as a temporary partnership, the obligations to be cast aside at any moment they may become in any measure irksome. The result is a threat directed against the integrity of the family, and that this integrity must be preserved, if the nation is to stand, is an allegation so palpably sound that no argument is needed in its support. Doubtless a uniform law would be a long step in advance, but the difficulty of enacting and enforcing it can not fail of recognition.

The present anomalous status of affairs would be ludicrous, save for its sombrous side. The skeleton grinning in the closet has too often been brought out for inspection to permit the subject to be lightly treated. There have been too many ruined hopes and homes, too many plots against domestic content, to allow even the careless to assume that all decision concerning the matter must be left to individual conscience. Society is entitled to protection against an insidious foe as well as against the assassin who with a bludgeon awaits the passer-by on the highway. Particularly is California interested. Here the "contract" marriage long received a sanction it never merited, and while it is a thing of the past, the evils springing from it survive. By its prevalence there was created an idea that marriage was a mere form. Now that a divorced person is not by law permitted to re-marry in less than a year, the plan of outwitting the law is common and shameful. If people have no right to wed in California, to go beyond the limits of the State and there take the solemn vows, then returning here as husband and wife, is to make a mockery of the statute, and a scorning of the most sacred tie. The ceremony should be based on mutual respect and affection. To force it to be exactly this, is beyond legislative power, but at least the indecent haste and the evasion, which brings marriage into contempt, may be avoided.

The question of divorce is necessarily a delicate one. That under certain circumstances it is better that husband and wife should part there can hardly be denial. That such a course may be taken without reflection upon the virtue and uprightness of at least one of the parties, only the bigoted will dispute. Yet upon reading that a young Pullman is about to get a divorce so as to marry one who has caught his fancy; that De Wolf Hopper is on the point of taking a fourth wife, two being alive; or that newly divorced persons are going out of the State to do that which under the law they can not do in the State, the healthy mind is conscious of a feeling of disgust.

Ex-Senator Edmunds recently wrote on the subject, lucidly and intelligently, from his standpoint. He does not, however, believe that a uniform law is possible; therein it is not assured he does not err. According to him, the "poison must be stamped out at the root," which is to say children must be taught high principles, self-respect, and to regard marriage not as a passing alliance, but a holy union, made thoughtfully and for all time. It is a theory pretty enough, but vague. Children must be taught to abhor all evil, and yet there will still exist a formula of conduct and a system of restraint for the transgressor. Society is culpable. Ministers are at fault. Fathers and mothers who sell their

children for rank or wealth can not be held blameless. The whole problem is complex, and while to inculcate proper ideas in youth is commendable, legislation is necessary. The looseness and ease of divorce in almost every State is a dire menace to the public welfare, and it should be remedied. Lecturing about it will never accomplish the object.

Several publications throughout the land are finding fault with the *Argonaut* for continuing the publication of signatures to the articles that appear in it. Some of them claim that the signature, as published, is not a compliance with the law; others assert that, in the beginning, it was justifiable because of its tendency to bring the law into contempt, but that its continuance can be intended only for advertising purposes. These critics are wrong in both counts. The object of the law—if it can be credited with having any intelligible object—was to render the identity of the responsible writer certain, and this is accomplished by the signature as it appears; to bring the law into contempt by any particular typographical form of signature was impossible, the legislators having done that thoroughly when they enacted it; and the *Argonaut* is fully aware that if it had to resort to such methods to make itself known, the time would be ripe for it to cease publication.

Such criticism proves that the writers do not appreciate the position of the *Argonaut* on this question. Its contempt for this particular law has been expressed in these columns in a manner so clear that misunderstanding is impossible, but it also recognizes the fact that in every civilized community a respect for law is absolutely essential. When any particular enactment becomes a dead letter, its tendency so long as it remains on the statute books is to break down this respect for the whole body of the laws. Any law, until it has been declared invalid by competent authority, should therefore be obeyed; the remedy lies in repealing, not in ignoring it. The press stands as the upholder of legal authority, and hence the duty of observing the laws rests upon it with peculiar force. It is true that this signature law has a tendency to bring all legal enactments into contempt, but the responsibility for this rests upon the members of the last legislature. The *Argonaut* has no desire to share this responsibility, or to intensify the evil they have wrought. It has simply elected to observe the law in the manner it deemed least offensive to its readers.

That this misunderstanding of the *Argonaut's* purpose is not general may be shown by a few extracts from leading publications. The *London Sketch* says:

"The San Francisco *Argonaut* comes to me this week containing no less than forty-two articles signed by the same name, a record that Barry Pain himself might envy! This prolific writer of the Pacific Coast, however, Jerome A. Hart, has not been appended so often on account of a desire for literary fame alone, but has been forced into the *Argonaut's* columns, willy-nilly, to conform to the ridiculous 'signature law' enacted during the last session of the California State legislature, which requires that the signature of the editor be appended to every article written, dictated, or inspired by the editor. California editors have, without regard to party lines, protested in vain against the enforcement of this childish measure, but the act still stands as an attempted reprisal on the part of the representatives and State senators for the whips and stings to which they have justly or unjustly been subjected by the papers of the Golden State."

The *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, after describing the provisions of the law, and attributing its enactment to an attempt by the legislators to avenge themselves for the unsparing criticism and lampooning of the newspapers as a consequence of the time spent in abortive attempts to elect a United States Senator, continues:

"After nearly three months' experience it has been demonstrated a complete failure. It has been openly defied by the leading papers of San Francisco, has been made ridiculous by the manner in which others observed it, and has been ignored altogether by the majority of California papers. The San Francisco *Argonaut*, a weekly, announced that its editor, Mr. J. A. Hart, would sign everything in the paper, and his name has since appeared, in almost microscopic type, as 'jahart' at the end of every article and item. For instance, the startling information that 'teachers who wear bicycle-skirts to school, and continue their work in the school-room so dressed, have been pronounced against by the school trustees of Lynn, Mass.,' is signed 'jahart,' and the teachers and school trustees of Lynn know whom to proceed against if they want the half of a thousand-dollar fine."

The *Plain Dealer's* namesake, of North Forks, Dakota, says:

"J. A. Hart, editor of the San Francisco *Argonaut*, fully complies with the law by signing every article. . . . A recent issue contained no less than ninety-one of these queer signatures."

The *Alameda Argus* complains as follows:

"Our chaste contemporary, the *Argonaut*, is following the newspaper signature law to a rather painful extreme."

The *News*, of Birmingham, Ala., comments to this effect:

"The San Francisco *Argonaut* is the only paper in California that obeys the law requiring all newspaper articles to be signed by the writer's name."

The *Virginia City Enterprise* says:

"Jerome A. Hart, the editor of the San Francisco *Argonaut*, appears to be the only one in California obeying the new newspaper signature law."

Extracts might be indefinitely multiplied, but we are reluctant to give more space to a subject the only result of which is to bring contempt upon those whom the people of this State erroneously considered wise enough to be intrusted with the duty of enacting laws.

THE THREE VISITATIONS.

A Soldier's Friendship that Lasted Beyond the Grave.

In the month of August, 1845, a column of French soldiers, composed of African *chasseurs*, *spahis*, and a few battalions of infantry, crossed the beautiful valley filled with orange-trees and agaves that lies at the foot of Djebel-Ammer, one of the principal chains of the Atlas.

As the troops gradually drew near to Djebel-Ammer, the soil, hitherto rich and carpeted with vegetation, grew sandy and barren. The orange-trees were replaced by horrible cactuses and lentisks. To right and left rose masses of black and blue rocks, like monstrous Japanese vases, whence sprung huge cactuses, with leaves as jagged as the claws of some giant crab. The dry heath shuddered in the breeze, giving forth an uncanny crackling. The pale rays from the rising stars cast the shadows of men and horses in long, dim silhouettes. Jackals were howling far away; great birds whirled through the air, uttering piercing cries. You could hear the horses plunging heavily through the sand soaked by a recent rain. From time to time you caught a sharp click: a rifle being cocked because a big bunch of grass had moved or because a stone had rolled down a bank—naturally enough, since in Africa behind every tumbling stone, every rustling bough, an enemy is ambushed.

The courageous officer in command, General Etienne Vergamier, was a man in his prime—not much beyond forty. With his imposing stature, his broad shoulders, his gentle eyes, his open brow and winning smile, he could have served as a model for a northern hero, a son of Ossian and of Fingal, who might fight and die chanting a heroic strain. Major Banis, his companion, was a cold, methodical man, but withal a man of great intelligence and wide scholarship.

Vergamier had spurred his horse to a trot and kept silence for a time. The major respected his reverie; but finally yielding to the curiosity that his intimate acquaintance with the general warranted, he began:

"We have a long ride ahead of us; the road is growing more and more stony, we'll have to check our pace more and more. General, tell me about the event that you referred to a few moments back. Isn't it just the hour for ghost-stories?"

"What's the good, major? You won't believe me."

"I believe in all sensations. I may merely take the liberty of discussing the principles you base yours on."

"You are going to thrust your physiologist's scalpel into my heart's most secret chamber. Yet, although it is an effort, I will yield to your request. I beg of you, don't laugh. All that I am about to relate is serious." The general began:

At twenty I left St. Cyr along with my best friend, Georges de Mancel, a charming fellow—fair, pale, slight, as dreamy as a poet, as strong as a Kabyle, as brave as a lion. We had known each other from the first at St. Cyr. In the midst of the brutal quarrels renewed daily by barbarous traditions, he had often taken my defense, and had stood up for me as I did for him. We were sincerely attached to each other, and bitterly regretted the coming separation made necessary by our entrance into the service.

But we were luckier than we had hoped, for we met again at the capture of the Fort Empeureur, both of us ensigns, full of hope and reveling in the war. A few days later, Algiers fell under our assault. Georges was one of the first to enter the city; I saw him drop, struck by a bullet in the left breast. I raised him and carried him on my shoulders to a little house deserted at the first cannonade. I laid him down in a woman's bedroom—cool, scented, voluptuous. The bed was not made. I placed my poor Georges in it, and stanching the blood as best I could. It was hopeless; the agony began. Weakened by the loss of blood, he could hardly raise his head to look at me once more; he held one of my hands in his, and pressed it convulsively when the pain became unbearable. Yet at intervals he had a few moments' respite.

"Etienne," he said to me, "I am dying very young and I regret life, for with your friendship it was sweet to me. We are about to part, but who knows whether it is forever! No one can say what awaits us beyond the tomb: perhaps further suffering, perhaps happiness or nothingness. But if my soul is immortal, if it retains in unknown regions the affections and memories that filled it during its sojourn on earth, God be praised! And if it be true that we shall see once more those whom we have loved tenderly, be sure, my good Etienne, be sure that I will come back to you. Some evening in spring, I hope! I feel death is easier, and yet I am suffering tortures. But my poor mother said to me when she was dying, 'I will come back!' And she did come back to me last night—she smiled to me. Her eyes are full of tears now. Etienne, good-by." A sigh and he was gone.

I will not paint my grief to you; it was terrible. And when Georges was buried in the midst of the beating of drums and the shouts of victory, I wept bitter tears, for I felt that my youth was lying in the coffin by my friend's side. Georges's strange farewell had impressed me profoundly; at night hideous visions haunted my sleep. For six months I was as nervous as a woman, and if you will believe me, major, I was positively afraid to be alone in the dark.

But one year, two years passed. Georges's memory, indelibly graven on my heart, yielded, without becoming effaced, to the preoccupations of the war to my anxieties about my future. My puerile fears, a positive disease, vanished. Yes, the more I look back the surer I am of it; I had quite become myself once more, my mind and brain were clear, when the event I am about to tell you of struck me with stupor. I had just been made captain *en second*. After rough and, I may add, glorious campaigns, I returned with my regiment to Algiers. Young, impetuous, with ardent, almost virginal senses, rich with the gold of our first capture, I threw myself headlong into the midst of all the pleasures

of garrison life—day, evening, night, all were one long orgy. I gambled madly, frantically, as one does at the first go. I won at the outset, and then suddenly my luck turned. One night in a *café* of Bab-Azoun Street, I lost fourteen thousand francs—all my own private funds, as well as my share of the booty money. The sum was a large one, and its loss was much commented upon in Algiers.

Toward ten o'clock in the morning I was requested to call upon the general. Pale and restless, hardly knowing why, I entered the colonel's room. I found him paler and more nervous than I myself.

"Captain," he began, in a deep, despairing voice, "my regiment's strong box was broken into this morning. Fourteen thousand francs were taken—fourteen thousand francs, do you hear, sir?" And the old officer stepped toward me, with his arms crossed and his eyes lowering under their bushy brows. I felt my temples thumping and my head splitting. I drew back with a cry of indignation. "Here is a handkerchief lost by the thief and found under the treasurer's chair. Look, sir, it is marked with your initials, E. V." I took the handkerchief mechanically—it was mine without a doubt. My knees quaked, tears sprang to my eyes, I could not speak. "And now, sir," the colonel wound up, "go and blow your brains out."

I left the room without a word, as crushed, as abject as if I had been the thief. I did not try to justify myself, nor to claim an investigation. No! I went back to my officers' cramped quarters; I took a loaded pistol out of my saddle-case, I cocked it. At this point I stopped; thick sobs choked me. I had a rapid vision of my happy childhood, my first martial exploits, my mother, and Georges—Georges, above all! "To die!" I murmured—"to die dishonored." "You must not die," said a sonorous, vibrating voice, metallic, and yet soft, with nothing human about it. The pistol dropped from my fingers. Georges was standing before me. His eyes were fixed; they glowed with an unknown light illuminating his face, as white and translucent as alabaster.

Explain this, major: as I tell you this terrible occurrence I feel my hair standing on end, my teeth chatter, my voice shakes; whereas in Georges's presence I experienced only serene joy, ideal calm, unalloyed happiness. My youth, my fair dreams of love and of glory, surrounded me in all their radiance. Only the moment before crushed under the weight of an inconceivable fatality, I now felt myself under powerful, almost divine protection. Shall I say more? Georges's presence did not astonish me. I accepted it as a simple, natural fact. We talked like brothers, like friends long separated.

"Etienne, what were you about to do?" he asked me, gently. "My poor boy! I've come to save you. Your servant is the offender; he stole the fourteen thousand francs as he stole the handkerchief found by the colonel. You have trusted the fellow. He used to be honest. But he has a mistress, a Moorish girl who sells her favors high; it was for her that he took the money. Two thousand francs will be found in his mattress and twelve thousand on the girl's person. Hurry to the colonel. I have told you what I had to say. Good-by." Georges vanished and I found myself alone.

The sentiment of reality came back to me. I dashed my head against the window-panes; the glass, splintering, cut my brow and made the blood flow. In the court-yard, between the dazzling, whitewashed walls, below the torrid sky, luminously blue, soldiers were nonchalantly smoking; the white minarets of the Casbah rose above the peaceful, silent scene; far in the distance the waters of the blue Mediterranean glittered like gems. I was actually alive, I was not dreaming! And all this impossible hallucination, this phantasmagoria was the truth. Terror seized me—mad, implacable, devouring terror. Icy shivers ran down my spine to my heels; my fingers dug their nails into my palm. From that day I counted my first gray hairs.

Events justified all that the spectre had revealed to me. The criminal admitted his guilt, and the money was recovered. My noble colonel, heart-broken at his unfounded suspicions, was almost ready to follow the advice he had given me. The officers of the squadron came in a body to make me a visit of affectionate condolence. A few days later, at the colonel's solicitation, I was named chevalier of the Legion of Honor. The reparation was complete.

The major seemed in a reverie.

"You don't believe me, *mon ami*? I, too, have caught myself doubting the evidences. I saw Georges, I am sure of it, and I don't believe it any more than you do. Yet, major, it must be so, or I am out of my mind."

"Has the apparition ever been repeated?" questioned the major, singularly struck by the tale.

"Yes, I saw Georges a second time," replied the general, sombrely. "I saw him the night before I killed Commander Bernard de Ris in a duel. That evening, just back from drill, tired and in low spirits, I hastily entered my room, lighted only by a great fire of dried branches. Georges was sitting in my big leather arm-chair. He rose gravely and impressively. 'I was waiting for you,' he said; 'you are going to fight to-morrow with Commander Bernard de Ris, who is a blade. You neglect practice far too much.' Georges leaned against the wall and I saw that he had a sword in his hand. I took down a foil and fell into position. 'Look out,' said Georges, 'I am going to give you what Grisier used to call so gallantly, a lesson in dueling. *Tiens*, here is an irresistible thrust. Engage your sword, bring back the left foot while you toy with your adversary's blade—one, two, forward! Good! But you didn't lunge enough.'

"A pale smile flitted over Georges's lips; we started afresh, and this time I lunged so violently that my sword snapped against the wall. It had passed clear through Georges's body. But, strangely, or rather naturally enough, my foil had encountered no resistance. '*Bien!*' cried Georges, 'a keen eye, a steady wrist, a cool brain, and you will have him.'

"Georges," I cried, reproachfully, 'you are going to leave me! What is there up there that keeps you away from me?' Georges shook his head, and I cried out passionately: 'Will you come back soon?'

"I will come back only once more, Etienne, and then we will go away together," and the vision vanished like a bubble.

"I have all my wits about me," the general went on, with increased exaltation, "but I am sure of what I tell you. I, Vergamier, took a lesson with a ghost, and the next day I killed my man! Major, that's a long time ago. I am waiting for Georges's third visit."

Banis could not conceal a nervous movement; the general's feverish state alarmed him.

"Voyons, General Etienne; be yourself again. You've been telling me dreams—strange fancies. Pray don't lay any more stress on them. You need calm, *sang froid*."

"Major," returned the general, a prey to deep depression, "it is a long while since I saw Georges."

The whole troop had struck to the left to avoid the torrent-like wady that bordered the plain. General Vergamier, shivering under his *caban*, broke silence only to give an officer a few brief orders. At daybreak fires were made out on the sides of Djebel-Ammer. These fires showed the bivouac of the first scouting column that Vergamier had orders to join. The junction was quickly effected and arms were stacked.

The little army was encamped on the mountain's flank. At its foot stretched a vast plain covered with rich grain-fields cut by narrow irrigating ditches fed from the neighboring wady. On the other side of the mountain rose a large Arab village, whose irregular houses, built in a zigzag line, seemed to be tumbling down into the valley, for on that side, too, ran a triple belt of golden millet and corn-fields. Huge boulders of trachytic porphyry, blue, black, and white, hung over in toppling masses as if ready to fall. A dense forest of cypress, figs, and giant turpentine-trees crowned the summit.

General Vergamier had dismounted and, after having turned his horse over to a *chasseur*, it had pleased his fancy to ascend the Djebel by a steep path that called for a keen eye and an agile foot. Lost in thought, Vergamier did not observe that on his right stood perpendicular rocks rising like a wall between him and his troops, but went on climbing, leaning on his sword. At last he reached a great plateau covered with vegetable mold, the edge of the Ammer forest. Nothing more melancholy, more imposing can be imagined than the dense masses of dark-green, gray-trunked cypresses. Vergamier plunged with a hasty step into the black stillness. The ground was strewn with fragments of sharp feldspar, the *débris* of rocks ground into pieces in some primeval cyclone. His boots were soon cut through as cleanly as by a razor. But Vergamier seemed to have grown insensible to physical pain. Finally he backed near a torrent vomited from the top of a tremendously high cliff, and drank a swallow of water from his hollowed palm. Then he sat down on a mossy root and fell into deep meditation.

As if this were a solemn, a momentous epoch in his life, he called up all his past. He saw once again the white plains of his native Champagne and St. Cyr, with its cloister-like streets; Sidi-Ferruch and his first feat of arms; then Paris, wrapped in its blue mist, giant Paris, illuminated Paris, and the Tuileries, where his valor had been recognized and rewarded; and the Palais Bourbon, where enthusiastic applause had greeted his entrance; and the little Nanteuil drawing-room, the poet surrounded by an artistic luxury in a gentle atmosphere of home—all those that he had loved, and Georges.

He suddenly raised his head. Above him naught but a rock wall a hundred fathoms high, and spirals of black trees, no sky. By his side, standing near a cypress, a man,

"Georges!" he cried, and hid his head in his hands.

Toward eight o'clock, Major Banis, alarmed at the general's prolonged absence, had a *battue* made by a number of *spahis*. At noon, Vergamier's body, mutilated by a horrible fall, was found at the bottom of a deep ravine. The soldiers thought that their general had been killed by some ambushed Arab, and then thrown over the precipice. Major Banis alone knew that Etienne Vergamier had received Georges's third visit.—Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Auguste Vitu.

An incident showing the narrowness of New England observation at that time is told by one of James Russell Lowell's fellow-professors at Cambridge in the recently published biography of the poet:

"There appeared at Cambridge, in the year 1860, a young gentleman named Robert Todd Lincoln, who wished to enter Harvard College, and his father, one Abraham Lincoln, who has since been known in the larger world, had fortified him with a letter of introduction to Dr. Walker, the president of the college. This letter of introduction was given by one Stephen A. Douglas, who was a person also then quite well known in political life, and he presented the young man to Dr. Walker as being the son of his friend, Abraham Lincoln, 'with whom I have been lately canvassing the State of Illinois.' When this letter, now so curious in history, was read, Lowell said to my friend, who tells the story: 'I suppose I am the only man in this room who has ever heard of this Abraham Lincoln; but he is the person with whom Douglas has been traveling up and down in Illinois, canvassing the State in their new Western fashion as representatives of the two parties, each of them being the candidate for the vacant seat in the Senate.' What is more, my friend says it is probably true that at the moment when this letter was presented by young Robert Lincoln, none of the faculty of Harvard College, excepting Lowell, had ever heard of Abraham Lincoln. It was in those days possible for a circle of intelligent men to know little or nothing of what was happening in the world beyond the sound of their college bell."

The Dreyfus court-martial will begin its sittings August 10th. The most important disclosure since the change in public sentiment in France is the confession of Count Esterhazy that he wrote the famous *bordereau* by order of Colonel Sandherr, and that Generals Mercier, De Boisdeffre, and Gonze knew the document was forged.

IN A NEW YORK ROOF-GARDEN.

Isobel Stroog Writes of Summer Pleasures in Gotham—Vaudeville
Out Under the Stars—An Infant Rival of Cissy Loftus—
Realism on the Variety Stage.

While the asphalt pavements and red brick and brown-stone houses of New York glow with reflected heat; while the mercury crawls steadily higher and everybody who considers himself anybody has left for Europe or the seaside, it is surprising how well the poor creatures who are left behind in the great city manage to amuse themselves. There is positively a look of happy relief to be seen on many faces, and the general atmosphere is that of relaxed good humor. There are no fashionable calls to make or to receive; after the whirl and excitement of the winter season it is pleasant to be able to get acquainted with the charming woman who has invited you to meet so many interesting people. One's few intimate friends draw closer. The heat reduces all to the intellectual level of the music-halls and roof-gardens, where one goes on a hot night after a dinner at the Café Boulevard, where the hand plays and there are little tables out-of-doors.

You go into a place that looks like the entrance to a theatre, only instead of walking into a large, cool foyer, a row of elevators await the public. You go up, up, up, like the ancient questions in a child's primer, until the roof is reached. Of course it is not what you expected—nothing ever is. It does not look like a roof; you can not see over the sides and there is no view of the distant city. The walls are hanked up high with foliage, the only openings being at the fire-escapes. You glance around at the crowds of people and then at the small, spidery fire-escapes, and the idea of an alarm of fire or a panic at such a place is not reassuring.

The square auditorium facing the stage is filled with tables and chairs, where men and women sit, talking and drinking; the surrounding three sides are composed of boxes, each screened from the other by pots of artificial palms or magnolia-trees. It looks like an ordinary music-hall, except that the air is cool and pleasant. It is only by staring straight overhead and picking out the stars that you realize it is a roof-garden.

The entertainment is of the usual variety order. Two men called Collins and Short, or Murphy and McHenry—it does not much matter what their names are—come out in ridiculous clothes, red faces, and bald heads, as hideously repulsive as they can make themselves look, and talk at each other with fearful rapidity. Then a young woman comes on, very skittishly dressed in scarlet, with green silk petticoats, and remarking "I'm so tough my face hurts me," proceeds to prove it by singing "Sweet Miss Philopine" in a brazen voice. For an encore a negro chimes in from one of the boxes in the front of the house. This is a successful feature. The negro, by his sweet voice of deep rich quality and his very funny acting (this one leaned over the front of the box and asked the lady if she had not seen no messenger-hoy), and then listened to her (lyrical) explanations with an exquisitely comical expression of mingled doubt, anxiety, admiration, and incredulity. The audience always applauds the genuine darkey, and the white person on the stage comes on and howls and takes an encore. It is noticeable in variety shows that the poor players return to the footlights almost at once, before the first feeble applause of politeness has passed away. The favorites, more secure of popular favor, keep the house waiting, and sometimes even refuse a third return entirely.

At the Pleasure Palace, one night, we were sitting close to the stage when a young woman received hardly any applause; all the same, she started and came on again. "That was little," I remarked to my companion; "but I suppose she was glad to get even that"; and I was covered with confusion when she answered me from the stage with the utmost good humor: "Tickled to death, my dear!"

It is very pleasant to see people succeed, especially when they are not used to it. A family came on at one of the shows that called themselves the "Reed Birds," and did not make much of an impression until the youngest member of the family appeared, a boy about ten years old. He sang a "coon" song with such a sweet voice and so child-like and engaging a manner that the house went suddenly wild over him. He was made to come out three times, and then the fourth, after prolonged applause and attempts of the management to go on with the regular performance. It was one of the pleasantest sights imaginable to see the family, especially his mother, look on with pride and enjoyment at the little fellow's success, which is unusual. We all know that vacant look of the rest of the performers while one of their number is singing, and that false look of acted intelligent interest. When the fifth and final recall was demanded, the family came on hand-in-hand and danced; and the mother, who had played a somewhat dignified part till then, suddenly picked up her skirts and took a few steps in pure high spirits, to the intense delight of the audience.

The person to follow was Cissy Loftus, the English singer and imitator. I am afraid that was not a good occasion to see her for the first time. She was evidently in a very bad temper—and small blame to her, a star, to be kept waiting while a mere child was performing. Cissy Loftus is a great surprise to the hardened theatre-goer. She comes upon the stage in a simple, unaffected, half-embarrassed manner, as though she were a wood-nymph who had lost her way. Her imitations are of actresses and singers, and she does them in an off-hand way that is very odd and captivating. She wears no rouge or powder, her white dress is of the simplest, and her hair she wears loosely coiled at the back of her head; occasionally, as she dances, it becomes loosened, and she stops, adjusts a hair-pin, gives her head a little pat, and goes on with the entertainment. She is not at all great, or brilliant, or beautiful, but she wins all along the line by the surprise of her refinement and simplicity.

The best thing in vaudeville is the small play—a fifteen-

minute comedy—and some of these are extremely pretty. "My Soldier Boy" is a delicate, little love-making scene between a wounded officer at home on sick-leave and the girl who has nursed him. It is very gracefully acted, and Miss Burkhardt recites "The Mother of a Soldier" with just the right kind of feeling. Several of the little playlets are concerned with artists. The hero wears a velvet coat, his studio is decorated with numberless photographs upon a chimney-piece, and his *chef d'œuvre* rests upon an enameled easel decorated with art muslin. In one play two artists appear—a man and a girl—and they quarrel over the model, which is a minute plaster cast of the Venus de Milo. It does not seem to occur to them that they could put her upon a stand and each get a view. At last the young woman is victorious. She places the model upon the floor, and proceeds to paint a bird's-eye view of her in water-colors. Meanwhile, the young man is seized with a brilliant idea. He will paint the young lady as Catherine in "The Taming of the Shrew," a painting he has been at work upon. Sitting down deliberately, with his back to the lady, he glances occasionally over his shoulder, and dashes in a striking likeness of her, using a small palette and a single camel's-hair brush, which he never wipes nor changes.

A young actor I once knew, who was going to play such a part, went to a painter and asked for points. He learned to stand at his easel, holding an enormous palette and bouquet of brushes with one hand while he waved the other at arm's length before a decent-sized canvas. He acquired the knack of squinting through his fist at the picture, walking backward the while, and even of looking at it upside down through his legs. On the eventful evening we all went to see him play the part; he knew we were there, and, growing embarrassed, did absolutely none of the things he had learned, but walked about the studio and talked and smoked innumerable cigarettes. After the play he was enthusiastically praised by the artist. "You played the part to perfection," he said; "it was life-like!"

"But I did nothing!" said the actor.

"Precisely!" said the artist.

ISOBEL STRONG.

NEW YORK, July 11, 1899.

THE CHILD THAT NEVER CAME.

Oh, many's the time in the evening,
When the light has fled over the sea,
That I dream alone in the gloaming
Of the joys that are oot for me;
And oft in my sorrowful bosom
Swells up the mother-love flame,
And I clasp with arms that are trembling
My child that never came,
Singing—"Hush thee—hush thee—hushaby, darling,
Nestle thee deeper in mother's breast;
Oh, hush thee—hush thee—hushaby, darling,
Tenderest angels will guard thy rest."

The candles far down in the city
Shine out thro' the purplish gray,
And the stars come out in the heavens
And glimmer across the bay;
The murmuring waves steal homeward
From the ocean's larger blue,
As I sit alone in the gloaming
With the child I never knew,
Singing—"Hush thee—hush thee—hushaby, darling,
Nestle thee deeper in mother's breast;
Oh, hush thee—hush thee—hushaby, darling,
Tenderest angels will guard thy rest."

Oh, the little warm cheek in my bosom!
Oh, the little wet lips at the breast!
Oh, the clinging, wee, satiny fingers
To my longing lips that are pressed!
There was never a song that was sweeter,
Though its singer be laureled with fame,
Than the song that I sing in the gloaming
To the child that never came:

"Oh, hush thee—hush thee—hushaby, darling,
Nestle thee deeper in mother's breast;
Oh, hush thee—hush thee—hushaby, darling,
Tenderest angels will guard thy rest."

The hours swim on to the midnight,
The moon looks over the hill,
And the a-lu-lu of the night-owl
Sinks mournfully and shrill;
The solitude aches with rapture,
And my heart with the mother-love flame,
While I clasp alone in the gloaming
The child that never came,
Singing—"Hush thee—hush thee—hushaby, darling,
Nestle thee deeper in mother's breast;
Oh, hush thee—hush thee—hushaby, darling,
Tenderest angels will guard thy rest."

—Ella Higginson in the Bazar.

The children of the late President Hayes have offered their old home, known as "Spiegel Grove," near Fremont, O., to the Ohio State Archaeological and Historical Society, on condition that a permanent fund of twenty-five thousand dollars be raised, the income thereof to be used for the proper care and preservation of the buildings and the historical treasures now contained therein. Spiegel Grove is a wooded tract of twenty-five acres, near the lower falls of the Sandusky River, and is a point of great historical interest. It is an old Indian reservation, and was so occupied for a long period prior to the Revolutionary War. Just before the War of 1812, Fort Stephenson was built, and became famous through Major George Croghan's gallant defense of it against the combined attack of naval and land forces of Great Britain under Proctor and Indians under Tecumseh, in August, 1813.

Buda-Pesth, the second city in the Austro-Hungarian realm, is making vast strides forward. The emperor has recently made large investments there, while Vienna is declining. Even in Vienna it is recognized that the Hungarians have lately been showing remarkable business ability, and that while Vienna declines Buda-Pesth goes ahead. The Hungarian nobles have shown a much better spirit than the Bourbon aristocracy of Austria, and have for the most part quit Vienna and devoted themselves to forwarding the progress of their own country.

CITY CHILDREN AND CRIME.

How Detroit Solved the Problem.

San Francisco has the reputation of being a wicked city, but if the old saying, "The boy makes the man," has any truth in it, it has a wickeder future before it. Thoughtful people have remarked the frequency of cases of juvenile depravity in the courts, and also the fact that the youthful offenders are, as a rule, dismissed without punishment. This is not so much because of judicial leniency as that the law has provided no fitting punishment for them. The judges hesitate to condemn a young child to the hardening influences of a reform school; the daily papers poke fun at the zealous police-officers who have run in the young offenders, who are playfully referred to as the "chuhhy hurglars," "the baby brigands," etc. They become facetious over the terrifying effect their infantile countenances inspire, and generally take the tone that it is meddlesome and officious of the police to interfere with the hurglarious diversions of the juvenile future criminals of San Francisco.

All this is probably very amusing reading to a certain order of vacuous minds, but it promises to have profoundly serious consequences in the future. These precociously vicious children are turned loose on the community again, without suffering any penalty for their transgressions other than a reprimand, and with a conviction of future immunity from punishment, whether their offense be vagrancy, theft, knifing their mates, or wounding them with toy pistols—for these are among the various offenses for which boys have been arrested during the past year. Philanthropic associations in the large cities have tried to reach this kind of children in various ways, but the number they save is as a drop in the bucket compared to the swarming thousands who have wretched homes, with drunken, vicious, and ignorant parents who take no care for the morrow, and send their children neither to school nor to work. The only way to reach these hapless waifs is by the law, not as it is administered in courts, but in schools.

There exists already in California a law for the compulsory education of children. It has been rumored that the present board of education intends to enforce it, as up to the present it has been inoperative. That is the best beginning that can be made toward the solution of the problem. But there are difficulties attendant upon its enforcement that must be met. In the first place it means (supposing that some thousands of children who neither work nor go to school are compelled to obey the law) that a large number of lawless, truant-playing, vicious incorrigibles will, when they enter the schools, begin a reign of terror. When they presently find that school means a disagreeable place, where children must suffer the infliction of punishment for breaking rules, they will withdraw to their haunts and snap their fingers at the law. At present there is one over-worked truant officer who deals with such cases. No power is placed in his hands, and he merely calls on the parents, and talks vaguely of arrest and punishment. What we should have here, and what should be in every large city, is an ungraded school for truant and incorrigibles.

This is the good work that is ready for the hands of the present board of education, the most competent body of school directors we have had for many years to grapple with problems that call for intelligence, high aims, and business ability. When a work of this kind is undertaken, it is generally wise to profit by the experience of others; in this case we have a model to study in the city of Detroit. Sixteen years ago a school of this kind, called the Ungraded School, was established there. It was placed under the charge of a man whose character of mingled intelligence, benevolence, and firmness fitted him for the work. Habitual truants, vagrants, and incorrigibles, between the ages of eight and sixteen years, were made subject to the provisions of a law of the legislature which compelled them to attend this school, whose work is of a mingled educational and reformatory character. Children whose character makes them subject to this law are called "juvenile disorderly persons," and are under supervision of the police power. The head truant-officer has a staff of six men, under direction of the school authorities.

The school has become a certain terror and dread to hold over the heads of offenders, who yet change very much for the better when they are sent there. As a reward for improved conduct and attendance, they are transferred to the regular public schools. This incentive works very well. According to the records of the police department juvenile crime diminished two-thirds after the establishment of the Ungraded School. The work done there not only saves many children from criminal careers, but it has a further value in removing from the regular public school that class who exercise a dangerously contaminating influence on their mates. Permanent incorrigibles, who can not work their way out by good behavior, are eventually sent to the State reform school.

There need be no considerations of economy to prevent the establishment of such a valuable aid to the public-school work. Unused class-rooms in the public-school buildings are plentiful, and but a small staff of teachers would be needed, and the gain would be incalculable; no one could ever quite estimate what harm—leaving aside the question of expense—one evil human being, and his descendants, can wreak. Professor Pellmann, a student of heredity at Bonn University, has made a special study of this subject. He traced the careers of 709 out of the 834 descendants of one notorious female drunkard, who was born in Germany in 1740, with the following results: 7 murderesses, 76 miscellaneous criminals, 142 professional beggars, 64 paupers, and 181 disreputable women. The expense the German Government has been under from these worthies, through their maintenance in prisons and almshouses, and for costs in the courts, is \$1,250,000.

Such facts and figures are enough to cause thought. Let us hope that thought will result in action.

STRANGE BEDFELLOWS.

The New Ministry that Political Exigency has Brought Together in France—Waldeck-Rousseau and His Minister of War.

France is always more or less in political hot water, but her present crisis seems, from a near view, to be more parlous than any she has experienced since the establishment of the republic. On the one hand are right and justice, and opposed to them are the army, abetted by the anti Semite fanatics, and many opportunists who hope to profit by fomenting dissension. It is the Dreyfus case that has brought this about. The dispassionate observer can not doubt the innocence of the accused officer; but the innocence of Dreyfus involves the criminality of the generals of the army, and such a possibility makes the average Frenchman anything but dispassionate. To him the army is a religion and the generals are its priests. The spirit of "Révanche" has not died out in thirty years, and if the hated "Prussians" are ever to be humiliated, it is the army who must do it. Consequently, the army has been accorded adulation until it almost believes that it, like the king, can do no wrong. Dreyfus had been made a scapegoat for the maker of the famous *bordereau*, and the army holds that there should be no revision.

But revision must come. Either the army must be made subject to the civil law or it will become a law unto itself, and France will become a military despotism. In this crisis a strong hand is needed to guide the ship of state, and the right man has been found in Senator Waldeck-Rousseau, the new prime minister.

Of the thirty-nine groups of men who have held portfolios in the thirty years of the republic's existence, none has been so heterogeneous as that which composes the Waldeck-Rousseau ministry. Headed by a man who has practically been out of politics for fifteen years, it runs the gamut from the aristocratic Marquis de Gallifet to the Socialist Millerand. This is the first time, by the way, that the Socialists have been accorded a place in the cabinet, their antagonism to the army now giving them a prominence that amounts almost to a balance of power. They have been bitterly opposed to General de Gallifet since his sanguinary repression of communism in 1870, and on the occasion of the first appearance of the new ministry in the Chamber of Deputies they kept up an incessant thunder of denunciation of the minister of war, calling him "Assassin!" and "Massacreur!" and adding to the turmoil by slamming the lids of their desks in unison and with deafening effect at every mention of his name. But, whatever their opinions on other matters, the Waldeck-Rousseau cabinet is united, to a man, in the determination to have justice done to Dreyfus and Picquart.

Senator Waldeck-Rousseau himself is eminently a strong man. Son of a Breton lawyer, he early made a name for himself at the provincial bar, and in 1879 he was sent by the district of Rennes to the Chamber of Deputies. Here his incisive logic and power of debate won him immediate recognition, and when Gambetta organized his famous "Grande Ministère," one of the first members chosen for it was Waldeck-Rousseau. As minister of the interior he boldly put in operation a species of civil-service reform which antagonized the deputies, depriving them of much of their patronage, and this contributed no doubt to the fall of Gambetta's ministry. Again he was given the portfolio of the interior in Jules Ferry's cabinet, which lasted from 1883 to 1885. But at its fall he abjured politics and devoted himself to the practice of his profession. He was a member of the Chamber of Deputies from 1884 to 1889, and has been in the Senate since 1894, but he has seldom taken part in the debates.

Since his retirement from active political life he has become the unquestioned leader of the French bar. His income for a dozen years past has been several hundred thousand francs a year—a fact which says much for his disinterestedness in abandoning so lucrative a practice for even the premiership. All the big cases come to him. He was counsel for one of Secretan's partners in the copper crash of 1891; he acted for the prosecution in Minister Burdeau's libel suit against Drumont; he appeared for Max Lebaudy when the little sugar millionaire's family wished to put him under restraint, to prevent him from scattering his millions too prodigally; and he successfully defended Eiffel, of tower fame, when the latter stood in danger of imprisonment and deprivation of his cross of the Legion of Honor for complicity in the Panama scandal. This last defense has brought down on him the wrath of the anti-Semites, and much is made of it in the present outcry against him.

It was over the Lebaudy case, by the way, that M. Waldeck-Rousseau fought his first and only duel. A. M. Frisch, a journalist who had managed to marry one of the wealthy Lebaudy girls, came upon the advocate as he was pacing up and down in the "Salle des Pas Perdus," as the hall of the Palais de Justice is called, and attempted to strike him in the face with his glove. Avoiding the blow, Waldeck-Rousseau shot out his fist like a piston-rod, landing on the point of Frisch's chin. The blow not only bowled the assailant over, but knocked him senseless. When the young man recovered, he sent his seconds to Waldeck-Rousseau. The latter accepted the challenge, and, on the field, soon sent his blade clean through Frisch's shoulder. Since then he has been left severely alone by the dueling contingent.

This ministry has already been called by a *sobriquet*, the "Gallifet Ministry," and, indeed, the minister of war is almost sufficiently notable to warrant the name. What the late Prince de Sagan was to Paris, General de Gallifet is to the French army. He is the type of the *beau sabreur*—handsome, dashing, and utterly without fear. He has the reputation of being something of a martinet, but he believes it is the soldier's first duty to obey. His own obedience has been given to his country, rather than to any form of gov-

ernment. Born a monarchist, he was aid-de-camp to Napoleon the Third until Eugénie's dislike sent him to Mexico, where in one engagement he received a wound in the abdomen which has necessitated his wearing a silver plate over it ever since. With the fall of the empire, he accepted service from the new government, and it was his severity toward the Communards that has won him the undying enmity of the Socialists. A severe disciplinarian, he has always been just and perfectly honest, and if any man may be trusted to keep the general staff of the army in a proper state of subjection it is General the Marquis de Gallifet, the hero of Sedan, the man whom the war office at Berlin has called the greatest living general of cavalry.

PARIS, July 3, 1899.

ST. MARTIN.

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW.

SAUSALITO, July 12, 1899.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: Will you kindly publish the poem by Ella Wheeler Wilcox entitled "The Mother-in-Law," and greatly oblige several of your subscribers. Thanking you, I remain,
Sincerely,

N. K. FIELD.

She was my dream's fulfillment and my joy,
This lovely woman whom you call your wife.
You sported at your play, an idle boy,
When I first felt the stirring of her life
Within my startled being. I was thrilled
With such intensity of love, it filled
The very universe! But words are vain—
No man can comprehend that wild sweet pain.

You smiled in childhood's slumber while I felt
The agonies of labor; and the nights
I, weeping, o'er the little sufferer knelt,
You, wandering on through dreamland's fair delights,
Flung out your lengthening limbs and slept and grew;
While I, awake, saved this dear wife for you.

She was my heart's loved idol and my pride.
I taught her all those graces which you praise,
I dreamed of coming years, when at my side
She should lend lustre to my fading days,
Should cling to me (as she to you clings now),
The young fruit hanging to the withered bough.
But lo! the blossom was so fair a sight,
You plucked it from me for your own delight.

Well, you are worthy of her—oh, thank God—
And yet I think you do not realize
How burning were the sands o'er which I trod,
To bear and rear this woman you so prize.
It was no easy thing to see her go—
Even into the arms of the one she worshiped so.

How strong, how vast, how awful seems the power
Of this new love which fills a maiden's heart,
For one who never bore a single hour
Of pain for her; which tears her life apart
From all its moorings, and controls her more
Than all the ties the years have held before;
Which crowns a stranger with a kingly grace—
And gives the one who bore her—second place!

She loves me still! and yet, were Death to say,
"Choose now between them!" you would be her choice.
God meant it to be so—it is his way.
But can you wonder if, while I rejoice
In her content, this thought hurts like a knife—
"No longer necessary to her life!"

My pleasure in her joy is bitter sweet.
Your very goodness sometimes hurts my heart,
Because, for her, life's drama seems complete
Without the mother's oft-repeated part.
Be patient with me! She was mine so long,
Who now is yours. One must indeed be strong,
To meet the loss without the least regret.
And so, forgive me, if my eyes are wet.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

The spirit-rapping community has just received a heavy blow through the defection of M. Camille Flammarion, lately one of its most prominent and best-known mediums. M. Flammarion renounces spiritualist doctrines entirely, and affirms his belief that the phenomena of spiritualism are due to auto-suggestion and not to the influence of the spirits of the dead. Strange to say, his conversion is due to Allan Kardec's book, "Genèse," which was supposed to be written to the dictation of the late M. Galilée through M. Camille Flammarion himself as entranced medium. M. Flammarion now says it is impossible that the illustrious astronomer could have dictated the blunders contained in "Genèse." His defection, especially announced in so crushing a way as the demolition of one of the most serious works of the doctrine, has created an immense sensation among the disciples of Allan Kardec. They say that unless energy is shown, the year 1900 will see the end of spiritualism. In view of this they speak of revising "Genèse."

Queen Margherita of Italy has promised to climb Rocca Melone, one of the highest peaks of the Italian Alps, to take part in the dedication of a statue of the Virgin, of which she is the sculptor. About two years ago a company of Alpine militia were marching over Rocca Melone when an avalanche started and nearly all were buried beneath a vast mass of snow. Assistance was summoned quickly from the nearest military post, and all the entombed men were rescued. The queen was strangely moved by the incident. She composed a thanksgiving prayer to the Virgin, and resolved to make a statue and erect it on the spot of the rescue. A verse of this prayer is engraven upon the pedestal of the statue.

The latest English dictionaries contain not less than 260,000 different words. Next in rank comes the German language with 80,000 words, and then come in succession the Italian, with 35,000; the French, with 30,000; and the Spanish, with 20,000 words. Among the Oriental languages, the Arabic is the most copious, its vocabulary being even richer than that of the English language.

A wealthy Russian engineer named Astrakoff, who recently died, left 1,000,000 roubles (\$500,000) toward the foundation of a university for women in Moscow. The university is to comprise a mathematical, a scientific, and a medical faculty. The municipal council of Moscow has voted an annual grant of 3,000 roubles to the institution.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mrs. May Wright Sewall was elected president of the Women's International Congress as the successor of the Countess of Aberdeen, at the recent session in London. The next meeting will be held in Berlin.

John Pease Norton, son of John H. Norton, of Los Angeles, was recently graduated from Yale as the valedictorian of a class of three hundred, and, with a list of ten prizes and scholarships, probably holds the record for winning the greatest number in a four-year course.

In a letter to the Brooklyn *Eagle* accompanying a check for twenty-five dollars to be added to the Dewey Home Fund, Governor Roosevelt expresses the opinion that the admiral's services to his country "have justly rendered him the man of all since the Civil War who stands highest in the popular regard."

Lord Robert Cecil, third son of Lord Salisbury, is a practicing lawyer, and has been made a queen's counsel at an unusually early age. He devotes himself to the "Parliamentary bar," which is the British equivalent for the work done in this country by the lobby. The practice is described as dull but lucrative.

Charles C. Moore, the infidel editor of the *Blue Grass Blade*, who has just been released from the government penitentiary at Columbus, O., to which he was sentenced for sending obscene literature through the mails, received a warm welcome in Lexington on July 8th. He was met at the station by a number of friends and a brass band, and was escorted to the Phoenix Hotel, where over two thousand persons congregated to see him. Moore addressed them from the balcony, thanking them for their reception, and promised to devote the remainder of his life to the betterment of the people among whom he lived.

The will of Johann Strauss, the great "waltz king," is to be contested. He left his property to a Vienna musical society, providing small life pensions only for his third wife, his stepdaughter and sisters, but nothing for the families of his two brothers. The chief contestant, however, will be his second wife, from whom he secured a divorce, and who is employed in a Berlin photographic establishment. They were both Catholics when they married, but as Austria does not permit divorce, Strauss went to the Duchy of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, declared that he had become a Protestant, resided in the duchy for the legal term, and then obtained a Coburg divorce and married again. As Austria does not recognize such divorces and the Austrian Inheritance law secures at least a third of the property to the widow, Strauss's divorced second wife seems to have good chances of getting a large share of what he left.

Miss Amelia Kussner, the young American who has achieved a high reputation in Europe and America as a miniature painter, recently returned to London from Russia, where she had most interesting experiences. She went to St. Petersburg to paint a miniature of the Grand Duchess Vladimir, and had been there only a few days when she was summoned to the Winter Palace to paint a likeness of the Czarina. Before she had finished, the Czar ordered a miniature of himself. Miss Kussner speaks with much enthusiasm of the kindness and consideration with which she was treated by the imperial circle and the simple unaffectedness of their life. Her first sittings were at the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg, and the last at the summer villa at Zarskoe-Selo. The Czar gave Miss Kussner eight or nine sittings of several hours each, and talked most freely with her. He is a great admirer of America and Americans, who, he said, he admired for their intelligence and independence.

Letters from Buenos Ayres give details of a remarkable duel, of which the famous Italian fencing-master, Chevalier Pini, was the hero. Pini recently opened a school of arms in the Argentine Republic, and, having been subjected to some criticism by a local journalist, told the scribe in his own frank, pleasant way what he thought of him. Reparation was demanded, and pistols were the weapons selected. The conditions of the meeting were singular. The adversaries were to be placed back to back, and at the word of command were each to take fifteen steps forward, and then to turn round and fire simultaneously. On the ground the men were placed as arranged, and, at the given signal, began to march forward, one of the seconds counting the steps. Pini had only made five strides when he heard a report and the whistle of a bullet past his ear. He turned and saw his adversary with the smoking pistol in his hand. Pini, in a furious rage, dropped his weapon, rushed at his man, and gave him a sound thrashing with his fists. The seconds took sides for their respective principals, and a general *mêlée* went forward until some *gendarmes* arrived. Pini's adversary then took to his heels, and has not since been seen.

The Baroness von Suttner—who recently left The Hague, where she watched the peace conference, in order to attend the International Congress of Women in London—occupies one of the most distinguished positions in the modern humanitarian movement. A well-known and charming figure in Austrian society, and at the same time a novelist of European fame, she has for many years devoted herself unselfishly to the propagation of the idea of peace, attending the unofficial congresses that have met in leading Continental cities, and editing a monthly magazine called after her great novel, "Die Waffen Nieder!" ("Lay Down Your Arms!"). It is by this novel, which has passed through some thirty German editions, that her talent has become most widely appreciated. Its subject-matter is the four wars which ravaged Central Europe from 1859 to 1871, and it is full of terrible and thrilling episodes told with the skill of a great artist. Besides her other novels, the baroness wrote some years ago a volume of philosophical and æsthetic essays under the title "Das Maschinalter." This remarkable book was for a long time attributed to various great Germans till the true authorship became known.

FOR LOVE OF LIBERTY.

Assembling of the First Colonial Congress—Washington and Patrick Henry—The Minute Men, at Lexington and Concord—How Independence Was Declared—From Trenton to Yorktown.

The beginning of the nation, the forces that produced it, the leaders who formulated its principles and fought to uphold them, the fields on which victories were won at fearful cost, are themes that can never lose their interest for patriot sons of the republic. Of that early period few have written with greater resources than Henry Cahot Lodge in "The Story of the Revolution." The work is notable for its just appreciation of the men of that time and the results of their acts, and for the charm of its style, always clear and often brilliant.

He begins the story with a description of Philadelphia in the late summer of 1774, then the largest place in the colonies, a town of thirty thousand people, and the interest felt in the gathering of delegates to the First Congress is shown. The arrival of Roger Sherman, John Jay, John and Samuel Adams, Patrick Henry, and others is pictured, and the appearance of these men, already known throughout the colonies, set forth in graphic phrases:

Yet there was one man there that day who had made no speeches and drawn no resolutions, but who, nevertheless, was better known than any of them, and among them all, had a soldier's fame, won on hard-fought fields. There was not much need to point him out, for he was the type of man that commands attention and does not need identification. Very tall and large, admirably proportioned, with every sign of great physical strength; a fine head and face of power, with a strong jaw and a mouth accurately closed; calm and silent, with a dignity which impressed every one who ever entered his presence, there was no need to tell the onlookers that here was Colonel Washington. What he had done they knew. What he was yet to do no one dreamed; but such was the impression he made upon all who came near him that we may easily believe that the people who gazed at him in the streets felt dumbly what Patrick Henry said for those who met him in the Congress: "Washington is unquestionably the greatest of them all." Thus he came to the opening scene of the Revolution as he went back to Mount Vernon at the war's close, quietly and silently, the great figure of the time, the door of deeds to whom Congress and people turned as by instinct. On the way to Philadelphia, Pendleton and Henry had joined him at Mount Vernon and passed the night there, hospitably received in the Virginian fashion both by their host and by Mrs. Washington, who was a woman of pronounced views and had the full courage of her convictions. To Pendleton and Henry she said: "I hope you will all stand firm. I know George will." It is a delightful speech to have been spared to us through the century, with its knowledge of her husband's character and its touch of wifely command. Only a few years before, a mother across the water had been saying to her son, "George, be a king," and the worthy, stubborn man, with his limited intelligence, was trying now to obey that mother in his own blundering fashion. How far apart they seem, the German princess and the Virginian lady, with their commands to husband and to son. And yet the great forces of the time were bringing the two men steadily together in a conflict which was to settle the fate of a nation.

The delegates went to work after the orderly fashion of their race. Peyton Randolph, of Virginia, was made president, and various committees were appointed:

There was much debate, much discussion, many wide differences of opinion, but these lovers of freedom sat with closed doors, and the result, which alone reached the world, went forth with all the force of unanimous action. We know now what the debates and the differences were, and they are not of much moment. The results are the important things, as the Congress wisely thought at the time. True to the traditions and instincts of their race, they decided to rest their case upon historic rather than natural rights. They adopted a Declaration of Rights, an address to the people of Great Britain, drawn by Jay, and an address to the king, by John Dickinson. Both Jay and Dickinson were moderate men, and the tone of the addresses was fair and conciliatory. On the motion of the dangerous John Adams, they conceded the right of the mother-country to regulate their external trade, while at the same time they firmly denied the right to tax them without their consent, or to change their form of government.

The case was argued with force and ability. It appeared when all was done, and the arguments published to the world, that these obscure colonial persons, whose names were unknown in the courts of Europe, had produced some remarkable state papers:

"When your lordships," said Chatham, "look at the papers transmitted us from America, when you consider their decency, firmness, and wisdom, you can not but respect their cause and wish to make it your own. For myself, I must avow that in all my reading—and I have read Thucydides, and have studied and admired the master states of the world—for solidity of reason, force of sagacity, and wisdom of conclusion under a complication of difficult circumstances, no body of men can stand in preference to the general Congress at Philadelphia. The histories of Greece and Rome give us nothing equal to it, and all attempts to impose servitude on such a mighty continental nation must be in vain. We shall be forced ultimately to retract; let us retract when we can, not when we must." Pregnant words! The man who had led England to the greatest heights of glory detected a deep meaning in this little American Congress at Philadelphia. But Chatham had the eye of a great statesman, while the king and ministry were dull and blind.

When Congress adjourned, on October 26th, much had been done, but the question was not to be settled in the field of debate. The new resistance was taking on form and substance:

In Massachusetts that resistance had grown and culminated since the days of the Stamp Act. In that colony there was a powerful clergy determined to prevent the overthrow of the Puritan churches and the setting up of the Church of England. In the streets of Boston there had been rioting and bloodshed, and Americans had been killed by the fire of British troops. On that devoted town had fallen the punishment of an angry ministry, and her closed harbor told the story of a struggle which had already passed from words to deeds. There, feeling was tense and strained, arguments were worn out, an independent provincial government was facing that of the king, and popular leaders were in danger of arrest and death. Such a situation could not last long. The only question was when and where the break would come. When would the power of England make a move which would cause the democracy of America to strike at it with the armed band? That once done, all would be done. Congress would then cease to argue and begin to govern, and the sword would decide whether the old forces or the new were to rule in America.

The Second Congress was to meet in May, 1775, but before that time came the conflict began:

Thus Gage, even before Congress assembled, sent over to Quarry Hill, near Boston, and seized cannons and stores. Thereupon armed crowds in Cambridge next day, tumult and disorder in the streets, the lieutenant-governor, Oliver, forced to resign, and bloodshed prevented only by Joseph Warren, summoned in haste from Boston. . . . Annoyed by the outbreak at Cambridge, Gage felt, in his dull way, that something was wrong, and began to fortify Boston Neck. Somehow he could not get his work done very well. He had his barges sunk, his straw fired, his wagons mired, all in unexpected ways, and the works were not finished till November. At the same time his movements excited alarm and suspicion, not only in Boston, but elsewhere.

In December the cannon were taken away at Newport by the governor, so that the British could not get them. A little later, the people at Portsmouth, N. H., entered the fort and carried off, for their own use and behoof, the guns and the powder.

The trouble was spreading ominously and evidently:

Massachusetts knew now that the continent was behind her, and her provincial congress in February declared their wish for peace and union, but advised preparation for war. How much effect the wishes had can not be said, but the advice at least was eagerly followed. The people of Salem, in pursuance of the injunction, began to mount cannon, and Gage thereupon sent three hundred men to stop the work. The town was warned in time. A great crowd met the soldiers at the bridge, and Colonel Leslie, shrinking from the decisive step, withdrew. It was a narrow escape. Soldiers and people had come face to face and had looked in each others' eyes. The conflict was getting very close.

Paul Revere had thirty mechanics organized to watch and report the movement of the British troops. The story of his signals in the Old North Church and his midnight ride to alarm the country lives in verse and story. Pitcairn was marching to seize the leaders and stores at Lexington and Concord, but the news ran on ahead:

So when Major Pitcairn got to Lexington Green about half-past four, there were some sixty or seventy men assembled to meet him. "Disperse, ye rebels; disperse!" cried Major Pitcairn, and rode toward them. There was much discussion then, and there has been much more since, as to who fired first. It matters not. It is certain that the British poured in a volley, and followed it up with others. The Minute Men, not yet realizing that the decisive moment had come, hesitated, some standing their ground, some scattering. They fired a few straggling shots, wounded a couple of British soldiers, and drew off. Eight Americans were killed and ten wounded. One of the eight had carried the standard when American troops captured Louisburg, and thus redeemed for England an otherwise ineffective war. One was wounded and bayoneted afterward. One dragged himself to the door of his home, and died on the threshold at his wife's feet. What matters it who fired first? The first blow had been struck, the first blood shed.

The British formed after the encounter, fired a volley to celebrate their victory, and marched rapidly for Concord; but, anxious as to the future, a messenger had been sent to Boston for reinforcements:

Meantime, while Lord Percy was setting out, Smith and his men got to Concord, only to find cannon and stores, for the most part, gone. A few guns to be spiked, the court-house to be set on fire, some barrels of flour to be broken open, made up the sum of what they were able to do. For this work small detachments were sent out. One went to the North Bridge—had in fact crossed over—when they perceived, on the other side, the Minute Men who had assembled to guard the town, and who now advanced, trailing their guns. The British withdrew to their own side of the bridge and began to take it up. Major Buttrick remonstrated against this proceeding, and ordered his men to quicken their steps. As they approached, the British fired, ineffectually at first, then with closer aim, and two or three Americans fell. Buttrick sprang forward, shouting, "Fire, fellow-soldiers! For God's sake, fire!" The moment had come; the Americans fired, not straggling shots now, as in the surprise at Lexington, but intending serious business. Two soldiers were killed and several wounded. The Americans poured over the bridge, the British retreated, and the Concord fight was over. The shot, "heard round the world," had been fired to good purpose, both there and elsewhere.

The retreat of the British to Lexington and on to Charlestown was marked by deadly slaughter, for the Americans harassed them all the way, firing from the roadsides:

When the story of April 19, 1775, is told, we are apt to think only of the firing at sunrise on Lexington Green, and of the slight skirmish at the old North Bridge at Concord. We are prone to forget that apart from these two dramatic points there was a good deal of severe fighting during that memorable day. A column of regular English troops, at first 800, then 1,800 strong, had marched out to Concord and Lexington, and back to Boston, and had met some hundreds of irregular soldiers, at best militia. They retreated before the Minute Men for miles, and reached Boston in a state not far removed from rout and panic. The running fight had not been child's play by any means. The Americans lost 88 men killed and wounded; the British 247, beside 26 missing or prisoners. These were serious figures.

The provincial congress of Massachusetts drew up an official account of the events of April 19th and sent one copy to England, and others were dispatched through all the other colonies to South Carolina, and two weeks afterward the delegates set out for Philadelphia where the Second Congress was assembling:

Even as they met, on May 10th, a British fortress had been seized by the colonists, for Lexington and Concord had set in motion a force which, once started, could neither be stayed nor limited. The first military and political object of England, when actual war came, obviously would be to divide New England from the middle colonies by controlling the line of the Hudson River to the lakes lying on the borders of Vermont and New York. The key of the position was the fort at Ticonderoga which commanded the lakes, and in this way the road from Canada to New York harbor. Very early in the troubles the New England leaders saw this situation, and when the conflict broke they moved quickly.

The exploit of Ethan Allen followed, and news of the event woke the Second Congress to action. It was decided to organize an army and authorize a war loan. Carrying out the suggestion of John Adams they formally chose George Washington to command what was henceforth to be known as the Continental Army, then engaged in besieging the British in Boston. Before Washington could reach his command the bloody Battle of Bunker Hill had been fought:

The official British returns give the killed and wounded at ten hundred and fifty-four. That means the loss was over thirty per cent. . . . In later times the British loss at Waterloo was nearly thirty-four per cent., and the loss of the allied armies about fifteen per cent., while at Gettysburg the Union army lost about twenty-five per cent., and these were two of the bloodiest of modern battles. Waterloo lasted all day, Gettysburg three days, Bunker Hill an hour and a half. . . . The American loss was, from the best reports available, four hundred and eleven killed and wounded, at least twenty per cent. of the whole force actually engaged.

On June 21st Washington started from Philadelphia for Boston:

He had ridden barely twenty miles when he met the messengers from Bunker Hill. There had been a battle, they said. He asked but one question, "Did the militia fight?" When told how they had fought, he said, "Then the liberties of the country are safe," and rode on. Give him men who would fight and he would do the rest. Here was a leader clearly marked out.

Pushing on through Connecticut, Washington reached the army head-quarters at Cambridge on July 2d:

The next day the troops were all drawn out on parade, and in their presence, and that of a great concourse, Washington drew his sword and formally took command of the American army. The act performed, cheers and shouts broke forth, and the booming of cannon told the story to the enemy in Boston. The people evidently were with him. They looked upon him as he rode down the lines, and were content.

The Battle of Bunker Hill was on June 17th, and it demonstrated the valor of the Massachusetts people. On June

28th, a fleet under Sir Peter Parker attacked Charleston, S. C., but was repulsed, and returned to New York. The two battles were of immense importance, for they solidified the colonies, and encouraged the people to fight. During the summer Washington drilled his men and planned the campaign to follow. The ill-fated expeditions under Montgomery and Arnold were sent to take possession of Canada, failed, and the fall and winter wore away. The cannon taken at Ticonderoga were brought across the country on the snow and began to send shot and shell into besieged Boston. In March, Howe evacuated the city and sailed with the British fleet for Halifax. Early in this fateful year Thomas Paine, who had come from England and taken up the colonist side after a year's stay, published his pamphlet "Common Sense," which converted some doubters, gave utterance to the thoughts of the people, and supplied every man with the words and the arguments to explain and defend the faith that was in him. One hundred and twenty thousand copies were sold in three months.

On June 8, 1776, Richard Henry Lee, in the name of Virginia, moved in Congress that the colonies were, and of right ought to be, free and independent, and that their allegiance to the British crown ought to be dissolved. For two days the question was debated, and then postponed for three weeks to allow delegates to consult their constituents. On July 1st fifty members were present, and John Adams made the great speech which caused Jefferson to call him the "Colossus of Debate," and the next day the resolution passed. Thomas Jefferson was given the task of drafting the declaration of reasons for taking up arms, and his work was well done:

In the Declaration of Independence Jefferson uttered, in a noble and enduring manner, what was stirring in the hearts of his people. The "Marseillaise" is not great poetry, nor the air to which it was set the greatest music. But no one can hear that song and not feel his pulses beat quicker and his blood course more quickly through his veins. It is because the author of it flung into his lyric the spirit of a great time, and the dreams and aspirations of a great people. Hope, faith, patriotism, victory, all cry out to us in that mighty hymn of the Revolution, and no one can listen to it unmoved. In more sober fashion, after the manner of his race, Jefferson declared the hopes, beliefs, and aspirations of the American people. But the spirit of the time is there in every line and every sentence, saying to all men: a people has risen up in the West, they are weary of kings, they can rule themselves, they will tear down the old landmarks, they will let loose a new force upon the world, and with the wilderness and the savage at their backs they will even do battle for the faith that is in them.

While Congress was coming to a decision upon independence, the war was entering its second stage, and that in which the cause narrowly escaped shipwreck. England had hired large numbers of Hessians, and powerful armies and fleets were coming to subdue the colonists. Washington had succeeded in raising an army of seventeen thousand men, but had only ten thousand fit for duty. In the Battle of Long Island, the Americans, outnumbered four to one, were badly beaten and lost two thousand men, half in killed and wounded, while the British loss was only four hundred. The retreat from New York followed, and the British came on to Trenton, and threatened Philadelphia. Congress adjourned to Baltimore, but before going passed a resolution giving Washington full power to direct all operations of the war:

Never, indeed, did a dictator find himself in greater straits. In all directions he had been sending for men, while by every method he sought to hold those he already had. Yet, as fast as he gathered in new troops others left him, for the bane of short enlistments poisoned everything. He was not only fighting a civil war, but he had to make his army as he fought, and even for that he had only these shifting sands to build on. "They come," he wrote of the militia, "you can not tell when, and act you can not tell where, consume your provisions, waste your stores, and leave you at last at a critical moment." He was as near desperation as he ever came in his life. We can read it all now in his letters, but he showed nothing of it to his men.

The indomitable spirit of Washington was never more plainly shown than at Trenton. Christmas night he ferried his troops across the Delaware through floating ice, in bitter cold, and marched them over the snow, leaving bloody footprints behind them, to attack the Hessians:

The Hessians poured out of their barracks, were forced back by a fierce bayonet-charge, and then, trying to escape by the Brunswick Road, were cut off by Hand's riflemen, thrown forward for that purpose by Washington. Rahl, half-dressed, tried to rally his men, and was shot down. It was all over in less than an hour. The well-aimed blow had been struck so justly and so fiercely that the Hessians had no chance. About two hundred escaped; some thirty were killed; and nine hundred and eighteen, with all their cannon, equipage, and plunder, surrendered at discretion as prisoners of war. The Americans lost two killed and six wounded.

The victories of Trenton and Princeton put new heart in the people, and they knew where the credit belonged:

All that was left of the American Revolution during that Christmas week was with Washington and his little army. How they fared in those wintry marches and sharp battles, in storm and ice and snow, chilled by the bitter cold, we know. The separation of the North American colonies from the mother-colonies was probably inevitable. It surely would have come sooner or later, either in peace or war. But it is equally certain that the successful Revolution which actually made the United States independent, was saved from ruin by George Washington in the winter of 1776.

After this and the two bitter winters at Valley Forge came the victory at Monmouth, the last general engagement in the north, and never afterward, to the surrender of Yorktown, was the army of Washington beaten when he led them. There were many other gallant leaders, such men as Greene, and Wayne, and Lee, and Marion, and Clarke, and their names will never die, but the greatest was he who fought the long war through, and in December, 1783, after peace had been declared, calmly laid aside the honors he had won:

Perhaps the greatest triumph of the American Revolution was that it brought forth such a leader of men as the one now returning to his peaceful home at Mount Vernon, and that, thanks to him, whatever mistakes had been made, or defeats encountered, the war of the people for a larger liberty closed unsullied by violence, and with no stain of military despotism upon its record.

The work is in two volumes, beautifully printed on heavy paper, and bound substantially. Its numerous illustrations are fine specimens of the engraver's art, and all of historic value. The appendix contains the Declaration of Independence, the Paris Treaty, and General Washington's address to Congress on resigning his commission.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price \$6.00.

LITERARY NOTES.

The Romance of a Rich Young Girl.

Those who have read Charles Dudley Warner's "A Little Journey in the World" and "The Golden House" will be glad to know that his latest novel, "That Fortune," is in a sense a continuation of those two tales. In the "Little Journey" they learned how a great fortune was built up in Wall Street; and in "The Golden House" they saw how by fraud much of it was diverted from its beneficent use. The third story will tell them of the ultimate downfall of those who misappropriate Rodney Henderson's millions.

But this is merely an added element of pleasure, which those who have not read the earlier two books will not miss, for "That Fortune" is sufficiently interesting to stand on its own merits. The central figure is a girl, or young woman, such as could exist in no other community than New York. The daughter of an enormously wealthy man, she has from her earliest infancy been shielded like a delicate plant. Trained attendants and all that money can procure have been provided for her; but her parents see little of her, and she has no companion save her governess. Fortunately, the latter is a woman of education and taste, and she brings the girl up in a world peopled by the best creations in literature. Her pure ideals are unsullied by any knowledge of the evils of the world. Such an up-bringing may be given to some royal princesses; but this girl had to sustain her none of the traditions of race that are so carefully instilled into them.

How a girl so reared would conduct herself when brought face to face with the questions of life is a curious problem, and Mr. Warner has treated it in a most interesting way. He makes his heroine—who has scarcely spoken with any man other than her father and is heirless to an immense fortune—fall in love with a lawyer's clerk, not only penniless but hampered by a penchant for literature. They meet in his native village and are thrown much together for a month or so. In this time they find many tastes in common, and she inspires him to write a novel; but she has no idea that she loves him. When they are back in town their paths lie far apart, meeting only twice in the course of two years. But his book, which she has inspired, and the opposition of her parents fan the spark of love in her breast, and the steadfastness her strange training has developed enables her to withstand, not only the wooing of an English lord but all the wiles and arguments of her worldly wise mother. Then comes the providential loss of her father's millions, and with it disappears all opposition to the lovers' union.

This successful wooing of a great heiress by an impecunious author does not seem quite consistent with the realities of modern life. Mr. Warner's art, however, throws a glamour over the tale, and one forgets how he bends the course of circumstances to his will in the cleverness of his character-drawing and of his pictures of social, financial, and literary life in New York.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

The Pot-Boiling Short Story.

The short story is a form of literary art as capable of high perfection as the sonnet, but with many writers it is merely a means to keep the pot boiling. Such a writer, one would imagine, is Bernard Capes. He has written in "The Lake of Wine" a novel that attracted deserved attention, but his short stories should have been allowed to sink into oblivion with the issues of the various periodicals in which they first appeared.

However, Mr. Capes has seen fit to gather eleven of his tales into a volume, to which he has given the title "At the Winter's Fire." Perhaps three of them were worth preserving—"The Moon-Stricken," "Jack and Jill," and "Dark Dignum." The first of these is a pseudo-scientific tale of a wonderful natural telescope, of which the lenses are made by the fall of an Alpine torrent and a smaller waterfall behind it. Together they reveal to a peasant lad a new view of the moon:

"A segment of desolation more horrible than any desert. Monstrous growths of leprosy that had bubbled up and stiffened; fields of ashen slime—the sloughing of a world of corruption; hills of demon fungus swollen with the fatness of putrefaction; and, in the midst of all, convulsed shapes wallowing, protruding, or stumbling aimlessly onward, till they sank and disappeared."

It was not a pretty sight, and it drove the peasant lad crazy. But the narrator saw the sight, too, and his courage brought back reason to "the moon-stricken," while a convulsion of nature destroyed forever the terrible lenses.

"Jack and Jill" is in a lighter vein, relating the adventure of a merry little Frenchman and his wife, who cross an Alpine glacier without a guide and fall five hundred feet down a crevasse whose course is crescent-shaped and brings them up unharmed in a sub-glacial river which eventually restores them to the world. "Dark Dignum" is in still another vein. It is a tragic legend of smuggling and superstition on the English coast, and is told with a certain degree of power.

The other tales—"The Vanishing House," "Wilhelm Tyrbitt's Copy," "A Lazy Romance," "Black Venn," "An Eddy on the Floor," "Dinah's Mammoth," "The Black Reaper," and "A Voice

from the Pit"—are either very labored or very silly. Published by Doubleday, McClure & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

A Novel of Religious Realism.

If an unbiased observer were to take to the street with a note-book; if he were to pick out the third man with a white cravat; if he were to dog this man's heels until he found out his friendships; and then if he were to make a stenographic record of such conversation as he might hear, and there were a story in the air—if he were to do all this, undoubtedly he would have written a book that was true to life. Undoubtedly, too, it would be rather dry reading. It might be a story; it might be as accurate as a photograph; but it would be dry.

"The Romance of a Ritualist," by Vincent Brown, is some such kind of novel. It contains about a peck of quotation marks, and the story—just as in real life—is not told directly, but is left for the intelligence of the reader to determine. Just as in real life, too, the crucial points in the story are omitted, with perhaps one notable exception. The hero has little to say; the heroine almost nothing. Their friends talk about ritualism, religion, the ego, and incidentally the mystery—which is rather an obscurity than a mystery—of a love-affair, in which ritualism, the ego, and a girl are mixed up. The girl, Bessie Ticehurst, loves and is loved by Edward Asgar. She is of low, he of high, degree; and that is an obstacle to their happiness. Asgar, at the time, is having a battle with his religious doubts. He decides to commit suicide, but does not do it; his family comes around and accepts his choice of a wife; and he and Bessie at last find their happiness. The book ends six years after the wedding, with their friends still talking.

Published by John Lane, New York; price, \$1.50.

Symonds's Introduction to Dante.

In March, 1893, John Addington Symonds wrote the preface to the third edition of his first published work, "An Introduction to the Study of Dante," and within less than a month thereafter he died in Rome. This book, written in 1870, and first published in 1872, has now reached its fourth edition. Although the Italy of to-day is not the Italy of which Mr. Symonds wrote that "no nation has so completely failed to attain constitutional stability or historical unity, owing to deep-seated differences and divisions in its very elements," this study of Dante and of his Italy, with the exception of one or two chapters, is as modern as anything that has been done, and holds its place among the best books in English upon the great Italian poet. The notes and text are those of the augmented third edition.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$2.00.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The second edition of Dr. C. W. Doyle's "The Taming of the Jungle" is announced. Another book by Dr. Doyle is to be brought out in October entitled "The Shadow of Quong Lung," the scene of the narrative being Chinatown in this city, and the characters mostly Chinese.

The Millais biography will be ready in September, a large part of it being already in type. There will be included in it a great deal of interesting matter about the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, and it has many letters written by famous people.

A new and revised edition of Austin Dobson's "Life of Goldsmith" is announced for publication in the fall.

Georg Brandes, the Danish critic, tells how Ibsen was once loud in his praises of Russia. "A splendid country!" he said; "think of all the grand oppression they have! Only think of all the glorious love of liberty it engenders! Russia is one of the few countries in the world where men still love liberty and make sacrifices for it."

The Macmillan Company has a new book in press by Maurice Hewlett, which will bear the title "Little Novels of Italy."

Dr. Morton Grinnell, one of the most popular Yale graduates in New York, and who has many friends in this city, is about to make his bow as a novelist, his first book, "An Eclipse of Memory," being announced for immediate publication. For five years he was a "globe-trotter," and his experiences in Egypt are drawn upon in his novel.

Over one hundred thousand copies of Kipling's "Captains Courageous" and "Jungle Books" have been sold thus far this year.

S. R. Crockett's story, "Kit Kennedy, Country Boy," will appear in the autumn, as will also John Oliver Hobbes's "Robert Orange," which is a sequel to her "The School for Saints."

John Brishen Walker, editor of the *Cosmopolitan*, is about to bring suit for one hundred thousand dollars' damages against Count Tolstoy's agents for breach of contract in regard to the novel "The Awakening," which has been appearing as a serial in the magazine. Owing to the difficulties which have arisen, no further installments of the novel will appear in the *Cosmopolitan*. The case promises to be a cause célèbre in literature. In an interview, Mr. Walker said of the translation: "Three arrangements of the first part of the manuscript came. None of these would have passed the reader of the

most slipshod daily paper. The translation was almost beneath contempt, and each of the three versions received was different from the others. It was necessary to expurgate and rewrite the manuscript in order to guarantee the *Cosmopolitan's* transmission through the mails." Because of these revisions and omissions, Tolstoy's agents refused to send further installments. Hence the suit.

A NEWSPAPER MAID OF HONOR.

The Royal Pretensions of an Author Exposed.

Journalistic enterprise is getting to be of so searching a nature that nowadays celebrated personages have reason to fear the pens of the very valets and barbers who serve them. It remains for a newspaper correspondent, however, to boldly attempt an intimate personal biography of an empress whom he probably never met. This is a guess, but circumstantial evidence seems to point to the guess being a correct one.

"The Martyrdom of an Empress," which it will be remembered, is a biographical vindication of Elizabeth, late Empress of Austria, published recently by Harper & Brothers, aroused much interest when it first appeared. It purports, not on its title-page, but in its pages, to be penned by the aristocratic hand of a lady of high rank in the Austrian court, who was apparently a close friend of the empress, and on the most intimate and familiar terms with the imperial family. As such, the book has been received and reviewed in good faith by the critics of the leading literary journals, who, from the wording in the publishers' notice, assume that the writer was a maid of honor to the empress, although no author's nor translator's name appears on the title-page.

A keen-eyed observer, however, would notice that the book is written in typical journalistic style, light, readable, superficial, and that it is crammed with just the juicy, gossip details concerning the royal European families that newspaper correspondents seek as material for their letters, when writing from the Old World to the New. A tone of intimacy and confidential intercourse with the various members of Franz Joseph's family is very easily given by frequently naming the crown prince and the young arch-duchesses by the diminutives used in affectionate family life.

Probably every scrap of information given in the book, every little incident detailed descriptive of several of the imperial residences and parks, numerous stately receptions and ceremonials described, with particulars concerning decorations, jewels, robes, toilets, etc., have all appeared in print before. In fact, the general make-up of the book is of the newspaper, newspaper. Grafted on to this tone of the fashionable correspondent is another style—a sort of combination of "The Duchess" and Bertha Clay style of fiction, wherein the unknown writer employs such trite phrases as "exquisitely penciled dark brows," "the trailing white draperies of her dinner-gown," etc. Here is a more lengthy instance:

"That same evening Elizabeth was alone in her dressing-room, reclining in the cozy depths of a large arm-chair. Her hair was hanging in a loose luxuriance on her shoulders, and she was wrapped in a pale-lilac negligé of softest Indian texture, with a profusion of old lace at her throat and arms. Her dressing-room was one of the prettiest nooks imaginable, with its silken hangings, its silver swaying lamps, its toilet-table shrouded in Valenciennes laces, and its cut-crystal vases full of flowers. She sat there with an open book in her lap, the soft light from the lamps shining on her fair skin, on her sapphire-blue eyes, and on the shimmering wealth of her hair."

In fact, the empress seldom appears in any scene in the book without being clothed in the most sumptuous and picturesque of garments, and enfolded in a flowery luminousness of adjectives, and no room is ever entered by its imperial mistress but that the presumable maid of honor, who, we might assume, ought to have become used to splendor, describes its luxurious appointments with the glowing enthusiasm and redundant particularity of an auction catalogue, or of a newspaper writer, who sets himself to the task of describing, with much enjoyment, royal palaces to which he has been lucky enough to gain an entrée.

Newspaper writing is in general so ephemeral that the memory of it scarcely survives the day's reading. The writer has remembered and availed himself of this fact, for the book bears every evidence of being collected newspaper correspondence, strung together by a thread of narrative which is embellished by numerous imaginary conversations between the empress and the supposed maid of honor. This view of its authorship, however, is not a mere idle surmise. We have in one of the *Argonaut* numbers, as far back as 1891, a two-column letter copied from correspondence of the New York *Tribune* which is a perfect fac-simile of that part of Chapter VIII. in "The Martyrdom of an Empress," which describes the folk-songs, music, and tribal customs of the *Tzigans*, or Hungarian gypsies, together with a couple of striking incidents. The only difference is that the figure of the empress is introduced in the same scene in the book. And so, as maids of honor to royal ladies are not in the habit of eking out their incomes with the emoluments derived from newspaper writing, we judge that the high-born authorship of the book is a fake, in order to make it sell more readily.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Actors of the Seventeenth Century.

There is nothing strenuous, nothing great, about S. H. Burchell's novel of the early seventeenth century, "The Duke's Servants," but it tells a pleasant and fairly interesting story and has a distinct value as a faithful picture of England in those early days.

Its hero is Harold Lincoln, a young gentleman of Derbyshire, who has mooned his life away as a poet until he is aroused by his love for Katharine de Vaux. She seems to love him, but there is a mysterious reticence about this court-bred lady which he does not understand until its cause is revealed by a meeting between her and the Duke of Buckingham, of which Harold is unintentionally a witness. The young woman is fascinated by the handsome and unscrupulous nobleman, and, after a violent scene, Harold breaks with her.

Then the young man sets forth for London, and on the way falls in with a pretty youth, Master Nat Jermyn, whom he rescues from the hirelings of an avaricious guardian. They join company with Roger Bryan, chief of "the Duke's Servants," as the actors of the Duke of Buckingham's Fortune Theatre, in London, are called. At St. Albans they are persuaded to appear, Lincoln as Orlando, and Nat as Rosalind—for female rôles were taken by boys on the English stage of that day—in "As You Like It," and the performance is a great success. Nat has told Lincoln so much of his twin sister, Ruth, that the young man is quite in love with this girl whom he has never seen, and their acting is so realistic that Bryan suspects what later proves to be the case, that Nat Jermyn is Ruth, masquerading as a boy.

This fact is not revealed, however, until they have both been through sundry adventures. The most perilous of these is when Nat falls into the hands of the Duke of Buckingham, who sees through the girl's disguise at once, and Lincoln follows her into the lion's den. It is a dramatic scene, and the reader is quite at a loss as to how they will escape, when Katharine de Vaux appears and obtains their liberty from her infatuated lord.

Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50. jahart

Freethought and Freethinkers, Past and Present.

From the introductory chapter of "A Short History of Freethought, Ancient and Modern," by John M. Robertson, two brief paragraphs may be quoted to show the author's aim:

"For practical purposes, freethought may be defined as a conscious reaction against some phase or phases of conventional or traditional doctrine in religion—on the one hand, a claim to think freely, in the sense not of disregard for logic, but of special loyalty to it, on problems to which the past course of things has given a great intellectual and practical importance; on the other hand, the actual practice of such thinking."

The issues between freethought and creed are ultimately to be settled only in virtue of their argumentative bases, as appreciable by men in society at any given time. It is with the notion of making the process of judicial appreciation a little easier, by historically exhibiting the varying conditions under which it has been undertaken in the past, that these pages are written."

Mr. Robertson is an English writer who brings culture and skill to his work. He had published nine books of value in previous years, two volumes of essays on critical methods, studies of Montaigne, Shakespeare, Buckle, the Saxon and the Celt, the Modern Humanists—including Carlyle, Mill, Emerson, Arnold, Ruskin, and Spencer—and some essays on economic questions. His views are comprehensive, his expression terse, his industry unwearied.

He traces the growth of freethought under the ancient religions down through the centuries in India, Ancient Persia, Egypt, and China, and illustrates the common forces of degeneration. The literature of Israel, the beginnings of Ionic culture, the higher pagan ethics in ancient Rome, the primitive Christianity and its opponents, are given chapters, and many authorities are quoted. The influence of the Koran is shown, and some of the more noted of the Saracen poets and philosophers quoted. Of the poetry of Omar Khayyám, now the most famous of all Eastern freethinkers, he says:

"But despair is not the name for the humorous melancholy which Omar weaves around his thoughts on the riddle of the universe. In epigrams which have never been surpassed for their echoing depth he disposes of the theistic solution; whereafter, instead of offering another shibboleth, he sings of wine and roses, of the joys of life and of their speedy passage. It was his way of turning into music the undertone of all mortality; and that it is now preferable, for any refined intelligence, to the affectation of zest for a 'hereafter' on which no one wants to enter, would seem to be proved by the remarkable vogue he has secured in modern England, chiefly through the incomparable version of Fitzgerald. Much of the attraction, doubtless, is due to the canorous cadence and felicitous phrasing of those singularly fortunate stanzas; but the thoughts of Omar remain their kernels, and whereas the counsel 'Gather ye roses while ye may' is common enough, it must be the weightier bearing of his deeper and more daring ideas that give the quatrains their main hold to-day."

In his final chapter on freethought in the nineteenth century, he views the great writers in all lands and puts them on one side or the other. Brief as he

makes each personal mention, there are no glittering generalities in his statements. This is his concluding paragraph in his notes on the poets of England:

"Among our younger poets, finally, the balance is pretty much the same; Mr. Watson declaring in worthy noble diction for a high agnosticism, and Mr. Davidson defying orthodox ethics in the name of his very antinomian theology; while on the side of the regulation religion—since Mr. Yeats is but a stray Druid—can be cited at best the regimental psalmody of Mr. Kipling, lyric of trumpet and drum; the stained-glass Mariolatrics of Mr. Francis Thompson; and the Godism of M. Henley, whereat the prosaic godly look askance."

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$3.00. jahart

"Contemporary French Novelists."

A notable addition to the literature of literary criticism is the translation by Mary D. Frost of twelve studies by René Doumic, under the title "Contemporary French Novelists"; the novelists being Octave Feuillet, Edmond and Jules de Goncourt, Emile Zola, Alphonse Daudet, Paul Bourget, Guy de Maupassant, Pierre Loti, Edouard Rod, J. H. Rosny, Paul Hervieu, J. K. Huysmans, and René Bazin. M. Doumic is comprehensive and delicate in his appreciations, and just in his estimates. His criticisms are stimulating and instructive. His generalizations are always interesting and quite often brilliant. "The imagination in revolt against reason escapes toward the rare, the exceptional, the difficult, the impossible," he says. "Romance is not the affair of vulgar souls who have never known the sense of being crushed and humiliated by life." And again, speaking of Zola: "The world that M. Zola paints suggests something hybrid and paradoxical, such as Balzac's world might be, seen through Hugo's eyes. Like all the romanticists, he feels within himself 'the torment of a secret symbolism.'" The translation is smooth and unobtrusive.

Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price, \$2.00. jahart

VERSE FROM YALE.

The Scholar.

He sits, a scholar, in his garret room
And listens to the tread of centuries,
He reads a thousand books with sober eyes,
And grapples with the stone before the tomb;
Night-music lingers in the evening gloom,
Night-laughter rises to the burning skies,
For him another song, "Arise! Arise!"
Life may be weariness and death be doom.

Men may not scoff, the fierce fires of the world
Burn hotly with a searing mystery;
What though he know not and his soul be hurled
Down the dark cavern where he can not see—
He writes To-morrow with a flaming hand,
And waits for God to let him understand.
—Robert L. Manger in "Yale Verse."

Twilight Voices.

Hasten, O Night! ye queenly transcendent,
Bearing sweet rest from the region of shade,
Mounted on wings though dark yet resplendent
That woo to forgetfulness hillside and glade!
Cease thy dark flight—a worn heart confesses
The peace that it knows in thy silken caresses.
Damp are thy garments and damp thy black tresses,
But bright is thy crown with starlight inlaid.

Soft be the breezes that play on the meadows,
Tender the light of the stars in the sky;
Laid be the spirits whose shrouds are the shadows
That darken the heart and that deaden the eye.
Let me forget while the moments are flying
The discords of life that, in bitterness crying,
Tell us of loveliness suffering, dying,
Tell us no tale but ends in a sigh.

Far in the distance I hear the waves rolling
On with the sound of the trampling sea;
Aloft from yon tower the death bells are tolling
Siern admonitions to thee and to me.
Rest there is none for the feet that grow weary
In scaling the heights, and all nature, though cheery,
Yet chants to herself a low misereere—
Maybe a dirge for the souls that go free.

Sleep! let me rest till the gates that are golden
Turn on the hinge of melodious sound;
Let my lone couch be the forest whose olden
Trunks and gnarled arms keep the shadows around.
We, like the oaks beneath deep mosses sleeping,
No care shall disturb of busy winds creeping
O'er my low couch, nor where they are heaping
It high with the leaves that whirl o'er the ground.
—T. W. Buchanan in "Yale Verse."

A Word from Kipling.

In a recent letter addressed to the *Author*, published in London, Rudyard Kipling sets forth explicitly the grounds on which his case against certain American publishers, especially G. P. Putnam's Sons, rests. He says:

"They have made me responsible, before a public to whom I do peculiarly owe the best and most honest work I can turn out, for an egregious padded fake, and all these things they did, taking advantage of that public's interest in my illness when I lay at the point of death. I do not see how I can permit their action to pass without challenge. It establishes too many precedents which will do evil to the honor and integrity of the profession that so far has given me countenance and profit."

All of which is denied by the American publishers. jahart

New Publications.

"Fighting in Cuban Waters," by Edward Stratemeyer, is the third volume in the Old Glory Series for boys. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; price, \$1.25.

"The Peace Cross Book" describes the raising of the memorial on St. Alban's Hill, overlooking Washington, last October, and gives the services in detail. Published by R. H. Russell, New York.

Mary H. Norris has made an abridgment of "Kenilworth," Sir Walter Scott's great historical novel, for school reading. Published by the American Book Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

In the Eclectic School Readings Series, the latest issue is H. A. Guerber's "The Story of the Great Republic." It gives the history of the United States from the framing of the constitution, and is distinctly readable. Published by the American Book Company, New York; price, 65 cents.

"Poetry of the Seasons" is a collection of three hundred poems from American and English poets. The best specimens of pastoral and lyric poetry are given, and the volume is one that may well find a place in the library of young readers. Published by Silver, Burdett & Co., Boston; price, 60 cents.

There is some clever work in "The Dreamers," by John Kendrick Bangs. It is a collection of stories in which some of the works of popular authors are burlesqued. Those which suggest Kipling, Richard

Harding Davis, and "Mr. Dooley," are particularly entertaining. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25.

The fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth parts of "Fifty Years of Masonry in California" have been issued, and the work loses nothing in interest as it progresses. Among the fine portraits in the latest numbers are those of Reuben H. Lloyd, Robert H. Blossom, H. S. Orme, and John F. Merrill. Published by George Spaulding & Co., San Francisco; price, \$1.00 each.

"How to Cook Husbands" is the somewhat disquieting title Elizabeth Strong Worthington has chosen for her latest story—for it is a story, in spite of its title. The description of the catching of one husband contains incidentally the account of the cooking of several. There is a lot of uncommon sense in the little book, and many bright fancies. Published by the Dodge Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

A small volume of sketches, distinctive in situation and treatment, is "Sugar-Pine Murrings," the work of Elizabeth Sargent Wilson and J. L. Sargent. There are nine of the stories, and nearly all are inspired by the life and surroundings of California mines and ranches. Slight as most of them are, there is good workmanship on nearly every page, and one of the tales, "The Justice of John Fannin," is notably vivid. Published by the Whitaker & Ray Company, San Francisco; price, \$1.00. jahart

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"This novel is the most extensive piece of semi-historical fiction which has yet come from an American hand; and the skill with which the materials have been handled justifies the largeness of the plan."—Hamilton Mabie in the *New York Times*.

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"It is a daring thing that Winston Churchill has done in his novel 'Richard Carvel' to tread the path made smooth by Thackeray, and, withal, to do it so well that one is forced to admire the resemblance. . . . The interest in the story never flags, whether the scene is the London of Walpole's day, Maryland of Lord Baltimore's day, or on the sea. Dorothy Manners is nearly if not quite as lovable as Beatrice Esmond, for she has the saving grace of honesty, and as for Richard Carvel, he is quite as much a hero in London as was 'The Virginian,' for he compelled respect, which Thackeray's America and London were not always able to do. This is the best-written novel we have seen for a long time, and really deserves all the success it attains."—*The Indianapolis News*.

PUBLISHED BY

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, 66 Fifth Avenue.



I am glad to have a chance to welcome Mr. Frawley. To tell him in print that it is very nice to see him again, that I hope he will stay long and come back soon.

The truth of the matter is that Mr. Frawley has done a good deal more than people realize for the drama in the West. For some years he confined his tours to the section of the country that lies on this side of the Mississippi. During these years he produced a large number of excellent plays, acted by a company which was always good, and sometimes remarkably brilliant. He has brought out several players who are rising to star positions, he has produced few pieces that were dull, and none that was offensive. Occasionally his performances have reached a high standard of artistic finish—such, for example, as the production he gave some years ago at the Columbia of "The Two Escutcheons." Occasionally, too, he has permitted his company to leave the beaten tracks and give special performances of debated masterpieces, such as that of "The Doll's House" last year at the Baldwin. He has none of the fear of raw genius which cramps the enterprise of the Eastern manager, and for this reason has brought upon the stage some much-needed new blood and much-appreciated new talent.

This naturally brings one to Miss Bates. It is no wonder that the East has been loud in her acclaim, for she has every qualification that the Eastern players lack—force, vigor, exuberance, breadth, and a magnificent physical equipment. She is—and I think always will be—essentially Western. She has the splendid vitality, the lurid sense of color, the bubble, and bounce, and breathless haste of the West. Like Nance O'Neil, she hardly seems to know how to manage her superabundant energies. They are always getting in her way, and, as it were, tripping her up. In the East the players train up slowly to the great heights where one tears a passion to tatters. In the West they train down from there. When they first begin—in their original savage state—to tear the passion to tatters, there is not one tatter left of the passion by the time they get through.

Time and training are doing wonders for Miss Bates. She is increasing remarkably in emotional force, and getting some sort of grip on those fiery, untamed energies that used to go cavorting round quite disobediently, and outside her own control. Delicacy of perception, fineness of touch, the sense of poetry in commonplace things, the feeling of the wonder and mystery of life are still lacking. The last of these are intuitive and inborn, but the first can be acquired. For example, to indicate the mutinous and witching gaiety of mood that made Drusilla Ives so beguiling a person, she has constant recourse to facial contortions that are almost grimaces. Drusilla gives voice to some sentiment not at all to the credit of her sex and her up-bringing, but so wittily expressed, so full of a humorous cynicism, that it must be a very stern moralist who would remain glum. These sentences Miss Bates invariably accompanies with a little shudder of conscious deprecation, or a surreptitious wink or twisting of the lips. Whereas, the gay Drusilla had no annoying scruples, and took no mere mischievous delight in saying wicked little things that she did not mean.

The picturesque exit in the middle of the third act was marred by one of these deprecating *moues*. The dancing-girl is about to part with her lover. There is no sentiment on either side. Over the after-dinner coffee the duke frankly admits that after she has gone he will not think of her twenty times. She goes up the red stairway laughing, and throwing him careless words over her shoulder. At the top she stands for a moment looking down—a figure that, with its shoulders like polished marble, its laughing lips and eyes, and its drooping garnitures of blood-red poppies, has for the moment a wild and bacchanalian beauty which recalls the duke's description of Drusilla Ives as a pagan. She slowly passes along the gallery, looking over, and laughing, and throwing down sardonic sentences of farewell. With the last of these she suddenly puckered her face into an expression of sly mischief—the mischief of a naughty, spoiled child—and disappeared. It is in just such defective touches as this that Miss Bates shows her lack of fine perception. She misses the thrill of the situation between this world-weary man and this poppy-draped, sleek-skinned, tigerish Bacchante.

When the drama of the subsequent scene begins to intensify, she rises to it and shows great force, though, to my thinking, the nervous smile that she wears during the early part of the interview is somewhat out of place. Drusilla strikes me as a very downright sort of person, who did not mince matters

in any direction. The fall down stairs and the exit are matters of taste. Most actresses seem to like falling down stairs better than anything except falling off sofas. Whenever there is a chance to do either, they make hay while the sun shines, and not only fall off loudly and vigorously, but roll over several times, so that when they are to be restored to the perpendicular it takes some time to extricate them from the encircling millinery. Miss Bates had the chance of her life in "The Dancing Girl." At the top of the stairs she began, and rolled over and over till she reached the floor, when she took several extra rolls that nearly brought her to the footlights. It is possible that Drusilla might have done this, but it is much more probable, considering the fact that she was sufficiently conscious to rise and run out, that she would not have collapsed in such a dire and overwhelming manner. If she could have lain where she fell, it would have been all right, but the playwright ordained that she should follow her father out, and, that being the case, to recover herself so rapidly from such a terrific swoon seemed far-fetched in the highest degree. It is certainly a difficult exit. I can not at this moment remember another so meretricious to the actress.

I had never before seen Mr. Frawley play the Duke of Guisebury, and I was agreeably surprised. There is a repose about his style, and absence of effort, a peaceful taking for granted that he is doing his best, and man can do no more, which makes him always a pleasant and never a tiresome actor. Those players who rave and rant and clutch and try to be intense, until that they are earning their pay by the sweat of their brows is an open and obvious fact, are very fatiguing to the onlooker. To be simple, to be natural, to be reposeful, is so essentially a part of the player's art, that it is amazing that so few of them seem to know it. Mr. Frawley does, and in his hands the duke becomes a very simple, natural young man, with a level, rather unemotional voice, and a curiously quiet, casual sort of manner. His tranquil style imparts to the character a suggestion of ineradicable, *ennuyé* indifference that is peculiarly suitable to the disillusioned and weak-willed aristocrat.

There are various small points in his performance that might be improved upon. Why, for example, when he meets Sibyl Clark, at Endellion, does he not take off his hat? There are two gentlemen on the stage as Sibyl enters, both of the highest blood and fashion, yet neither of them makes the slightest effort to salute the little lame lady. In the *finale* of the third act he strives to gain an effect at the sacrifice of the truth. He is about to commit suicide. Turning down the lights, he poses in a shaft of moonlight, and raises to his lips the bottle containing the fatal fluid. A figure steals noiselessly down the stairs behind him, a hand is laid gently upon his, and the bottle, almost at his lips, is arrested. At this juncture, Mr. Frawley drops his head upon his breast, and the curtain rolls down. Was there ever a man in the world, who if he was stopped from suicide in this unexpected manner, would have refrained from turning round to see who it was that had saved him? He might turn in all sorts of ways—start, cry out with the sudden breaking of the nervous tension, stagger, clutch his head, or simply turn and look with calmness, with apathy, with slow, dreary indifference. But there never was a man born into this world who would not have looked to see whose hand it was that had stayed him at such a moment.

There are several new members in the company and several old ones. Little Hope Ross is there—just the same little, comfortable, cozy, plump Hope Ross, only that her hair is a different color. She gives a very good performance of the lame girl—pretty, gentle, and sympathetic. I still do not like the way she does her hair. It gives her a vaudeville appearance extremely out of keeping with the demure and unworldly character of the agent's daughter. There is a good deal in hair-dressing. I read somewhere, the other day, a learned disquisition on the subject by Mrs. James Brown Potter, who, it must be admitted, is an authority on that if she is not on anything else. She said the arrangement of the hair had much more to do with imparting a certain character to the face than outsiders imagined. She could fix her hair so that she looked puritanical, rakish, aristocratic, intellectual, disreputable, or coquettish, as the character to be enacted required.

Mr. Frawley has been true to his reputation as a manager who never has an ugly actress in his company. Besides Miss Bates, who grows handsomer daily, and Miss Ross, who is a very good example of the soubrette type of good looks, he has two new beauties in Miss Mould and Miss Mary Van Buren. Miss Mould has a soft, clear-cut face and nut-brown hair drawn back demurely in glossy curves, a slender figure, and a gentle, winning voice. Miss Van Buren is a truly magnificent-looking woman. Not since Maxine Elliott was here has the local stage been graced by such a queenly creature. When she made her entrance as Lady Bawtry on Monday night, the house stared at her open-mouthed. Her type is unusual on the stage, being remarkable for a certain regal refinement of expression and bearing. She was all in black, from which rose a pair of shoulders that looked as if they had been carved out of ivory, and a small, delicate bead poised to perfection on a long, slender throat. The combination of splendor with delicacy was most unusual.

As an actress Miss Van Buren seems rather amateurish. I should fancy that she had not been long on the stage. Only her stately deportment and style saved her from being awkward and *gauche*. But with such a figure and such a head it would be impossible to be either. GERALDINE BONNER.

EULOGY OF THE OLD COLLEGE CHAPEL.

Once on a time, long years ago, upon a summer's day,
The Profs did meet in Prex's room to drive dull care away.
All silently they sat and smoked, until their leader rose;
He was a solemn man, that Prex, as everybody knows.

Said he: "The corporation vote we build a college church;
I need your help, stand by me, friends; don't leave me in a lurch.

"What is the most unsightly shape?" he asked the Prof of Art.
That gentleman arranged his views and drew them on a chart.

"Well hast thou done, Sir Architect; thou art a noble man;
I can not see what well could be less heauteous than this plan.

"Now, who is he that can produce a draft of winter air
So cold and yet so copious that each shall have his share?"

Then rose a man both old and grave, of wondrous knowledge he.
It was the much respected Prof of Meteorology.

Said he: "The current A. Q. X. through B. P. C. will go,
And carry up and down the aisles both rain and hail and snow.

"But when the heat of summer comes, the current is reversed,
No breath of air can reach the seats unless the building bursts."

Scarce had he done, than up rose one with theologic face.

Said he: "My mission is to help the fallen human race.

"The source from which I draw my power is placed above the sky,
Wherefore I pray you set my desk three hundred cubits high."

"Well said, well said, Sir Theologue, we'll do as you suggest;
Now, who can furnish us with seats which students shall detest?"

Then silence reigned among the Profs, and not a word they spoke,
Till he who mathematics taught the awful silence broke.

Straight to the blackboard up he went and drew three circles round,
And fourteen lines and sixteen curves, with knowledge most profound.

He pointed out how by these means a seat could be obtained
In which no student, great or small, could sit and not be pained.

He gave the proof—of all the Profs not one could understand—
It was not strictly logical, but sounded very grand.

But proved or not, the fact was true, and that was all they needed,
And so the learned faculty to other talk proceeded.

And thus the wondrous pile was built by mason and by joiner;
They say it has no counterpart 'twixt Washington and China.

And there the students sit absorbed in meditation deep,
Till nature's sweet restorer comes and puts them all to sleep.

—Arthur T. Hadley, president of Yale College, in Springfield Republican.

Professor Benjamin Ide Wheeler accepted on Tuesday, July 18th, the presidency of the University of California, and on the same day sent a telegram to Cornell University resigning his Greek professorship there. The board of regents at Berkeley accepted the principles proposed by Professor Wheeler, and all direction of the faculty will proceed from him.

The ascent of Mt. Tamalpais offers a welcome diversion to those who want to escape from the hubbub of city life for a pleasant day's outing. The accommodations of the Tavern of Tamalpais are first-class in every particular, and the view from the summit of the mountain covers an expanse of scenery which can not be matched for picturesque variety.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

A Revival of "Heartsease."

R. C. Carton's clever English comedy, "Lord and Lady Algy," will be given at the Columbia Theatre for the last time this (Saturday) evening, and next week Henry Miller will revive Alfred Klein and J. I. C. Clark's romantic drama, "Heartsease," in which he scored such a success at the Baldwin Theatre last year. The rôle of Eric Temple, the young musical composer, presents Mr. Miller at his best, and, supported by such admirable artists as Margaret Anglin, Charles Walcott, Guy Standing, Mrs. Thorndyke-Boucault, Margaret Dale, C. Leslie Allen, and others, the performance should be a notable one.

Following "Heartsease" will come Mr. Miller's long-promised revival of "Hamlet," when Edwin Stevens—whose two years' engagement at the Tivoli Opera House expires at the end of the month—will make his *début* with the company in the rôle of the king.

"Faust" at the Grand Opera House.

The ultimate success of the operatic company at the Grand Opera House must indeed be a source of keen pleasure to Walter Morosco, for, although his attempt to change the policy of his theatre from cheap melodrama to first-class opera at popular prices was at first ignored by San Francisco theatre-goers, they are gradually beginning to realize what an excellent organization is in their midst, and crowded houses are now the rule. Audran's pretty comic opera, "Olivette," with Edith Mason in the title rôle, served as a strong contrast to last week's excellent production of Bizet's "Carmen."

That the management have found this weekly alternation of comic and grand opera to the taste of their patrons is evident, for next week Gounod's "Faust" is to be revived on an elaborate scale. Edith Mason will appear as Marguerite, Hattie Belle Ladd as Siebel, Bertha Ricci as Dame Martha, Thomas Persse as Faust, William Wolff as Mephisto, and Winfred Goff and other favorites will complete the cast.

Blanche Bates in "Madame Sans-Gêne."

On Monday evening the Frawley Company will be seen at the California Theatre in a revival of "Madame Sans-Gêne," Sardou's great historical drama, which has not been given in this city since Kathryn Kidder produced it at the Baldwin Theatre for three weeks to crowded houses. As before, Augustus Cook will be the Napoleon, and Miss Bates, as Catherine Hubscher, will have a rôle which seems especially suited to her style of acting.

The plot revolves about Catherine Hubscher, a laundry-girl who, at the time of the fall of the Bastille, marries Lefebvre, a sergeant who afterward becomes a marshal of France and duke of the First Empire. At the *parvenu* court of the emperor he and his wife take their places, and the vagaries of the newly made duchess are so pronounced as to obtain for her the sobriquet of "Madame Sans-Gêne." Napoleon, disgusted with her actions, summons her husband and commands him to divorce his wife and choose another from the old nobility. Hearing of the emperor's intention, the duchess succeeds in obtaining an interview with him, presents him with an old unpaid wash-bill, and reminds him of the days when he himself was nothing more than an humble lieutenant. The recital brings back to the Corsican adventurer recollections of his early life and youthful struggles, and, touched by her plea, he allows Madame Sans-Gêne, despite her lack of breeding, to retain her place at court as the wife of his marshal and consort of a duke.

Edwin Stevens' Last Week at the Tivoli.

The twentieth season of comic opera at the Tivoli Opera House will end next week with a revival of "Wang," in which Edwin Stevens, in the title rôle, will make his last appearance with the company. Inasmuch as the scenes are laid in Siam, there is ample opportunity for a display of gorgeous costumes and picturesque stage-settings, and, with an excellent cast, the revival should prove a real treat.

On Monday evening, July 31st, a season of grand opera at popular prices will be inaugurated. The sopranos will be Signorinas Ella Pronnitz, Anna Lichter, Mary Linck, and Inez Dean; the tenors are Signors Ferdinand Avedano, Vincenzo Foncarri, and Barron Berthald; the baritones are Signors Gaudenzio Salassa, Quinte Zeni, and William Martens; and the basses are Signors G. S. Wanrell and William Schuster. Among the operas to be sung are "Otello," "The Jewess," "Lohengrin," "La Gioconda," "Lucia," "Faust," "Trovatore," "Huguenots," "Don Juan," "William Tell," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Romeo and Juliet," "Nanon Lescaut," "Barber of Seville," and "Fidelio," which has never been sung in this city. The opening opera will be "Aida."

The Cake-Walk Carnival.

Those who have not yet attended the International Cake-Walk Carnival at the Mechanics' Pavilion have but this (Saturday) afternoon and evening to avail themselves of the opportunity of witnessing one of the most entertaining shows which have been offered to the people of San Francisco for some time, and at the same time contributing toward the California Soldier Boys' Fund. Most theatre-goers

are familiar with the fancy steps and extravagant posturing of the cake-walk, but never before have beheld it in all its variety—professional cake-walks, society cake-walks, electric cake-walks, grotesque cake-walks, Delsartean cake-walks, juvenile cake-walks, and many others. The pavilion is handsomely decorated with streamers and flags, and the main floor is fenced off in a long rectangle, where the contestants appear, surrounded by boxes and behind them tiers of seats. On Monday night the Oregon volunteers were guests of the management; on Tuesday night a number of Olympic Club athletes gave an exhibition consisting of boxing, wrestling, fencing, trapeze performing, and tumbling; Wednesday was Native Sons' and Daughters' night; on Thursday afternoon there was a Chinese baby show, and so on through the week, each evening performance being made attractive by some novel innovation and ending in general dancing. An interesting feature of this evening's programme will be the announcement of the winners. Judging from the large attendance during the week the California Soldier Boys' Fund will be increased by a large sum.

Laura Joyce Bell at the Orpheum.

The programme at the Orpheum next week will be almost entirely new. The management will present five striking features, every one a novelty in its line. The star attraction will be Laura Joyce Bell, who, supported by a clever company, will present the old English comedietta "Wig and Gown." Mrs. Bell's appearance on the vaudeville stage is a comparatively recent occurrence, but, judging by her record in comic opera and in "The Hoosier Doctor" in which she was last seen here, she should prove a valuable accession to the "variety" world. Elizabeth Murray, a sweet singer and clever story-teller, makes her first appearance; La Fafalla, the dainty terpsichorean, will introduce Herr von Palm's latest spectacular dance, "The Lotus Flower," which is said to be even more gorgeous than the creations which have made La Loie Fuller and Papina famous; the Phoebes will appear in an original comic trick pantomime which they call "Flip, Flap, Flop," and the Eldridges, colored comedians, will present some original specialties.

Those retained from this week's bill are Kilpatrick and Barker, trick bicyclists; Minnie Palmer and company; and Les Browns, the one-legged male and female acrobatic team.

E. J. Morgan's Illness.

Apocryphos of the illness of E. J. Morgan, which resulted in his departure for the East, after appearing in but two of Henry Miller's productions, Hillary Bell, of the New York *Mail and Express*, says:

"At the expiration of a more than usually trying season, this ambitious young player scorned a holiday and undertook new work in San Francisco. The more haste the less speed, for now Mr. Morgan has faltered in his flight up the steep slopes of Parnassus and is suffering from insomnia. Our actor has had enough compressed into the last few years of his life to make him lie awake o' nights. Unknown, unhonored, and unsung by matinee maids until 'The Christian,' he developed in a single season into a professional beauty and a leading man of high degree. Before that celebrity came upon him he was killed every night and at the regular matinees in 'The Heart of Maryland,' in which he played the spy. Murder agreed with him as well as it does with Sarah Bernhardt, for he got along so comfortably as a dead man that David Belasco carried him to London to die there also with prosperity. Hall Caine's drama disturbed his felicitous mortuary career, for as John Storm he had to get out of the grave into the gay life of Glyn Quale. 'The Christian' had not ended its run before Mr. Morgan was clapped into high comedy in 'Trelawny of the Wells.' His fame as a new stage beauty was by this time assured, and, probably, to escape the sentiment inspired by his appearance, he got married. To go from oblivion into fame, romantic fascination, and matrimony within seven months would disturb the equanimity of a more experienced actor than this. Mr. Morgan needed a rest and a tonic, but he went to work, and now insomnia has claimed him for its own."

Nat Goodwin must have felt more than the usual satisfaction at his ultimate success, in London, in Madeline Lucette Riley's "An American Citizen," as he has been for some years past a regular visitor to England, and is the owner of an estate only a short distance from London. Few if any American actors are so well known in London off the stage as Mr. Goodwin, and the unpromising beginning of his professional stay there, in Clyde Fitch's "The Cowboy and the Lady," had an unusual significance in his case. Mr. Goodwin has a beautiful country place, which he purchased several years ago, and he lives there in a style befitting such a residence, entertaining his American associates who may happen to be in England with great hospitality. Parts of his house are decorated in characteristically American fashion, although Mr. Goodwin, as a rule, prefers a style more in keeping with the traditions of the house, which was once the property of one of the richest men of title in England.

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COMMUNICATIONS.

Revenue Reform in the Philippines.

UNITED STATES CUSTOM HOUSE,

ILOILO, P. I., June 1, 1899.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I noticed in an April number of your paper a letter from Manila signed "Philopena," giving due praise to the hospital corps, but adding that the revenues exacted were at higher rates than those which prevailed under Spanish rule in the Philippines, and the system of collection not so popular. I am inclined to think your correspondent has not had access to correct sources of information on the subject.

I have been quite familiar from the start with the military tariff now in operation in the archipelago, and beg to assure your readers that the present rates of duty are not higher than heretofore, but in many instances, as on the necessities of life, they are much lower, and some articles formerly on the dutiable list are now exempt. The duties are now laid in a uniform manner, merchandise from all countries being subject to the same rate of duty.

Under the Spanish rule goods shipped from Spain into the Philippines were charged with ten per cent. only of the duties imposed on similar goods imported from other countries—a vicious system that has been discontinued, and with it certain ingenious and vexatious methods for purposes of delay in handling and delivering goods by which fines and forfeitures were often imposed for trivial reasons.

Strange as it may seem, when the provisional tariff prepared at Washington from the Brussels translation of Spanish decrees was received at Manila, the importers, particularly English and German merchants, petitioned the military governor to continue the former rates of duty, alleging that their warehouses were filled with high-priced goods, and a sudden reduction in the tariff would cause financial disaster to many merchants. Their wishes were respected, and business has gone along smoothly and profitably considering the disturbances by military operations.

Among other revenue reforms instituted for the benefit of the people is prominent the reduction to the minimum cost of issuance of the charge for the certificates of identification, the discontinuance of the uses of stamped paper, the abolition of lotteries, raffles, and cock-fighting, and the revocation of the special contract giving to one firm the exclusive privilege of the importation and sale of opium; putting a stop to the imprisonment and deportation of persons for non-payment of taxes—methods which brought into the treasury of Spain many millions annually. All these and other devices to extort money from both rich and poor are things of the past. The special commercial privileges hitherto enjoyed by the priesthood are gone, and dull is the market for the sale of indulgences, the remnants of wax candles, and for praying souls out of Purgatory.

At Manila order and contentment prevail among all classes. The city is clean, beautiful, and healthy. Merchants, artisans, and workmen in the varied industries are making money, and apparently are happy and contented with the new order of things. There is probably no city in the world where life and property is safer or better protected. I have been in New York and other cities on gala days, but I have never witnessed a more attractive and picturesque scene than the evenings on the Luneta drive along the shore of the bay, where thousands of contented people promenade, and hundreds and hundreds of fine equipages, drawn by handsome ponies, crowd the way. No pen can describe the prismatic colors and golden glory of the western sky, nor the grandeur of the distant mountains beyond the bay. I have no doubt that within ten years, on account of its superb winter climate and the unexcelled luxury of life in Manila, it will become the gay and fashionable resort for people from all the Oriental countries.

Very respectfully, J. F. EVANS,
Captain C. S. U. S. Vols., Collector of Customs.

An Aged Admirer of the Argonaut.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 10, 1899.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I am getting too old to write, but it is always a great pleasure to me to do so. I published a paper over a half-century ago, and I suppose if I had followed it up I might perhaps have done pretty well as a country editor. I have been a reader of the *Argonaut* for many years, beginning over fifteen years ago, and since then I have missed but very few numbers. I am like the lady in Portland, Or.: I was in that city some three or four years ago and went into a stationery store to buy an *Argonaut* and they were all sold, and as I turned to go out a lady came in and also inquired for an *Argonaut*. The salesman told her they were all gone, and she spoke up very quickly, saying: "I thought I told you always to keep one for me; the *Argonaut* is my Bible." There are many editorials in the *Argonaut* that do not coincide with my views politically, for I have always been a Democrat—not because my father was one, for he was an uncompromising Whig, but because I thought I was right. I am to-day a genuine Jeffersonian Democrat, without any outside issue. I am a great admirer of the *Argonaut*, notwithstanding its political views. However, I did not intend to write a eulogy on the *Argonaut*, for it needs none; the paper speaks for itself.

I was looking over an Eastern magazine the other day, when I saw where the editor had asked those whose ages were from seventy to ninety years to give their views in regard to the way a person should live to arrive at that period in life. There were four answers which made some good reading. The writer is seventy-four years of age, with all his faculties intact, with the exception of the wear of time. If a child is born into this world perfectly developed, as nature intended, I see no reason why it should not live to be from seventy to eighty, or even ninety years of age. I well remember when young, my companions wanted me to go to this and that place, they were going to have such a good

time. I knew what the outcome would be: stomachs overloaded with rich food, washed down with sparkling wine; next day a headache and a few days clipped from the time allotted them on this earth. I have endeavored to be temperate in all things. There is one very important thing—regularity in sleep. While you are asleep, the most vital parts of the human body are at rest. No one should look upon this world as a blank, for if we live as nature intended we should, it will be a bright, beautiful world, filled with many pleasures. I am of those who think "this world is as we make it." W. B. STANLEY.

The Dukite Snake.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 23, 1899.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Will you kindly inform the writer of the name of the author of a poem entitled "The Dukite Snake," and the title of the book in which same appears. Thanking you in advance for the favor, I am, Yours respectfully,

N. YOUNG.

[John Boyle O'Reilly, in "Songs from the Southern Seas," Roberts Brothers, Boston: 1873.—EDS.]

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VANITY FAIR.

The presence of Americans in London this year is said to be chiefly responsible for the success of the season now almost ended. Many of them have been there, and some New York names have appeared as frequently as they do here. It is the Americans who contribute their money to make a season successful, and this year the effect of their influence has been observed in another way. The fashion of living in hotels during London's period of greatest gaiety has been traced to the habits of New York visitors to London who were in society there. They were in the habit of stopping in the fashionable hotels. English families who went up to London for the season never did that. They rented a furnished house, because a hotel address was not considered fashionable, and living in hotels was not good style. It took the influence of fashionable New Yorkers to change all that. London has not been so crowded with visitors since the jubilee as it was this season, and the notable change in social customs was the number of aristocratic English families in hotels.

The Englishwoman's love of luxury is also candidly attributed to the smartest of the American invaders. Listen to what Lady Greville says in the *London Telegraph*: "When Queen Victoria came to the throne a decided stand was made against extravagance. With the advent of railways and increased means of locomotion habits changed. Ladies ceased to immerse themselves in housekeeping when they had once tasted of pleasure. Of course ladies changed too. Fragile, beautiful creatures, exquisitely dressed, appeared some ten or fifteen years ago, hailing from America, clothed in the latest Parisian garb and daintily coiffed by the French artists. Their faces were pretty, their manners easy, their tongues glib. Society succumbed. The girls received their flatteries with gracious smiles; they were rich, they knew the value of clothes, and they came prepared to 'have a good time.' Then the hearts of the frugal matrons who had hitherto contented themselves with one Sunday and a couple of week-day gowns, whose dinner dresses lasted sometimes two or three years (one lady, the mother of a grown-up family, prided herself on still wearing the black velvet of her trousseau, and looking well in it), and whose daughter dressed modestly in white tulle, waxed sad and consulted together. The result was, frowns of the fathers and husbands, discontent, occasional debt. But the Englishwomen were patriotic and felt it their duty not to be outdone by Yankee millionaires. After the dresses came the houses. Women needed a background. The environment of life forms a complete study. Dull curtains, ugly carpets, hard sofas, scarcely appealed to luxurious, pleasure-loving women. French furniture, at tip-top prices, not always genuine, must be bought, the love for art cultivated in the shape of fine brocades, expensive pictures, china, and a multitude of silver ornaments. Women wear gold and jeweled purses at their waists, and hang themselves with pearl and diamond chains. Hot-house flowers scent the air of rooms, and electric light plays the part of sunshine. Luxury has increased; it has crept in everywhere—in the clubs, the restaurant, the boudoir, even the stables—until the love of it has become an ingrained part of women's nature."

Many years have elapsed since a gambling scandal of such magnitude and of so sensational a character has taken place in Berlin as that which is now monopolizing the attention of all Germany. It has been brought about by an association between two or three leading members of the old German aristocracy with professional card-sharps for the purpose of swindling the members of the golden youth in the Prussian capital. Among the victims have been a couple of the royal princes, one, the late Prince Alfred of Coburg, grandson of Queen Victoria; the other, Prince Arnulf, son of Prince Louis of Bavaria, the heir-apparent to the Bavarian crown. The nobleman who has been the leading spirit in this conspiracy to swindle his fellow-aristocrats is Count Klaus von Egloffstein, who has now been placed behind the bars on charges of forgery. The count belongs to one of the oldest families in Germany, scions of which occupy high positions in the households of at least two of Queen Victoria's children. He was obliged about a year ago to leave the army on account of debt. Shortly afterward he blossomed forth as a man of means, started a racing-stable, drove the finest four-in-hand in Berlin, and boasted that he paid his butler in wages a larger amount than he had received in salary as an officer of the Lanciers of the Guard. It now turns out that the means which he obtained were, first of all, by cheating at cards; second, by the keeping of a first-class gambling-place, which he called the "Club of Good Fellows," and which made its headquarters at the leading hotel of Berlin; and that finally he associated himself with a notorious card-sharp and professional gambler of the name of Wolff, who, under an alias and in a clever disguise, accompanied him in a trip all over Europe, being introduced by him as a rich merchant to the members of the so-called club on their return to Berlin. No less than six young officers have committed suicide during the last few months in consequence of being ruined by the count and his confederates. But so cleverly did the pair manage that it was not until a few weeks ago

that the club was raided by the police, acting on the personal orders of the emperor. Even then no means could be found of proceeding against the count, although his confederate was arrested, and it is only now that he has placed himself within the power of the authorities by committing forgeries. It will doubtless go as hard with him as with that other sprig of the old Prussian aristocracy, Count Schleinitz, who is now serving a long term of penal servitude for acting as the confederate of a professional blackmailer in extorting money from men and women of the German nobility and court of Berlin, the count furnishing the information on the strength of which his confederate did the actual blackmailing. This count was a godson of old Emperor William, and was the nephew of the Count Schleinitz who for so many years was minister of the imperial household at Berlin, and whose widow is now Countess Wolkenstein, wife of the Austrian ambassador at Paris.

Unlike many other summer resorts, the Newport season does not open with a sudden rush, filling up the cottages and hotels within a week or a fortnight's time. Quietly and almost unnoticed (says the *New York Tribune*) the summer visitors arrive from day to day in steadily increasing numbers, until before the fact is fully realized much the larger part of the cottage residents are already settled in their seaside homes, quietly enjoying themselves and resting in preparation for the taxing gayeties of late July and August. Of course the pleasures to be found there thus early in the year are not those of the midsummer, but rather the quiet enjoyment of the beauties of nature about the city and island, for which later in the season there is little or no time amid the press of social engagements. Not a few of the cottage people care more for these early and late days of more moderate and less exciting pleasures than for the whirl of society which characterizes July and August; and it is this class which every year comes a little earlier in the spring and stays a little later in the fall, lengthening the summer season annually at both ends. Chief among the entertainments given thus early in the season have been those in honor of Admiral Sampson and the officers of the ships of the North Atlantic Squadron, whose headquarters are there for the summer.

According to the *New York Sun*, nearly every bonnet shop in Paris now shows in its windows a card, announcing that the summer stock has been greatly reduced in price. Even the most expensive shops on the avenue do not disdain this method of ridding themselves of the left-over headgear. It is sometimes difficult to decide why the neglected supply remained without purchasers. Some of the specimens are quite as attractive as any could be. But the vague question of taste enters too closely into the question of choice to make any general conclusion possible. The treatment of purchasers who call for these left-over supplies is not always to their liking, if an experience in one shop is characteristic of all. "It is almost better to do without a hat," said a woman who had just bought one at a quarter of its original value, "than to be patronized by the saleswomen, as anybody is who goes in a shop after the hats have been advertised at cheaper prices. You are treated with a chilling condescension that takes away all the pleasure of the purchase. I would have bought one if the prices had remained at their original figure, because I needed it. So I was not in the mood to be treated as if I had been waiting for the drop before I did my spring shopping. The slightest objection to the shape or color of a hat brought out from the saleswoman the observation that at this time of the year it was of course impossible to expect any variety, in a tone as withering as if I had asked her to give me the hat. I was as conscious of the lateness of the season as she was, and had no unreasonable expectations. So I had no intention of being treated as if I were an object of charity. That attitude grew too marked on the part of the saleswoman, and I left the place without discouraging her and causing myself inconvenience, for I found that the same attitude existed in all the shops. It was not as aggressively expressed in some as it was in others, but that seemed to be the result of the saleswoman's character. Some of them were less assertive than others, but they all exhibited a sort of scornful pity for a woman who bought a hat in July. I wondered why they lured women in with offers of such bargains when they intended to treat them with such condescension afterward."

In an intensely interesting article on the career of the unfortunate Carlotta, ex-Empress of Mexico, the Princess Salm-Salm, a former lady-in-waiting, who is now visiting in the East, writes: "For thirty-three years she has been banished to an oblivion that is worse than death. In Belgium her name is an unspoken one, but in Palace Lacken, on the outskirts of Brussels, she has passed a third of a century waiting for her soul's release from its useless prison. She believes that she is still Empress of Mexico, awaiting the return of Maximilian, who has gone at the head of his army to quell a revolt against his authority. Since Carlotta entered her retreat she has been seen by no one outside her household, which is conducted in an imperial manner from the fortune left her by Leopold the First. Every month of the year Carlotta holds mimic court. The members of her household, which numbers

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more than three hundred persons, are presented to her in the same ceremonious manner in which Queen Victoria holds her drawing-room. She presents them with gifts, which are formally received—the pictures taken from the walls of the palace are presented, and then the following day are restored to their places—merely to indulge her demented fancy. Every courtier and lady of honor plays the part assigned with mimic dignity. The grounds surrounding the palace are not less in area than Manhattan Island itself, and there Carlotta drives about daily in her coach of state, with her cavaliers in attendance. There, too, she sometimes wanders among the flowers, planning improvements, as she did about the royal grounds of Chapultepec, in Mexico."

Jahart

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The market in the past week continued dull, and the transactions were light.

BONDS.		Closed.	
Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
U. S. Coup. 4%.....	500 @ 112 1/2	112	
Contra C. Water 5%.....	3,000 @ 109	109	109 1/2
F. & C. H. Ry. 6%.....	25,000 @ 117	116 1/2	118
Market St. Ry. 5%.....	15,000 @ 116 1/2	116	
N. R. of Cal. 5%.....	2,000 @ 114 1/2	114	
N. Pac. C. Ry. 5%.....	1,000 @ 105	105	105 1/2
Oakland Transit 6%.....	5,000 @ 110 1/2	110 1/2	111 1/2
S. P. R. of Ariz. 6%.....	4,000 @ 110 1/2-110 3/4	110 3/4	111 1/4
S. V. Water 6%.....	1,000 @ 116 1/2	116 1/2	
S. V. Water 4%.....	26,000 @ 104 1/2-104 3/4	104 3/4	104 1/2
S. V. Water 4% 3d.....	4,000 @ 101	101	
S. F. & S. J. Ry. 5%.....	70,000 @ 115	114 1/2	115 1/2

STOCKS.		Closed.	
Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Equitable Gaslight.....	350 @ 5	4 1/2	5
Mutual Electric.....	290 @ 15 1/2	14 1/2	15 1/2
Pacific Gas Imp. Co.....	20 @ 71	70 1/2	71 1/2
Pacific Lighting Co.....	105 @ 40 1/2	41	42
S. F. Gas & Electric.....	455 @ 70 1/2-70 3/4	70 3/4	70 1/2
S. F. Gas.....	5 @ 3 1/2	3 1/2	

Water.		Closed.	
Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Contra Costa Water.....	1,025 @ 72 1/2-74	73 1/2	73 3/4
Spring Valley Water.....	161 @ 101 1/2-102	101 3/4	102

Banks.		Closed.	
Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Bank of Cal.....	23 @ 295 1/2-297 1/2	294	297 1/2
Cal. S. D. & T.....	225 @ 98 1/2-99		99

Street R. R.		Closed.	
Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Market St.....	350 @ 60 1/2-61	60 1/2	61 1/2

Powders.		Closed.	
Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Giant Con.....	510 @ 71 1/2-74	71	

Sugars.		Closed.	
Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Hana P. Co.....	425 @ 17 1/2-17 3/4	17 1/2	17 3/4
Hawaiian.....	20 @ 95 1/2-99 1/2	95 1/2	99 1/2
Hutchinson.....	615 @ 33 1/2-33 3/4	33 1/2	34
Kilauea S. Co.....	35 @ 30	29 1/2	30
Makaweli S. Co.....	930 @ 47 1/2-47 3/4	47 1/2	48
Onomea S. Co.....	520 @ 40 1/2-40 3/4	40	40 1/2
Pauhaui S. P. Co.....	1,570 @ 39 1/2-40 1/2	39 1/2	

Miscellaneous.		Closed.	
Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Alaska Packers.....	20 @ 113 1/2-115	114	115 1/2
Oleic Steam Co.....	300 @ 90 1/2-91 1/4	90 1/2	91 1/4

The sugar stocks, with the exception of Hana, sold off somewhat. Pauhaui Sugar Plantation Company sold from 40% down to 39%. Hawaiian sold off to 96. Hutchinson sold at 33%. Onomea sold at 40. Hana held firm at 17 1/2 to 17 3/4; this company has at last declared the long-looked-for dividend of 50 cents per quarter, payable on August 1, 1899, and reports are that the Hana is in first-class condition.

The Giant Powder had a weak tendency, and sold down to 71 on street rumors of opposition, which, however, can not be traced as a fact.

Gas and Electric sold down to 69 1/2, but closed at 70 1/2 bid, 70 3/4 asked.

Spring Valley Water was firm at 102.

INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

SIG B. SCHLOSS, A. W. BLOW,
Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

A. W. BLOW & CO.
Tel. Bush 24. 238 Montgomery Street, S. F.

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room prices. Send for
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SHREVE, 739 Market
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ONCE TRIED
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FOR ALL STYLES OF WRITING, INCLUDING
THE VERTICAL SYSTEM, SENT PRE-
PAID ON RECEIPT OF 10 CENTS.

Spencerian Pen Co., 450 Broome St.,
New York, N.Y.

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The undersigned having been appointed AGENTS
FOR THE PACIFIC COAST for the sale of the manu-
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SAIL DUCK—ALL NUMBERS;
HYDRAULIC—ALL NUMBERS;
DRAPER AND WAGON DUCK,

From 30 to 120 inches wide; and a complete assortment
of all qualities. 28 1/2-inch Duck, from 7 Ounces
to 15 Ounces, inclusive.

MURPHY, GRANT & CO.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.
Guarantee Capital and Surplus..... \$ 2,187,617.90
Capital actually paid up in cash..... 1,000,000.00
Deposits June 30, 1899..... 27,656,513.03

OFFICERS—President, E. A. BECKER; First Vice-
President, DANIEL NEYER; Second Vice-President,
H. HORSTMANN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant
Cashier, WILLIAM HEERMANN; Secretary, GEORGE
TOURNAY; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General
Attorney, W. S. GOODFELLOW.
Board of Directors—Ign. Steinbart, Emil Rohte, D.
N. Walter, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, and John Lloyd.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

532 California Street.

Deposits, July 1, 1899..... \$24,920,395
Paid-Up Capital..... 1,000,000
Reserve Fund..... 205,215
Contingent Fund..... 442,763

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres.
LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH,
Cashier. Asst. Cashier.

Directors—George W. Beaver, Robert Watt, Thomas
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E. Martin, Albert Miller, Geo. Tascheira, E. B. Pond.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL.....\$3,000,000
SURPLUS.....1,000,000
PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.....2,159,928
January 1, 1899.

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier
IRVING F. MOUTON.....Assistant Cashier
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Australia, and China
Australia and New Zealand.....The Union Bank of
Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

WELLS FARGO & CO., BANK

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$6,250,000

JNO. J. VALENTINE, President; HOMER S. KING, Manager;
H. WADSWORTH, Cashier; F. L. LIPMAN, Asst-Cashier;
H. L. MILLER, Second Asst-Cashier.
Directors—John J. Valentine, Benj. P. Cbeney, Oliver
Elridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, Geo. E.
Gray, John J. McCook, John Bermingham, Dudley Evans.
Branches at New York, Salt Lake, and Portland.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.

OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$3,702-
300; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$2,112,546.

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.
COLIN M. ROYD, Agent for San Francisco,
411 California Street.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The late Robert Bonner had his views on the temperance question, but he was not a bigot. Somebody asked him, a few years ago, if he were a teetotaler. "Am I a teetotaler?" No," said Mr. Bonner, in answer to the question—"no, I am not a teetotaler. I had a glass of sherry when I came to New York in 1844." It is not on record whether he ever took another.

An American, who was in Venice when the news of the destruction of Admiral Cervera's squadron came, and who could not make out the Italian account very well, took the paper to a certain professor who speaks almost perfect English, and asked him to translate it. The professor did so in excellent style, until he came near the end, when, with a little hesitation, he read: "And the band played 'The flag with the stars on it' and 'It will be very warm in the city this evening.'" It was about a minute before the American recognized the last piece.

Captain Coghlan is authority for an interesting story of the taking of Manila. "Dewey," he says, "sailed into Manila harbor, fought his battle, and then cut the cable. The English admiral wanted to help, but he didn't dare. But he thought that Dewey might take a hint. So the English admiral sailed over to Dewey and said: 'Ah, I see you have cut a cable.' 'Yes,' answered Dewey. 'Which one?' asked the innocent English admiral. And then Dewey, knowing for the first time there were two cables, rustled back, grappled for the second cable, and cut it."

Dr. Edward Bedloe, of Philadelphia, United States consul to Canton, was sent by President Harrison as consul to Amoy, China, in 1889. During his term of office he came home on a visit, and, while spending a month or two in Washington, was largely in evidence in social and political circles. About this time the Gridiron Club gave a dinner, and both gentlemen were guests. The doctor told a few stories early in the evening, and later on the President made a speech. "I was charmed," he said in his gentle way, "to hear the clever anecdotes from our distinguished consul to—I mean from Amoy." Then he passed on to another topic, but the doctor took the hint, and the next steamer carried him back to his post.

President Dwight and President-elect Hadley of Yale were returning home from the last annual alumni dinner, when they were caught in the rain. President-elect Hadley had an umbrella with him and President Dwight did not. Professor Hadley, of course, wished the retiring president of Yale to protect himself from the rain, but President Dwight declined to rob Professor Hadley of his umbrella. Professor Hadley, however, insisted, and his arguments became so energetic that finally President Dwight turned and said: "See here, Hadley, this is my reign still. Your reign doesn't commence until to-morrow." President-elect Hadley allowed the president of Yale to have his own way on the last day of his administration.

Professor Blackie was a wiry old patriarch, with handsome features and hair falling in ringlets about his shoulders; no one who had seen him could possibly forget him. One day he was accosted in the streets of Edinburgh by a very dirty little bootblack with his "Shine your boots, sir?" The professor was impressed by the filthiness of the boy's face. "I don't want a shine, my lad," said he; "but if you'll go and wash your face, I'll give you sixpence." "A' richt, sir," was the lad's reply. Then he went over to a neighboring fountain and made his ablutions. "Well, my lad," said the professor when the boy came back, "you have earned your sixpence; here it is." "I dinna want it," returned the boy, with a lordly air; "you can keep it and get yer hair cut."

On the night of the Jeffries-Fitzsimmons prize-fight a New York man reached the apartment-house in which he lived about two o'clock. A search of all his pockets failed to bring forth his keys. He rang the bell repeatedly for the janitor, but could get no response. There were family reasons why it was inadvisable for him to spend the rest of the night away from home. The sight of a physician's night-bell gave him an idea. He pushed the button hard for thirty seconds or more. In due season the physician came to the door and opened it. "What is your fee for night calls?" asked the locked-out individual. "Four dollars," was the surprised reply. "All right, here you are. I was locked out and couldn't get in. Sorry to trouble you," and the man of expedients began his weary march upstairs.

An old negro and his wife, who had found freedom through Clay's efforts, made their home in Washington, where the old man, with the assistance of some white folks, turned an unused barn into a meeting-place for religious services. He was indefatigable in his efforts to collect a sufficient fund to supply a pulpit, and so on. One Sunday morning, he was walking along Pennsylvania Avenue, when he happened to meet the great Kentucky senator. "Well, Boh," said the senator, "what are you doing

out so early Sunday morning?" "Sarvant, Marse Henry; sarvant, sah. You know de early hird ketches de worm." "Oh, you are worm-hunting, are you?" "Yes, Marse Henry. I wants to ax ef you won't help me some 'bout my little church." "No, indeed," said the senator; "I'll not give you a cent. I gave you something not long ago to help you with that church." "Yes, Marse Henry, dat's so, sah; you did indeed, sah, an' dat's a treasure laid up for you in Hebben, sah." "Oh, it is, is it?" and Clay moved on. Turning suddenly he said: "Come here, Boh, come here." Taking from his pocket a roll of hills, he continued: "Here are thirty dollars I won at cards after sitting up all last night. Now, if you can reconcile the use of money gotten in that way to church purposes, take it along." Old Boh bowed and pulled his cap. "Sarvant, Marse Henry; thankee sah. God do move in a mysterus way His wonders to perform! Thankee, Marse Henry; thankee sah!"

The Man with the Wheel.

(With apologies to Markham.)

Bowed by a triple century, he leans
Upon his wheel, and gazes on the ground.
Some tutti-frutti stored within his face,
And on his back a racing number bound.
What makes him wild to capture and to wear
A medal, or to win a baby grand?
Trained to an edge; to Ixion a twin,
See how he wags his rather square-turned jaw!
He stoops, and, turning off th' acetylene,
His breath blows out the light within the lamp.
Is this the man the L. A. W.
Hath licensed for the circuits o'er the land;
To haunt the tracks; for rivals search the meets,
And feel the passion of a Broken Record?
Is't this the trainer thought who shaped his course
Or he who pumped the tires full of wind?
Adown the homestretch all the line be cros't
There is no pace more terrible than his,
As tongued with censure by pedestrians
He clangs his bell, and hids the crowd give room.
He—fraught with menace to all vehicles!

—New York Times.

—THE GOODYEAR RUBBER COMPANY, with stores at San Francisco, California, and Portland, Oregon, are head-quarters for the Elastic Tip Company's tips, consisting of rocking and dining-chair tips, crutch tips, soft rubber tack tips, etc., soft rubber truck wheels and casters, the rubber cigar tip, the celebrated harmless rubber-tipped arrow pistol. Send for prices.

Moore's Poison Oak Remedy.

Cures poison oak and all skin diseases. Sold by all druggists.

"Have you ever been engaged before?" he asked the summer girl, tenderly. "Not this season," she replied; "I only got here this morning."—*Town Topics.*

The finest Hotel
in Europe solicits
American patronage

**HOTEL
CECIL**
LONDON, Eng.
A Fashionable Anglo-American Resort



S. S. Australia, for Honolulu only, Wednesday, July 26, 2 p.m.
S. S. Moana sails via Honolulu and Auckland for Sydney, Wednesday, August 9, 1899, at 10 p.m.
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 114 Montgomery St. Freight Office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—and—LIVERPOOL.
VIA QUEENSTOWN.

UNSURPASSED FOR EXCELLENCE OF SERVICE

TEUTONIC MAJESTIC
10,000 tons. 582 feet long.CYMRIC
New Twin Screw Steamer. 600 feet long,
12,552 tons.GERMANIC BRITANNIC
OCEANIC
704 feet long. 17,040 tons. Launched.S. TENNEY FRENCH, G. W. A.,
94-96 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

For passage apply to G. W. FLETCHER, 613 Market Street, or to official railway and steamship offices on Pacific Coast.

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SAFEST INVESTMENT.

LARGEST DIVIDENDS

BOSTON and TEXAS COPPER CO.

Capital Stock, \$2,500,000

In 250,000 Shares, Full Paid and Non-Assessable

HON. E. M. LOW, President, Mayor of Brockton.

GEO. W. RUSSELL, 1st Vice Pres.,

MAJOR F. M. SPAULDING,

Paper Manufacturer.

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COL. E. B. ROBINS, Treasurer.

COL. JAS. M. WHEATON, Secretary.

General Offices, Tremont Building, Boston

The company controls twelve thousand acres of rich copper land in North Texas which is also valuable for farming and town-site purposes. The tract is some ten miles long and about three miles wide. It is equivalent in size to five hundred ordinary mining claims.

The company is organized with substantial business men in the management. It has such extensive acreage of land, rich in copper, and so easily and cheaply mined and converted, that dividends can be paid during the current year.

The property has been developed sufficiently to begin producing at once, large amounts of the richest copper ore taken out and marketed, and inexhaustible quantities of copper marl and clay running from 3 to 15 per cent. copper found.

From Report of T. B. Everett, Mining Engineer and Expert.

ARCHER CITY, TEX., May 3, 1899.

HON. EMERY M. LOW, President, and others, Boston, Mass.: . . . Gentlemen: There is abundant evidence of rich copper deposits, not only at the mines already opened, but at various other parts of the property, and it is my opinion that this will prove to be one of the exceptionally rich copper-bearing fields of the United States.

The ores found in these deposits are immensely rich in copper values, and the cupiferous clays that are also found here in immense beds, while not as rich, will undoubtedly prove of great value on account of the cheapness with which they can be mined and reduced.

The mines are accessible at every point; the cost of mining will be very small, as the ore is not in hard formation.

I have examined the various reports made by others, and confirm them.

As far as I have been able to investigate, and I have done so carefully, I am of the opinion it is one of the richest copper fields in the country.

Very respectfully yours,

T. B. EVERETT, Mining Engineer.

This company can produce copper as cheaply as any in the world. It is capitalized the lowest of any in proportion to its acreage.

Receipts for ore and assays by the leading chemists and assayers in the country are on file in the company's offices.

Only a limited number of shares will be sold at \$5 per share.

Remit to EDW. B. ROBINS, Treasurer, Boston and Texas Copper Company, Tremont Building, Boston.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:
For Alaskan ports, 10 A. M., July 5,
10, 15, 20, 25, 30, August 4, change to
company's steamers at Seattle.
For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 10
A. M., July 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, August 4,
and every fifth day thereafter.
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 2 P. M.,
July 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, August 2, and
every fifth day thereafter.
For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports, 9 A. M.,
July 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, 31, August 4, and every fourth
day thereafter.
For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa
Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles),
11 A. M., July 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, August 2, and
every 4th day thereafter. For further information see folder.
For Mexican ports, 10 A. M., seventh of each month.
The company reserves the right to change, without pre-
vious notice, steamers, sailing dates and hours of sailing.
Ticket Office, New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel).
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., 10 Market St. S. F.

International Navigation Co.'s Lines

AMERICAN LINE.

New York and Southampton (London, Paris),
from New York every Wednesday, 10 A. M.
St. Louis, August 9 | New York, August 23
St. Paul, August 16 | St. Louis, August 30

RED STAR LINE.

New York and Antwerp. From New York every
Wednesday, 12 noon.
Adria, July 26 | Westernland, August 9
Southark, August 2 | Kensington, August 16

EMPIRE LINE.

To Alaska and Cold Fields.

For passage and freight apply to International Navigation Company, G. D. FARNSTOCK, General Agent Pacific Coast, 30 Montgomery Street.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets,
at 1 P. M., for
YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG.

Calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and
connecting at Hong Kong with Steamers for India, etc.
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1899.
Gaelic. (Via Honolulu). Wednesday, Aug. 9
Doric. (Via Honolulu). Saturday, Sept. 2
Coptic. (Via Honolulu). Friday, Sept. 29
Gaelic. (Via Honolulu). Tuesday, October 24

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

For freight and passage apply at company's office,
No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.

D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

Toyo Kisen Kaisha

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IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND

U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan
Streets, 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,
calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and
connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc.
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

America Maru. Saturday, July 22
Hongkong Maru. Thursday, August 17
Nippon Maru. Tuesday, September 12

Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.

For freight and passage apply at company's office,

421 Market Street, cor. First.

W. B. CURTIS, General Agent.

SOCIETY.

The Robbins-Ames Wedding.

Miss Alice Bradford Ames was married to Mr. Thomas Hinckley Robbins, of Boston, at Grace Church on Wednesday noon, July 19th. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Foute, rector of Grace Church, in the presence of a large assemblage of people who had come back to town especially for this event.

The bride, who was given into the groom's keeping by her father, Mr. Pelham W. Ames, was gowned in white satin; the maid of honor, her sister, Miss Elizabeth Ames, was in white organdie over green, and wore a green-tulle hat; and the bridesmaids were Miss Cora Smedberg and Miss Louise Crosby, Miss Lillian Shoberg and Miss Marie Wilson, Miss Norma Preston and Miss Mary Polhemus, and Miss Edith McBean and Miss Carrie Little, in gowns of white, pink, lavender, and other light hues, with tulle hats to match.

The groom's twin brother, Mr. William B. Robbins, was his best man, and the ushers were Mr. Worthington Ames and Mr. Walter Martin, Mr. Bryant Grimwood and Mr. Benjamin Dibblee, Mr. Robert Peabody Bellows, of Boston, and Mr. Stephen Hasket Derby, of Boston, Mr. Roger Wolcott, Jr., of Boston, and Mr. John Hart Polhemus.

After the ceremony, the wedding-party were driven to the home of the bride's parents, at 1312 Taylor Street, where they and a few relatives and intimate friends enjoyed a wedding breakfast. Later in the day, Mr. and Mrs. Robbins went on a brief bridal tour. In a fortnight they will return here for a few days and then go East, sailing on August 25th for Paris, where they will reside for the next four years, while Mr. Robbins is studying medicine. They will eventually make their home in Boston.

Mrs. Robbins, who is tall and handsome, and of a very pure blonde type, made her *début* some five or six years ago, and has since entertained and been entertained extensively. She is a violinist who ranks above many professionals, having taken high honors at the Hochschule in Berlin, and her playing created a furore in fashionable Boston, when she was visiting relatives there a few months ago. Mr. Robbins is the son of the Rev. Chandler Robbins, of Boston.

Burlingame Country Club Fair.

The Burlingame Country Club has decided to hold its open-air horse show in the first week in September, a decision which will in all probability set at rest the project of reviving the horse shows that have heretofore been held in town in November or December.

Some of the leading spirits in the club think that it should be more than a horse show. Similar country clubs in the East hold annual fairs where are shown not only fine horses and brilliant equipages, but cattle, sheep, poultry, and other livestock. The gentlemen alluded to see no reason why the Burlingame Country Club should not be as broad as its Eastern prototypes, and they hope to make it so. They aim so to extend the club that it shall include all the property-owners and farmers in its neighborhood, and that its annual exhibitions shall do as much for all live-stock as the horse shows have done for horses and horsemanship.

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Lillian Florence Strong, daughter of Mr. George H. Strong, to Lieutenant Edward Hall Campbell, U. S. N.

The marriage of Miss G. Cunyngnam-Cunningham to Mr. L. M. Terry was solemnized on Saturday, July 8th, at the American embassy in the City of Mexico, in the presence of the immediate families of the contracting parties and Ambassador Clayton. The bride is well known as a writer, having contributed a number of stories to the *Argonaut* and published a book of stories entitled "Tales from the Land of Mafiana."

Among the recent pleasant dinners at the Hotel Rafael was that given on Wednesday last by Lieutenant T. G. Roberts, U. S. N., in honor of Major-General Joseph Wheeler, U. S. A., and Miss Wheeler, now en route to Manila. Those invited to meet the guests of honor were General and Mrs. R. H. Warfield, Mrs. Terry, Miss Eleanor Terry, Miss Mary Bowen, Mrs. F. E. Bush, Baron Alex von Schröder, Mr. T. Cuyler Smith, Ensign A. J. Hepburn, U. S. N., and Mrs. Hepburn, Miss Grace Barton, and Mr. L. Bocqueraz.

Mrs. Henry L. Dodge gave a picnic at Lake Lagunitas recently in honor of Miss Patton and Mr. T. Bottom, the pleasant affair ending with a dinner at a resort near Fairfax. Mrs. Dodge's other guests included Miss Thérèse Morgan, Miss Cora

Smedberg, Miss Edith McBean, Lieutenant T. G. Roberts, U. S. N., and Mr. Ben Holladay.

Mr. T. C. Smith gave an enjoyable dinner at a resort in Ross Valley last Saturday evening, his guests being Miss Thérèse Morgan, Miss Edith McBean, Miss Patton, Miss Cora Smedberg, Mr. Ben Holladay, Mr. T. Bottom, and Lieutenant T. G. Roberts, U. S. N.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Bothin entertained a few friends at luncheon on Tuesday last at their residence in Ross Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard entertained a number of friends at their home in Ross Valley on Tuesday last.

The paper-chase held by the San Rafael Hunt Club last Saturday, the first of the season, was a great success. Scores of carriages made a gay scene at the Hotel Rafael, where the start was made, and others were in at the finish. There was a full field, and the chase was won by Mr. Charles de Young, Miss Mary Oge carrying off the palm from the other lady riders.

San Mateo Hunt Club Races.

The Hobart Farm Track at San Mateo was the scene of a brilliant gathering on Saturday afternoon, July 15th, when the San Mateo Hunt Club held its first race meeting. The inner field was gay with coaches and other smart equipages in which were the summer residents of San Mateo and Burlingame, and in the grand-stand especially built for the occasion several hundred persons were seated. Mr. John Parrott and Mr. Joseph Sadoc Tobin acted as judges, the office of starter was held by several gentlemen in turn, and a band of musicians played at intervals throughout the afternoon.

The results of the programme of events were as follows:

Quarter-mile dash, for qualified polo ponies that have never won, for the Hobart Cup—Mr. Hugh Hume, on Gopher, first; Mr. Peter D. Martin, on Minceat, second. Mr. Tobin, on Dreyfus; Mr. Walter Scott Hobart, on Little Egypt; Mr. Francis J. Carolan, on Hot Cakes; and Mr. Charles Dunphy, on Santa Monica, also ran.

A quarter-mile dash between Mr. Carolan's Yucatan and Mr. Hobart's Comanche, owners up—Mr. Carolan's Yucatan, first.

Two and one-half miles, over ten jumps, for the J. J. Moore Cup, valued at \$250, and the San Mateo Hunt Club Cup to the second rider. For qualified hunters that have run at least twice this season with San Mateo hounds; minimum weight, 200 pounds—Mr. Hobart, on Ali Baba, first; Mr. Hugh Hume, on Harry Lewis, second.

Half-mile dash for qualified polo ponies that have never won, mounts determined by lot, for the Eyre Cup—Mr. Dunphy, on Gopher, first; Mr. Hume, on Dreyfus, second. Mr. Tobin, on Minceat, and Mr. Hobart, on Little Egypt, also ran.

One and one-fourth mile pony race over hurdles for the Carolan Cup—Mr. Charles Dunphy, on Blucher, first; Mr. Tobin, on Jubilee, second. Mr. Peter D. Martin, on Six Bits; Mr. Hobart, on Brandy; Mr. J. J. Moore, on Molly; and Mr. Duncan Hayne, on Noine, also ran.

Quarter-mile dash, \$100 match race, between Mr. Hobart's Gazaba and Mr. Carolan's Pinto, each to ride the other's horse, money to go to the winning jockey—Mr. Hobart, on Pinto, first.

One mile on the flat for the Hume Cup—Mr. Walter, on Bragg, first; Mr. Hobart, on Floodmore, second; Dr. Williamson, on Blairheart, third.

In the last race Mr. Walter, who comes from Palo Alto, weighed in short, but Mr. Hobart generously waived his claim to the cup.

The members of the club will meet this (Saturday) evening in San Mateo, to dine together and discuss incorporation and the erection of permanent kennels. The committee having the meeting in charge consists of Mr. Francis J. Carolan, Mr. Duncan Hayne, and Mr. Walter Scott Hobart.

Bohemian Club's Midsummer High Jinks.

Unless all signs fail, the midsummer high jinks of the Bohemian Club this year will be the most successful in the history of the club. It will be the first since Meeker's Grove, near Guerneville, has become the club's property, and several members, with a large corps of workers, have been there for a fortnight getting things in readiness. More members have signified their intention of being present than in any previous year, and Captain Robert Howe Fletcher and Mr. James Graham, sires of the high and the low jinks, respectively, have prepared admirable programmes for the entertainments over which they will preside.

The excursion of the club-members will leave the Tiburon ferry this (Saturday) morning at 11 A. M., and their special train will land them at the grove about 2 P. M. Others will follow on the 3:30 P. M. train, arriving at 8 P. M. The return will be made at 2 P. M. on Sunday, and a special dinner will be served at the club-house shortly after the arrival of the members in town, at about 6 P. M.

The Del Monte Week of Sports.

The Pacific Coast Pony-Racing and Steeplechase Association has decided to extend its three days' outing at Del Monte to a week, commencing on August 21st, in order to make room for all the sports now on the programme. Its own especial day will be the last, which will be devoted entirely to pony-racing. But before that will come polo, baseball, cycling, pigeon-shooting, yacht-racing—for which Mr. Harry Simpkins will nominate his new boat

Duke, Mr. E. A. Wiltsee will nominate his schooner, and at least two other entries will be made—and golf. In the last-named sport, in addition to the George Crocker Cup, which is to be won in an open handicap tournament for ladies, other prizes will be offered, and a prominent golfer in Southern California is agitating the project of an inter-State tournament in which a team from the North shall contest with a team from the South.

Art Notes.

Mr. Theodore Wores, the artist, after an absence of five years, will return to San Francisco early next month. Since Mr. Wores's last visit to San Francisco he has made New York his headquarters, where his pictures of Japanese life have attracted much attention. Through these and his magazine articles and illustrations he has done much to familiarize the public with the artistic side of Japanese life. Indeed, he has made this field pre-eminently his own. Aside from his Japanese work, Mr. Wores has devoted much of his time in recent years to portraiture, and his portraits in oil and pastel have attracted much attention in the exhibitions of New York.

Mr. Wores proposes to give an exhibition of his pictures in this city, which will include portraits of Miss Ethel Gould, of Tarrytown, N. Y., Mrs. Valentine P. Snyder (formerly Miss Sheda Torbert), Mrs. Postley (formerly Miss Ethel Cook), and others.

—THE NEW "WYNNE GREY" STATIONERY, with the monogram illuminated, the artistic style in which only Cooper & Co. do this, has proved the most popular of all recent fads in fine paper.

Colonial Hotel.

The management wishes to inform its patrons of the completion of the new private bath-rooms in connection with suites of rooms. Reservation for the winter season should be made at once.

—A PLACE OF INTEREST FOR VISITORS IS THE Gump Art Gallery of Paintings, by European masters. No. 113 Geary Street.

—ALFRED E. BLAKE M. D. DISEASES OF THE mouth and teeth. Telephone R. 586. 28 Geary.

Moët & Chandon

(The Largest and Oldest Champagne House in the World.)

White Seal (Grande Cuvée), of exceptional bouquet and dryness.—*Court Journal*.

WILLIAM WOLFF & CO.,
Pacific Coast Agents. 329 Market Street, S. F.

Auction Sale of
STANDARD, RARE AND FINE
-BOOKS-

MONDAY, TUESDAY, and WEDNESDAY,

July 24th, 25th, and 26th, at

WILLIAM DOXEY'S

631 Market St., AT THE SIGN
OF THE LARK

Catalogues upon application.

Mr. Doxey visits London in August to purchase his Fall Stock, and will be pleased to accept commissions to look up any rare books that may be specially desired.

Carriages for Sale.

Three imported Carriages—Brougham, Victoria, and Spider Phaeton—nearly new, in first-class order, built by one of the best European builders. Can be seen at

LARKINS', 638 Howard St.

Hot mud baths of the Paso Robles Springs—just right temperature for a good wallow—bubbling with medicinal mineral water.

Paso Robles
Mineral Mud

acts on swelled joints or rheumatism like a strong poultice—draws out pain like a magnet draws metal. Clean mud specially prepared. Cures disease.

Otto E. Neyer, Prop.
Paso Robles Cal.

City Office,
636 Market St.

Pears'

It is a wonderful soap that takes hold quick and does no harm.

No harm! It leaves the skin soft like a baby's; no alkali in it, nothing but soap. The harm is done by alkali. Still more harm is done by not washing. So, bad soap is better than none.

What is bad soap? Imperfectly made; the fat and alkali not well balanced or not combined.

What is good soap?

Pears'.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

THE GREAT LEADER OF

CHAMPAGNES

G. H. Mumm & Co.'s Extra Dry

WHILE words tell, statistics prove.

The importation of G. H. MUMM & CO.'S EXTRA DRY in 1898 aggregating 86,855 cases, or 52,649 cases more than of any other brand, is certainly the most striking evidence of the great popularity of this famous brand of champagne, and particular attention is called to the fine quality, purity, and natural dryness of the wine now coming to this market.

Used at almost all notable banquets, balls, weddings, etc.

A FIFTEEN
STORY DINNER

Dine in the top of the Call Building—above the noise, and dust, and flies. French dinner, with wine, \$1; à la carte if you wish. The grandest view of the city—day or night.

SPRECKELS ROTISSERIE,
15th Floor, Call Building.
ALBERT WOLFF, Proprietor.

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First National Bank

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STORES Trunks for One Dollar a Month.

RENTS Safes for \$5 a year, furnishing the most perfect security for valuables of all descriptions. Office Hours, 8 a. m. to 6 p. m.

Lick's
White
Dome

Is plainly seen from the sun parlor of HOTEL VENDOME, as the guest looks toward Mount Hamilton over the broad expanse of valley and foothills covered with fruit, flowers, and waving grain. VENDOME is the pleasure-seekers' home. Have you seen Lick?

GEO. P. SNELL, Manager, San Jose, Cal.

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1001 PINE STREET.

THE PIONEER FIRST-CLASS FAMILY
HOTEL OF SAN FRANCISCO.

MRS. M. W. DENVER.

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL

NEWLY REFITTED WITH ALL THE
LATEST MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

MAJOR WILLIAM B. HOOPER, Lessee
San Francisco, Cal.

THE LENOX

628 SUTTER STREET.
First-class quiet Family Hotel.

D. W. JAMES, Proprietor,
Late of Paso Robles Hotel.

ROYAL Baking Powder
Absolutely Pure.
Made from Pure Grape Cream
of Tartar.

SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Kip, Mrs. Edy, and Miss Mary Kip are now at a resort in Napa County, having returned from the Yosemite. They will spend the month of August at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. C. P. Huntington is en route here by way of Victoria, bringing as his guests Captain A. H. Lee, British military attaché at Washington, D. C., and Lieutenant Kitson, commandant of the Royal Military School at Kingston.

Mr. and Mrs. Antoine Borel and the Misses Borel have arrived in New York, where they will make a brief stop before going on to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Casey, Miss Kate Dillon, and Miss Cosgrave have returned from their trip to Lake Tahoe, and will return to the Hotel Rafael, where they spent the month of June.

Mr. Willie O'Connor has returned from the Klondike.

Mr. Horace J. Craft, of Honolulu, arrived in town early in the week, and is at the Palace Hotel with his wife, formerly Miss Helen Wilder.

Mrs. Homer S. King, Miss King, Miss Hazel King, and Mr. Frank B. King are at Castle Crag now, and will go to Del Monte about the middle of August.

Miss Bertha Sidney Smith was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George C. Boardman, at their cottage in San Rafael, over Sunday last.

Mr. and Mrs. James L. Flood arrived in town on Monday last, after an extended bridal tour of Europe, and have taken an apartment at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. James Carolan and the Misses Emily and Genevieve Carolan have gone on a visit to Lake Tahoe.

Miss Jolliffe and Miss Virginia Jolliffe went over to the Hotel Rafael on Tuesday last. They expect to spend the remainder of the summer there.

Mr. R. G. Barton, of Fresno, is a guest at the California Hotel.

Mr. V. M. Clement arrived in New York from Liverpool on the White Star liner *Germanic* last week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Barrett, who have been in Shasta County for the past two weeks, have returned and gone to their summer home in Sausalito.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. Montague were among those who have enjoyed a trip to the Tavern of Tamalpais this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Le Count and Miss Le Count will spend the winter at the Colonial.

Mrs. Lucie Day Hayes, Miss Jennie Dunphy, and Miss Viola Piercy have returned from San José after a six week's stay at the Vendome.

The Rev. and Mrs. W. H. Davis sailed from New York on July 17th on the White Star liner *Cymric* for Liverpool.

Mr. C. G. Hooker has gone to Castle Crag on a visit.

Miss Emily Hager is at the Hotel Rafael on a visit.

Miss Lillian Follis is the guest of Miss C. J. Flood at the Hotel del Monte.

Miss Ella Morgan is expected to return soon from Del Monte, and will spend the remainder of the summer at San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Richardson have engaged an apartment at the Colonial for the coming season.

Mrs. John M. Cunningham is visiting Mrs. James A. Folger at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Thurston, of Honolulu, are guests at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. E. W. Hopkins came up from Menlo last Tuesday, and stopped at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Thomas are in town from Baltimore, Md., and are guests at the California Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Churchill, Miss Churchill, and Miss Thompson, of Napa, are spending a few weeks at the Colonial.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hamilton were among the passengers who crossed in the White Star liner *Germanic* from Liverpool to London on her last trip.

Mrs. C. F. Runyon and Miss Helen Runyon returned this week from a resort in Shasta County.

Mrs. Steele and Miss Steele, of Mill Valley, have located permanently at the Colonial.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Laton have gone to Del Monte for the summer.

Miss Leontine Blakeman leaves in a few days for Lake Tahoe, and, after a short visit there, will go to Del Monte for August.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Lee have returned to the Colonial.

Mr. and Mrs. George Tasheira are at a resort in Shasta County for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Moore and Mr. Du Val Moore paid a visit to the Tavern of Tamalpais during the week.

Mrs. H. L. Kingsbury and Miss S. Kingsbury have gone to Del Monte.

Major Ben C. Truman, a member of the California Commission to the Paris Exposition, is at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Walter are at Del Monte for the summer.

Captain and Mrs. R. Dalzell, of Brownsville, Tex., are at the Colonial.

Mr. and Mrs. V. S. McClatchy are down from Sacramento and are stopping at the California Hotel.

Among the week's arrivals at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Spear, Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Anderson, Dr. W. F. Boericke, Mr. H. W. Spalding, Mr. John M. Wright, Mr. J. B. Heath, Dr. Regensburger, Mr. Charles Farquharson, and Mr. and Mrs. H. I. Babcock.

Among the week's arrivals at the California Hotel are Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Garney, of Rialto, Mr. and Mrs. O. McHenry, of Modesto, Mr. H. C. Marcus and Mr. F. G. Marcus, of Menlo, Mr. and Mrs.

Paul H. Blades, of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. H. Watkins and Mrs. E. C. Laugenauer, of Woodland, and Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Fairchild, of New York.

Among the San Franciscans at the Hotel Rafael are Mrs. A. C. Weber, Miss Weber, Dr. and Mrs. E. R. Taylor, Miss Helen S. Taylor, Mr. H. H. Taylor, Mrs. L. W. Moffatt, Miss Moffatt, Miss May Moffatt, Miss Lowry, Mrs. C. J. Paddock, Mrs. C. H. Abbott, Miss Helen Davis, Mrs. L. J. Hanchett, Mr. C. A. Jenkins, Mrs. I. W. Beam, and Miss E. Beam.

Among the recent arrivals at the Tavern of Castle Crag are Mrs. A. J. Runyon, Mr. Stanley T. Runyon, Mr. C. A. Grow, Mr. Wakefield Baker, Miss H. A. O'Connell, Mrs. M. F. O'Connell, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lund, Dr. and Mrs. Albert Hiller, Mr. H. J. Harries, Mr. Hugh C. Macbeth, Mrs. S. Sussman, Miss Alice Sussman, Mrs. George L. Colburn, Miss M. Colburn, Mrs. John Spruance and Miss Florence Bailey.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Major-General Joseph Wheeler, U. S. A., his aide, Lieutenant Frank Bolles, Sixth Infantry, U. S. A., and Miss Wheeler arrived in town last Saturday, and are stopping at the Occidental Hotel. Lieutenant-Colonel E. H. Plummer, Thirty-Fifth Infantry, U. S. V., arrived from Vancouver Barracks on Wednesday, and is at the California Hotel.

Lieutenant L. H. Strother, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been appointed lieutenant-colonel of the Thirty-Second Infantry, U. S. V.

Captain Leonard A. Lovering, Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., has been appointed a major in the Thirtieth Infantry, U. S. V.

Commander Richardson Clover, U. S. N., and Mrs. Clover arrived from Washington, D. C., on Monday last, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Captain Charles S. Cotton, U. S. N., and Mrs. Cotton have gone to the Hotel Rafael.

Passed Assistant Paymaster Henry E. Jewett, U. S. N., and Mrs. Jewett have secured an apartment at the Colonial for the winter.

Captain W. B. Reynolds, Fourteenth Infantry, U. S. A., is now here on his way to Manila. He and Mrs. Reynolds are at the Occidental Hotel.

Lieutenant Hugh Rodman, U. S. N., and Mrs. Rodman are at the Colonial for the season.

Captain C. L. Beckurts, Sixth Infantry, U. S. A., and Mrs. Beckurts are at the Occidental Hotel.

Mrs. Slocum, wife of Lieutenant George R. Slocum, U. S. N., is at the Colonial.

Captain C. G. Morton, Sixth Infantry, U. S. A., and Mrs. Morton are at the Occidental Hotel.

Lieutenant Alexander Sharp, Jr., U. S. N., is at the Colonial.

Mrs. Mitchie, wife of Lieutenant R. E. L. Mitchie, Second Cavalry, U. S. A., will spend the winter at the Colonial.

Golf and Tennis Notes.

There will be a ladies' tournament at the San Rafael Golf Club's links on Saturday afternoon, July 22d. At three o'clock a nine-hole scratch-event contest will be begun, and at 5 P. M. there will be a ladies' driving competition. A number of strong entries have been made for each event.

The next big golfing event in Southern California will be the tournament announced by the Santa Monica Golf Club, for July 29th. The events will be an open handicap competition for men, thirty-six holes, medal play, with prizes for the best gross score and the first and second best handicap scores; and an open handicap competition for ladies, eighteen holes, medal play, with prizes as in the men's handicap. The winners of the open handicap will have their names and scores engraved on the Santa Monica Open Competition Cup, which, however, will remain the property of the club.

The first annual Del Monte Doubles Handicap Tennis Tournament will be held at the Hotel del Monte on August 18th and 19th, under the auspices of the executive committee of the Pacific States Lawn Tennis Association. Two suitable prizes will be given by the management of the hotel, which also offers prizes for a Consolation Doubles Tournament to be held by those defeated in the first and second rounds. Entries, which will close on August 12th, should be sent to the chairman of the committee, Mr. James A. Code, at 746 Market Street, San Francisco.

The Redondo Country Club is now holding its first tennis tournament, play having begun on Thursday, July 20th, and continuing through Saturday. The events are gentlemen's singles and doubles, ladies' singles, and mixed doubles.

This tournament is regarded in the nature of a try-out for the fifteenth annual tournament of the Southern California Lawn-Tennis Association, which will be held on the Casino courts at Santa Monica during the week commencing August 14th. The events for this will be all-comers' singles, all-comers' doubles, ladies' singles, mixed doubles, and consolation singles. For the first-named three events loving-cups to the value of four hundred dollars have been purchased, in addition to the first and second prizes offered in all the events. The cups must be won thrice to become the property of the winner.

The Hostetter Bitters Company, of Pittsburg, Pa., have filed ten suits against dealers in this city, Oakland, and Sacramento, charging them with making and selling a counterfeit article of Hostetter Bitters and refilling bottles of the plaintiff corporation. The company are determined to protect their interest on the coast, and are keen on the track of all fraud against them.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

A Dirge for Papers Dead.

And ever the papers come,
And ever the papers go,
The little papers born to die
When we have loved them so!
Some are the highest art,
Some are the broadest fun,
But each "comes to fill a long-felt want,"
Each and every one.
Some are brutally frank,
Libelous, personal, smart.
Some with pictures and prose and verse
Are—"well, we will call it "tart."
Some of them "Fight for the right,"
Say they will never yield,
Some follow a fad, a good one or bad,
But each has "a particular field."

Some have an "angel" behind them,
Some one "with money to burn";
But most are born with nothing but nerve
And the hopes of what they will earn.
Some are quite unpretentious,
And begin in the most modest way;
Some clang their cymbals and beat their drums
And shout "We have come to stay!"
Some, in their second issue,
Boast of the power they wield,
But, cheap ones or dear, there's not one will appear
But has "its particular field."

Poor little things, their requiem sings
In the words, "our particular field."

And ever the papers come,
And ever the papers go,
Those little papers born to die
When we have loved them so.
Always the unsold copies
Fall in the fakir's hands,
Down to Park Row at last they go
To be sold on barrows and stands.
Bombast, Abuse, and Praise,
Poetry, Prose, and Art,
Here they are for a penny apiece
For sale on a buckster's cart.

"Here for a penny apiece!"
Say it under your breath,
They're all on a common level now
As mortals after death.
Those that had "come to stay,"
Those with "power to wield,"
The stupid, the smart, the rapid, the tart,
In Park Row's Potter's Field;
The solemn, the staid, the gay,
The aggressive that never would yield,
You're all of you dead, and it's true, as you said,
You "fill your particular field!"

—Roy L. McCardell in the *Criterion*.

A Circus Note.

The elephant's colossal, grand, and great,
But little things his genial soul beguile;
One paltry peanut makes him all elate,
And gilds him with ten yards of pleasant smile.

—Bazar.

The Kissing-Bug.

Now the gold-bug and the big-bug and the pesky-bug of June,
And the lightning-bug that flashes forth its signals 'neath the moon,
And the couch-bug and the fire-bug and the lady-bug so gay
To the rapid march of progress soon will all be giving way,
For in the bugish drama in this modern bugish age
The kissing-bug is trotting to the centre of the stage.—*Denver Post*.

Johannis.

A table water of exceptional purity and excellence.—London Lancet.

WILLIAM WOLFF & CO.,
Pacific Coast Agents. 329 Market Street, S. F.

PRICES
HAMMERED
25 to
50 per cent
Saved
CLEARANCE SALE

Lücke's
FINE SHOES

830-832-834 MARKET STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO.
Phone Main 1659.

SATISFACTORY TO THE EYE AND THE EAR, THE

BYRON MAUZY PIANOS
308-314 Post St

All the latest Music-Books, etc., in our Sheet-Music Department.



A POCKET STOVE FREE.
A COMPLETE
Pocket Stove—
(note cuts) ready for
instant use. May
be re-lighted from
time to time and will
burn continuously
for one hour, is non-
explosive.
The stove will be
sent postpaid on re-
ceipt of metal cap
from a bottle of
Vigoral, or the
stove and Vigoral will
be sent on receipt of
35c. for 2oz. or 50c.
for 4oz. bottle.

Makes
Weak People
Strong.

Vigoral

An
Excellent
Appetizer.

—Concentrated Beef.

A deliciously seasoned beef drink, relished and easily retained—prepared in a moment, a cup of hot water and pinch of salt.
Sold by grocers and druggists.

Armour & Company, Chicago.

The Palace —AND— Grand Hotels

Now under one management.

1400 rooms---900 with bath.

Rooms, \$1.00 and upward.

Room and meals, \$3.00 and upward.

JOHN C. KIRKPATRICK,
Manager.

The German emperor, inspired by the United States Columbian postage-stamps, has ordered the issue of a new series for 1900. They will be oblong, and illustrate the history of the Hohenzollerns. The post-office authorities were unable to find a native artist to do the work, and have engaged an Englishman to design the stamps, who received two thousand dollars for so doing.

Jahant

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We aid those who want Government positions. 35,000 places under Civil Service rules. 8,000 yearly appointments. War creates a demand for 7,000 employees within 6 months.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

H. B. PASMORE,

Wm. Shakespeare, London, Conservatory, Leipzig,

Teacher of Singing and Theory of Music

Will resume teaching August 4th. Classes in Harmony now organizing. For terms address

1424 WASHINGTON STREET.

MILLS COLLEGE.

The Chartered Woman's College of California.

Full term opens August 2, 1899.

Seminary course accredited to the Universities. Excellent special courses in Music, Art, and Elocution. Terms moderate. Address
MRS. C. T. MILLS,
Mills College P. O., Cal.

IRVING INSTITUTE

Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies

N. E. cor. California and Buchanan Sts., S. F.

Accredited to the Universities.

Seminary, Conservatory of Music, Department for Children. Carriage will call. Next Session will begin August 7, 1899.

For Catalogue address the Principal,
Rev. EDWARD CHURCH, A. M.

MISS WEST'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

2014 VAN NESS AVENUE.

Opens August 14th. Certificate admits to Vassar, Wellesley, and Smith Colleges. Accredited to the University of California. Kindergarten in connection with the school. Number of House Pupils limited.
MARY B. WEST, Principal.

ED. PINAUD'S
QUINTESSENCES

The Latest Exquisite Parisian Perfumes.
ROYAL-WHITE-ROSE
ROYAL-NEW MOWN HAY
ROYAL-IXORA
ROYAL-REINE VIOLETTE
FRENCH CARNATION PINK



These perfumes are five times as fragrant and as delicate as any other perfumes heretofore known.

One drop is equal to a bouquet of freshly cut flowers.

Sold everywhere, or upon receipt of \$1.50 we will send you by mail prepaid a full-size bottle.

ED. PINAUD'S Importation Office
46 F. East 14th St., New York

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY,
(PACIFIC SYSTEM).
Trains leave and are due to arrive at
SAN FRANCISCO
(Main Line, Foot of Market Street.)

LEAVE	From June 25, 1899.	ARRIVE
7:00 A	Benicia, Suisun, and Sacramento...	5:45 P
7:00 A	Marysville, Oroville, and Redding via Woodland.....	5:45 P
7:30 A	Elmira, Vacaville, and Rumsey.....	8:45 P
7:30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	6:15 P
8:00 A	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.....	9:45 A
8:30 A	San José, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, and Red Bluff.....	4:15 P
8:30 A	*Milton, Oakdale, and Sonoma.....	4:15 P
8:30 A	Vesemite Valley via Oakdale and Chinese.....	4:15 P
9:00 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	11:45 A
9:00 A	Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.....	12:15 P
9:00 A	Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	6:45 P
10:00 A	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations.....	7:45 P
11:00 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	2:45 P
12:00 M	Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Sacramento, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville.....	4:15 P
*12:00 P	Sacramento River Steamers.....	*6:00 P
3:00 P	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	5:45 P
4:00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	9:15 A
4:00 P	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Oroville.....	10:45 A
4:30 P	Niles, San José, and Stockton.....	7:15 P
4:30 P	Yosemite Sleeping Car for Raymond.....	12:15 P
5:00 P	The Owl. Tracy, Fresno, Bakersfield, Sausalito for Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	9:45 A
5:30 P	Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.....	12:15 P
5:30 P	Martinez, Tracy, Mendota, Fresno, Mojave, and Los Angeles.....	8:45 A
5:30 P	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	6:45 P
6:00 P	Chicago-San Francisco Special, Ogden and East.....	8:45 P
6:00 P	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	7:45 A
*6:00 P	Vallejo.....	12:15 P
7:00 P	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	7:45 A
18:00 P	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Stations.....	11:50 P

COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

LEAVE	From Market Street.	ARRIVE
17:45 A	Santa Cruz Excursion for Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations.....	18:05 P
8:15 A	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	5:50 P

*2:15 P

San José, Glenwood, and Way Stations.....	9:20 A
6:45 P	Felton, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....

*9:20 A

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO-Foot of Market St. (Slip 8):

*7:15	9:00	11:00 A. M.	1:00	*2:00	*3:00
*4:00	15:00	*6:00 P. M.			

From OAKLAND-Foot of Broadway- *6:00 8:00

10:00 A. M.	12:00	*1:00	12:00	*3:00	4:00 P. M.
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COAST DIVISION (Broad Gauge).

(Third and Townsend Streets.)

*6:10 A	Ocean View, South San Francisco.....	*6:30 P
*7:00 A	San José and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only).....	*8:00 A

17:30 A

Sunday Excursion for Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations.....

9:00 A	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Surf, Lompoc, and Principal Way Stations.....	4:10 P
10:40 A	San José and Way Stations.....	6:35 A
11:30 A	San José and Way Stations.....	1:30 P

*2:45 P

San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Hollister, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.....

*3:30 P	San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations.....	*7:30 P
*4:15 P	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	9:45 A
*5:00 P	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	*6:35 A
5:30 P	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	*9:00 A
6:30 P	San José and Way Stations.....	5:30 P
11:45 P	San José and Way Stations.....	17:30 P

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

A vocalist was warbling, to her own great satisfaction, "Oh, would I were a bird!" when a rough miner shouted out, "Oh, would I were a gun!"—*Tit-Bits*.

Uneasy passenger (on an ocean steamship)— "Doesn't the vessel tip frightfully?" *Dignified steward*—"The vessel, mum, is trying to set a good example to the passengers."—*Tit-Bits*.

Mamma—"Susie, what do you mean by all this noise? See how quiet Willie is." *Susie*—"Of course he's quiet, ma—that's our game. He's papa coming home late, and I'm you."—*Tit-Bits*.

Trotting Thomas—"I wish I could turn myself into a rumor for a few moments." *Walking William*—"What for?" *Trotting Thomas*—"Why, they say a rumor gains currency."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Denny—"Th' captain told me to kape away from th' enemy's foire." *Larry*—"Phwat did ye till him?" *Denny*—"I told him th' enemy wuz so busy shootin' they hadn't made iny foire."—*Chicago News*.

Ferdie—"I love you bettaw than my—aw—life! Weally I—aw—do!" *Ethel*—"Ah, Ferdie! But how do I know but that you are one of those Hobson or Funston sort of men, who value their lives at naught?"—*Puck*.

Presence of mind: "*Rastus* (soliloquizing)—"Dis am a fine fat pullet, an' dey's more whar hit come from, too." *Village constable* (from a shadow)— "And where did it come from?" "*Rastus*—"Er um—from an aig, sah; from an aig."—*Judge*.

"Here's an example of how familiarity breeds contempt," he said, as he looked over the top of his paper at the rest of the family. "What is it?" "This is a Kansas paper, and under the head of 'Local Jottings' it says: 'Three or four cyclones ripped through the village since our last issue.'"—*Detroit Free Press*.

Not in his class: "Henry, wake up!" exclaimed Mrs. Peck; "I'm positive I hear burglars down stairs. Get up and see if you can locate them." "I'm surprised, my dear," replied Henry, as he buried his head under the pillow, "to think you would so far forget yourself as to ask me to associate with vulgar burglars."—*Chicago News*.

"I understand you had some ambition to be the George Washington of the Philippines," said the friend. "What of that?" inquired Aguinaldo. "Oh, nothing—nothing of any importance. Only I must say I never heard of George Washington's being first in a retreat, first in to dinner, and first in the cashier's office on pay-day."—*Washington Star*.

"You villagers seem to be a rather deliberate lot of people." "I s'pose we be. There wuz a feller drowned down in the creek a spell ago. He yelled 'Help, help!' afore he went down th' last time, an' th' editor of th' village paper heard him an' went back to th' office an' put in his paper two 'help wanted' ads an' charged 'em up to th' estate, by gum!"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Appropriate speeding: *Undertaker*—"We have a great many funerals to attend to now, and if the cortege moves at a slow pace, it will cost you a great deal more to bury your husband than if we trot." *Widow*—"How—much—more?" *Undertaker*—"At least one hundred dollars." *Widow*—"I—er—think we'd better trot. My husband was very fond of fast horses."—*New York Weekly*.

Harry—"I had a letter to-day from Mrs. Mustardseed, the Christian Scientist who treated Aunt Hannah." *Dick*—"What did she have to say?" *Harry*—"Oh, nothing much. She said she was pained because we had not settled with her." *Dick*—"And, of course, you replied to her that there is no such thing as pain; that it is only a creature of the imagination?"—*Boston Transcript*.

He was describing a hold-up in which he had played the star part. "Yes," he said, "the biggest ruffian held me so tightly against the brick wall that I could feel the mortar scratching my backbone. 'Gimme your watch,' he growled. I gave it to him immediately." There was a pause. "Gave it right up, eh?" said a breathless listener. "Yes," said the victim, "I did." Then he dramatically added: "You see I was pressed for time!"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

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The heart of California beats strong for the volunteer. The people of this city sent him forth with such a farewell as a departing brother might have been given. He was viewed as a patriot going willingly to battle. His was the task of sustaining the honor of the flag; his was the duty of fighting under a bright sun and mayhap of finding rest in a grave on an alien shore. Blithely and buoyantly he went, and bravely he met that which befell. Before the guns of the enemy he knew no fear, but the noise of conflict seemed to be an inspiration to courage. Before the bidden and deadly foe of the alady rising from the swamps he gave his young life, but

there was not a plaint from him, and his last thought was of the flag.

Therefore do the citizens of the land bear toward the volunteer a feeling nothing less than affection. They do not discuss the policy of the campaign. Whether it be right or wrong matters nothing. They know that the volunteers were inspired by the loftiest motives; that they were unselfish, bold, and dashing—American to the marrow. Now that the time has come for welcoming the heroes from overseas, it is fitting that the welcome be free from all tinge of avarice; that it be to the individuals, bronzed and worn, who march once more through the streets of San Francisco. They are veterans now, these boys of a few months ago, and entitled not only to greeting, but protection. There seems to have been pressure brought to have all the volunteers mustered out here. The idea seems to be that the large sums they will receive would thus be placed in local circulation. This mercenary view is a reproach to decency, and should not be given any weight. The welfare of the volunteers themselves is the only thing to be considered. People who desire to have them paid here merely so that the money they receive shall stick to itching palms held out in token of a reception obviously insincere are not a credit to the community.

The fact must be remembered that the soldiers have been for weary seasons under military restraint, and to find the freedom of civil life once more at their command will naturally be at the disadvantage of impaired judgment. It is no reflection upon them to say that they will expend their money injudiciously, seek quarters of the town from which wisdom would dictate absence, fall easy prey to sharpers of both sexes, and end their experience here either by being stranded, to the glut of the labor market, or finally depart for their homes on tickets provided by the charity either of strangers or their own people. It would be better far for the soldiers to go in regimental formation to the places of enlistment. While this would deprive them of their travel pay they would still have several months' wages, including extra pay for two months, and be enabled to reach their homes with money enough to sustain them until once more settled in peaceful callings. Nobody would wish to bar them from the possibility of receiving all that under the law can be given. The only objection arises from the palpable probability that much of this money would be worse than wasted. To turn thousands of men loose in a city notable for its temptations, with money in their pockets, an unwonted liberty theirs, would be to subject them to an evil influence which would ill requite them for sacrifices and for hardships willingly endured. They deserve more kindly treatment.

The sequel of the Civil War was an array of tramps such as the country had never known. Men long under arms, subject to minute direction, lose in a measure their sense of personal responsibility. The sooner they are projected back into the channels of endeavor from which the exigency of the times has summoned them, the less hurtful the effect. The benefits accrue not only to the soldier, but to the public. To discharge the soldiers under such conditions as must prevail here would be to do them a distinct wrong. The Oregonians will serve as an illustration. No more gallant body of men ever went to war. None was ever hailed with greater acclaim upon coming back. If discharged here there will be distributed among them a sum rather above one hundred thousand dollars, this being in addition to money already paid since their arrival. What will they do with it? Go to their homes perhaps, and if this were a certainty the people would be glad to see the money transferred. The Oregonians will surely conduct themselves as well as any regiment, and yet if they get such a sum here much of it will be left here, and in the hands of schemers who are doubtless already formulating the campaign of loot. Other regiments come from a much greater distance, and will receive a larger amount. The conditions facing them will be more serious, for a Tennessean or a Pennsylvanian in California is a long way from home, and to be here penniless would be a calamity. There is every reason for believing that the average vol-

unteer, brave, even reckless, would reach his home with more money if he were to be sent there under supervision and be paid much less than he would receive if accorded full travel pay. San Francisco can afford to forego the spectacle of having the "tenderloin" enriched at the expense of the volunteers.

There lingers a memory of disorder that prevailed during the massing of troops at this point. The New York regiment was assaulted by some of the others, an attempt was made to lynch a negro, a Tennessee soldier committed murder—all these incidents being traceable directly to indulgence in liquor, the indulgence quickly following pay-day. Soon these same men will be with us, with much more money to scatter, and that they will scatter it with consummate abandon nobody will question. In justice to themselves, for the sake of those of their blood, awaiting anxiously, and for the honor of the land, they should be saved from the opportunity.

Jahart

To any one who takes a periscope view of the subject it must appear that the agitation for the free coinage of silver is thoroughly defunct and discredited, and that as an issue it is stalking about, keeping up a semblance of life, only because the Bryan faction of Democracy has political use for it in preparing for the campaign of next year. The Democrats as a party do not want free silver. They want the benefit of Bryan's popularity and they want the votes which are sure to follow him. Bryan and his contingent insist that silver must be the leading issue and be its logical exponent. The opposing wing of the party would be willing to give the white metal a subordinate place in the platform merely to keep the Bryan votes in line.

That the overwhelming interest in free silver is dissipated is plain to those who have eyes to see. There are not now three public men besides Bryan talking free silver. No influential newspapers are devoting columns to the subject as they did in 1895 and 1896. Some Democratic State conventions have declared for the Chicago platform this year, but perfunctorily, and not with serious convictions. Farmers know now that the gold standard was not responsible for low prices, and that the charge so made by Mr. Bryan was a political trick to catch votes. Business men are not worrying about the volume of the circulating medium. Wage-earners have found that steady employment at fair wages is to be had without any change in the monetary system. Small depositors are not now withdrawing their funds from the banks and locking them up in safety vaults or hiding them in their houses for fear of a financial crash. One hears no discussion of the question among the people such as there was, and as there would be still, if any interest survived. Western Republican papers which could see nothing but silver in 1896 do not hesitate to say now that the "Silver Republican party is defunct," and that its recent members "refuse to cling longer to false issues and dead hopes," except in some local instances where political jobs and patronage crumbs are sought as rewards for Democratic fusion.

With the waning of the silver question the possibility of effective fusion dies a natural death. There are not now Silver Republicans enough left to fuse with anything. The Democratic party is divided on the one question which made fusion possible. The Populist party, or all of it that remained from the wreckage of the last election, met at Kansas City in May, and declared through its national committee an unalterable determination to resist every attempt to bring about another fusion with any other party.

The programme outlined by the Bryan Democrats is by no means an unreasonable one. The central point of their insistence is the reaffirmation of the Chicago platform, and justly so, because that platform is the only rallying ground upon which all the elements of discontent can find standing-room. Are there any Debsites left who feel oppressed by the laws which make it possible to preserve order when the wild mob is bent on taking human life or the destruction of corporate property? Their one hope is in the Chicago platform, which was built for their shield and their refuge.

Does the spirit of the Chicago anarchists still live in followers of Altgeld? Their political inspiration finds expression in the same platform. Whoever has an interest in cheapening the nation's money, be he Populist or Greenbacker, Silver Republican or mine-owner, mortgagor or repudiating debtor, can rest upon the Chicago platform.

The simple problem of the men who still follow Bryan is to preserve this solitary nucleus to hold together a semblance of the old fusion of 1896 and add to it a few planks to cover the new issues of trusts, anti-expansion, militarism, and the shortcomings of the Republicans generally. That is what was attempted by the meeting of the Democratic National Committee, which failed to gather at St. Louis, and it is the object of the more successful meeting which has just been held in Chicago. The proposition is simple and ingenuous. Its strength is in the hope to add to the Bryan column enough electoral votes from the East, where anti-expansion is strongest, to produce a majority. Its weakness is that the aggregation it would marshal around the Chicago platform would lack the coherence of a party with a single purpose which could be banded with effect in the campaign and at the polls. It would be a mob created for the personal advancement of one man, ready to fall to pieces when his grasp was relaxed.

The results of the meeting at Chicago last week will be watched for with considerable interest. From the first it was expected that it would dwindle from a discussion of principles to a personal struggle between the factions of the Illinois Democracy led respectively by Mayor Harrison and ex-Governor Altgeld. The purpose of the pulling and hauling has been to determine which faction shall secure the advantage of Bryan's personal popularity and the prestige of regularity which goes with the Chicago platform. The game has been played with Bryan as the prize, and if the news dispatches can be relied on it has been won by the Harrison faction. The Chicago mayor has secured the removal of P. J. Devlin from the press bureau of the Democratic committee, because he made a bitter fight against him in the last mayoralty election. That is his local triumph. In the field of national politics he has secured the adherence of Bryan for his own faction and the dissolution of the close relations between Bryan and Altgeld, and in return for these he has apparently agreed that the next Democratic platform may include a subordinate plank upholding silver at 16 to 1.

There is food for thought in this situation. Harrison is in close touch with the New York Democracy of the Tammany variety. It points toward a larger degree of Democratic harmony than seemed possible heretofore. It indicates a compromise between Bryan and the Eastern Democrats in which Bryan may be the candidate of the united party on a platform which shall mention free silver, but with no serious intent. Bryan is making the best use of the silver issue for his personal advancement before it drops into final oblivion.

There seems no doubt that the several colonies of Australia will soon be bound in a federation, much after the model of our own republic. Indeed, the conditions the promoters of the plan there have to face are in many respects similar to those overcome in America when thirteen colonies entered into a compact which still lasts, and promises to endure. One great drawback to commercial progress has been restriction of domestic traffic, a barrier of duties marking every inter-state boundary, and the discussion of mutual and relative rights between the provinces has led to active contention. Discussion has often reached the point of acrimony, jealousies have arisen, and hardships have been imposed, all in a spirit of rivalry boding no good to the public welfare.

Years ago the subject of federation was broached and instantly found favor; but the change proposed was so radical that to accomplish it speedily was recognized as impossible. Its advocates merely planted the seed, and ever since have tenderly nurtured the growth until now it is strong and casts its benign shadow over the island continent. That some of the opposition was based on the selfishness of individuals was from the first apparent. The change would necessarily sweep from position many who depended upon official salaries; it would rob the different capitals of their pomp, and it would establish a central capital for the possession of which every city of magnitude was certain to advance a claim. Another cause of objection was the equality of representation in the upper house of the legislative body, populous members of the federation having no more votes than the more sparsely settled, exactly as obtains in the American Senate. Attention has been called by Australian papers to the fact that New Jersey has as many senators as New York, and that kindred instances may be cited in Switzerland, a federation more nearly perfect than any other in existence. This prejudice has therefore abated somewhat, although an analysis of the situation reveals more than a "trace."

The convention that framed the constitution for the fed-

eration met in Melbourne and completed its labors in March of 1898. The colonies, with the exception of Queensland, sent delegates. A vote was taken the following June, and the constitution received the approval of Victoria, South Australia, and Tasmania, but was defeated in New South Wales. In this defeat there was the element of political trickery. The opponents of the change had induced the colonial parliament to decree that to be sustained the constitution must receive 80,000 votes. It did receive 71,000 against 65,000 from the Conservatives, and yet the stipulated terms beat it, as they had been designed to do. However, this was regarded only as a temporary setback, and the advocates of the modernized régime were by no means cast down, nor did they cease from their labors. The result has been the spreading of the faith that is in them, and the gaining of new strength. When next the matter shall be put to the test of the ballot there is almost an assurance that the verdict will be reversed, and that ultimately it must be reversed is virtually a certainty. The struggle has been most diplomatic. When the lower house passed a bill submitting the measure to the people, the upper house refused to concur. This upper house is appointive, and after the parliament had been prorogued, the premier, a supporter of the federal cause, appointed twelve new members, thus securing the balance of power. So the battle went on, each side employing the method deemed most effective. New South Wales was partly won by the promise of the capital, this promise heightening the spirit of the opposition in other quarters. The press also took an active part and printed columns of argument not precisely fraternal in tone.

The effect of federation is difficult to predict, save in a general way. In all likelihood a phase of it will be the creation of new states, or colonies, as they are called in Australia, some of the present ones being immense, and the interests in widely separated sections of them only remotely allied. That the effect upon trade will be immediate there can be no question. Removal of inter-colonial tariffs alone would be sufficient to accomplish this. In taxing the products of one colony when they happen to be removed to another, the Australians have been living off their own fat. They have not been one large, harmonious nation, but a group of little nations. The situation can be realized by imagining that each of the United States taxed everything brought within its borders from any of the other forty-four.

That the effect on trade with the United States will be at once appreciable, does not now appear, but that the effect will not be kindly is plain. Australia believes in tariff high enough to be protection, and cherishes a sentiment which has been reduced to the expression: "Australia for Australians." Of course, if a wave of prosperity and development succeed the change, there will be at least an indirect benefit to this country. All this is on the supposition that the constitution will be adopted and federation made a verity. There seems no other view to take of the case. George W. Bell, United States Consul to Sydney, wrote soon after the election of June, 1898: "In my opinion the federal movement . . . is dead for many years to come." In a more recent report he frankly concedes that this opinion was erroneous, and essays to demonstrate the concern commercial America must have in the outlook. He fears, among other things, that the abolition of local tariffs will make more formidable those on imports, and that there may be preferential tariffs for England. Be all this as it may, the United States can stand it, and Australia, having awakened, will not go to sleep again out of consideration for us.

The appearance of the automobile in general use, following so closely upon the wide popularity of the bicycle, has renewed discussion of the passing of the horse. The time when the chief value of man's four-footed friend will be found in the museum beside the bearded lady and other curious but useless creations seems near at hand. Even the future of the electrical and cable cars in our streets is imperiled, for it is announced that horseless vehicles are to carry passengers from the ferries to the park and Cliff House for infinitesimal fares, and similar services are to be performed in other large cities of the country. In this progressive and extremely practical age it would be supposed that these improved methods of locomotion would be welcomed, yet such is not universally the case. Everybody recalls the long struggle by which the bicycle has gained for itself a recognized position. In the park, not so many years ago, they were allowed upon the main drive only during certain hours of the day, and upon country roads the drivers regarded it as their bounden duty to force all bicycle riders off the road when they met them. The privilege of having wheels carried upon railway trains has been recognized through the country only after a bitter struggle in the courts and before legislatures. It must be admitted that much of the opposition was engendered and kept alive by the reckless and thoughtless conduct of certain riders, but it

is now accepted that all are not to be condemned because of these few, and the better class of wheelmen are among the most energetic in condemning these offenders and calling for their punishment.

The indications are that a similar struggle must now be waged before the rights of the automobile are recognized. The park commissioners in Chicago have the distinction of being pioneers in opposing these new vehicles, having adopted a rule prohibiting their use in the parks of that city. The question regarding the validity of this rule has been quickly settled, for it was immediately brought into the courts for decision. The commissioners said that the strange machines frightened horses, and were liable to cause dangerous runaways. The court held that the commissioners had no authority to bar out vehicles used for recreation or pleasure, so long as they do not endanger the safety of others, and added, "there is less danger in propelling an automobile than there is in driving a horse and buggy." It is true that automobiles will for a time frighten spirited horses just as bicycles did while they were still novelties. But the horses will soon become accustomed to the one as to the other. The speed of automobiles must be regulated in crowded places, for they are capable of a rate of forty miles an hour, and anything approaching that speed would be a distinct source of danger. But regulation does not involve prohibition, and it requires but little thought to know that the new vehicles have come to stay. The park commissioners in this city will be wise if they adopt rules for the regulation of these vehicles, confining the regulations only to such conditions as are necessary for the safety of visitors at the park, and do not attempt to follow the Chicago commissioners in their blind and unprogressive ruling.

A force of astonishing and rapidly growing magnitude in this country is represented by women's clubs and associations. In Bulletin No 23 (July, 1899) of the Department of Labor, Ellen M. Henrotin has an exhaustive compendium of women's clubs and an analysis and exposition of their theoretical studies and practical work. The Commissioner of Labor sent a circular-letter of inquiry to all the women's clubs on the list of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, and to many clubs not allied with the general federation of the State federations, asking as to their aims and work. Replies were received from 1,283. Many sent no response. A list of the clubs in 30 State federations of women's clubs in 1898 shows that there were 2,110, with a membership of 132,023, but California does not appear in the list. This shows that the 1,283 clubs answering the commissioner's letter are but a fraction of the women's clubs in existence. For instance, the clubs reported in San Francisco are the Excelsior, the Laurel Hall, the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association, the Philomath, the Sorosis, and the South Park Girls'. This omits the Century, the California, and some others.

Considering the few years that women's clubs have been in existence, the progress that they have made in number and membership, in cooperation, in definiteness of purpose and in tangible work is amazing, apparently surpassing all other social-economic movements in the history of this country. So brisk and determined is this movement that it amounts to a revolution under full swing, leading to things that no human calculation can intelligent forecast. As yet its main pressure is being placed on social, educational, economic, and domestic conditions, but even these are nibbling at the entire periphery of political and government, without counting the direct assaults represented by clubs devoted or giving much attention to suffrage and civic purity. A rapidly developing feature of some of them is the organizing and training of children as prospective responsible directors of economic and civic affairs thus beginning at the foundation of the whole social structure.

Another feature that many of them are developing is evidently aimed to overcome the natural advantage that men have in competition with women in industrial and professional pursuits. The Business Woman's Club, of St. Louis, is typical of these. "It was organized to establish club-house or club-rooms for women and girls engaged in business or professional work; for their mutual benevolence, morally, fraternally, and socially; for educational purposes, for the submission and discussion of plans and enterprises for the higher and better education of all business women; to establish and maintain a library and reading-room and gymnasium, and more particularly to establish a fund to be used in aid of its members who are sick or in distress; to establish an employment bureau for women and girls; and to organize a society for the mutual aid, protection, advancement, and business education of women thrown on their own resources in the city of St. Louis."

At first women's clubs were conducted in such a way as to practically exclude working women, but they are rap-

overcoming that difficulty by opening the club-rooms at night and there giving the training, comfort, and protection so much desired. Thus the clubs are steadily bringing women to a level with men in industrial competition. This is one of the most important and serious phases of the movement. It is one that appears to be heartily encouraged by employers. The dominant note of women's clubs is self-improvement, the social feature in the club being subsidiary, and employed largely as an inducement to secure members. Thus they are radically different from men's clubs; in fact, there is hardly anything in men's clubs analogous to the purpose of women's, excepting a few organizations on the line of the socialists' clubs. Of the 1,283 clubs listed by Mrs. Henrotin, 425 reported that they did practical work as a leading feature; with the others, where there was any practical work, it was auxiliary; 338 clubs reported that it was best for working women to enter mixed clubs; while 423 favored separate organizations, thus seemingly impairing the democracy of the club idea, and separating women into classes.

Economics is the overshadowing feature, and this is becoming more and more comprehensive. The natural step from it is a raising of civic standards, a remedying of public abuses, an improvement of sanitary conditions, and the relief of women from the hardships of industrial pursuits. Public opinion is molded and legislation influenced. Schools are bettered, kindergartens and manual training are being established, libraries founded and extended, works of art collected and preserved, public parks opened, public charities better organized and managed, and public sentiment is roused against abuses. Through State and national federation a powerful, concerted force is exerted. Clubs with exceedingly useful though restricted objects are bringing obvious benefit. Santa Fé, New Mexico, has a club that looks after strangers and children, has a fine open-air concert once a week by a military band, conducts a library, cares for the poor and ailing, and seeks employment for those out of work.

This is the briefest sort of glance at the aims and work of these clubs. Their quiet influence is seen and felt everywhere, and will steadily grow. To what is it all tending? There is much evident good in the movement, but what will be the outcome of its encouragement to the competition of the sexes?

Among illustrators of comic papers a favorite subject has long been the Boston infant, depicted with abnormal cranial development, bulging forehead, and large, round spectacles of high power, all topping off a puny body—a precocious youth of serious mind, and employing the vocabulary of the scholar and the pedant. This fantastic creation of the humorists bids fair to be truly representative of the typical American youth if the Mothers' Club of New York is permitted to work its will. That unerring organization has discovered that the development, even the civilization of this country, has been threatened for generations by a danger more menacing than the deadly disease germ or the dreaded kissing-bug. Parents, who should have known better, have been putting into the hands of their youthful progeny a species of mental pabulum that is distorting and twisting their little brains into shapes as grotesque as those wonderful creations that artistically inclined gardeners sometimes produce by trimming the foliage of cypress-trees. It will come as a shock to many of the unenlightened to learn that this toxic principle is contained in the melodies written by the unintentionally offending Mother Goose for the amusement of her grandson Jack, and afterward published to delight generations of children. It has been discovered that these jingles are vulgar, that some of them are bloodthirsty, that they inculcate a false perspective in natural history, and that they are even historically incorrect. Sadly it must be admitted that the charges are true, not only of Mother Goose, but of other old-time children's rhymes. The mature intellect realizes that many of the events narrated in these rhymes are improbable, not to say impossible. What agriculturist would not pay fabulous prices for a variety of bean that would be as rapid grower as that which Jack planted. Yet, alas, they are not on the market. How can it be expected that a child shall grow up with a correct idea of cattle when he is solemnly informed of the athletic performances of the famous cow that throw those of Mrs. O'Leary's celebrated animal into the shade? It is true that the charitable disposition of Mother Hubbard might incite imitation, and that little Miss Muffet's flight can be defended upon the ground of prudence, but the excellence of these can be taken only in mitigation of the more serious offenses contained in other hymes.

The Mothers' Club proposes to substitute for this pernicious literature a book of poems to be entitled "Mother Truth." These verses will be not only grammatically and historically correct, but they will be refined in sentiment, factually proper in all particulars, and will do no violence to the known laws of nature and the recognized limitations of

natural history. How much truer a knowledge of physical prowess the babes of this country will have when they are deprived of an opportunity to hear of the impossible feats of Jack the Giant-Killer, and are given instead a metrical narrative of the recent encounter between Messrs. Jeffries and Fitzsimmons, a stanza being devoted to each round of that important contest. The children whose minds are fed upon such food will grow up without imagination it is true, but how much more correct their information will be. Those of us who have reached a sufficient age to be eligible to membership in Mothers' Clubs and Fathers' Clubs—why are there none of the latter, by the way?—have seen so many of our idols shattered that one more or less makes little difference, yet there will be some persistent and unprogressive old fogies who will regret the passing of Mother Goose.

The more important questions raised by Sarah Bernhardt's production of "Hamlet" seem to be these: What national temperament did Shakespeare intend to represent in the character of Hamlet? Is the Anglo-Saxon conception of the character derived from Shakespeare, or from the interpretations of the English-speaking stage? Hence, is Bernhardt justified in abandoning the Anglo-Saxon tradition which makes Hamlet "a melancholy professor of Wittemberg," "a weak or languid person," and setting up her own interpretation of him as "a manly, resolute, but thoughtful being," or, as the English critics conceive it to be, a restless, passionate Gaul, instead of a dreamy Dane with a lineage of Scandinavian mysticism? Last, in the very highest and finest study of human motives and passions is it possible for one sex to portray the other, and is it true art and good taste for the attempt to be made? Singularly enough, this last question does not seem to have been asked before.

Those who have studied the vague traditions out of which the story of Hamlet (Amleth) was evolved, can find no trace whatever of any Celtic or Gallic characteristic. The story was horn out of that strange Scandinavian mysticism whose spirit no Frenchman has ever caught, which seemingly can find tender lodgment only in those of Teutonic or Saxon blood. It is true that Shakespeare, taking the whole range of his marvelous creations, displayed the vivacity of the Celt as well as the virility of the Anglo-Saxon and the depth of the Teuton; but he had the singular faculty of presenting his great characters unmixed. He himself was pure Anglo-Saxon. As such he could grasp the elusive spirit of the Sagas, just as could his German musical prototype, Wagner. No Frenchman could have written a "Hamlet" or composed a "Ring of the Nibelungen." It seemingly is a question of blood, of temperament. The inherent inability of the allied Teutonic and Saxon bloods on one hand and the Celtic on the other to have a mutual understanding, to have that native sympathy out of which an understanding might issue, is shown in the mutual antagonism of the English and the Irish on the north of the Channel, and of the Germans and the French on the south. The wars and conquests that have seemingly created this antagonism may be taken merely as a form of its expression.

Who would naturally be the best judges of Shakespeare's intention in Hamlet? Would they be the people of his own blood and temperament, having a natural ability to understand the subtle and shadowy Scandinavian type that he has represented in Hamlet, or would they be a people of a temperament naturally antagonistic to him and his people, at war with them through many centuries, and essentially alien and antagonistic? How can there be more than one answer to the question? The actors and actresses of Anglo-Saxon or of pure Teutonic blood have often essayed famous rôles in plays by Celtic, Gallic, and Latin dramatists, and the effort has been often reversed; but invariably the representation has been essentially as different from the native one as Bernhardt's Hamlet is from Garrick's, Kemble's, Kean's, and Irving's. The London *Academy* expresses this idea concretely thus:

"'Hamlet' at the Adelphi is but a strong and extravagant melodrama, and yet the performance kept the present writer, and, indeed, the whole audience enthralled for close upon four hours. Why? Because Sarah Bernhardt is just herself; because that active, intelligent, penetrating brain glimmered and shone and cut like lightning through every phase of her impersonation. Hamlet? No! Hamlet was a man of fine breeding and fine feeling; impatient of fools, intellectually arrogant, if you will, but a gentleman. Not the man to throw a book at the head of Polonius, or to climb the throne like a cat and snarl in the king's face, or to thrust a torch between his eyes at his cry of 'Lights! Lights!'"

That, then, is the whole story. As it was impossible for Bernhardt to comprehend Hamlet, she has fabricated a brilliant something else, which is Bernhardt, wonderful, dazzling, bewildering, but not Hamlet. In doing this, however, has she not violated, through the limitations of her temperament, a fundamental principle of art? Is it not absurd and incongruous to assume that even though she has not presented Hamlet, she has presented something excellent, because it is wonderful, dazzling, bewildering? She can achieve all that, and more, in her own sphere. Her essaying of Hamlet

looks freakish, sensational, grotesque, Bernhardtish. As such it offends.

There is the other question of sex. The shilleth of the "advanced woman" is that "there is no sex in brains." It is difficult to imagine how there could be anything else. There seems to have been an instinct of fitness among great actors and actresses, playing serious rôles, to refrain each of the sexes from invading the domain of the other. An actor may impersonate a great variety of masculine characters, and an actress a great variety of feminine characters, but that is different from an overstepping of the boundary of sex. Shakespeare's taste in such matters was immaculate—his Rosalind, disguised as a man, is yet as sweet a woman as a man could imagine; his Portia, pleading as a lawyer at the bar, is yet the noblest and gentlest of women. Imagine Shakespeare the actor (his size permitting) playing the part of Ophelia, or languishing on the balcony as the daughter of the Capulets! It is probable that in the overwhelming light of Bernhardt's genius as an actress this question of fitness, of good taste—of psychology, if you please—in her representation of Hamlet has been cast into too deep shadow, so that the immortal Sarah is not seen in her equally true and established light as a lover of poses, a breeder of sensations and scandals.

The outbreak of malignant typhoid fever at the City and County Hospital—fifteen cases are reported there among attendants and patients at the present time—is a most fortunate event.

Under the pressure of a threatened epidemic, there is some hope that the politicians may be brought to a realization of the pressing needs of that institution. Physicians and those who have been familiar with existing conditions there have urged for years the necessity for new buildings, but the necessary appropriations have been denied, in order that there might be no lack of public money to pay the salaries of political hangers-on at the City Hall. The hospital buildings are obsolete; their walls reek with the germs of disease, until, despite the utmost care and skill of the physicians, it is more dangerous for patients to go there than to run the risk of recovery elsewhere. A patient enfeebled by disease is a most favorable subject for the attack of tuberculosis, and the hospital buildings abound with the germs of this most dreaded disease.

Among physicians there has been some dispute regarding the plans that should be followed in erecting new hospital buildings, some claiming that they should be built cheaply of wood in order that the disease germs collecting there might be destroyed every few years by burning the buildings and erecting new ones; others claiming that by the use of marble and tiling throughout, the building can be kept thoroughly disinfected at all times. All will agree that either plan would effect a great improvement over existing conditions. There is some hope that the outbreak of typhoid fever, which calls attention to the defective condition of the sewers, may lead to an attempt to remedy the other evils also.

The home-coming of Admiral Dewey is being conducted in a most leisurely and comfortable manner, but the slowness of his progress is as nothing compared with that of the fund started some months ago to purchase a home for the admiral in Washington. The fund has barely reached twelve thousand dollars and subscriptions are coming in more and more slowly. In its efforts to stimulate contributions the committee has even gone so far as to address circulars to officers of the army and navy soliciting financial assistance, though the original idea of the home was to serve as a monument of the gratitude and admiration of the American people rather than of his fellow-officers. The failure of the project—for failure is now generally admitted regarding it—is not due to any lack of admiration or gratitude on the part of the public; Admiral Dewey is likely to receive a surfeit of proofs to that effect when he steps once more upon his native shores. It is due rather to a realization that has grown and is constantly growing, to the effect that the form of gift is inappropriate and would not be acceptable to the recipient, though he would be placed in a position of being unable to refuse it. It would be simply a white elephant on his hands, and a source of constant embarrassment to him. The committee has announced recently that it has not considered and it is not considering the diversion of the fund to any other purpose. It is time that it should do so. The suggestion that the money be used for a home for retired veterans is a good one; it would certainly be more pleasing to Admiral Dewey, and it would insure more prompt and more generous contributions from the public.

The signature of the editor is appended to every article in this issue written, dictated, or inspired by him, in accordance with the "signature law," enacted during the last session of the legislature.

A CLOSED INCIDENT.

The Memory that a Growsome Relic Brought Back to Life.

Because he himself had a clear brain, and clear eyes, and a clear enough conscience to meet modern requirements, the doctor regarded Taunton, senior, with very nearly unmixed contempt. The brain of Taunton, senior, was not clear, and his eyes were blurred, and the doctor believed that what little of conscience rum had spared was a dim and doubtful light. Therefore, from the heights of superiority and the depths of the cushions, he smoked and considered the figure in the big leather chair in front of the fire, and, by contrast, grew exceedingly well pleased with himself. There was a mild sort of romance in the doctor's life just then, and he was therefore upon the lookout for romances in the lives of others. He wondered if old Taunton had ever had one, and the notion struck him as so ludicrous that he chuckled and blew it away in a puff of smoke.

But old Taunton was remembering things and did not hear him. His weak eyes were staring into the burning coals and seeing a youth almost as hot and fiery. He had kept off the memory of it for a score and a half of years, by will and by drink—drink that grew more strong as will grew more weak. It was his son who had roused it. "And the women!" old Taunton had heard him say. "Jove! doctor, if you want to see women, go to Lima."

Taunton, senior, recalled those women. And he recalled a woman. She had forsaken everything of this world and the next to follow a foreign heretic into the wilderness of the interior, and she had died there, after a time, without so much as an Indian priest to shrive a soul that would be forever lost. That woman's child came back into the room now, and crossing to the divan threw himself down beside the doctor.

"This is it," he said, and unwrapped from a barbaric scarf a tiny brown head, which he held out by its long black hair.

The doctor took it in his hands. He felt of it and wrinkled his brows. "Is it a carving?" he asked, uncertainly.

"Indeed not! It is the real thing. Once graced some soft and lovely shoulders."

The doctor gave it back quickly.

John Taunton laughed. "You don't seem to fancy the only girl I ever loved," he said, patting the cheek and smoothing the long hair.

"Confound it!" the doctor objected, "stop that. You make even me sick. What is the thing, anyway?"

Taunton explained: "It is one of the greatest curiosities of Peru. They are as rare as hen's teeth these days. Which is because the government has interdicted the industry. The demand got to be so great that you didn't always have to be dead before they removed your head, and bodies were dug up from their graves and decapitated, until it began to look as though all Peru would stand headless before the judgment seat."

"But it's only the size of your fist."

"It is boned, that is why. They remove every bone in the cranium without leaving a scar. You can see," he held it up for inspection. "Only one tribe of Indians, back in the interior, has the secret. It is older than the Incas. After the bones are out it is soaked in some sort of a preparation that turns it dark but preserves it, and does not even shrivel the skin. It simply shrinks the whole business and leaves the features intact. I believe the process is lengthy—very. If her eyes and mouth were not sewed up, she could flirt with the best of them. The passion would be strong even in death and mummification—eh! Anita mia?" and he laid the miniature head against his shoulder and gazed fondly down upon it.

The doctor turned away.

"They are bard to get now, it being a penitentiary offense to sell them. But some fine day an old Tudio will sneak up to you and produce one from the bottom of a basketful of trash; and if you have a hundred dollars or so and a taste for the unusual you take it." He got up and went over to his father. "You have seen these, have you not?" he asked, touching him on the shoulder.

The old man started. "Eh?" he said, and then he saw the head, and his eyes grew wide and frightened. He reached out and fingered it.

"You have seen them, have you not?" his son repeated. "Father was in Peru in his young days," he explained to the doctor; "my mother was a Peruvian, you know."

"But you don't remember her," his father put in sharply. "Yes, I have seen plenty of those things," and he returned to the fire.

John Taunton laid the head upon the mantel and stood considering it in silence. "There's a story about my Anita," he said at length, fingering a lock of the hair; "the Tudio told it to me—for a consideration. She was a beautiful Limanian, a Spaniard—not a native. That is why the skin is a shade lighter than most. She loved a man her family would not let her marry. So she fled with him into the mountains somewhere across the Urumbaba, and lived there for a number of months, or perhaps years, with only her lover and the Tudians of the village for companions, she,"—he added, picturesquely, with a dramatic gesture—"who had been the belle of the aristocratic and fabulously wealthy society of the Lima of those days—wherever they were. Then she died, without so much as a padre to make the thing respectable; and the man who was the cause of it all buried her and lit out. Thanked his stars, very likely, that the incident was closed."

He went to the table and filled a pipe, and sat smoking in silence. The head was on the mantel and the hair hung over the edge. It was so long that it all but reached the ground.

The old man leaned forward, and touched it as a child touches something of which it is half-afraid. Then he drew back quickly, and stole a look at his son. But he saw he

was not watched, and his eyes went back to the miniature profile with the closed lids, and compressed mouth, and tiny, straight nose. "Thanked his stars very likely, that the incident was closed," he muttered. His son wondered what the old man was mumbling about, and, rising, motioned to the doctor, and went out of the room with him.

Taunton, senior, listened as they went down the stairs. He stole to the door, and heard them go along the hall, and heard the click of glasses in the dining-room. There was no key in the door, when he tried to lock it, so he tiptoed stealthily back to the mantel, and stood looking at the little head. He stroked the hair and his lips moved. Finally he took it in both hands. "Thanked his stars that the incident was closed," he whispered. He put his finger on the tight, sewed lips. "Perhaps, perhaps. But your name is not Anita. He knows so much, but he didn't know I could tell him that," he chuckled; "did he, did he, *cara mia*?" And he drifted off into mutterings in the tongue he had fancied forgotten these many years: "Y sin duda, sin duda ninguna, estubo contento, contentissimo—talvez, talvez."

He could not take his glassy eyes from the face, and his hands shook. He laughed, quietly, then more loudly, and jerked out long, thin strands of the hair, dropping them through his fingers upon the floor. Once the hairs fell into the coals and he watched them frizzle away. His face lighted and he laughed again and dropped upon his knees. "Thanked his stars that the incident was closed! I'll close it now. I'll close the incident." He took a long look at the wooden face, glanced behind and about him, and then, bending forward, laid it in the midst of the coals, and gathered the hair in his hands and thrust it down among them. He watched it shrivel and send forth fine, explosive sparks, and curl into threads of fire; and he rubbed his burned fingers in glee. When the face, too, began to go, to grow blacker, while the features seemed to work, he gurgled in his throat and pushed it further down among the embers.

He was back in his chair again, staring wildly into the fire, chattering to himself in English, and Spanish, and Brazilian-Portuguese, and some nameless tongue when his son and the doctor came back. He turned upon them and showed his teeth. "I burned her," he snarled, "I burned her!" His voice rose to a screech, and he threw up his arms. "She fled with me to the mountains, beyond the Urumbaba," he chanted, "and she died without a padre, and I thanked my stars that the incident was closed. It is closed now. I burned the thing, even the long black hair." He sank back in his chair and began to moan.

"He is drunk again," his son said, angrily. The doctor shook his head. "Ring for some one to help me," he commanded. "It's worse than that this time. And give me those curtain cords."

Later he went and stood before the dying fire, putting on his coat and drawing quick breaths. His face was flushed and there was a deep scratch along one cheek.

"Well?" asked John Taunton.

"Well—it looks as though what little mind dissipation had spared, your story has somehow finished."

"My story? About the head?"

The doctor nodded.

"Good heavens, man! There was no truth in that yarn. It goes with two-thirds of those things—that one or another. And most of it, even then, was of my own inventing."

GWENDOLEN OVERTON.

SAN FRANCISCO, July, 1899.

Prince Romuald Giedroye, the most direct heir to the throne of France, has just died at Warsaw. He belonged to one of the oldest families in Poland, and to explain his unquestionable right to the crown of France a brief excursion into history is necessary. In 1573 the Poles chose as their king the Duc d'Anjou, the brother of Charles the Ninth. On taking possession of his throne he found the only way in which he could hope for the support of the turbulent Polish nobility was to ally himself with them by marriage, and accordingly he made the young and beautiful Princess Marie Giedroye his wife. The death of Charles the Ninth occurred a few months after their marriage. Immediately on learning this event the Duc d'Anjou, deserting his crown and his wife, left Poland clandestinely and hurried back to France, where he was crowned king as Henry the Third. Once in Paris, the Duc d'Anjou found it politic to commit bigamy, and to conciliate the Guises, married their cousin, Louise de Vaudeмонт. But the abandoned Marie Giedroye bore him a child, who was the direct ancestor of Prince Romuald Giedroye. The prince never attempted to press his claims to the French throne, though he spent the greater part of his life in Paris. He knew everybody worth knowing, and was constantly seen at every sort of fashionable function. He leaves no heirs, and with him the house of Valois dies out.

A movement is on foot to make a national park out of the series of Civil War battle-fields in Spottsylvania County, Va. The State of Virginia is willing to transfer the land to the national government, and army engineers have already gone over the region on a tour of inspection and survey. The district to be included in the park will embrace the battle-fields of Burnside, Hooker, and Grant in their successive campaigns against Richmond, or, specifically, those of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, the Wilderness, and Spottsylvania court-house. The army engineers report that there has been scarcely any change in the scenery or topography of the region since the great armies of the North and South made war over it. For miles through woods and fields can be followed the earth-works of the two sides running in almost parallel lines. These relics of terrific conflicts will now be carefully preserved, in case the plans are carried out.

Admiral Dewey will be welcomed home in Vermont by the grandest reception ever given in the State. The celebration will be held in the admiral's native town, Montpelier, and will last several days.

NEGRO WOMANHOOD.

By Mrs. L. H. Harris.

In the Atlanta *Constitution* of June 4th, two rapes were recorded. Both crimes were committed within ten miles of Rockmart, Ga., one victim being a lady seventy-two years of age, the other a child of twelve. These accounts are not fabrications, given out to create local excitement or evoke foreign sympathy. They truthfully represent a state of things which exists in the South. The Sam Hose case is exceptional only in its tragic punishment. The time is come for an honest statement of facts on the one side and a sincere reception of them on the other.

In a former article I said such a criminal is a product. He is not like Topsy, who "jes' growed." He has an ancestry. I said he was the bastard son of a bastard mother. My purpose now is to call attention to the debased motherhood of the negro race in the South. Nowhere in the civilized world can there be found a more forlorn spectacle than this woman. She is reared in a home where neither husband nor wife preserves the sanctity of the marriage vows, among brothers and sisters who are often bastards beneath the cloak of wedlock. She is seduced before she reaches the age of puberty. She becomes any man's mistress, every man's victim. To speak of a negro woman's virtue is to excite a smile. In the experience and observation of the Southern mind it does not exist. She never knew it. Often her feet have taken hold on hell before the dawn of spiritual consciousness. Like Du Maurier's heroine, Trilby, when she comes to herself she is already damned. She is the doomed daughter of a mother hardened by crimes and poverty; she is the victim of savage moods and brutal chastisements from infancy. On this account she falls an easy prey to the first wretch who approaches her with deceitful kindness. The conditions of her life are inhumanly hard, and, though her tastes are still barbarous, she is the most beauty loving of all women. There is no principle in her which discriminates between things, and names one virtue and the other vice. She chooses, therefore, quickly that which means a little softness, a little flamingo brightening of a desolate life, as fleeting as the vagabond velvet on a butterfly's wings. Her children draw in with their mother's milk lust and prostitution. They are bred in dishonor.

You will say the white man is also involved deeply in the guilt of the wrong done this woman. I will not attempt to deny his guilt or palliate it. I am concerned only to state the facts about the moral status of the negro woman in the South; and the facts are that prostitution is the rule and not the exception among them. And it is the rule, because she has no protector. No man resents this woman's dishonor. The negro father who discovers his unmarried daughter *enceinte*, if the situation is resented at all, beats her at once. If she miscarries, so much the better. But the real criminal whether he is a white man or a negro, never is punished. The reason is the negro is at present a parasite race. He lacks self-respect and virtue, and there is a curious impotency in a lack of virtue.

A race never rises in integrity above the morality and virtue of the mothers of that race. On this, and the esteem in which they hold their women, depends their moral status. The negro lacks honor and noble ambitions, and is lustful and profligate because his mother is the victim of shameful corruption. This pit of dishonor is the womb from which he comes, talented with all vices, having in him only a murdered capacity for virtue. The wonder is that he is not a veritable Caliban. In a letter recently received from Dr. T. O. Powell, superintendent of the Georgia State Asylum for the Insane, he says:

"I am firmly of the opinion that the mental, moral, and physical integrity of the white race is due to the women; that if their habits and environments were like those of the men we would soon degenerate mentally, morally, and physically. The habits of the female negro are very much like those of the men. They dissipate and they are immoral in other ways, and it is almost a physical impossibility to see perfect mental and physical organism spring from such couples unless it come under the head of reversional heredity, which is exceedingly rare."

When your philanthropists endow theological seminaries for young negro men in the South, they forget that it is the knees of pure mothers beneath the blessing of tender hands that the boy receives his deepest and most lasting impressions of God. Your young black theologian may cease to be a criminal, and he may even get a bastard longing for high ideals, but out of his loins and out of the breast of his impure wife will come their heritage of prostitute daughter and vicious sons, as surely as the seeds of scarlet poppie will flower next year into scarlet bloom again. Let your experimental philanthropists give more for the training and education of the women of this race, and, if the negro capable of virtue, they need never spend another dollar for her black sons. Their ultimate salvation will then be assured. And though you bestow all your goods upon the education of the negro, and though you give your body to be burned for his sake, it will profit him nothing so long as the mothers of this race are in their present state of degradation. The Spellman Institute, a school for negro girls founded by Rockefeller, in Atlanta, Ga., is doing more for the salvation of this race than five theological seminaries.

The uplift for these people must be an *inlift* from the depths of character. It must begin in the youngest years of life. It must come from the influences of undefiled home and from the sanctity of married life.—*The Independent*.

The magnificent sword, enameled and set with brilliant with the inscription "England expects every man to do his duty," and on the reverse "Trafalgar," which was presented by the city of London to Admiral Lord Collingwood, who was second in command at the Battle of Trafalgar, was sold at auction in London on July 13th for twelve hundred dollars. The sword presented to Lord Collingwood by the city of Liverpool was also sold for eight hundred dollars.

THE HONOLULU CELEBRATION.

Fourth of July Festivities in Hawaii—How the German Flag Was Pulled Down—Minister Sewall's Speech on the Resolutions Asking Congressional Action.

By a strange fatality the members of the ex-royal family of Hawaii are disappearing almost with the falling of the curtain on the last scene which dispelled forever all hopes of their again wearing the purple. Annexation is but a year old, yet in that brief period Kaiulani has been cut off at the untimely age of twenty-four, and, in less than four months, her death has been followed by that of the queen-dowager, Kapiolani, widow of King Kalakaua. The same pomp and ceremony surrounded the obsequies of Kapiolani that were seen at those of the princess; there was even a greater display of flowers and kahilis in the church where the body for several days lay in state. Though Kapiolani was an excellent woman, and deservedly popular with the whites as well as with the native population, there was lacking in her case the spontaneous outburst of grief that characterized the funeral of Kaiulani. This was but natural. The princess embodied a sentiment—the last hope of the natives for the perpetuation of Hawaiian royalty—while Kapiolani, an old woman, from a native standpoint, was but a relic of the past. The queen-dowager was buried Sunday, July 2d. The funeral procession, strange to say, passed under arches erected to commemorate the birthday of the great nation of which Hawaii has so recently become a part. There was in the air a premonition of coming festivities, which, in spite of the trappings of woe, seemed to suggest a gala rather than a day devoted to sorrow.

The glorious Fourth was in fact celebrated in genuine American style. Bombs and fire-crackers kept one awake the previous night, as they would in any city or hamlet in the United States. On the day itself, there were a military and civic procession, literary exercises, sports, fire-works, and, finally, a ball, held at the government drill-shed. The morning papers described this ball as "given by the American colony"—a rather inapt phrase when applied to Americans living in American territory. Considering that no natives were invited, and that the participants, excepting army and navy officers, were almost exclusively the people who have so long controlled the political destinies of these islands, the American ideal of equality was chiefly notable from its absence.

A really enjoyable celebration was unfortunately marred by an untoward incident, which, for a time, caused great excitement. A German named Klemme, manager of the Orpheum Hotel, persisted, in spite of remonstrances, in flying the German flag above his house, the Orpheum Theatre being under the same roof. The streets were filled with soldiers from the transport *Sheridan*, in addition to the local garrison. Their attention being attracted to the matter by an American named West, a citizen of Honolulu, the building was invaded by a number of soldiers and civilians, the flag pulled down, and a red, white, and blue streamer run up in its place. West was subsequently arrested and tried before the police judge, who fined him one hundred dollars and costs; he has appealed, and the matter is by no means ended yet. This flag incident may appear a trifling affair, but it serves to show the importance of declaring as soon as possible the status of these islands; for had Klemme pursued the same course in the United States, he and not West would have been placed under arrest.

A writer in *Harper's Weekly*—Caspar Whitney—pooh-poohs the whole idea of there being need of any change in affairs here. According to him, "all is right as right can be"; nothing needs amendment and American correspondents of reputable American newspapers have been romancing in describing things as they found them. It would be safe to assert that Mr. Whitney saw Honolulu under most auspicious and *coulour-de-rose* circumstances. As, differing from your correspondent, he probably never spent four months on a sugar plantation and witnessed Japanese run-away contract laborers handcuffed like slaves, while a swaggering German policeman shook his fist in their faces and told them they ought to be hanged; he never saw Japanese women doing hard outdoor work, cursed and abused in vile language, nor men kicked, cuffed, and otherwise maltreated. He may possibly have heard these things hinted at; but over a fragrant Manila and an iced drink, on the porch of an Autowatie sugar planter in Honolulu, he puffed away all remembrance of such trifles.

Harold M. Sewall, American Minister to the Court of Hawaii, does not seem to agree with Mr. Whitney. Mr. Sewall spoke at the Opera House on the Fourth of July. An attempt had been previously made to suppress the resolutions read on that occasion, for the alleged reason that they were "political" in nature. Mr. Sewall said that he had prepared his speech with reference to the resolutions, and must speak to them, or not at all. The resolutions were consequently read. They simply recited the anomalous condition of things prevailing to-day in these islands, and urged President McKinley and Congress "to take such action as will cause the speedy extension of American territorial laws to Hawaii." Mr. Sewall, after recounting the blessings that Hawaii had enjoyed in the past under American protection, and the prosperity that had attended annexation, used the following significant language:

"Welcome as is this prosperity, we want none of it, if it is to be received only by our evasion of those responsibilities of American citizenship, or by the sacrifice of the guarantees of the American constitution, even though those guarantees affect only the humblest toilers of the land. But we hail the day when that constitution, in its every line and letter, shall be proclaimed here the supreme law of the land; proclaimed so clearly that he who runs may read; and when, under it, there shall be enacted American laws for the law-abiding, self-respecting, self-governing Americans of an American Territory."

Nor does President McKinley appear to agree with Mr. Whitney, for he recently peremptorily ordered this government to abandon the forthcoming September elections; which, had they been held, would have brought ridicule on

popular institutions. Furthermore, since the supreme court of Hawaii has declared that the constitution of the United States is not yet in force in these islands, and that the act of annexation itself is still "inchoate," with due respect to Mr. Whitney, there appear to be a few screws loose over here that are sadly in need of adjustment—and that, to a man, is the opinion of the real "American colony." PUNAHOU.
HONOLULU, July 8, 1899.

THE NIGHT WALK.

Awakes for me and leaps from shroud
All radiantly the moon's own night
Of folded showers in streamer cloud;
Our shadows down the highway white,
Or deep in woodland woven-boughed,
With yon and yon a stem alight.

I see marauder runagates
Across us shoot their dusky wink;
I hear the parliament of chats
In haws beside the river's brink;
And drops the vole off alder-banks,
To push his arrow through the stream.
These busy people had our thanks
For tickling sight and sound, but theme
They were not more than breath we drew
Delighted with our world's embrace:
The moss-root smell where beeches grew,
And watered grass in breezy space;
The silken heights, of ghostly bloom
Among their folds, by distance draped.
'Twas Youth, rapacious to consume,
That cried to have its chaos shaped:
Absorbing, little noting, still
Enriched, and thinking it bestowed;
With wistful looks on each far hill
For something hidden, something owed.

Unto his mantled sister, Day
Had given the secret things we sought;
And she was fluttered and faintly gay;
At times she flattered, spoke her thought;
She flew on it, then folded wings,
In meditation passing lone,
To breathe around the secret things,
Which have no word, and yet are known;
Of truth for them are known, as air
Is health in blood: we gained enough
By this to feel it honest fare;
Impalpable, not barren, stuff.

A pride of legs in motion kept
Our spirits to their task meanwhile,
And what was deepest dreaming slept:
The posts that named the swallowed mile;
Beside the straight canal the hut
Abandoned; near the river's source
Its infant chirp; the shortest cut;
The roadway missed; were our discourse;
At times dear poets, whom some view
Transcendent or subdued evoked
To speak the memorable, the true,
The luminous as a moon unclouded;
For proof that there, among earth's dumb,
A soul had passed and said our best.
Or it might be we chimed on some
Historic favorite's astral crest,
With part to reverence in its gleam,
And part to rivalry the shout:
So royal, unuttered, is youth's dream
Of power within to strike without.
But most the silences were sweet,
Like mothers' breasts, to bid it feel
It lived in such divine conceit
As envious aught we stamp for real.

To either then an untold tale
Was Life, and author, hero, we.
The chapters boding peaks to scale,
Or depths to fathom, made our glee;
For we were armed of inner fires,
Unbled in us the ripe desires;
And passion rolled a quiet sea,
Whereon was Love the phantom sail.
—George Meredith in August Century.

Robert G. Ingersoll died suddenly at his home at Dobbs Ferry, N. Y., Friday, July 21st. For three years it had been known that he suffered from an affection of the heart, but none suspected that the end was near. Mrs. Ingersoll and their two daughters were in the house at the time. Ingersoll was born in Dresden, N. Y., in 1834, the son of a Congregational minister. He grew up in Illinois, became a lawyer, and practiced in Shawneetown and afterward in Peoria. He became colonel of the Eleventh Illinois Cavalry in 1862, and served in the Civil War. He was made attorney-general of Illinois in 1866, the last political office he ever held. In 1877 he was offered the post of minister to Germany, but refused it. His speech nominating Blaine for the Presidency in the National Republican Convention of 1876 appealed strongly to popular favor at the time, though he had long been regarded as an orator of great power. His addresses and writings directed against the claim that the Bible is the inspired word of God won for him the widest recognition. His style was all his own. Few have written so simply, clearly, and harmoniously; none has made a more feeling use of poetic figures in the realm of prose. As an attorney he often employed his talent in the defense of criminals, and his highest powers were used where his real sympathy could not have been enlisted. Many of his utterances on the lecture platform—where he was one of the most popular of speakers—were tainted with the specious reasoning of the advocate.

Experts in the War Department have discovered the means of locating an enemy who is using smokeless powder. The method used is very simple, consisting merely of the application to an ordinary field-glass or a telescope a thin plate or film of violet-colored glass fitting over the object glass of the instrument used. It has been demonstrated that violet glass dissipates or eliminates all of the colors surrounding the flash of the rifle, and reveals, principally, the color of the flame itself.

General Wood has applied to friends in Boston for aid in securing at least ten thousand dollars' worth of elementary text-books for the use of children in the Santiago schools. He hopes to have the study of English begun there this fall, if possible, with American teachers.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Lord Herbert Kitchener intends to leave London on August 8th for Omdurman, to resume his duties as governor-general of the Sudan. Gordon's palace at Khartum has now been almost entirely rebuilt, and will be used as the Government House.

The oldest surviving ex-senator of the United States is James Ware Bradbury, of Maine, who has just celebrated his ninety-seventh birthday. His practice of law extended over a period of seventy-two years. For a part of his senatorial term the late Vice-President Hannibal Hamlin was his colleague.

The British steamer *Holbein*, which arrived at Liverpool on July 17th from New York, brought to that port Captain William Andrews, who on June 18th started from Point of Pines, Boston harbor, in a twelve-foot boat, to cross the Atlantic. Captain Andrews was picked up on July 12th, seven hundred miles from land, in an exhausted condition. After the *Holbein* took him aboard he set his boat adrift.

Pedro Ovida, formerly cabin-boy and bugler on the Spanish cruiser *Vicaya* and now a protégé of Charles Lambert, a Brooklyn Navy Yard employee, wants to enlist in the United States navy. He has been conditionally accepted by the recruiting office, pending the decision of the Navy Department on a point raised by Rear-Admiral Philip. The admiral thinks that as Pedro got his liberty from Annapolis on parole with the other prisoners who were expected to return to Spain, he may be considered a deserter from the Spanish navy.

Professor Milton Updegraff, who for the last eight years has held the chair of astronomy in the University of Missouri, has been appointed professor of mathematics in the United States Navy, with the pay and rank of senior lieutenant. He will be stationed at the naval observatory near Washington. The appointment is one held in high regard by astronomers, being for life at a comfortable salary and with large opportunity for scientific research. Professor Updegraff will resign his place in the university, probably to take effect in September.

Dr. Guiseppe Sanarelli, discoverer of the bacillus of yellow fever, who is soon to visit the United States to study the effects of his serum, has been foremost in the investigation of the causes and possible preventives of this disease. Though barely over thirty years of age, he is the head of the great institute of experimental hygiene founded by the University of Montevideo, and the important results of his original researches have made him an authority on yellow fever, typhoid, and cholera. His institute was the first to have under cultivation the bacillus of yellow fever, and he has been conducting experiments for some time by which to discover, if possible, an antidote.

Lady Shelley, widow of Sir Percy Florence Shelley, son of the poet, and third baronet, died last month at Boscombe Manor, her charming place on the cliffs at Bournemouth, England, where she had resided in retirement since the death of her husband, ten years ago. The late Mr. R. L. Stevenson, it is interesting to note, dedicated "The Master of Ballantrae" to Sir Percy and Lady Shelley. With her death the last link with the poet in the direct line has been snapped, as Sir Percy and Lady Shelley had no children. The deceased lady was proud of her connection with the poet and took a great interest in Shelley literature, and, with her late husband, edited, directly or indirectly, a good deal of what has been published on the subject.

One of the last acts of the French Chamber of Deputies before being prorogued was to pass M. Viviani's bill empowering duly qualified women to practice as lawyers. It may be recalled that a year ago a young woman named Mlle. Chauvin, who had passed the requirements of the French bar, was denied enrollment as an advocate of the appeal court. It is the consensus of opinion in Paris that the Senate will offer no objection to passing M. Viviani's bill, thus making it a law. Mlle. Chauvin will file a new application for enrollment among the barristers of the appeal court next October, and it is considered as quite certain that her example will be followed by other women, who, like her, have passed the rather severe examinations of the law school. Although not admitted as a barrister, Mlle. Chauvin has for some months been established as consulting lawyer at Passy. In her rooms at the Villa de Medicis she gives consultations daily to anybody who chooses to utilize her profound knowledge of the codes. Most of her clients are of her own sex, but she is frequently consulted by barristers, for whom she prepares cases.

Robert B. Scott, of Cadiz, O., recently startled the voters of the sixteenth congressional district of Ohio by suggesting that the nomination for the congressional seat, left vacant by the death of Captain Danford, be put up at public auction and given to the highest bidder. Mr. Scott, whose proposition was brought out by insinuations that his antagonism of money-spending in campaigns was actuated by stinginess, put his proposition as follows: "I will lead off with a bid of ten thousand dollars for the place, and in order to beat the Garfield law, not give anything to get elected; but, in case of election, agree to donate the salary of the office, as it comes due, to the purpose of sending four students from each county to a college or university, giving them five hundred dollars each, or two hundred and fifty dollars a year; or, if any county prefers, it may have two students at five hundred dollars per year each. If it be true that a congressman should pay for the honor, why not do it in this straightforward, legitimate way, and thereby render a great good to the community, instead of prostituting our ideas of liberty and constitutional government by buying votes? Come on with your bids now, gentlemen, and let us see whether the candidates are really stingy or simply stand on principle."

MRS. DODGE'S JEWELS.

A Fair New Yorker Accused of Smuggling—Custom-House Officials Seize a Fortune in Gems—The Case May Upset the Tariff Law.

When the ocean liner *St. Paul* came up the bay and tied up at her pier, on Saturday, three weeks ago, among her passengers was a pretty little woman, dressed in the smartest of traveling gowns. She did not come ashore with the first flight of travelers, but waited until most of the others had gone ashore. Doubtless she wished to be kept waiting by the inspectors as little as possible, for terrible tales have been told of the brutal manner in which the intimate wearing apparel of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., and other ladies had been tumbled out of their trunks at the dock and pawed over by the custom-house men. When she did come down the gang-plank she gave her name as Mrs. Phyllis E. Dodge, of 104 West Eightieth Street, and declared that, though she had nine trunks and handbags, her only dutiable possessions were a dog valued at \$12 and 650 francs' worth of household linen.

Now, the custom-house officials had received word from abroad that an American woman had been purchasing an emerald stomacher, valued at \$100,000, in Paris, and they were on the lookout for a possible attempt at smuggling. Accordingly, one of them took the liberty of opening a hand-bag that Mrs. Dodge wore slung by a strap over her shoulder. He peeped inside it, and the blaze of coruscating light that came from its dark interior nearly blinded him. Such a pile of gems and jewelry he had never seen before, and, when he recovered his breath, he informed Mrs. Dodge that he would have to keep that bag for closer examination, and also two of her trunks. Thinking the famous stomacher had been secured, he made no further search of the fair traveler, and in a few moments she was being whirled away in her private automobile.

When the custom-house officials opened the bag and examined its contents they were amazed. The custom-house expert, after a superficial examination, placed the value of the seized jewelry at \$115,000—and this without the emerald stomacher; for it has not been seen—by official eyes, at least—since Special Agent of the Treasury Theobald was shown it by Mrs. Dodge when he, not revealing his official position, called upon her in Paris. First was brought out of the bag a necklace composed of pearls of even sizes tapering away from a pendant. The largest were worth \$4,000 each and the smallest \$300, while the pendant was of gold with a magnificent pigeon-blood ruby sunk in the centre, surrounded by diamonds, four of them being of considerable size. The necklace was valued at \$56,000. Next came a dog-collar of pearls with four rows of diamonds on it. The 856 pearls and 55 diamonds gave it a value of \$5,000. A plain gold ring set with two pearls was valued at \$10,000. The pearls were of the size of sparrows' eggs, one being white and valued at \$1,000, while the other was black and worth \$9,000. Then there was a dice-box—but such a dice-box! It was of gold and six-sided, one side being studded with diamonds, another with turquoises, a third with emeralds, a fourth with rubies, a fifth with sapphires, and the sixth with white pearls. The value set upon this plaything was \$10,000. After this in rapid succession came rings, necklaces, butterflies, and other jewels, 20 large pieces and half a dozen small ones, the entire lot being worth \$115,000, which with duty added would give them a value of nearly \$200,000. The trunks contained gowns, bonnets, lingerie, and household linen to the value of \$10,000; but they were purchased in this country.

The sum at stake was too large to let go without a struggle, and Mrs. Dodge's first move was to secure the services of Edward Lauterbach, of the firm of Hoadly, Lauterbach & Johnson, as her attorney. He is known as "Smooth Ed," and is a power in the local Republican machine. He saw a man or two, took a little run down to Washington, and was ready for the official appraisal. This took place—Collector Bidwell being out of town at the time—in a private room in the appraiser's stores, and was conducted with a regard for the feelings of Mrs. Dodge that does equal credit to the gallantry of the customs officials and the "pull" of Mrs. Dodge's friends. She was allowed to ascend to the seizure-room, on the fifth floor, in a freight elevator, contrary to all custom; paper was pinned over the glass doors and windows, in order to shield the lady and her effects from prying eyes; and when it was all over, she descended by the freight elevator, slipped out a side door, and was bowling away in her automobile before the reporters knew she had reached the building.

New experts found that some of the articles had been purchased in this country, and that many others were not gems but paste. The \$10,000 pearl ring, for example, was declared to contain imitation gems, and was valued at only \$8. Finally, the government retained, and based its claim on, the pearl necklace, valued at \$34,000; the pearl and diamond dog-collar, \$5,000; a set of diamond-studded shirt-waist buttons, \$250; a turquoise-and-diamond scarf-ring, \$150; and a few minor articles, the seized goods being valued abroad at \$41,513, which, with \$24,888.05 duty added, makes them represent \$66,401.05 in this country.

The case has now passed up to the United States District Court, where Mrs. Dodge will be tried on a charge of attempting to smuggle jewels to the value of \$50,000 into the port. The defense, as outlined by Mr. Lauterbach, is curious in this particular case and of wide general interest. The prosecution is under the section which declares that "no more than one hundred dollars in value of articles purchased abroad by such residents of the United States shall be deemed free of duty upon their return." On the word I have italicized Mr. Lauterbach makes the little point, that the seized articles were not purchased by Mrs. Dodge, but were presented to her, and so are not liable to duty. The custom-house people assert that the words "purchased abroad" mean purchased by any one whomsoever, whether

by the actual importer or by any one for him or her. If Mr. Lauterbach's contention prevails, the Dingley law will be knocked higher than Gilderoy's kite.

Mr. Lauterbach follows up his contention, that the seized articles are gifts, with the further assertion that they are "necessary and appropriate" to Mrs. Dodge's "wear and use." Two hundred thousand dollars' worth of jewels can scarcely be necessary to any person, and they can be appropriate only to a very wealthy woman. But Mrs. Dodge seems to be pretty well off in this world's goods. She has in evidence a neat brougham and pair for her shopping and calling, and she owns the house where she resides in West Eightieth Street. This, it is the common report, was presented to her, and it is even more glibly stated that she possesses an \$18,000 necklace that was given her by a young broker who is the nephew of two wealthy uncles. He keeps cropping up, by the way, all through the case. He met Mrs. Dodge at the dock on her arrival, the jewels were taken to his office for possible identification before the second appraisal, and it has leaked out that it was his gossip about the purchases Mrs. Dodge was making in Paris that first put the Treasury detectives on the track of the emerald stomacher. All of which goes to show that there is still truth in the ancient sage's dictum: "Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes"—unless you can gag the gift-bearers. FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, July 18, 1899.

There is in the museum at Naples some bread which ought to be stale enough for anybody. It was baked one day in August, 79 A. D., in Pompeii, and more than eighteen centuries have elapsed since it was drawn from the oven. There are several loaves of it, one still bearing the impress of the baker's name. In shape and size they resemble the small cottage loaves of England, but not in appearance, for they are as black as charcoal. The popular idea that Pompeii was destroyed by lava is a fallacious one. If a lava stream had descended upon the city, the bread and everything else in the place would have been utterly destroyed. Pompeii was really buried under ashes and fine cinders, called by the Italians *lapilli*. On that dreadful day in August, when the great eruption of Vesuvius took place, showers of fine ashes fell first upon the doomed city, then showers of *lapilli*, then more ashes, and more *lapilli*, until Pompeii was covered over to a depth in places of fifteen and even twenty feet. Other comestibles besides the bread were preserved, and may now be seen in the same room in the museum. There are various kinds of grain, fruit, vegetables, and even pieces of meat. Most interesting is a dish of walnuts, some cracked ready for eating, others whole. Though carbonized, like all the other eatables, they have preserved their characteristic wrinkles and lines.

A correspondent of the *Argonaut* sends from the City of Mexico the account of a recent suicide there of a young girl, Sofia Ahumada, who threw herself from one of the towers of the cathedral to the pavement a hundred feet below. All of the Mexican papers gave the details of the affair, and one, *El Pais*, closes a denunciatory editorial in these words:

"To commit suicide thus; to give herself up voluntarily to an unconditional exhibition of herself; to violate deliberately the respect which the human being owes to him or herself, is to go beyond immorality in principle to immorality in form. In addition to the crime of putting an end to an existence, of which God alone is master, there is the indecency, the impropriety of having surrendered the inviolable respect which the fair sex owes to itself, and having in broad daylight and in a public place invited the multitude to a disgraceful exhibition. When a woman has recourse to so indecent a method; when she ceases to dread the gaze of the crowd; when she thus virtually authorizes the violation of her modesty; when, instead of the burying a knife in her heart, she prefers a form of procedure, of which the first consequence is a more or less complete exposure of her nakedness, she gives proof of an immorality as gross as it is indecent."

Some interesting investigations have recently been carried on by physicians and scientists, intended to prove the long-suspected relation which mosquitoes bear to malaria. Enough has been done to demonstrate clearly the fact that the night air is not the real enemy, but the mosquitoes which enter when the windows are open. Persons, even in the most malarious of countries, who wear gauze veils by day and who sleep under nets at night, remain impervious to the evils of the climate, proving that insects, not the air, have caused the trouble. A limited observation has shown that babies suffer something more than the mere local irritation when an insect has stung them, and many remember how generally miserable they have been after several bites. The conclusions reached, therefore, can hardly cause great surprise, and since they add more proof in favor of open windows and fresh air at night, most will accept them gladly.

Governor Mount, of Indiana, has evidently a tender regard for criminals and a ferocious hatred of honest people outside of jail. He has recently announced his intention to pardon or parole all prisoners in the penitentiary who have tuberculosis. His alleged reason for so doing is that the disease is contagious, and he fears the other inmates will catch it. So he frees the spreader of contagion from the one place where he is no longer a source of danger to any one, and sends him out into the world to infect others. Some one should suggest to him, says the *Medical Record*, to keep the consumptives in jail and free the well prisoners. That would be jollier all around, and would boom the business of the courts, though it might not be so good for the doctors and undertakers.

Out of six hundred replies received from officers of the army, in answer to the inquiries of the War Department as to the expediency of retaining the canteens in post-exchanges, only six are adverse to the present system. This practical unanimity of opinion of the men best qualified to judge what is best for the soldier, in favor of the canteen, may have weight with Congress.

OLD FAVORITES.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: So many of your old subscribers would be pleased if you can find room to print these two poems in the *Argonaut*. One, past her "threescore and ten," who writes this, would so like them for her scrap-book. Rogers, the banker-poet, heard the lines called "Life" read at one of his famous breakfast-parties, and was so charmed with them that he exclaimed: "I do not often envy any one their good fortune, but I would rather have been the author of those lines than to have written all I have." OLD SUBSCRIBER.

Life.

Life! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;
And when, or how, or where we meet
I own to me's a secret yet.
But this I know, when thou art fled,
Where'er they lay these limbs, this head,
No clod so valueless shall be,
As all that then remains of me.
O, whither, whither dost thou fly,
Where bend unseen thy trackless course,
And in this strange divorce,
Ah, tell where I must seek this compound I?

To the vast ocean of empyreal flame,
From whence thy essence came,
Dost thou thy flight pursue, when freed
From matter's base, encumbering weed?
Or dost thou, hid from sight,
Wait, like some spell-bound knight,
Through blank, oblivious years the appointed hour
To break thy trance and reassume thy power?
Yet canst thou, without thought or feeling be?
O, say what art thou, when no more thou'rt thee?

Life! we've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,—
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not Good Night,—but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good Morning.—Anna Letitia Barbauld.

If I Should Die To-Night.

If I should die to-night,
My friends would look upon my quiet face
Before they laid it in its resting-place,
And deem that death had left it almost fair;
And, laying snow-white flowers against my hair,
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness,
And fold my hands with lingering caress,—
Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night!

If I should die to-night,
My friends would call to mind with loving thought
Some kindly deed the icy hands had wrought,
Some gentle word the frozen lips had said,
Errands on which the willing feet had sped;
The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words, would all be put aside,
And so I should be loved and mourned to-night.

If I should die to-night,
Even hearts estranged would turn once more to me,
Recalling other days remorsefully;
The eyes that chill me with averted glance
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,
And soften in the old, familiar way,
For who could war with dumb, unconscious clay?
So I might rest, forgiven of all to-night.

Oh, friends! I pray to-night,
Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow:
The way is lonely, let me feel them now.
Think gently of me; I am travel-worn;
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn.
Forgive, oh, hearts estranged, forgive, I plead!
When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long to-night.
—Belle Eugenia Smith.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 21, 1899.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: Richard Realf, an Englishman, committed suicide in Oakland during the 'eighties, leaving to the world some masterful verse, prominent among which a few stanzas entitled "Indirection." This poem was published in the early part of the present decade by the *Examiner*. Would you print it among your "Old Favorites" (or elsewhere) at your convenience, doubtless it will prove a delight to many, as it will to your appreciative readers. MALCOLM FRASER.

[During his residence of four months in San Francisco Mr. Realf contributed many poems to the *Argonaut* for original publication. He died October 2, 1898. The poem "Indirection," which had been previously published in *U East*, was printed in the *Argonaut* a few months after the death of the poet.—Eds.]

Indirection.

Fair are the flowers and the children, but their subtle suggestion
fairer;
Rare is the roseburst of dawn, but the secret that clasps it is rare
Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that precedes it is sweeter;
And never was poem yet writ, but the meaning out-mastered the metre
dim,
Nor ever a prophet foretells, but a mightier seer hath foretold his
Back of the canvas that throbs the painter is hinted and hidden;
Into the statue that breathes the soul of the sculptor is bidden;
Under the joy that is felt lie the infinite issues of feeling;
Crowning the glory revealed is the glory that crowns the revealing
Great are the symbols of being, but that which is symbolized
greater;
Vast the create and beheld, but vaster the inward creator;
Back of the sound broods the silence, back of the gift stands t
giving.
Back of the hand that receives thrill the sensitive nerves of receiver
Space is as nothing to spirit, the deed is outdone by the doing;
The heart of the wooer is warm, but warmer the heart of the woin
And up from the pits where these shiver, and up from the beigh
where those shine.
Twin voices and shadows swim starward, and the essence of life
divine.
—Richard Realf

Sonnet.

Sad is our youth, for it is ever going,
Crumbling away beneath our very feet;
Sad is our life, for onward it is flowing
In current unperceived, because so fleet:
Sad are our hopes, for they were sweet in sowing—
But tares, self-sown, have overtopped the wheat;
Sad are our joys, for they were sweet in blowing—
And still, oh still, their dying breath is sweet;
And sweet is youth, although it hath bereft us
Of that which made our childhood sweeter still;
And sweet is middle life, for it hath left us
A nearer good to cure an older ill;
And sweet are all things, when we learn to prize them
Not for their sake, but His who grants them or denies them
—Aubrey de Ver.

ENGLISH SOCIETY A CENTURY AGO.

Selections from Lady Louisa Stuart's Manuscripts—The Duke of Argyll—Love Adventures of Barberini, the Famous Danseuse—Correspondence with Sir Walter Scott.

One of the most charming characters of the eighteenth century was Lady Louisa Stuart, the youngest daughter of John, third Earl of Bute, prime minister at the beginning of the reign of George the Third, who was born the twelfth of August, 1757, and died unmarried the fourth of August, 1851, in her ninety-fourth year. Although she was prominent in London society, Lady Stuart took little interest in it, and spent most of her time at her father's place in Bedfordshire, where from a very early age she practiced composition both in prose and verse. She kept her literary work a secret, however, even from her own sisters, and shortly before her death destroyed many of the papers. Of those which remain a selection of the best has been given to the world by Hon. James Home, under the title of "Lady Louisa Stuart: Selections from Her Manuscripts." When Lady Louisa was urged by her nephew, Dr. Corbet, to contribute an introduction or some notes to the life of her grandmother, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, she was very unwilling to agree, owing to an old and strong prejudice against *appearing in print*—a prejudice that she retained through life; for in her early days it was considered a loss of caste for a woman of good position in society to write for publication. She yielded at last to Dr. Corbet's request, the result being that admirable chapter of "Introductory Anecdotes," which is the sole specimen of her writing that has hitherto been published. Mr. Home says:

One of her objections to appearing in print—a fear that her peace of mind might be disturbed by the criticisms of the press—is obviously at an end now. It is hoped that her other scruples may also be fairly considered as applying only to her own life-time, and, after a lapse of nearly fifty years since her death, there can be no valid objection to publishing more of her compositions. Her share in Lord Wharnccliffe's book has already given such proof of her abilities that it seems to be only doing justice to herself and to the public to take a fitting opportunity of confirming that reputation. With this object the present volume is issued.

The greater portion of the volume is devoted to a "Memoir: Some Account of John, Duke of Argyll, and His Family," in which she gives a delightful picture of some of the prominent and unique figures of the time of the last three Georges. The contrast between the Duke of Argyll and his second wife—the good, simple, Jenny Warburton, the maid of honor noted chiefly for her lack of beauty—is very well shown, and the extravagances of their daughter, Lady Mary Coke, are most entertainingly told. The death of the duke's first wife, from whom he had long been separated, left him free to marry his "Jenny":

He flew to her with ardor, wanting to omit the form of mourning for a woman with whom he had long ceased to think himself connected, and urged her to let their hands be joined without delay. This she peremptorily refused, though, as it appeared, rather from a whimsical kind of superstition than any sentimental nicety. "No, indeed; she would never marry a man who had a wife above ground—not she." And all his arguments and entreaties being answered only with the same words, repeated over and over again, he was forced to relinquish his design. In six months' time, when the decent ceremonial had been observed and the first wife might be presumed quite safe in her grave, the union took place.

Writing of the marriages arranged beforehand, where the man or woman had nothing to say and the family everything, Lady Stuart rather inclines toward them, and introduced Richardson, as siding with her:

Consult, indeed, an author of much later date, one certainly not too well versed in the manners of high life, one whose theme and object it was to treat of love—Richardson, I mean; the great father of modern novels—Richardson himself can not help betraying an evident predilection for matches thus soberly settled. In No. 97 of "The Rambler" (written by him) you find his beau-ideal of a matrimonial transaction carried on exactly as it ought to be. The young man can see the young woman only at church, where her beauty and pious demeanor win his heart. He applies to her parents through a mutual friend; they acquaint her with his offer; she is all resignation to their will, for perhaps (mark the perhaps) she has seen him at church likewise. Then it proceeds: "Her relatives applaud her for duty, friends meet, points are adjusted, delightful perturbations, hopes, and a few lovers' fears fill up the vacant space, till an interview is granted." In plain English, the two persons concerned have never exchanged a single syllable in their lives till they meet as an affianced couple. And this he calls marrying for love! Brush away all the fine words, and how far it differs from Dr. Johnson's scheme of people being paired by the Chancellor I leave you to determine.

Lady Stuart shows how things were managed at the close of the last century by citing an instance where family pride shattered the mad love of a Mr. Mackenzie, a young aristocrat. She says:

The object of it was the Barberini, a celebrated opera-dancer, known and admired throughout Europe, of decent manners and uncommon attractions, but in no part of the wicked world more inflexibly cruel than other ladies of her profession. I can not tell whether Mr. Mackenzie first saw her abroad or in England, where she danced for one season. Wherever it was, he became her slave almost immediately, loving her, not as opera-dancers are usually loved, but

"With that respect, that fearful homage, paid her," which might have gratified an Archduchess of Austria, and with a diffidence which made him tremble to propose the only terms he believed it possible that purity like hers could listen to. When, after a proper interval of difficulty and delay, the prospect of such happiness did open upon him, his rapid advances were moderate. He announced his good fortune to his grandmother, Lady Mary Wortley, in a letter which she preserved, informing her that he had reason to think himself the most lucky of men; he was about to marry a woman whose preference did him the highest honor—only infinitely his superior in every particular excepting birth. What his family might say to it he could not tell, and did not care; he only knew they ought to be proud of the connection. But he really thought a man of his age was fully competent to judge for himself, and provide for his own happiness. To the last sentence Lady Mary affixed this pithy marginal note: "The poor boy is about nineteen."

"On these occasions," remarks Lady Stuart, "relations and guardians are sad, troublesome people," and so they proved to the impetuous Mr. Mackenzie:

My uncle's uncle, Archibald, Duke of Argyll, such another cool, considerate person as his future self, instead of feeling due pride in the connection, or leaving "a man of his age" to secure his own happiness, officiously took measures to disturb it. Though the lovers were to be united far off, at Venice, where they hoped they might defy his authority, yet having long hands, and putting many irons in the fire, he discovered that before the lady formed her present plans of aggrandizement, she had signed articles hindering herself to dance that winter at the Berlin The-

atre. This being ascertained, his friend, Lord Hyndford, then our ambassador in Prussia, easily induced that court to demand of the Venetian Government that she should be compelled to fulfill her engagement. Accordingly, she was arrested by order of the Senate, and, on the very day fixed for her marriage, sent off under a guard to Germany.

The young lover was greatly distressed, but as soon as he regained his self-possession, he followed his captive mistress to Berlin:

But Lord Hyndford, aware that this might be the case, had prepared matters for his reception. On alighting from his carriage, he was saluted with a peremptory order to quit the King of Prussia's dominions in four-and-twenty hours; and a file of unyielding grenadiers forthwith escorted him beyond the frontier. Thence he sent a challenge to the ambassador, who laughed and put it in the fire. He vowed eternal enmity to the Duke of Argyll; he renounced all friendship and kindness with my father—in a word, he committed every extravagance which love and rage could dictate, till the conflicts of his mind, overpowering his bodily strength, threw him into a dangerous fever. When, by the aid of youth and a good constitution, he had struggled through it, the news that awaited him on his recovery probably caused that kind of revulsion which paralytic patients feel when a torpid limb (or frame) is restored to action by the galvanic battery. The Baron to be rich had passed himself upon her for a foreign nobleman of high rank, as desperately enamored as the young Englishman, who now seemed "a bird escaped from the snare of the fowler," considerably richer, and with no relations entitled to control him. Duped into eagerness, she made haste to secure the prize.

Frederick the Great was one of her admirers. Jealous of being suspected of being in love with her, he took care always to have eye-witnesses of their interviews:

Then the *danseuse* availed herself of Frederick's favor to some purpose, when she found she had been entrapped into becoming the wife of a needy impostor. On her representing to him what were the circumstances of her marriage, his majesty stretched forth his iron sceptre, supreme over law and gospel, to annul it as fraudulent, banished the sharper, and soon after made (or, at least, sanctioned) a match for her with a subject of his own, a gentleman by birth. As a Prussian lady, she passed the rest of her life in good repute and comfort.

Of the coarse practical jokes which Edward, Duke of York, and his coteries were fond of carrying out in her time, Lady Stuart writes:

The most innocent of their pastimes consisted of practical jokes played on each other, and, if possible, on some luckless stranger of an age or character to render such pleasantry an affront. This man saw his bed sink through the floor just as he was stepping into it; that was awakened before day by a sluice of cold water from the ceiling. The gentlemen started out of closets to catch the ladies at their toilets; the ladies stole and hid necessary parts of the gentlemen's dress in revenge. Mr. Wedderburne, afterward chancellor, passing near one of these enchanted castles when going the circuit, thought it proper to pay his duty to the king's brother, and was received with much civility; in secret with exultation, for he and his wife were fresh game, of the right breed. But a fearful figure in a white sheet appearing in the middle of their bed-chamber, which, upon examining it, he found full of trap-doors, he took Mrs. Wedderburne away betimes next morning, without the ceremony of bidding his royal highness farewell. Among the motley tribe of gamblers, jockeys, hoon companions, fiddlers, singers, and writers of good (*i. e.*, infamous) songs who enlivened this illustrious association, Foote, the famous mimic actor, held an eminent place, and paid no less than one of his limbs for the honor. He rode very ill; therefore, it was an excellent joke to mount him upon a vicious horse, declare him gentle enough to carry any lady. The animal threw him, as might be expected; and the surgeons could save his life only by instantly cutting off a leg which he had fractured in a horrible manner. However, the accident made his fortune, since the duke, feeling some compunction on the occasion, engaged the king to give him the patent of the little theatre in the Haymarket, the source of his future affluence.

The Blue-Stocking Sisterhood is thus described:

The only blue-stocking meetings which I myself ever attended were those at Mrs. Walsingham's and Mrs. Montagu's. To frequent the latter, however, was to drink at the fountain-head; for although Miss Monckton (now old Lady Cooke), Mrs. Thrale, Lady Herries, etc., gave similar parties, Mrs. Montagu eclipsed them all. Nor was she a common character. Together with a superabundance of vanity—vanity of that happy, contented, comfortable kind—disturbed by no uneasy doubts or misgivings, which keeps us in constant good humor with ourselves, and consequently with everything else—she had quick parts, great vivacity, no small share of wit, a competent portion of learning, considerable fame as a writer, a large fortune, a fine house, and an excellent cook. Observe the climax; for it is not unintentional; the cook may be the only one of the powers I have enumerated who could carry on the war single-handed. Thus endowed, she was acquainted with almost all persons of note or distinction. She paid successful court to all authors, artists, critics, orators, lawyers, and clergy of high reputation; she graciously received and protected all their minor brethren who paid court to her; she attracted all travelers and tourists; she made entertainments for all ambassadors, sought out all remarkable foreigners (especially if men of letters); nay, she occasionally exhibited a few of the very fine exclusive set themselves, at whom her less worldly visitors, country or college geniuses, with nothing but a hook in their pockets, were glad to have an opportunity of gazing.

One of the many manias which prevailed in the days of her earliest youth was the outrageous zeal manifested against the first introduction of ostrich feathers as a head-dress:

This fashion was not attacked as fantastic, or unbecoming, or inconvenient, or expensive, or anything else which a woman's wearing feathers or wearing fiddlesticks' ends upon her head might very well be, but as seriously wrong and immoral. Ladies have since gone almost naked without occasioning a similar uproar or any uproar at all. The delicacy of the practice has been a little called in question; a few jokes and caricatures have assailed it; but, though frequently censured, it has never been persecuted; nobody has been clapping his hands and hallooing it down. Whereas the unfortunate feathers were insulted, mocked, hissed, almost pelted wherever they appeared, abused in the newspapers, nay, even preached at in the pulpits, and pointed out as marks of reprobation. The good queen herself, led away like the rest of the world, thought it her duty to declare how highly she disapproved of them; and consequently for two or three years no one ventured to wear them at court, excepting some daring spirits, either too supreme in fashion to respect any kind of propriety, or else connected with the opposition, and glad to set her majesty at defiance. So an ostrich feather, in addition to the inherent evil of its nature, had the glory of becoming treasonable, or, at least, disaffected.

The following strange case of deception, practiced on some eminent physicians who were treating a patient, was narrated to Lady Stuart by an old army surgeon who often visited her home:

A young lady of quality fell ill of a strange disease. Blotches broke out on her face, arms, and neck, suddenly appearing and disappearing and perpetually shifting from one spot to another. A surgeon, particularly attached to her family, attended her long with the greatest assiduity; but, as he wrought no cure, all the principal doctors were called in to assist, and all were alike unsuccessful. They could not remove the obstinate humor. Yet her pulse continued regular, her tongue clean, her strength unimpaired, and, what perplexed them most, some powerful medicines which they administered with fear and trembling did her neither good nor harm. At length came an unexpected crisis. One fine morning, the patient and the confidential family surgeon eloped in a post-chaise and four; the formidable medicines were found untouched in her closet, and the learned brethren of the bridegroom remained confounded like the king and the courtiers in our Spanish tale. "Now," said the good old man, "do not go and fancy, from what you read in the Bath Guide that

we came with our canes at our noses, and pocketed double fees for talking politics over the fire. We were all, I assure you, very honestly and really puzzled; indeed, unusually anxious to get to the bottom of a case so extraordinary. We racked our brains, and tumbled over our books—and so might we have gone on doing to the end of our lives—for" (proceeded he, chuckling) "not one of us—great blockheads as we were!—ever hethought himself of the effectual remedy close at hand, *viz.*, dipping a clean towel in a basin of fair water and washing her ladyship's face."

Here is an anecdote of Garrick:

Once he laid a wager that he would gather together a formidable crowd in ten minutes' time without uttering a word. He posted himself at the corner of a well-frequented street and looked earnestly up at the heavens, using, we may presume, all the power of his matchless eye and countenance to denote that he saw something extraordinary. The first man who passed by stopped, very naturally, and began looking up likewise. So did the next, and the next, and the next, and the next. Presently the whole neighborhood was in commotion, and every window filled with gazers; women and children ran flocking to the spot; the alleys poured forth their swarms, the dingy inhabitants of underground dens ascended into daylight; gentlemen stopped their horses and ladies their coaches to inquire what was the matter. The bet thus clearly won, Garrick flapped his bat over his face and stole away.

Some of the most interesting reading matter in the volume is to be found in a number of unpublished letters of Sir Walter Scott and Lady Stuart. From Edinburgh, under date of February 7, 1826, Sir Walter writes:

"Were I to say I was indifferent to losing a large portion of a hard-earned fortune, I should lie in my throat, and a very stupid lie it would be considered. But yet it is inconceivable to myself how little I feel myself care about it, and how much I scandalize the grave looks and graps of the hand and extremity scenes which my friends treat me to the tune of a Grecian chorus, exclaiming about gods and fates, and letting poor Philargick enjoy his distress all the while."

"Every person interested, so far as I yet know, are disposed to acquiesce in measures by which they will be at no distant period completely satisfied. We shall only have to adopt some measure of economy of no very frightful nature, and which we meditated at any rate, for the number of visitors made Abbotsford very untenable during the autumn months. Now, those who get in must bring battering cannon, for no *billet-doux* will blow open the gates, come from whom it may. My children are all well provided for, so that I have not that agonizing feeling, and we have ample income for ourselves. I am ashamed to think of it, and mention it as a declension, knowing so many generals and admirals who would be glad to change fortunes with me. My land remains with me, being settled on my son, and I look round and round and do not see one domestic comfort abridged, though I shall willingly lay down some points of parade of servants, and equipage, and expensive form (which I always detested), and all the rout of welcoming strange folks, which my age, advancing a little, and the want of my sons to do honors, made very annoying last season. I have everything else—my walks, my plantations, my dogs great and small, my favorite squire, my Highland pony, my plans, my hopes, and my quiet thoughts."

A few months later he writes most cheerfully from Abbotsford:

"My own affairs assume every day a more comfortable aspect. My chief and only subject of impatience is the regret that requires people to wait a little for their due so far as I have been involved in the misfortunes of others. But my agent, John Gibson, whom I four or five years since recommended to Lord Montagu, has done among the booksellers more in a few weeks than I have done in many years. He has sold the impending novel of 'Woodstock' for eight thousand pounds and upward, and has similar offers for my sketch of Napoleon. If these hold, a year or two's labor will place me in the happy alternative called *statu quo*. But I am very easy about that matter so long as I see the speedy prospect of getting rid of debt. I feel much like my friend, John Hookham Frere, whom they could not get out of the lazaretto at the expiry of quarantine. I could not help telling said John Gibson that if he would maintain my establishment, which is very comfortable, in the present style and leave me my pleasant walks at Abbotsford, I would, to choose, remain as I now am, with every rational and many irrational wants supplied, and let the rest go to 'Colin Tampon,' as the French song says."

Some of Lady Stuart's literary experiences and her deductions are given in this letter to Sir Walter:

I am lately returned from a friend's house where these prefaces have been devoured by man, woman, and child. One evening, after they were finished, a hook was wanting to be read aloud, and what you said of Mackenzie made the company choose the "Man of Feeling," though some apprehended it would prove too affecting. However, we began. I, who was the reader, had not seen it for several years, the rest did not know it at all. I am afraid I perceived a sad change in it, or myself, which was worse, and the effect altogether failed. Nobody cried, and at some of the passages, the touches that I used to think so exquisite—oh, dear! they laughed. I thought we should never have got over Harley's walking down to breakfast with his shoe-huckle in his hand.

Yet, I remember so well its first publication, my mother and sisters crying over it, dwelling upon it with rapture! And when I read it, as I was a girl of fourteen, not yet versed in sentiment, I had a secret dread I should not cry enough to gain the credit of proper sensibility. This circumstance had me to reflect on the alterations of taste produced by time. What we call the taste of the age, in books as in anything else, naturally influences more or less those who belong to that age, who converse with the world and are swayed by each other's opinions. But how comes it to affect those who are as yet of no age, the very young, who go to an author fresh, and, if one may say so, stand in the shoes of his first original readers? What instinct makes them judge so differently? In my youth, Rousseau's "Nouvelle Héloïse" was the book that all mothers prohibited, and all daughters longed to read; therefore, somehow or other, they did read, and were not the better for it, if they had a grain of romance in their composition. Well! I know a young person of very strong feelings, one "of imagination all compact," all eagerness and enthusiasm; she lately told me she had been trying to read the "Nouvelle Héloïse," but it tired and disgusted her, so she threw it by unfinished. I was heartily glad to hear it, but I own a good deal surprised, for if she, the same she, had lived fifty years ago, she would have been intoxicated and bewildered and cried her eyes out.

We conclude our extracts with a remarkable letter of Lady Stuart to Lady Montagu, the date of which is November, 1835, two years after Sir Walter Scott's death, which runs as follows:

I have learned the name of the lady, poor Sir Walter's first and perhaps only love, so beautifully touched upon in the "Life." You will be surprised to hear it was Sir John Forbes's mother, the only daughter of a Sir Gilbert Stewart. Her husband—mentioned, you know, in one of the prefaces to "Marmion"—came forward in the handsomest manner, on the failure of Constable, with an offer of fifty thousand pounds sterling. Sir Walter was heard to say that after her marriage he withdrew his waking thoughts from her, but nothing painful ever happened to him that he did not dream of her before it. Remember the passage about dreaming we read the other day in the "Lady of the Lake." He read it to us at Buchanan in private, and I recollect spoke with a thrill about the renewal of feelings (long hushed) in a dream. . . . The Minerva lines in "Marmion" were certainly applied to Sir William Forbes, son of the good Sir William, at the time of its publication, when I carried it to Mr. Alison's and read it to the family.

The volume is supplemented with two lengthy metrical fables entitled "The Fairies' Frolic" and "The Diamond Robe, or the Mania."

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LITERARY NOTES.

Journalism in Excelsis.

Lady Randolph Churchill's *Anglo-Saxon Review* is out at last, and a sumptuous affair it is, bound in olive-green calf, elaborately tooled in gold in facsimile of a book made for King James the First, and with paper and typography that delight the book-lover. In fact, considering its luxurious get-up, the price—a guinea in England, or six dollars in America—is not exorbitant.

The editor frankly confesses in her introductory note that the first object of the new review is to make money; but, the means of actual subsistence secured, it aims further to give permanence to much of current thought and literary expression that is now ephemeral because of the short life of the publications in which it appears. In our opinion, this laudable purpose is already obtained in another and a better way. The libraries keep files of the leading periodicals where the public may easily have access to their contents as a whole, while the best articles are invariably reprinted in book-form.

This new review's distinctive features are its Anglo-American character and the glitter of nobiliary titles in its list of contributors. Editorially it favors expansion and imperialism, which it conceives to be the destiny of the Anglo-Saxon race as represented by America, England, and the colonies. Its contributors are drawn pretty equally from England and America. Lady Randolph Spencer Churchill, the editor, is American by birth and English by adoption. So is Henry James, though he takes less pride in his nativity than does the daughter of the late "Larry" Jerome. The Hon. Whitelaw Reid is an American citizen of unquestioned patriotism. "John Oliver Hobbes" (Mrs. Craigie) was born in Boston, and so was Elizabeth Robins. Gilbert Parker is a Canadian. The other contributors, ten in number, are English.

The fiction of the number comprises "The Great Condition," one of Henry James's nebulous tales, in which a very modern Englishman is worried almost ill, even after she is married to another man, by his curiosity concerning the past of a fair American who has captured his fancy; "All the World's Mad," a faintly amusing tale of a Quaker and his bride in Egypt, by Gilbert Parker; and "A Mezzotint," a tale of a Malay girl's love, by Sir Frank Sweetenham. Science is represented by Professor Oliver Lodge, F. R. S., who explains wireless telegraphy. "John Oliver Hobbes" contributes a tragedy in blank verse. Swinburne is the only other poet of the issue, and his centenary poem on "The Battle of the Nile," is not in his best vein. International law is treated by Whitelaw Reid in "Some Consequences of the Last Treaty of Paris"; and Sir Rudolf Slatin discusses the Sudan.

"Sir Robert Peel," by the Earl of Rosebery, is an admirable estimate of the man, and interesting, also as giving Lord Rosebery's idea of what the prime minister should be. In "A Modern Woman," Elizabeth Robins ("C. E. Raimond") throws new light on the character of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and the present Duchess of Devonshire presents intimate pictures of eighteenth-century life in extracts from the correspondence of her famous ancestress, Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire.

The illustrations are process reproductions of notable portraits, some of them accompanied by notes by Lionel Crest, director of the National Portrait Gallery, who also contributes a learned bibliographical note on the binding of the book.

Annual subscribers to the review will have their names printed at the back of the second volume, thus securing a measure of fame at the trifling cost of twenty-four dollars. Aside from this the review will print no advertisements.

Published by John Lane, New York; price, \$6.00.

Eight Pleasing Studies in Biography.

"When men look back, two or three hundred years hence, upon the nineteenth century, it may well be that they will discern its salient characteristic to have been, not scientific, not inventive, as we popularly suppose, but romantic. For to what other period shall we turn for a richer store of those vicissitudes and contrasts in fortune which make up the real romance, the profound tragedy, of life?"

With these words William Roscoe Thayer begins his study of Garibaldi in the volume to which he has given the title "Throne-Makers," and the four men he has chosen as subjects for his essays justify the introduction quoted. Bismarck, Napoleon the Third, Kossuth, and Garibaldi are portrayed with literary skill, with an insight which discerns springs of action, and with a breadth of view which gives events and surroundings their just proportions. Few biographers have shown less prejudice or partisanship in their portraits. The personal force of Bismarck, the illusions which surround a great name and the political chicanery which assisted Napoleon the Third, the power of popular eloquence demonstrated in Kossuth's successful efforts to rouse his countrymen in the struggles against the foes of Hungary, and the unselfish devotion of a heroic soul to an ideal, realized in the life of Garibaldi, who fought freedom's battles on two continents, are recognized and weighed in these studies, and the conclusions are as sound as the descriptions are brilliant.

In addition to the four essays named, there are sketches of Carlyle, Tintoret, Bruno, and Bryant, and they are worthy of a place beside the papers which give the name to the volume. The apprecia-

tion of Carlyle and of Bryant is especially attractive. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

A Unique Book of Reference.

The twentieth issue of the "Statistician and Economist" presents the features which have become familiar in the book and many new ones, all departments being brought down to the latest date possible before publication. The volume is something more than a collection of recent election and trade statistics. Its record begins with the discovery of the continent, and is continued with knowledge and discrimination. From its tables the political history of the nation and of the State may be read in the briefest way, and many facts of the past may be referred to here with less difficulty than in most encyclopedias. Many of the great state papers are given in full, and all are noted. The domestic chronology relates in a concise way the achievements of army and navy in the war with Spain, and all the leading events are given the prominence of hold-faced type.

The chronicle is not confined to affairs of the United States. Every government in the world is described, and its present condition noted. The pages given to necrology contain the date of all deaths of prominent persons since February, 1897. Miscellaneous information, not easily found elsewhere, but of especial value in a book of reference, is here in quantity and well arranged and indexed. The table of contents shows that over three thousand distinct subjects are treated, and in each case the details are full and presented in order.

Published by L. P. McCarty, San Francisco; price, \$3.50.

The Mystery of a Journal.

It will be a disappointment to many that the anonymous author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden" has not chosen to reveal her identity in her latest book, "The Solitary Summer." Like the earlier volume, "The Solitary Summer" is delightfully intimate with the good things in nature, literature, art, and the other human interests. It is written in the form of a journal running from May to September, and is as distinctive in its way as the diary of Marie Bashkirtseff that appeared some twelve years since. Whoever she may be, its author is plainly a woman of unusual sympathies and of wide information, a woman who has been blessed in her family life with husband and children, who lives in Germany, who is cosmopolitan by taste and education, who loves nature, and who has the gift of a sense for literary self-expression.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

A work of more than ordinary interest, when it appears, will be the biography of Mrs. Lynn Linton, which is being prepared by George S. Layard. The book will be of special interest from the fact alone that Mrs. Lynn Linton knew and corresponded with several eminent men of letters, among them Walter Savage Landor and Charles Dickens. Mrs. Lynn Linton preceded Mr. Ruskin in the occupancy of Brantwood, and she also resided for a time at Gad's Hill previous to Dickens's tenure of that house.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. have secured from Lamson, Wolfe & Co. the publishers' rights of David Parker's novel, "The Pomp of the Lavillettes," which will shortly be republished uniform with other of Mr. Parker's novels.

Rider Haggard has written a book, called "A Farmer's Year," which is an account of the author's own observations on his farm in Surrey. Mr. Haggard has lived the life of an English squire and son of a squire since long before he was heard of as a novelist.

F. Frankfort Moore has completed a series of "Nell Gwyn" stories, and is now at work upon a long novel to be published next year.

Douglas Sladen, according to the London correspondent of the New York Times, has ceased to be editor of "Who's Who," and is about to adopt the business of literary agent.

Richard Le Gallienne has completed a new book entitled "The Beautiful Lie of Rome—A Letter to Lady Diana Templemore." Le Gallienne is now making a bicycle tour through England. He has taken a photographer friend with him to illustrate his "Sentimental Journey."

Mrs. Hugh Fraser, who enjoys the reflected glory of being Marion Crawford's sister-in-law, has written a volume of Japanese sketches entitled "The Custom of the Country," which is just ready from the press of the Macmillan Company. Mrs. Fraser is the author of "Letters from Japan," which was recently reviewed at length in the Argonaut.

Another work in literary biography shortly to appear is "Reminiscences of the Life of Edward P. Roe."

According to the Chicago Tribune, there is possibility of Rudyard Kipling and Peter Dunne, the creator of "Dooley," becoming collaborators on a new play, Kipling supplying the scenario and Dunne the characterization and dialogue.

Two volumes of letters by Richard Wagner to Otto Wesendonck and Emil Henckel, respectively,



Put a piece of Ivory Soap in the dainty basket mother love prepares for the baby. Pure, unscented white soap, like the Ivory, is the best for the rose-leaf skin of the new-comer. Scents too often disguise impurities that would injure it. Be wise in time, before the mischief is done.

The vegetable oils of which Ivory Soap is made, and its purity, fit it for many special uses for which other soaps are unsafe and unsatisfactory.

Copyright, 1898, by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati.

have not hitherto been translated into English. Ashton Ellis has translated them, therefore, and they will soon be printed.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. announce the publication of a new library in paper to be called Appletons' Popular Library. It will contain fiction, adventure, etc. That it will not be limited to fiction is shown by the character of the first issue, which will be of F. T. Bullen's "Cruise of the Cachalot," which will appear in this library in paper at the price of twenty-five cents.

Rudyard Kipling is having trouble in England, too, with his copyrights. He has been mildly advertised by big prices, but big prices have turned on him. Kipling has been trying to buy his own work, and finds it too dear. Years ago he wrote "Departmental Ditties," and sold the copyright outright to Thacker, the Indian publisher, for \$150. For years Thacker made \$200 profit annually on the book, but three years ago the yearly profits jumped to \$2,500. Lately Kipling authorized his agent to buy back the copyright. Sir George Newnes, who after Lord Dunraven's failure wished to challenge for the America's cup, but was prevented, wanted the copyright of the "Ditties," and in a wild bidding bout against Kipling he is now paying Thacker \$10,000 cash. Kipling is angry but helpless, and the "Ditties" are on sale at sixpence everywhere.

Cause of Du Maurier's Death.

The suspicion that Du Maurier broke himself down by overwork is confirmed by F. C. Burnand. In his "Punch Notes" in the August Pall Mall, he writes:

"Apropos of money, 'Kiki' Du Maurier began making a fortune most unexpectedly just a very few years before his sadly premature decease. With the true Frenchman's instinct for saving, he had carefully husbanded a very respectable amount when the sudden and almost unexampled success in America of 'Trilby' as a book and then as a play, made his fortune. The dramatic adapter of the novel came to terms with its author; and from America, England, and the colonies, the money, in the shape of percentage on the performances, poured into the coffers of the utterly surprised and overjoyed Du Maurier. His previous novels had achieved a fair amount of success, but this 'beat Banagher!' How well I call to mind his boyish delight as, holding his cigarette in one hand, while the other was thrust into his capacious trouser-pocket, he said: 'By Jove, old boy! if this goes on I needn't do another stroke of work!' Then, becoming suddenly depressed, he added plaintively, 'Ah! but will it go on? Isn't it too good to be true?' Then, after I had pointed out to him the usual course of a highly successful modern play, he plucked up again and exclaimed, 'I must do another novel and have it dramatized! Wasn't it good of the publishers to render me the dramatic rights, which I would have sold 'em for fifty pounds! hein?' I agreed with him, naturally. 'But I've got another on the stocks. They would give me ten thousand pounds for it, my boy! Fancy! I must get on with it, and then I'll take it easy.' 'I strongly recommended him to let his publish-

ers wait, and advised him to take his rest at once, contenting himself with doing just one drawing a week for Punch.

"'Oh, I'll never give up Punch,' he exclaimed, cheerily; 'as long as I can draw, I'll always do something, if it's only a quarter-page now and then. But—' he paused, walked up to the window, smoked, turned round, faced me, and resumed: 'No, I must do this work first. Et après,' and he waved his hand with the cigarette in it, shrugging his shoulders in his Frenchified manner, and laughing sarcastically at his own whimsical mood.

"After this interview, except at the Punch dinner-table, I never saw him again. When next I visited his house he was lying ill; he had just fallen asleep, I was informed; a few days after my visit he had fallen asleep for ever. I can not, of course, speak with certainty, but it is my strong impression that if poor Kiki had only been contented, for a while at least, with the success of 'Trilby,' he might have enjoyed many years of happy and restful life."

Carry a camera on your bicycle when you go on a pleasure trip. Buy your camera from us—get your supplies here, too.

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Opticians.

The Novel of the Year

"ATENT OF GRACE"

Price \$1.50.

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ROBERTSON'S

126 Post Street.

DURANGO, Mexico, July 21st, 1899.

To the Superintendent of the Foundry Department:

DEAR SIR:—We desire to establish a general agent at San Francisco, and it will give us pleasure and you satisfaction to allow us to express to you a sample keg of hundred kilos of our new Ferro-Nickel Manganese Calcium Fluoride for trial in cupola and ladle use.

This alloy like veast, not an expensive article, gives new life to the metal in purity, ductility, and softness. Upon receipt of this, please telegraph at once to our exclusive Sole Agents, Messrs. Stahlknecht y Cia, Bankers, Durango, Mexico, for a trial sample keg alloy, which we will be pleased to forward to you immediately by Wells, Fargo y Co.'s Express direct to your foundry. Awaiting your immediate reply, we are your faithful servants,

The National Ore & Reduction Co.

Durango, Mexico. P. O. Box 83.

LITERARY NOTES.

Western Humor and Transplanted.

Hayden Carruth's humor is of the West Western. He first became known through his contributions to some forgotten Western sheet. Then the Chicago *Tribune* took him up and he wrote a column of humorous sketches for it every day. These went so well that the Harpers "discovered" him and imported him to New York, where he became a regular contributor to "The Drawer" in their monthly. Here he did his best work. Half a dozen of his tales of that period are familiar to the readers of the *Argonaut*, in which they have been reprinted in whole or in part.

There was Milo Bush's story of Jim Doty's horse, "Walking-Beam," which was introduced to the tenderfoot as "Feather-Beed." He was "the huckin'-est horse that ever rose and fell," and "riding that hoss consisted in climbing on and regaining consciousness." Then there was "Goldstein's Equestrian Joke," in which a Jewish peddler among the Norwegians of Minnesota, learning that there was to be a wedding in a certain neighborhood, persuaded the happy couple's friends for miles around to buy each a clothes-horse for a wedding present, with the result that the bride was inundated with these useful implements to the exclusion of all other forms of wedding gift. Another very amusing tale was "The Passing of General Jackson," and so were "The Colonel" and "A Suburban Adventure," an account of the driving of a fearless Swede who used the reins alternately instead of together, and zig-zagged through the village in a way that belittled the juggernaut car.

These tales, and others to the number of twenty, are reprinted now in a little volume entitled "Mr. Milo Bush and Other Worthies: Their Recollections." Some of them—the best—are Western; others are the reminiscences of tramp printers; others again reveal the emigrated Swede in all his native simplicity; and, finally, some few are Eastern. These last are the least readable in the book. As the scene of his stories approaches the rising sun Mr. Carruth's humor steadily declines until it sinks below the horizon in the last tale in the book, "In the Studio." This was doubtless intended to be a wildly Bohemian yarn, but it is simply witless and pointless.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.00. jabart

History from Original Sources.

The principles of scientific work in history are illustrated in the "Source-Book of American History," by Albert Bushnell Hart, professor of history in Harvard University. The volume is made up of original documents bearing upon all important phases of American history, beginning with a letter written in 1493 by Christopher Columbus, and closing with a review of the Spanish war taken from President McKinley's message of December 5, 1898. The editor's part has been the selection of these papers, the searching out and verification of first editions that the copies might be exact, and the notes giving the source of the composition, its author, and the circumstances calling it forth. That Professor Hart has done his work well is assured, for his reputation as a historian is established. His plan deserves more than faint praise, for it is of value not alone to students but to all who read history for profit.

The quotations given in the volume include selections from the papers of more than one hundred of the great names of American history, and each one is distinctive and illuminating. Through the first and second eras of colonization, the Revolution, the making of the constitution and the government, the War of 1812, the slavery contest and the Civil War, reconstruction, and the Spanish War, there are letters, speeches, essays, and poems, that illustrate all sides of public opinion.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 60 cents. jabart

The Rise of a Great Actress.

Young persons of genius continue to play an important part in the building of fiction, being in constant demand as models for heroes and heroines. "John Strange Winter," in her latest novel, "Heart and Sword," tells the story of one of these heroines—a true, good, sweet, strong, brilliant woman, who becomes the most famous actress of her time, and who wins the admiration and respect of the world.

This woman, Kit Mallinder, the opening pages of the book discover as a pretty country girl, who lives with her aunt, and is engaged to Gregory Alison, of the army. The lovers have been sweethearts since childhood. As neither of them has any money, it is decided that Gregory shall go to India till something turns up. The aunt dies unexpectedly, and Kit is thrown upon the world. Rather than accept charity, she goes to London, interests a friend of her family in her behalf, has a place made for her in Philip Lavender's great company at the Coliseum, and makes her *début* as an actress. Success follows success, until Mallinder becomes known as one of the greatest histrions in the world. In the meantime, she has married Gregory Alison, and he has left for India. Husband and wife think that they love each other devotedly. They correspond regularly, but their interests diverge as time runs on. When at last they are re-united, they find that artist-wife and army-husband make an impossible combination.

Gregory runs off with another woman, and the run-aways are drowned at sea. Kit Mallinder then finds her happiness in the love of her leading man, a genius like herself; and all ends as it should.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.00. jabart

Studies in Provincialism.

"How Hindsight Met Provincialitis," by L. Clarkson Whiteclark, is a series of studies of life in a sleepy little Southern village (Provincialitis) and a sleepy little Northern village (Hindsight), one-half of the book being given to each. The studies are connected in the sense that the same Northern characters give life to the one section of the book, the same Southern characters to the other, while in the contrast between the two in the same volume the author finds both *motif* and title. Many of the studies are interesting in themselves as short stories, notably "The Upper and the Nether Mill-Stone," in which it is told how Miss Plymouth, a wealthy *utlander*, brought a Northern rector to Provincialitis in order to revenge herself upon her Southern fellow-churchmen.

Published by Copeland & Day, Boston; price, \$1.25. jabart

New Publications.

"A Girl of Grit" is an improbable detective story by Major Arthur Griffiths. Published by R. F. Fenno & Co., New York; price, 75 cents.

A "fifth book," for grammar grades in schools, is S. W. Baird's "Graded Work in Arithmetic." It closes with mensuration and simple algebraic equations. Published by the American Book Company, New York; price, 65 cents.

A book for children, about the honey-makers, is "The Bee People," by Margaret Warner Morley. It is profusely illustrated by the author, and is scientific as well as entertaining. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.25.

"The Psychology of Reasoning," based on experimental researches in hypnotism, by Alfred Binet, has been translated from the French by Adam Gowans White. Published by the Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago; price, 75 cents.

Julia Magruder's little story, "A Heaven-Kissing Hill," relates the good fortunes of a young and struggling artist. The heroine is the original character in the book, but she is not altogether real. Published by Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago; price, 75 cents.

James A. Moss, formerly lieutenant and now captain of the Twenty-Fourth United States Infantry, has written "Memories of the Campaign of Santiago," a volume of seventy pages, illustrated with views and portraits. Published by the Mysell-Rollins Company, San Francisco.

Among the many editions of the "Rubāiyāt" of Omar Khayyām there are few so attractive as the Vest-Pocket Edition, which has a preface by Nathan Haskell Dole, a pronouncing vocabulary of Persian names, and Fitzgerald's final version for the text. It is printed daintily on hand-made paper and done up in old-style blue wrappers. Published by Thomas B. Mosher, Portland, Me.; price, 25 cents.

That Nuremberg was the home of Albert Durer, and of Hans Sachs, may be its chief distinction now, but the city has a history which is full of quaint legends, deeds of chivalry, and the achievements of masters in art. Cecil Headlam has written and Miss H. M. James has illustrated an attractive volume entitled "Nuremberg," and the study of the mediæval town is dedicated to Maurice Hewlett. The work is at once learned, precise, and alluring. A folded map and a complete index add to its value as a reference book for tourists. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

There are not many naturalists who write with the charm of Olive Thorne Miller. Her studies in the feathered kingdom are marked not only by close and patient observation, but by a love for all winged creatures and a literary skill which holds the attention of all her readers. "The First Book of Birds" is a volume of which the author may well be proud. It is intended for younger readers, but will not be disdained by any who dip into its pages. Its illustrations, twenty in number, and eight of these in colors true to life, are beautiful and effective. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.00.

The history of the conflict between the partisans of San Pedro and Santa Monica is given in "The Free Harbor Contest," by Charles Dwight Willard, and in spite of the many facts and figures, and the speeches and legal documents quoted, the story is an entertaining one. There are a number of portraits in the book, all of prominent people, and the roll of the Free Harbor League and list of committees at the free-harbor jubilee contain the names of many Los Angeles men who have been energetic and persevering in the long struggle. Published by the Kingsley-Barnes & Neuner Company, Los Angeles.

Four years ago Whistler and Sir William Eden quarreled over a portrait of Lady Eden painted by the eccentric artist, and a suit at law resulted. Mr. Whistler was required to pay damages, but allowed to keep the picture demanded by his patron. The matter is given in detail in "The Baronet and the

Butterfly: A Valentine with a Verdict," even to the prelude letters to the press and the speeches of the lawyers, and there are side-notes by the artist. The hook is a curiosity, but hardly worth while, there is so little of Whistler in it. The little, however, illustrates his not always gentle wit and satirical power. Published by R. H. Russell, New York; price \$1.25. jabart

Death of Frances Laughton Mace.

A writer of verse who won recognition at an early age, Mrs. Frances Laughton Mace, passed away at Los Gatos, July 21st, aged sixty-five. The lady was born in Maine, but had been a resident of California since 1885. When only eighteen, she wrote "Only Waiting," one of her best-known poems. In 1883 she published "Legends, Lyrics, and Sonnets," and in 1888 "Under Pine and Palm." Two selections are made from her poems, which find a place in most collections of verse:

ONLY WAITING.

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown,
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Till the night of earth is faded
From this heart once full of day,
Till the dawn of Heaven is breaking
Through the twilight soft and gray.

Only waiting till the reapers
Have their last sheaf gathered home,
For the summer-time hath faded,
And the autumn winds are come.
Quickly, reapers! gather quickly,
The last ripe hours of my heart,
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the mystic gate,
At whose feet I long have lingered,
Weary, poor, and desolate.
Even now I hear their footsteps,
And their voices far away—
If they call me, I am waiting,
Only waiting to obey.

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown,
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown.
Then from out the folded darkness
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul will gladly
Wing her passage to the skies.

THE HELIOTROPE.

Somewhere 'tis told that in an Eastern land,
Clasped in the dull palm of a mummy's hand,
A few light seeds were found; with wondering eyes
And words of awe was lifted up the prize.

And much they marveled what could be so dear
Of herb or flower as to be treasured here;
What sacred vow had made the dying keep
So close this token for his last long sleep.

None ever knew, but in the fresh, warm earth
The cherished seeds sprang to a second birth,
And, eloquent once more with love and hope,
Burst into bloom the purple heliotrope.

Enthralled perhaps with sorrow's fiery tears,
Out of the silence of a thousand years
It answered back the passion of the past
With the pure breath of perfect peace at last.

O pulseless heart! as ages pass, sleep well!
The purple flower thy secret will not tell,
But only to our eager quest reply—
"Love, memory, hope, like me can never die!"

Is Hall Caine a Plagiarist?

Not a little stir has been created in London literary circles over a most singular coincidence discovered in Hall Caine's novel, "The Christian," where Lord Robert Ure describes the effects of John Storm's dramatic prediction of the destruction of London. No one has been so bold as to accuse Mr. Caine of plagiarism, yet his idea in almost the identical words is to be found in Swift's "True and Faithful Narrative of What Passed in London During the General Conspiration." As will be recalled, Mr. Caine makes Lord Robert Ure say: "I counted seventeen people on their knees in the streets—'pon my soul, I did! Eleven old women of eighty, two or three of seventy, and one or two that might be as young as sixty-nine. . . . Several of our millionaires gave sixpence apiece to beggars—were seen to do it, don't you know?" etc. Swift wrote: "I . . . counted at least seventeen who were upon their knees and seemed in actual devotion, eleven of them, indeed, appeared to be old women of about fourscore, and six others were men in advanced age, but (as I could guess) two of them might be under seventy. . . . It was remarkable that several of our very richest tradesmen of the city in common charity gave away shillings and sixpences to the beggars," etc. Mr. Caine has been asked to explain. As yet he has made no reply.

There is another case to add to the Hall Caine affair. In the *Academy* T. Hutchinson attacks Mr. Baring-Gould. He says that "John Herring," the novel by which Mr. Baring-Gould in 1883 established his reputation in fiction, is neither more nor less than an English adaptation of Maurus Jókai's story known in translation as "Timar's Two Worlds." Mr. Hutchinson adds that this is not the whole of the reverend novelist's debt to the Hungarian romancer. Like Hall Caine, Mr. Baring-Gould preserves a discreet silence. jabart

WOMANLY BEAUTY.

How to Gain It. How to Retain It.

JOHN V. SHOEMAKER, A. M., M. D.,

Professor of Materia Medica, Therapeutics, Clinical Medicine and Diseases of the Skin in the Medico-Chirurgical College of Philadelphia; Physician to the Hospital; Member of the American and British Medical Associations; Fellow of the Medical Society of London, etc.

Is the author of a comprehensive new book entitled:

"HEREOITY, HEALTH, AND PERSONAL BEAUTY."

Here is a partial list of subjects from its Table of Contents:

The General Laws of Health: Physical beauty dependent on their observance—The spendthrift tendency as to health—Impudence in exercise—City-bred and country-bred—The secret of enjoyable life.

The Source of Beauty in the Fair Sex—Causes chiefly concerned in producing the relative beauty of the fair sex—Men choose the best-favored—Women the sedulous care of enlightened nations—Beauty-producing prevalence of romantic love—The influence of sexual selection.

The Regulative Law of Life and Growth—Evolution—Comparison of theories—History of the discussion.

The Evolution of the American Girl—Dressing for adornment—Dressing of American women—Of foreign women—Modifying fashions to suit forms—Beauty of American women compared with French—Fifty years of fashion—From simplicity to luxury—The Countess of Jersey on improvement in hygienic practices—The female form—Its proportions—Points of elegance—Beauty of the bosom—Warning against quacks—Tight shoes and gloves—Tight-lacing—Blonde and brunette types—The grace of Spanish women—Conditions tending to make American women the handsomest type of the world.

Nature's Evidence of the Law of Life and Growth—The relation between species—Effects of sexual selection upon animals—The courting of birds—Rare case of the female courting the male—Nature's relinquishment of unused organs.

Man's Physical Place in Nature—Educated man and the savage—Likeness to the anthropoid apes—Types of brain conformation.

Food for Health and Beauty—Tastes of nations—Acquirement of taste—Plain cooking—English and French cooking—The palate and digestion—Pleasures of the table contributory to health and beauty.

Clothing in its Relation to Health—Protective, healthful, and agreeable aspects of clothing—The uses of linen—Of wool and cotton—Silk underwear—The climate and the almanac.

Ventilation—Cool Air and Pure Air Distinguished—Natural and mechanical ventilation contrasted—How to ventilate for sick and well—Night air—The cellar air—House-tops as resorts.

The Circulation and Digestion—Respiration of the lungs and skin—The higher modes of circulation.

Cosmetic Treatment and Articles—Elegant preparations for the toilet—Recipes for cologne, bandoline, jelly of roses, Japanese potpourri—Recipes for dandruff, hair-dyes, face-powders, hair- tonic, toilet vinegar, and pomades—Five recipes for Florida water—Four for brilliancy.

Medicated Soaps—A list of Twenty-Nine varieties—Purposes for which they are used.

Household Remedies—For Baldness—Eruptions—Blackheads—Boils, bunions and burns—Carbuncles—Chapping—Cracks or fissures of the skin—Dyspepsia—Fever-blister—Freckles and discolorations of the skin—Moisture of the hands—Hives—Excessive Perspiration—Pigmented Spots in the skin—Prickly heat—Pimples neck and limbs—Canker sores—Sunburn—Toothache—Warts—Hazeline cream—Lanolin cold cream—Mouth washes.

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A copy of the first folio of Shakespeare was sold at auction in London on July 11th for \$8,500, a record price, the highest previous price for a copy having been \$3,575.



Monday night was the first time I had ever seen "Heartsease," and the first time this season I had seen Henry Miller. But I had heard mention of both, and in the highest terms. So I was prepared for a treat. It is too strong an expression to say that I was disappointed; let us put it that my fondest expectations were not realized.

As a play "Heartsease" is the work of amateurs who had got hold of one unusual and striking situation. They approached this by various meandering routes which wound a circuitous course through two long and loquacious acts. In the course of these acts several threads of story are unraveled, and little bits of comedy are strung along them at measured intervals. The only occurrences of moment that interrupt their even monotony are the stealing of an opera and that time-honored one of a man telling his love of one woman to another woman who misunderstands him and fancies he is making a declaration to herself.

The treatment of this episode, and in fact the general tenor of the first two acts, is of the most old-fashioned and conventional sort. The authors seem to have taken for granted that their audience will be either lenient past the usual bounds, or foolish beyond the usual degree. I regret to state that Mr. Miller and his players seem to be of the same way of thinking. Eric Temple has to confess his love for Margaret Neville to her step-mother, Lady Neville, a young, fair, and frivolous person, who thinks that she is the object of Eric's devotion. That she at first appropriates his impassioned remarks to herself is not in the least surprising. When a gentleman gets up close to a lady's shoulder, and, clutching one of her hands, murmurs in her ear sentiments of the most vaguely loving nature, no one could blame her for thinking that the gentleman's disposition toward her was somewhat tender. Neither could any one blame the second lady who, upon entering on this romantic scene, immediately comes to the conclusion that the murmuring gentleman is sentimentally interested in the listening lady.

That Mr. Miller, always a self-contained and carefully intellectual actor, should overdo the scene in this way is irritating. There was not the slightest necessity for him to impart such a hectic fervor to his conversation with Lady Neville. He would naturally have shown sufficient agitation to have roused the suspicions of Margaret, which would have been still further augmented by the deportment of Lady Neville, who had had a most painful shock. Indeed, of the two, Mrs. Boucicault showed the most intelligence. There was one moment of stilted horror and amazement, just the one flash of feeling necessary to give color to Margaret's suspicions, and then the gay insouciance of the woman of fashion reassured itself, and Lady Neville makes a bravely laughing exit. Mrs. Boucicault showed a good deal of artistic comprehension and restraint, both in this and subsequent acts. It was all the more commendable, as it has not always been her forte. Formerly she took much innocent delight in rolling her eyes, gasping turbulently, and dropping her jaw when agitating occurrences were afoot. But she seems to have abandoned these methods, and to be rising to a plane where nature is the master. If she would only get over that extraordinary way of walking, that curious, flip-floppy, loose-jointed carriage, she would be a most agreeable actress.

Mr. Miller has, I fancy, acted Eric Temple so many times that he has lost his original inspiration and come to playing the part mechanically as O'Neill plays Monte Cristo. There is certainly little warmth or spontaneity in his performance. It is often stilted and sometimes almost automatic. He adds to this effect by repeating small words over and over in a quick, rapid-firing way like a piece of machinery. "Go-go-go-go!" he says to the various people who hamper his steps, accompanying the words with a sweeping, full-armed gesture and a fluttering of imperious fingers. "No-no-no-no-no!" he mutters in staccato refusal. It gives a peculiarly unreal and lifeless effect to his dialogue and imparts a stagey suggestion to the whole scene.

In fact, Mr. Miller's entire performance in "Heartsease" is stagey. His voice, his mannered style, his studied attitudes, and, above all, his gait, dragging one leg up to its fellow with the pompous stalk that Melbourne Macdowell is so fond of. It is irritating to see one who is so capable an actor, so intelligent, so highly refined and dignified, descending to these old, ham-stomping tricks that ought to have died out with Edwin Forrest. It is said that many players, when they become stars, and are freed from the hated dominance of arbitrary stage-masters, drop their artistic standards and fall to the level of the third-rate audiences that the brightest

stars must play before. Probably they can not help it. Only genius soars along oblivious to the note of praise or blame. But it is a good thing to struggle against. All of us want the invigorating influence of having a high ideal to fight for.

I do not see myself why Mr. Miller is so fond of "Heartsease." It is not a play which gives him any sort of a chance. He is on the stage a good deal, and very often in the centre of it, but he has no opportunities for effective acting, and it is just touch and go whether he holds the sympathy of the audience. We are past the days of dismal, blighted heroes, who bear all with a wan, patient smile. The times are healthier, the ideals more normal, and Eric Temple, with his accumulated miseries, his pale, martyred visage, his black clothes, and his lofty forbearance, is the sort of man most people would like to kick. Even Mr. Miller, if one got him talking confidentially, would have to admit that Eric was an awful fool. Did any one ever see more exasperating folly than his in the last act? These are the days of the emancipated woman, we all know; but when a woman goes to behave like all the fool-women that have lived since Eve, a man should treat her with the gentle firmness that we award to all insane persons, minors, and Indians, as the legal documents say. When Margaret stood in the middle of Captain O'Hara's room and talked strange, wild nonsense, Eric should have huddled her up in her cloak, carried her down-stairs, and sent her home in her chair, and if she was too violent for that he should have locked her up in a cupboard till her father came.

Of Miss Anglin's charm, talent, and temperament I had heard so much that I was prepared to be disappointed. However, I was not, even despite the fact that Miss Anglin had a poor part. As far as one can judge from her performance in such a limited rôle, she is a woman of imagination and artistic sympathy. Also she has plenty of that mysterious something that we call magnetism, fascination, charm, attraction. Perhaps it is only that she has a delightful combination of high intelligence with feminine delicacy. Perhaps also it is because she has no affectation. I am inclined to believe that this is really the secret of her attractiveness. Affectation is so rampant on the stage that when we see some one without it we wonder what it is that makes them so superior.

A friend of mine, here recently from the East, after spending a month in the discovering of San Francisco, told me that he thought the Orpheum was the most unique and entertaining place of its kind he had ever seen. He said there was nothing like it in any of the Eastern cities, and would seriously incline to spend his unoccupied Wednesday and Saturday afternoons enjoying its diversified entertainment. Respecting his judgment, I went there expectantly on Tuesday evening. I can not say that I was immensely entertained, but I am perfectly willing to admit that that was my fault, not the Orpheum's. I have not been there for over two years, therefore am in no position to say whether this week's show is better or worse than its predecessors. But one thing is certain, any show that can draw such a house as an excellent excuse for being. The building was packed to the doors, and looking back over the rows of faces there was not one that was bored.

The performance is bright, fresh, crude, and wholesome. Its great recommendation, however, is its variety. That is undoubtedly what draws and holds this large, silently appreciative concourse of people. Just as the scene begins to drag, the drop falls, and another act starts in. A little more of the Eldridges and one would be bored, though the man of the couple is full of a quaint, racy humor—the odd, naive, almost pensive humor of the negro. George Wilson, for example, would be quite swamped in the elongated expanse of a play. His ten minutes on the stage are just enough. He is the star of the evening, for there is no question about his humorous ability. I fancy he was mainly responsible for the large house. A massive lady behind me, reading his name on the bill, gave a little satisfied sigh, and said, "Oh, George Wilson's here. Now I'll have a good laugh." And she did. So did every one else. So did I, for that matter. For which we ought all to thank Mr. George Wilson, as a good laugh is a very valuable thing, and sometimes hard to get.

Mrs. Bell's play could also be counted among the good things on the programme. It, too, made people laugh. Then there was a break in the continuous passage of funny scenes, and "La Fafalla"—I do not know whether that is the name of the dancer or the dance—came on. The surroundings of this were very pretty, but the dancing was not in any way remarkable. A pretty woman, with dark hair rolled over a cushion and some white draperies floating about her, goes flitting across the stage under different colored calcium lights. Two butterflies on wires flutter up and down, darting upward from the touch of her fingers. Finally a silver rain descends, fringe after fringe of it, and she dances between the fringes in the billowing curves of her white draperies. The silver rain is quite an idea. I never saw it used before.

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SUMMER VERSE.

In the Hammock.
Swaying, swinging,
Swaying, swinging,
Goes the hammock in the shade;
Dreaming, singing,
Dreaming, singing,
In it lies a little maid.
All the leaves, with joy astir,
Wave and flicker over her;
Underneath, the clovers fleet
Nod and nod, and kiss her feet.

Swaying, swinging,
Swaying, swinging,
Some one calls the little maid;
Dreaming, singing,
Dreaming, singing,
O'er the happy face a shade.
See! the leaves above bend low;
Will she stay, or will she go?
Ah! the clovers lithe and fleet
Are not swifter than her feet.

Swaying, swinging,
Swaying, swinging,
Rock her gently, breezes soft!
Dreaming, singing,
Dreaming, singing,
Rustle lightly, leaves aloft!
Clover blooms, that love her much,
Pray stand back and do not touch.
For an hour a love-watch keep;
Little maid is fast asleep!

—Annie Willis McCullough in August St. Nicholas.

The Whippoorwill.

In summer nights, when the world's tumult stills,
I hear at the wood's edge the whippoorwill's
Quaint, plaintive-phased, monotonous refrain,
Flooding with pathos vale and dell and plain.

Silent until the setting of the sun,
He sings when the day's choristry is done,
With palpitant hurst of rhythm and itinerant rhyme
Rich with the redolent grace of summer-time.

Shy recluse of the woods and shaded streams,
Recaller of our life's youth-haloed dreams,
Brown portent that securely baffles sight,
Sacred to Wonder and Mysterious Night.

How alien to the din of city streets,
Are all thy notes and twilight-kissed retreats!
That song of rapture, weird yet exquisite,
Who shall explain—who try to fathom it?

It tells of bosky haunts and fields of peace,
Of dew-wet meadows, and the day's surcease;
Of happy homes beyond that fast-closed door
Entombed in childhood which returns no more.

—Joel Benton in Harper's Weekly.

Loading Day.

The lazy boy sprawled on his back and squinted at the sky,
Wishing he were the long-winged bird that slant-wise sailed on high;
For day was lapsing swiftly, halfway from dawn to noon,
And the breeze it sang: "O lazy boy, what makes you tired so soon?"

But the lazy boy was silent, and he slowly chewed a straw,
Vaguely mindful of the thrush that whistled in the haw,
And half aware of bleating sheep and of the browsing kine
Far scattered over slumbering hills to the horizon line.

Happy, happy, was the boy a-dreaming sweet and long,
Fanned by the breeze that tossed the haw and raffed the thrush's song;
For the whole glad day he had to loaf, he and himself together,
While all the mouths of Nature hlew the flutes of fairy weather.

The year's great treadmill round was done, its drudgery ended well,
And now the sunny holiday had caught him in its spell,
So that he lounged, a lazy lout, up-squinting at the sky,
And wished he was the long-winged bird that slant-wise sailed on high.

It's good to work and good to win the wages of the strong;
Sweet is the hum of labor's hire, and sweet the workman's song;
But once a year a lad must loaf and dream and chew a straw,
And wish he were a falcon free or a catbird in the haw!

—Maurice Thompson in the Independent.

Raphael's Sistine Madonna has been attacked by a skeptical young German critic named Jelinck, who tries to prove that Raphael never painted the picture and that, besides, the picture has been touched up and "restored" unscrupulously over and over again in the last one hundred and fifty years. Jahari

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MEMORIES OF AUGUSTIN DALY.

Behind the Scenes of His New York Theatre—How He Discovered Ada Rehan's Talents—His Remarkable Study and Storage Rooms.

The late Augustin Daly's New York theatre is to be sold. The executors of the estate have decided that it would be folly to attempt to keep up the Daly Company under any other management, and as several offers have already been made for the property the theatre will in all probability soon pass into new hands. As one of the legatees, Ada Rehan would receive twenty per cent. of the profits of the sale of the theatre, but the other members of the company—Mr. Clarke, Mr. Herbert, and Mrs. Gilbert, who were all mentioned in Mr. Daly's will—would be cut off without even the proverbial shilling by the sale of the theatre, as their legacies were to be taken from the yearly profits of the theatre as long as it remained in the hands of the executors. Even if it had been the wish of the other executors to keep the theatre running, Miss Rehan, it is said, would have opposed any movement to install her there as manager, for she, more than any one else, was in a position to realize the immense amount of labor which it would entail, and she absolutely refused to consider the matter. Those who have seen Miss Rehan in England say that she is utterly crushed and broken-hearted by the death of her old manager, and that it is only by a great effort that she has nerved herself to take an active part in the lawsuit over the Daly Theatre in Leicester Square, which is now being tried in the English courts.

In the August number of the *Cosmopolitan*, Gustav Kobbé, in an entertaining article on Daly's career, says that "the method of seeing Daly was in itself an illustration of how completely he had reduced his work to a system. At a quarter before eight every night he and his hat appeared in some mysterious way from the labyrinthian recesses of 'behind the scenes' and walked to a lounge in a corner of the foyer. This corner was roped off with a heavy tasseled cord. Hither the visitor in search of information was led. While conversing, Daly kept an eye on the incoming audience. It was quite necessary to find out all you wanted to know between a quarter to eight and a few minutes before the curtain went up. He was invariably behind the scenes again in time to witness the ceremony."

One night, during a performance of the famous Drury Lane melodrama, "The Great Ruby," Mr. Kobbé was admitted behind the scenes. "An act was in progress on the forward half of the stage. Behind the drop a portion of the next scene was already set. Artificial grass-plats were laid on the floor. On a park bench on one of these grass-plats sat Mr. Daly. Of course he had his hat on, and looked all the world as if he were sitting out-of-doors. The effect was decidedly amusing. While we were talking we could hear the actors' voices in front of the drop, and several members of the company—Miss Rehan, Mr. Richmond, Miss Van Dresser, Miss Cargill, and Miss Roebuck—swished by their hurried way to the dressing-rooms. Off at one side I saw a number of stalls where Daly kept the horses used in the performance, and also a couple of equine understudies—a regular stable behind the scenes, with a groom added to the theatre's forces. In the midst of all the seeming confusion and hurry the manager sat calm and imperturbable, keeping the closest watch on every employee and every actor. No detail escaped him.

"A pretty story is told of how Daly discovered Miss Ada Rehan's talents. If true, it well illustrates his managerial acumen. Miss Rehan had a sister who had shown some talent for acting, and who desired to secure an engagement at Daly's. Miss Rehan accompanied her to the manager's office, and said a few words in her behalf. Daly at once recognized that of the two sisters it was Miss Rehan who had the true histrionic genius, and the call resulted in her engagement, and her association with a stage of which she has been the most brilliant ornament. She had a rôle in the first play which was produced at Daly's Theatre—'Love's Young Dream.' Her greatest achievement has probably been Katherine in 'The Taming of the Shrew.' Her Rosalind, and her Portia in 'The Merchant of Venice,' have also been admirable examples of Shakespearean comedy, and in nearly all genuine comedy rôles, whether old English or modern, she is almost without a peer.

"One of the first alterations made by Daly was so to break up the ascent to the second floor that people going into the theatre did not realize that Daly's was a second-story auditorium. By this means he also secured an immense foyer, which he turned into a gallery of stage portraits and a pleasant lounging-place between the acts. The change was effected by a succession of very short flights of stairs, separated by broad platforms. The business office, which was presided over by Richard Dorney, a trusted lieutenant of many years, was on a level with the street. From it a steep private staircase led to the auditorium, giving one an idea of the height of the latter above the street. Daly gradually bought houses on Twenty-Ninth Street, and other property in the rear of the theatre, until it was one of the largest and most perfectly appointed play-houses in the United States. In fact, it is probably the most spacious house in this country used purely for the purposes of the drama.

"It was in a room in one of the former private residences on Twenty-Ninth Street, which from outward appearances would still pass for a private house, that Daly had his study. Like other rooms used by him, this was a perfect museum of bric-à-brac, stage mementoes, portraits of actors and actresses, and cabinets filled with books relating to the stage. While this was his main place for individual work, he also used other rooms about the theatre. Among these was the Woffington room, in which he often saw the old year out and the new year in with the members of his company, his brother, and one old friend, a lovely portrait of Peg looking down upon the scene. Here, too, he entertained Irving and Terry, Edwin Booth, General Sherman, Coquelin, and other celebrities.

"There is space in the theatre building for the storage of nearly all the scenery used in the history of the house, the costumes and the properties. The furniture used on Daly's stage was always appropriate to the scene, and as there was not sufficient room for all of it in the theatre building, much of it is stored in a big hall near by. The armory contains a rich collection of armor and weapons of almost all periods covered by the drama. Its extent can be gauged from the fact that among the pieces is a complete collection of armor for a play of 'Joan of Arc' which was never produced.

"How busy he may be realized from Mr. Dorney's statement, made to me, that at times Daly has had as many as four rehearsals going on in his theatre at one time. Contrary to what the public imagines, the really busy time in a theatre is when no performance is going on; but four rehearsals simultaneously is being busy with a vengeance. On the stage a play for the regular company was being rehearsed, a chorus was being drilled in the music-director's room, some dancers were being instructed in new steps and poses in the foyer, while in another portion of the house a body of supers was being put through a series of evolutions. While giving his chief attention to the regular stage rehearsal, Mr. Daly occasionally flitted through the dim twilight of the theatre, and appeared before chorus, dancers, and supers at unexpected moments. On the stage during rehearsal the manager occupied a low easy-chair which was regarded by members of his company as a throne from which commands to be implicitly obeyed were issued.

"Coupled with this artistic instinct was a tireless energy. The multifarious departments of the theatre all had his personal supervision. Is it a wonder that his last words indicated a desire to rest? 'If I fall asleep, don't wake me'—then his eyes closed never to open again."

Jahart

William Dean Howells as a Lecturer.

The profits of the platform are not to go altogether to the visiting novelists who come to this country and satisfy an interested public as to their looks and manners (remarks the New York *Sun*). William Dean Howells is to give a long series of lectures next winter and will visit most of the large cities of the country discussing his theories on the novel and other aspects of his profession. The result of his public appearances will be interesting. Few native authors of his reputation have made similar attempts here in recent years. Even those who came from England, read from their works, and arrived here when the vogue of one or two novels was fresh in the public mind, were not always markedly successful. Israel Zangwill chose the drama as his principal subject, and judicious advertising made it possible for him to repeat several times with success a talk which would never have been heard a second time, witty as it was, unless it had been sensationally treated by some of the newspapers. Conan Doyle, Dr. Watson, Anthony Hope, and Richard Le Gallienne read from their own works with a varying degree of popular success. Neither the vogue of Dr. Doyle's novels nor the length of Mr. Le Gallienne's hair attracted the public to bear them. Mr. Hope had a following of young women interested to see the creator of the Zenda heroes, and the great popularity of "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush" made Dr. Watson's tour about the most successful undertaken here in recent years. Mr. Howells will have the aid of no recent novel to attract attention to his platform appearances, and it is not likely that his talks will have any sensational qualities. He will also suffer from the disadvantage of being a familiar native and not a distinguished foreigner. On the other hand, probably no other writer could be expected to appeal so strongly to his own countrymen, and it will be interesting to see if he can attract the public as successfully as some of the Englishmen have done.

Jahart

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Henry Miller as Hamlet.

The success of the revival of "Heartsease" has been so great at the Columbia Theatre that Henry Miller will continue it next Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday evenings, and, in addition, there will be a special matinee on Wednesday. It is interesting to note that Monday night will mark the fiftieth performance of the Miller season at the Columbia Theatre, and the management has arranged to commemorate the event by making it a souvenir night; a magnificent autograph photo of Mr. Miller is to be presented to every lady in attendance.

On Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday night and Saturday matinee, "Hamlet" will be the bill. Elaborate preparations are being made for the Shakespearean revival. Mr. Miller's portrayal of the Danish prince is sure to be interesting, and, as "Hamlet" will have to give way on August 7th to the London Garrick Theatre success, "Brother Officers," the capacity of the theatre will be taxed to its utmost during the five performances. The cast will be especially strong, including, among others, Margaret Anglin as Ophelia, Edwin Stevens as the King of Denmark, and Charles Walcott as the ghost.

Grand Opera at the Tivoli.

The grand opera season at the Tivoli Opera House, which opens on Monday evening, promises to be quite a notable one, for the management has spared no expense in securing the services of an excellent array of artists, and will produce, among other operas, "Otello," "The Jewess," "Lohengrin," "La Gioconda," "Lucia," "Faust," "Trovatore," "Huguenots," "Don Juan," "William Tell," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Romeo and Juliet," "Nanon Lescart," "Barber of Seville," and "Fidelio," which has never been sung in this city.

The initial production will be Verdi's "Aida," with Frauline Ella Prosnitz in the title rôle; Mary Linck, the dramatic contralto, as Amneris; Signor Ferdinand Avodano, the tenor, and Signor Salassa, the baritone, both recent members of the Lamhardi Opera Company, will be seen as Rhadames and Amnaso, respectively; Signor Vanrell will be heard as Ramphis; and William Seubster, the popular basso cantanto, will be King of Egypt.

"Aida" will be sung again on Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday evenings, and "Lucia" will be the bill for Tuesday, Thursday, and Sunday evenings and Saturday matinee.

"One of Our Girls" at the California.

Blanche Bates has been delighting large audiences at the California Theatre during the week with her original conception of Catherine Hubscher, in Sardou's "Madame Sans-Gêne." The *mise-en-scène* was the best of any of Frawley's productions this season, and the costuming, while not so elaborate as that used by Kathryn Kidder two years ago, was satisfactory. Augustus Cook repeated his former success as Napoleon, Mr. Frawley was excellent as Neipperg, and Harrington Reynolds appeared to advantage as Marshal Lefebvre.

On Monday evening the Frawley Company will present Bronson Howard's comedy-drama, "One of Our Girls," written originally for Helen Dauvray, and intended as a reproach to the French playwrights for the manner in which they had been attempting to make the American woman ridiculous and contemptible in the eyes of Parisian audiences. It deals with the experiences of an American girl in the social world of Paris, and is replete with laughable situations and clever dialogue. Blanche Bates will have the leading rôle; Mr. Frawley will impersonate the stolid English gentleman, Captain John Gregory, of the Fifth Lancers; Alfred Hickman will be the French noble; and Hope Ross the *chic* French girl.

A Revival of "Boccaccio."

Gounod's "Faust," with Thomas Persse and Edith Mason in the leading rôles, will be given for the last time at the Grand Opera House on Sunday evening, and next week the management has decided to again return to comic opera. Von Suppe's opera, "Boccaccio," is to be the bill, and, with its many catchy airs, ringing choruses, and picturesque scenery and costumes, should draw large audiences. The cast includes Edith Mason as Boccaccio, Hattie Belle Ladd as Lonetta, William Wolf as Lambertuccio, Thomas H. Persse as Pietro, Winfred Goff as Scalza, A. E. Arnold as the unknown, Joseph Witt as Chicco, Nace Bonville as Fresco, Julie Cotte as Fiametta, Helen Cooper as Isabella, Bertha Ricci as Peronella, and Mindell Fern Dreyfus as Beatrice.

Idalene Cotton at the Orpheum.

Idalene Cotton, who formerly was a great favorite here, when she appeared in the productions of her father, the popular Ben Cotton, at the old Bush Street Theatre, will be seen at the Orpheum next week after a long absence in the East. Assisted by her husband, Mr. Long, who was a member of the stock company at the California Theatre in the days of Barrett and McCullough, she will give imitations of famous actresses and will appear in the fourth act of "Zaza," in which she will impersonate Mrs. Leslie Carter. Other new attractions will be David Meier, who calls himself "the champion bag-puncher of the world"; Joseph Adelman, the well-

known xylophonist; and Herr von Palm, who will give an exhibition of lightning oil painting.

Among those retained from this week's bill are Laura Joyce Bell and company; Elizabeth Murray who has made a big hit with her coon songs and clever stories; La Fafalla, the dancer; the Phoites; and the Eldridges.

Still More Counterfeiting.

The Secret Service has just unearthed another band of counterfeiters, and secured a large quantity of bogus bills, which are so cleverly executed that the average person would never suspect them of being spurious. Things of great value are always selected for imitation, notably Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which has many imitators, but no equals for disorders like indigestion, dyspepsia, constipation, nervousness, and general debility. Always go to reliable druggists who have the reputation of giving what you ask for.

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VANITY FAIR.

The automobile has taken the fancy of Newport society, and not only are the male members of the cottage colony using them, but some of the ladies are also becoming adepts at running them. Among the first to rent a machine for the season was William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., and the experience he had with his trap was very costly. In trying to make it go down hill backward, he started the machine ahead with the reverse current on, and the result was that it will cost the young millionaire in the neighborhood of seven hundred dollars to make good the damages. Probably the young lady most proficient in the driving of the "horseless" is Miss Daisy Post, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Post, of New York. She is considered an expert by the instructors, and she can be seen on the ocean drive and the avenue at almost any time of day. She is, indeed, an enthusiast, and seldom has any one with her on her drives. Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs has also rented a "Stanhope," a trap with a top on it, and has passed from the pupil stage to a full-fledged automobilist. Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., also uses her husband's carriage, and Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont has driven one. "Stanhope" machines have also been ordered for Mrs. John R. Drexel, Mrs. J. F. D. Lanier, and Mrs. John Jacob Astor. The show machines of Newport are those used by Mr. and Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, and attract as much attention as they go by as would a circus parade. Both are victorias. One is what is called a "driver victoria," and the other a "lady's victoria." The former is a large machine, like an ordinary victoria, and is manipulated from the coachman's seat, which is perched high up in the rear. All the occupants have to do is to enjoy an unobstructed view during their drive, shaded from the sun by a hood. Mr. and Mrs. Whitney use this trap a great deal in going to and from the golf club, but when Mrs. Whitney is alone she prefers to use her own carriage. This is a pretty little phaeton-like trap, with red running-gear, while the inside is upholstered in light-brown ladies' cloth. It has been said that these carriages were the gifts of the Hon. W. C. Whitney to his son and daughter-in-law.

Chief of Police Murphy, of Jersey City, after observing for some time the zest with which children on the sidewalks dance to the music of hand-organs, has evolved a scheme for general public enjoyment. "My plan," said he, in a recent interview, "is to utilize the asphalt pavement for dancing purposes for the amusement of those who are unable to go to the summer resorts. What I propose is that a block of asphalt pavement be selected here and there, swept perfectly clean, and made as smooth as a dance floor. I would have traffic suspended on that block until dancing is over. Ropes could be strung along the sides of the street to keep spectators off the dancing floor or pavement and prevent the rough element from interfering with the dancers. Of course, it would be necessary to appoint floor-managers and a floor-committee, but I have no doubt that there are many thoroughly well-posted gentlemen who would be willing to act in that capacity. I believe that dances such as I propose would result in keeping the young folks away from worse places. Hundreds of young girls and boys have learned to dance at church dancing-schools and elsewhere and are just as wild to dance as the children of wealthier persons, but they have no chance to do so. If you want proof of how popular my plan will prove just follow the first hand-organ you see and watch the children dance on the sidewalk to the music. You will see girls fourteen and fifteen years old dancing to popular airs. Their older brothers and sisters are just as anxious for an opportunity to dance. My idea is to substitute the public dances for the free concerts in the park, or so arrange them that they can be held on the asphalt pavement surrounding the park."

Professor Lombroso, the Italian criminologist and alienist, has contributed an interesting article entitled "An Epidemic of Kisses in America" to the August number of the *Pall Mall Magazine*, in which he says: "When we consider the reserve of the Anglo-Saxon race in expressing its enthusiasm, when we consider the modesty of its women, when, above all, we consider the self-possession and hard-headedness of the American citizen, this phenomenon appears so striking as to call for some examination from a pathological standpoint. In the case of Hobson's ten thousand kisses, the strangeness and unconventionality of which were heightened by their publicity, the most striking fact is that he was addressing a crowd of specially *dile* persons. . . . The crowd is a domain in which the microbe of evil develops more readily than the microbe of good, because the good elements of the individual are eliminated by numbers, or by the presence even of a single morbid element. Disturbances arise mainly from the stronger influence which the few depraved persons in a crowd exercise upon it; for, being of an active nature, they overstay the virtuous, who are by nature more passive. . . . This baleful influence is yet more marked in a crowd of women, partly because it includes a larger proportion of hysterical persons who give and receive suggestions more readily than others, and partly because, aside from hysterical tendencies, women are more open to suggestion, more inclined to run to extremes, than men,

. . . In a highly cultured race, in a crowd where women predominated, and under conditions of the most justifiable enthusiasm, the outcome, at best no crime, was nevertheless a breach of social decorum, a violation of that sense of modesty which is so keen in the Anglo-Saxon, for whom the price of a stolen kiss may amount to a heavy fine." Concluding, Professor Lombroso says: "Few men are so worthy of admiration and enthusiasm as Hobson, whose *Merrimack* exploit is one of the bravest deeds of our own times, and the account of it, given by the hero himself, was bound to foment the enthusiasm of his hearers, who must have felt as though they had been actually present. Under these circumstances the kissing phenomenon loses much of its pathological aspect, more especially as women are always warm admirers of military valor. The very prosaicism which permeates our times, especially in America, makes these exceptional deeds more provocative of admiration and enthusiasm."

William Waldorf Astor recently gave one of the most notable entertainments of the London season at his residence in Carlton House Terrace. It is said to have surpassed all of his previous records for lavishness, more than five thousand dollars alone having been paid to the artists whom he engaged for the occasion. Paderewski, Melba, Plancon, Ancona, and Bonnard performed in the drawing-room, and for Sarah Bernhardt, who appeared with some members of her company in a little play, a stage had been arranged. This demand for popular artists at private houses is said to be very great, and it is curious to read that Réjane, one of the best known actresses on the Paris stage, has just gone to London with no idea of appearing in a theatre, but with a list of engagements in private houses long enough to keep her employed for three weeks. Mme. Melba now gets two thousand dollars for singing there in drawing-rooms, and is said to have had eleven engagements during the season at that price. No such prices are paid for their services in the United States. The highest sum ever paid here (says the *New York Sun*) was given last winter to Mme. Sembrich. That was two thousand dollars for a *musical* in a private house. The opera satisfies the public demand for musical performances during the winter to an extent which makes the outlay of such sums for private entertainments seem unnecessary to those who spend much more on their opera subscriptions than the London box-holders are required to do. Mme. Melba, of course, receives less than half as much for her operatic appearances in London as she does for these private appearances. Last year she devoted herself almost exclusively to them during the London season.

From the first week in May, when the summer European passenger service is presumed to commence, up to the first week of July, when it practically is over, just two months' time, over forty thousand tourists have sailed from these foreign shores at an outlay of nearly fifteen millions of dollars of good American money (says the *New York Herald*). True, the present season thus far has been an almost unprecedented one in point of the number of passengers booked, but then it must be remembered that owing to the war conditions of last year hundreds postponed their foreign tours to this year, consequently the ocean traffic this summer has been more than double that which it might be expected to amount to. So great has been the rush to Europe this year that tourists, in their eagerness to reach the other side, have been willing to pay almost any price to get over. They have even offered premiums on the regular scale of rates. From the beginning of the eastward tide the ocean flyers of every line have been booked to their limit weeks before the date of sailing. In every transatlantic company's office the forces have for three months past worked long into the nights, in a vain endeavor to keep up with the enormous business on hand, and even now they are far behind. After a careful computation of the business done by the ten leading European lines during the last two months, amounting to over five millions of dollars, and allowing to each traveler the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars for current expenses while abroad—an average which is low enough, probably too low—it can readily be seen that over fifteen millions of dollars will be expended by foreign-bound tourists during this period. This figure includes only the first and second-class passengers, but it must also be remembered that in the steerage list of each ship are to be found the names of hundreds of tourists who have accepted that means of reaching the other side when it was found impossible to obtain more luxurious passage. An approximate estimate made by one of the steamship agents places the number in the steerage during the two months at twenty-five thousand. Average the round-trip rate of this number at forty-five dollars a head, which is a low figure, and it will be seen that more than another million of dollars has found its way into the coffers of the steamship man. What this class of travelers would spend while abroad is a difficult problem, but by placing it even as low as fifty dollars apiece still another million and a quarter of American dollars has gone to help pay for foreign enjoyments.

According to a London morning paper the silk hat is losing ground. "With a frock-coat it is *de rigueur* the world over with all who make the

slightest pretense even of knowing what to wear," says the writer of the article. "But in no city, perhaps, is the doom of the silk hat more patent than in London. Twenty, nay, ten years ago, who but a vulgar clodhopper would dare wear a 'bowler' in Bond Street or the Park? What city man, to say nothing of a city clerk, would have dreamed of going to his office except in the regulation headgear? What fellow from the country—more especially if he wanted to be taken for a cockney—would have come for a few days' holiday to London without his silk hat? The shape, or style, or cut, did not matter. To his unpracticed eye he saw no difference; the fact that he had a silk hat on was more than sufficient for him. But all that has changed. The silk hat is fast losing its hold in other parts of London, as it did many years ago in Fleet Street—the one great thoroughfare where headgear is of no account; where even a poetical species of hat is affected by some, a veritable *sombrero* of sunny Seville, which for some unfathomable reason Londoners speak of as a 'sombrero hat,' as though *sombrero* itself meant something else. But in spite of all this the silk hat still goes a long way to make a man. The silk hat of the swell—the man about town—is not the silk hat of the city merchant; we have a cabinet minister's silk hat, a clerical silk hat, a journalistic silk hat, a lawyer's silk hat, a cabman's silk hat, a city clerk's silk hat, and many more. There they all are, proclaiming loudly to some extent by their condition, but more often by their shape, to what class of person they belong."

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The sales on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, July 26th, were as follows:

BONDS.		Shares.		Closed.	
				Bid.	Asked.
Contra C. Water	5 1/2	15,000	@ 110 3/4-111	111	
Market St. Ry.	6 1/2	5,000	@ 127	127	
Market St. Ry.	5 1/2	34,000	@ 116 1/4-116 3/4	116	116 3/4
N. Pac. C. Ry.	5 1/2	4,000	@ 105 3/4-105 3/4	105	
Oakland Transit	6 1/2	10,000	@ 110-110 1/4	110	110 1/4
S. F. & N. P. Ry.	5 1/2	17,000	@ 113 1/4	113 1/4	
S. F. & S. J. Ry.	5 1/2	2,000	@ 114 1/4	114 1/4	115
S. P. R. of Ariz.	6 1/2	5,000	@ 111	111 1/4	
S. V. Water	6 1/2	1,000	@ 116		116
S. V. Water	4 1/2	8,000	@ 104 1/4-104 1/2	104 1/4	104 1/2
U. S. Coup.	3 1/2	5,000	@ 109 3/4		109 3/4
STOCKS.		Shares.		Closed.	
				Bid.	Asked.
Contra Costa Water.	6,175	@ 73 1/2-79 1/4	78 3/4	78 3/4	
Spring Valley Water.	319	@ 101 3/4-102	101 3/4		
Gas and Electric.		Shares.		Closed.	
				Bid.	Asked.
Equitable Gaslight	200	@ 4 1/2-4 3/4	4 1/2	4 1/2	
Oakland G. L. & H.	100	@ 47 1/2	47 1/2	48	
Pacific Gas Imp. Co.	55	@ 71 3/4-72 1/2	72 1/2		
S. F. Gas & Electric.	335	@ 71 1/4-72 1/2	72 1/2		
Banks.		Shares.		Closed.	
				Bid.	Asked.
Bank of Cal.	38	@ 285-295	284 1/2	290	
Street R. R.		Shares.		Closed.	
				Bid.	Asked.
Market St.	593	@ 61 1/4-63	62	63 1/2	
Powders.		Shares.		Closed.	
				Bid.	Asked.
Giant Con.	1,225	@ 71-72 1/2	72 1/2	72 1/2	
Vigorit	100	@ 2 1/2	2 1/2	3	
Sugars.		Shares.		Closed.	
				Bid.	Asked.
Hana P. Co.	1,035	@ 17 1/2-17 3/4	17	17 1/2	
Hawaiian	155	@ 95-99	99	100 1/2	
Hutchinson	540	@ 31 1/2-33 1/4	31	31 1/2	
Kilmea S. Co.	5	@ 29	29	29 1/2	
Onomea S. Co.	110	@ 40-40 1/4	39 1/4	40	
Pauhaui S. P. Co.	985	@ 39 1/2-40	39 1/2	39 3/4	
Makaweli S. Co.	610	@ 47 3/4-47 3/4	47 3/4		
Miscellaneous.		Shares.		Closed.	
				Bid.	Asked.
Alaska Packers	70	@ 115-118	116 1/2		
Oceanic Steam. Co.	510	@ 90-91	90	90 1/2	

Business during the week continued quiet, with few fluctuations, excepting Contra Costa Water, which sold up from 73 1/2 to 79 1/4. This company has concluded all its arrangements, closing the deal with the Oakland Water Company, and the transfer has been made, and it is rumored to-day (Wednesday, July 26th) that a monthly dividend of 40 cents per share would be declared this afternoon.

Giant Powder advanced from 71 to 72 1/2, and closed strong at 72 1/2 bid, 72 1/2 asked.

The sugar stocks were all soft, with a declining tendency, and, as in the case of several plantations on the island of Hawaii, where the volcano Moano Lou is situated, a great deal of anxiety is felt for news to what extent damage, if any, has been done by the eruption.

Market Street Railway advanced from 61 1/4 to 63, and closed firm.

Alaska Packers advanced from 115 to 118 during the week.

San Francisco Gas and Electric closed strong at 72 bid.

Spring Valley Water sold up from 101 3/4 to 102.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

At an interminably long performance of "Monte Cristo," with Charles Fechter in the character of the hero, the curtain rose for the last act at a quarter of one in the morning. Fechter was discovered sitting in a contemplative attitude. He neither moved nor spoke. Just then a clear, sad voice in the gallery exclaimed: "I hope we are not keeping you up, sir!"

The late Duke of Beaufort was somewhat formidable in repartee. When Voltigeur, the French horse, won the Derby, a French nobleman came up to the duke, who had bet heavily on the race, and, grasping his hand enthusiastically, said: "Ah, my dear duke, Waterloo is at last avenged!" "Yes, my dear count," was the reply, "the French also ran well at Waterloo!"

A few years ago the logs in a certain river in a north-western lumber district had jammed into a nasty snarl, and no one hankered for the job of going out with a cantdog and starting the key-log. In the crew was an Indian who was noted for his coolness and his keenness. The boss finally looked over in his direction. "Lacôte," he said, "you go out and break that jam, and I'll see that you get a nice puff in the paper." The redskin looked at the logs and then at the boss. "Dead Injun look nice on paper," he grunted, and walked away.

During a golf match between the Rev. Dr. Sterret and Justice Harlan, of the United States Supreme Court, at the Chevy Chase Golf Club near Washington, the doctor discovered his ball teed up in tempting style for a fine brassie shot. With the utmost deliberation he went through the preliminary "waggles," and with a supreme effort—missed the ball. For fully a minute he gazed at the tantalizing sphere without uttering a word. At length Justice Harlan remarked, solemnly: "Doctor, that was the most profane silence I ever listened to."

A braw son of Scotia accepted an invitation to spend a fortnight with a friend in London, whose quarters were in the dense purlieus of Clerkenwell. On joining his host at breakfast the morning after his arrival the following colloquy took place, much to the annoyance of the mistress of the house: Host—"Well, Sandy, old man, how did you sleep?" Sandy—"Awel, mon, to say truth, na so verra weel." Host—"I am sorry to—" Sandy (interrupting)—"Ah, dinna fash yerself, mon! I was better aff than the fleas, for they never closed a blessed e'e the whole night."

A certain doctor had occasion, when only a beginner in the medical profession, to attend a trial as a witness. The opposing counsel, in cross-examining the young physician, made several sarcastic remarks, doubting the ability of so young a man to understand his business. Finally he asked: "Do you know the symptoms of concussion of the brain?" "I do," replied the doctor. "Well," continued the attorney, "suppose my learned friend, Mr. Bagging, and myself were to bang our heads together, should we get concussion of the brain?" "Your learned friend, Mr. Bagging, might," said the doctor.

The squire's son had just been ordained, and was to take the morning service in his native village. He was a young man and very nervous. However, he did his best, and returned to the vestry, having accomplished the service to his own satisfaction. "I think I got through the service without a mistake, John?" he remarked to the old clerk, who was helping him off with his surplice. "It was first-rate, Master Dick," said the old man with enthusiasm; "I don't know as I ever heard it better done." After a pause he added, "But the old parson, he never gives us the evening service in the morning."

Vice-Chancellor Bacon had an antipathy for one member of the inner bar practicing before him. This man's services were not much in demand, for, although his ability and knowledge of law were undoubted, he was apt to look at a case from an impractical point of view, and not to make the most of its best points. It was commonly said of him that he had a twist in his mind. When this man was about sixty years old, some one remarked to the judge that he was very clever. "Yes," said the old man, slowly and judiciously, "he is a very clever young man," and, after a pause, he added: "If he swallowed a nail, he would vomit a screw."

He was evidently unaccustomed to railway travel, and was keenly alert to the possibility of acquiring information as the train rolled along. Gazing at the flying landscape his brain was puzzled by the little sign-posts beside the track, bearing the single letter "R" or "W." He stopped the porter and asked him the meaning of the signs. "Oh," said he, "dem's whistle and ring posts fer de engineer." The traveler pondered and became only the more perplexed. In despair he repeated his question to the conductor. "Those signs are for the information of the engineer," replied the conductor; "he is to whistle or ring at certain points as indicated by

those initial letters." "Yes," said the traveler; "so I understood the porter, but I thought he must be mistaken. I know 'W' stands for whring, but how in thunder do you spell whistle with an 'R'?"

The Duke of Wellington once wrote to Dr. Hutton for information as to the scientific acquirements of a young officer who had been under his instruction. The doctor thought he could not do less than answer the question verbally, and made an appointment accordingly. Directly Wellington saw him he said: "I am obliged to you, doctor, for the trouble you are taking. Is ——— fit for the post?" Clearing his throat, Dr. Hutton began: "No man more so, my lord; I can ———" "That's quite sufficient," said Wellington; "I know how valuable your time is; mine, just now, is equally so. I will not detain you any longer. Good-morning."

The Wireless Telegraph.

They say the wireless telegraph,
The wise folk in their grating jargon,
Is half of Hertzian waves and half,
I think, of Röntgen rays or argon;
They talk to us of molecules,
Of currents, coils, and oscillation,
And we might understand (poor fools!)
Could they explain their explanation.

The wireless telegraph they vow
The rarest use of nature's forces;
Their gods are all Marconis now,
And all their demigods are Morses.
And still its praises day by day
The press (that is, the wise folk) utters,
And in its figurative way,
"It takes the cake," the public mutters.

Yet we are not surprised, my own,
It can not rouse us twain to wonder,
Too long have we been glad and prone
To use it when we are asunder.
If table, ball-room, stairs, or street
Divide us, by the swans of Venus,
Fair wireless messages, my sweet,
Fast as Marconi's fly between us.

Oh, love, our wireless telegraph
(And what for lovers' use is fitter?)
Needs no machinery, no staff,
No batteries, bobhins, or transmitter.
When signals flash, love, from our eyes,
Swift, eloquent, yet unsuspected,
There should the wise folk recognize
The wireless telegraph perfected!

—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Moore's Poison Oak Remedy.

Cures poison oak and all skin diseases. Sold by all druggists.

"There goes the light-weight champion of England." "That so? Who is he?" "My grocer."
—*Tit-Bits.*

The finest Hotel
in Europe solicits
American patronage

HOTEL
CECIL
LONDON, Eng.

A Fashionable Anglo-American Resort



S. S. Moana sails via Honolulu and Auckland for Sydney, Wednesday, August 9, 1899, at 10 p. m.
S. S. Australia, for Honolulu only, Wednesday, Aug 23, 2 p. m.
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 114 Montgomery St. Freight Office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—and—LIVERPOOL.
VIA QUEENSTOWN.

UNSURPASSED FOR EXCELLENCE OF SERVICE

TEUTONIC MAJESTIC
10,000 tons. 582 feet long.

CYMRIC
New Twin Screw Steamer. 600 feet long,
12,552 tons.

GERMANIC BRITANNIC
OCEANIC
704 feet long. 17,040 tons. Launched.

A. S. TENNEY FRENCH, G. W. A.,
94-96 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

For passage apply to G. W. FLETCHER, 613 Market Street, or to official railway and steamship offices on Pacific Coast.

COPPER SHARES

SAFEST INVESTMENT.

LARGEST DIVIDENDS

BOSTON and TEXAS COPPER CO.

Capital Stock, \$2,500,000

In 250,000 Shares, Full Paid and Non-Assessable

HON. E. M. LOW, President, Mayor of Brockton.

GEO. W. RUSSELL, 1st Vice Pres., MAJOR F. M. SPAULDING,
Paper Manufacturer. 2d Vice Pres.

COL. E. B. ROBINS, Treasurer. COL. JAS. M. WHEATON, Secretary.

General Offices, Tremont Building, Boston

The company controls twelve thousand acres of rich copper land in North Texas which is also valuable for farming and town-site purposes. The tract is some ten miles long and about three miles wide. It is equivalent in size to five hundred ordinary mil-lings claims.

The company is organized with substantial business men in the management. It has such extensive acreage of land, rich in copper, and so easily and cheaply mined and converted, that dividends can be paid during the current year.

The property has been developed sufficiently to begin producing at once, large amounts of the richest copper ore taken out and marketed, and inexhaustible quantities of copper marl and clay running from 3 to 15 per cent. copper found.

From Report of T. B. Everett, Mining Engineer and Expert.

ARCHER CITY, TEX., May 3, 1899.
HON. EMERY M. LOW, President, and others, Boston, Mass.: . . . Gentlemen: There is abundant evidence of rich copper deposits, not only at the mines already opened, but at various other parts of the property, and it is my opinion that this will prove to be one of the exceptionally rich copper-bearing fields of the United States.

The ores found in these deposits are immensely rich in copper values, and the cupiferous clays that are also found here in immense beds, while not as rich, will undoubtedly prove of great value on account of the cheapness with which they can be mined and reduced.

The mines are accessible at every point; the cost of mining will be very small, as the ore is not in hard formation.

I have examined the various reports made by others, and confirm them.

As far as I have been able to investigate, and I have done so carefully, I am of the opinion it is one of the richest copper fields in the country.

Very respectfully yours,
T. B. EVERETT, Mining Engineer.

This company can produce copper as cheaply as any in the world. It is capitalized the lowest of any in proportion to its acreage.

Receipts for ore and assays by the leading chemists and assayers in the country are on file in the company's offices.

Only a limited number of shares will be sold at \$5 per share.

Remit to EDW. B. ROBINS, Treasurer, Boston and Texas Copper Company, Tremont Building, Boston.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:
For Alaskan ports, 10 A. M., July 5,
10, 15, 20, 25, 30, August 4, change to
company's steamers at Seattle.
For E. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 10
A. M., July 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, August 4,
and every fifth day thereafter.
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 2 P. M.,
July 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, August 2, and
every fifth day thereafter.
For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports, 9 A. M.,
July 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, 31, August 4, and every fourth
day thereafter.
For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa
Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles),
12 A. M., July 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, August 2, and
every 4th day thereafter. For further information see folder.
For Mexican ports, 10 A. M., seventh of each month.
The company reserves the right to change, without pre-
vious notice, steamers, sailing dates and hours of sailing.
Ticket Office: New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel).
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., 10 Market St., S. F.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL
STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:
Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets,
at 1 P. M., for
YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,
calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and
connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc.
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong. 1899.
Gaelic. (Via Honolulu) Wednesday, Aug. 9
Doric. (Via Honolulu) Saturday, Sept. 2
Coptic. (Via Honolulu) Friday, Sept. 29
Gaelic. (Via Honolulu) Tuesday, October 24
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office,
No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.



International Navigation Co.'s Lines

AMERICAN LINE.
New York and Southampton (London, Paris),
from New York every Wednesday, 10 A. M.
St. Paul. August 16 | St. Louis. August 30
New York. August 23 | St. Paul. September 6
RED STAR LINE.
New York and Antwerp. From New York every
Wednesday, 12 noon.
Southward. August 2 | Kensington. August 16
Westernland. August 9 | Noordland. August 23
EMPIRE LINE.
To Alaska and Gold Fields.
For passage and freight apply to International Navigation
Company, G. D. FAHNESTOCK, General
Agent Pacific Coast, 30 Montgomery Street.



Toyo Kisen Kaisha

(ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)

IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND
U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan
Streets, 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,
calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and
connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc.
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
Hongkong Maru. Thursday, August 17
Nippon Maru. Tuesday, September 12
America Maru. Friday, October 6
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office,
421 Market Street, cor. 1
W. B. CURTIS, General

SOCIETY.

A Quiet Wedding.

On Saturday, July 22d, at "Weyewolde," the country residence of the bride's family, Miss Alice Ann Clark, of Santa Clara County, was united in marriage to Mr. Jerome A. Hart, of San Francisco. The officiating clergyman was the Rev. Arthur H. Barnhisel, pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Los Gatos. As the bride was still in mourning for her brother no invitations were issued, none being present but those immediately concerned.

The newly married couple are occupying the country-place of the family, which has been placed at their disposal for a time.

The Johnson Clambake.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Johnson gave a clambake at Point Pedro, on Monday last, to about forty of their friends. The drive from San Rafael was a very pleasant one, many of the guests going in their own traps and the remainder in a large hay-wagon. The table was in the shape of a cross, with a large tree in the centre, from which hung a great number of Japanese lanterns, and during the service of the dinner and after there was music by a string orchestra. Among Mr. and Mrs. Johnson's guests were:

Mr. and Mrs. Fred H. Green, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Runyon, Captain S. W. Terry, U. S. N., and Mrs. Terry, Admiral Albert Kautz, U. S. N., and Mrs. Kautz, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bothin, Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Gerstle, Mr. and Mrs. William Gerstle, Mr. and Mrs. George Hazleton, Mrs. R. H. Warfield, Mrs. Harrison Dibblee, Mrs. Bush, Miss Eleanor Terry, Miss Gussie Alvord, Miss Eleanor Morrow, Miss Thérèse Morgan, Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss Edith McBean, Miss Ethel Patton, Miss Kate Dillon, Mrs. A. F. Fechteler, Miss Lillian O'Connor, Judge Ward McAllister, Mr. W. M. O'Connor, Mr. Walter L. Dean, Mr. Samuel H. Boardman, Mr. Emerson Warfield, Mr. T. Bottom, and Mr. Ben Holladay.

San Mateo Hunt Club.

A banquet was held in San Mateo on Saturday evening, July 22d, by the members of the San Mateo Hunt Club. Seventeen gentlemen were present, and after the repast they held a meeting to consider the more permanent organization of the club. Nine directors were chosen to manage the club's affairs, they being Mr. John Payrott, Mr. J. J. Moore, Mr. Walter Scott Hobart, Mr. Hugh Hume, Mr. Francis J. Carolan, Mr. William O'B. McDonough, Mr. E. Duplessis Beylard, Mr. J. Harry P. Howard, and Mr. Duncan Hayne. A committee, consisting of Messrs. Hobart, Carolan, and Hayne, was then appointed to select suitable grounds at or near San Mateo where the club's kennels may be established.

In the afternoon before the meeting most of the gentlemen present went to the track on the Hobart farm to witness two match races that had previously been arranged. In the first Mr. Hobart's Ali-Baba beat Mr. Hume's Harry Lewis over a two-mile course, owners up; and in the second Mr. Poorman's Flushington defeated Mr. Splivalo's Spavined Sal in a quarter-mile dash.

The August Outing at Del Monte.

There is every prospect that the week's outing at Del Monte in August, under the auspices of the Pacific Coast Pony-Racing and Steeplechase Association, will be a great success. Applications for rooms from August 21st on have been so numerous that the hotel management fears it will not be able to accommodate all who wish to be present. And the association is carrying on its work in a most commendable manner. Its programme for the week, as mapped out at present, is as follows:

August 21st and 22d, golf; 23d, yachting races; 24th, polo matches and golf; 25th, bicycle races, base-ball, and golf; and 26th, pigeon-shooting, golf, and the pony races.

A letter has been received by the directorate from Mr. Francis W. Wilson, secretary of the Santa Barbara County Polo Club, in which he states that the club will send a polo team to the outing, not as representative of the club, which is a young organization, but as representative of Southern California.

Notes and Gossip.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Sarah Harnden, daughter of Mrs. F. A. Harnden, of Alameda, to Mr. James A. Wilder, son of the late W. C. Wilder, of Honolulu. The wedding will take place at the home of the bride's mother on October 5th.

The engagement is announced of Lieutenant Philip Andrews, U. S. N., and Miss Clara M. Fuller, of Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Dodge gave a dinner-

party on Thursday last, at their home in San Rafael, in honor of the birthday of their nephew, Mr. T. Bottom. They had quite a number of his young friends to meet him, among them Miss Kate Dillon, Miss Ethel Patton, Miss Thérèse Morgan, Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss Edith McBean, Miss Cuyler Smith, Mr. Ben Holladay, Mr. Samuel H. Boardman, and Mr. Crocker, of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Runyon, of Red Bluff, gave a dinner-party at the San Rafael Golf Links on Friday evening last, to a number of their friends, among them being Mr. and Mrs. Fred H. Green, Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Johnson, Mr. Carter P. Pomeroy, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Baron J. H. von Schröder, Miss Eleanor Terry, Miss Gussie Alvord, and Miss Alice Owen.

A party comprising Mrs. B. B. Cutter, Mrs. W. H. Watson, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Bigelow, Miss Ella M. Smith, Mr. Charles Webb Howard, and Mr. H. M. Landsberger made the trip to Tamalpais last week, remaining over night to witness the moonlight and sunrise from the Tavern of Tamalpais.

The Annual Open Air Horse Show of the Burlingame Country Club will be held on the new grounds of the club on Friday, September 8th, and Saturday, September 9th, 1899. On the night of Friday, September 8th, a hunt ball will be given at the new club house.

Golf and Tennis Notes.

An interesting tournament was played at the golf links of the Hotel del Monte on Saturday, July 22d. There were two events, a gentlemen's and a ladies' handicap, and for the winner in each a handsome silver cup was offered as a prize. The winner in the gentlemen's handicap was Master L. Baker, a lad of fourteen years, who made the eighteen holes by a score of 144 gross, handicap 63, 81 net. Next to him came Mr. H. M. A. Miller—104 gross, handicap 20, 84 net. The other players, in the order of their net scores were Master Douglas Grant, Mr. George Brown, Mr. L. O. Kellogg (scratch, 94 gross), Mr. J. Kruttschnitt, Mr. R. Roos, Mr. M. S. Koshland, Mr. L. Roos, Mr. Chauncey R. Winslow, Mr. Clinton E. Worden, Mr. H. Baker, Mr. Palmer Fuller, and Mr. Nelson Shaw.

In the ladies' handicap the entries were Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mrs. Fuller, Mrs. Koshland, Miss Morgan, and Miss Jarecki. Mrs. Fuller (handicap 14) and Miss Morgan (scratch) tied with a net score of 120 for the nine holes. They played it off on Tuesday, and Mrs. Fuller won by 1 up.

The Redondo Country Club's tennis tournament, played from Thursday, July 20th, through Saturday, was watched with interest as a possible index to the play in the fifteenth annual tournament of the Southern California Lawn Tennis Association, to be held at Santa Monica during the week commencing August 14th. The winners were Miss Sutton (scratch) over Miss Dobbins (scratch) by 7-5, 6-4, in the ladies' singles; Mrs. Seymour and Mr. Eugene Overton (½ of 15) over Miss Dobbins and Mr. Alfonso Bell (15) by 7-5, 6-4, 5-7, 6-3, in the mixed doubles; Mr. Bell (scratch) over Mr. Overton (scratch) by 6-2, 6-1, 6-2, in the men's singles; and Mr. Bell and Mr. Braly (15) over Mr. Sutton and Mr. Oliver (15) by 6-3, 6-4, in the men's doubles.

Local players are more interested, however, in the Del Monte Handicap Doubles Tournament to be held at the Hotel del Monte on August 17th and 18th, under the auspices of the Pacific States Lawn-Tennis Association. Though neither the Whitney brothers nor the Hardy brothers will play as teams, Mr. Robert Whitney not caring to enter and Mr. Sumner Hardy purposing to be at the Santa Monica tournament, it promises to be one of the most interesting tournaments ever held in the State. Almost a score of teams, representing all the northern part of the State, will compete, and a judicious system of handicapping will make the contests very spirited.

After this, the next event will be the championship tournament in ladies' singles and men's doubles, to be held on September 9th. The scene of the contest has not been determined, but it will almost certainly be at Del Monte.

At a meeting of the delegates to the Pacific States Lawn-Tennis Association held on Wednesday, July 26th, the following gentlemen were elected as a directorate for the ensuing year: Mr. R. J. Davis, California Club, president; Mr. J. A. Landsberger, Alameda Club, vice-president; Mr. Sumner Hardy, Oakland, secretary-treasurer; and Mr. James A. Code, California Club, Mr. Samuel Hardy, Oakland, Mr. George F. Whitney, California Club, and Mr. Reuben G. Hunt, Alameda Club, executive committee.

A pair of iron stirrups was sold for thirteen thousand five hundred dollars at the Forman sale in London. They were made for Matthias Corvinus, King of Hungary, and are partly plated with silver, parcel-gilt, and chased, each of the outer sides having an exquisite border of translucent *cloisonné* enamel on gold, six and one-half inches high and six inches wide. The work is Italian, of the end of the fifteenth or the beginning of the sixteenth century.

The ladies' department of the University Club will be open for luncheon only, from noon until half-past two daily, during August and September, the usual hours being resumed on October 1st.

Death of Lloyd Tevis.

Lloyd Tevis passed away at his home on Taylor Street last Monday evening, after an illness of only a fortnight. He contracted a severe cold while at San Rafael, and on July 10th found it necessary to consult his physician. A week's rest seemed to restore his health, but some over-exertion brought on a relapse, under which he gradually sank to his death.

Mr. Tevis was born at Shelbyville, Ky., on March 20, 1824, and his early life was spent in that State. In May, 1849, he started across the plains for California, and, after some experience of mining in El Dorado, settled in Sacramento. In 1850 he formed a partnership with Mr. J. B. Haggin for the practice of law, and the partnership has continued ever since, though their law practice soon disappeared before the exigencies of their financial operations. They were great land and mine-owners, and prominent in many fields of activity, so much so that Mr. Tevis's fortune is estimated at from \$15,000,000 to \$20,000,000. Only a few months ago he received \$8,000,000 as his share of the proceeds from the sale of the Anaconda mining properties in Montana.

In April, 1854, Mr. Tevis married Miss Susan G. Sanders, daughter of Lewis Sanders, Jr., formerly attorney-general of Kentucky, and sister of the first wife of his partner, Mr. Haggin. She and five children survive him, Mrs. Gordon Blanding, Mrs. Frederick W. Sharon, Dr. Harry Tevis, Mr. Hugh Tevis, and Mr. William S. Tevis.

Grand Duke George, second son of the late Czar Alexander the Third, who became Czarowitz when his brother Nicholas succeeded to the Russian throne in November, 1894, died July 10th at the imperial palace in the Caucasus, aged twenty-eight. His illness dated from 1891, when the grand duke, then touring round the world with his cousin, Prince George of Greece, broke down while on the Red Sea and had to return to Russia. He appeared at first to be suffering from fever, but the malady subsequently proved to be consumption—an affliction hereditary in the Romanoff family. The Czar's brother, Grand Duke Michael of Russia, is now heir-apparent. It is understood that the Czar will shortly issue a *ukase* ordaining that in the event of a minor succeeding to the throne, his brother, the Grand Duke Michael, is to act as regent.

The largest flag in the world is to be exhibited next fall under the auspices of the Daughters of the American Revolution. This is the flag made during the late war with Spain by Miss Josephine Mulford, of Madison, N. J. There are 325,000 stitches in this flag—Miss Mulford counted them as they were placed—one for each soldier and sailor of the army and navy engaged in the war. The flag measures 100 by 65 feet, and the blue field is 40 by 35 feet. The stripes are 5 feet wide and each star is 2 feet 8 inches across. The bunting was manufactured especially for it, and it is sewed with the best of silk. Each of the 45 stars is embroidered with the name of the State it represents and the date of admission into the Union, and all are arranged in the field in chronological order. On the halyard canvas is embroidered a letter to the victorious army and navy. The flag is to be presented to the nation, it is hoped, on the first anniversary of the signing of the treaty of peace by the peace commissioners in Paris.

Colonial Hotel.

The management wishes to inform its patrons of the completion of the new private bath-rooms in connection with suites of rooms. Reservation for the winter season should be made at once.

Moët & Chandon

(The Largest and Oldest Champagne House in the World.)

White Seal (Grande Cuvée), of exceptional bouquet and dryness.—*Court Journal*.

WILLIAM WOLFF & CO.,
Pacific Coast Agents. 329 Market Street, S. F.

THE LATEST STYLES IN
Choice Woolens
H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS,
622 MARKET STREET (Upstairs),
Bicycle and Golf Suits. Opposite the Palace Hotel.

Hot mud baths of the Paso Robles Springs—just right temperature for a good wallow—bubbling with medicinal mineral water.

Paso Robles
Mineral Mud

acts on swelled joints or rheumatism like a strong poultice—draws out pain like a magnet draws metal. Clean mud specially prepared. Cures disease.

Otto E. Neve, Prop. City Office,
Paso Robles Cal. 636 Market St.

Pears'

To keep the skin clean is to wash the excretions from it off; the skin takes care of itself inside, if not blocked outside.

To wash it often and clean, without doing any sort of violence to it, requires a most gentle soap, a soap with no free alkali in it.

Pears', the soap that clears but not excoriates.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

THE GREAT LEADER OF
CHAMPAGNES

G. H. Mumm & Co.'s Extra Dry

WHILE words tell, statistics prove. The importation of G. H. MUMM & Co.'s EXTRA DRY in 1898 aggregating 86,855 cases, or 52,649 cases more than of any other brand, is certainly the most striking evidence of the great popularity of this famous brand of champagne, and particular attention is called to the fine quality, purity, and natural dryness of the wine now coming to this market.

Used at almost all notable banquets, balls, weddings, etc.

A FIFTEEN
STORY DINNER

Dine in the top of the Call Building—above the noise, and dust, and flies. French dinner, with wine, \$1; à la carte if you wish. The grandest view of the city—day or night.

SPRECKELS ROTISSERIE,
15th Floor, Call Building.
ALBERT WOLFF, Proprietor.

SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS
First National Bank

N.W. COR. BUSH and SANSOME STS.
STORES Trunks for One Dollar a Month.
RENTS Safes for \$5 a year, furnishing the most perfect security for valuables of all descriptions. Office Hours, 8 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Lick's
White
Dome

Is plainly seen from the sun parlor of HOTEL VENDOME, as the guest looks toward Mount Hamilton over the broad expanse of valley and foothills covered with fruit, flowers, and waving grain. VENDOME is the pleasure-seekers' home. Have you seen Lick?

GEO. P. SNELL, Manager, San Jose, Cal.

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL

NEWLY REFITTED WITH ALL THE LATEST MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

MAJOR WILLIAM B. HOOPER, Lessee
San Francisco, Cal.

HOTEL BELLA VISTA
1001 PINE STREET.

THE PIONEER FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL OF SAN FRANCISCO.

MRS. M. W. DENVER.

THE LENOX

628 SUTTER STREET.
First-class quiet Family Hotel.

D. W. JAMES, Proprietor,
Late of Paso Robles Hotel.

ROYAL Baking Powder

Absolutely Pure.

Made from Pure Grape Cream of Tartar.

SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. J. Sloat Fassett and her children, accompanied by Mrs. Margaret Crocker, came down from Lake Tahoe on Monday, July 24th, and are at the Palace Hotel. On August 1st, Mrs. Fassett will sail on the *Peking*, to join Mr. Fassett in Corea, where he has been looking after his mining interests. Thence they will continue on a tour of the world.

M. Olivier Taigney, secretary of the French Embassy; Herr H. von Rebeur-Paschwitz, naval attaché of the German Embassy; and Aziz Bey, military attaché of the Turkish Legation, arrived from Washington, D. C., on Sunday, July 23d, and are at the Palace Hotel for a few days.

Mr. Richard Tobin and the Misses Celia and Beatrice Tobin are expected to return from their trip to Alaska the latter part of this month.

Mr. R. B. Fithian, of Los Angeles, is at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Louis Bruguère is expected to return from his Alaskan trip next week.

Miss Emilie Hager has returned to Del Monte after a short visit to San Rafael.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin and Mrs. Walter Martin are in the southern part of the State, where they expect to remain for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker have taken a cottage at Burlingame for the remainder of the summer.

Miss Gussie Alvord, of Red Bluff, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Runyon at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels came up from their cottage at Aptos on Wednesday and took an apartment at the Palace Hotel for a few days.

Miss Alice Hoffman and Mr. Harry N. Stetson were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ornard, at their home in Ross Valley, on Saturday and Sunday last.

Mr. Wallace Sabin and Miss Sabin have returned from a trip to Washington and British Columbia.

Mr. A. P. Redington, of Santa Barbara, is in town for a few days, and is stopping at an uptown hotel.

Colonel and Mrs. Southard Hoffman were guests at the Hotel Rafael on Tuesday last.

Mr. Lawson S. Adams returned from the Klondike the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas and the Misses Mollie and Helen Thomas are at Lake Tahoe for a month's visit.

Mr. E. A. Wiltsee returned from a short visit to the Hotel Rafael on Thursday last.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Hecht and the Misses Grace and Rosebud Hecht returned from their visit to Lake Tahoe last week, and left for San Rafael yesterday for the remainder of the season.

Mrs. Frank J. Symmes and Miss Symmes have returned from Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Dibblee, of Ross Valley, were guests at the Tavern of Tamalpais during the week.

Mr. James A. Code returned last Wednesday from a brief visit to Del Monte.

Mr. Harry N. Stetson and Mr. Robert Collier enjoyed a trip to the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Mr. Frederick R. Webster came up from Del Monte on Tuesday.

Miss Alice Grimes, of Oakland, is a guest at The Colonial.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Mills and Miss Bessie Mills are at the Hotel Rafael.

Dr. Robert D. Cohn will arrive here in August, after an absence of seven years in Europe. He is at present in New York city.

Mr. Nathaniel M. Wilson is at the Hotel Rafael.

Mrs. Edward C. Seward, Miss Louise G. Saxton, and Miss Elizabeth W. Saxton, of Washington, D. C., are in town, and are stopping at the Occidental Hotel.

Mrs. Henry Janin arrived in New York from Liverpool on the White Star liner *Majestic* last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Casey, Miss Dillon, and Miss Cosgrave leave on August 1st for a month's visit to Del Monte.

Mr. H. R. Macfarlane, of Honolulu, is at the California Hotel.

Mrs. W. Steele and Miss Steele are at The Colonial for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Craft, of Honolulu, are at the Occidental Hotel.

Miss McBean has gone to Burlingame on a short visit and will return to the Hotel Rafael the latter part of next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Alec B. Wilberforce have returned from a week's visit to San José.

Mr. and Miss John Barton and Miss Grace Barton, who have been spending the past two months at the Hotel Rafael, returned to this city on Tuesday last and will remain here until the middle of August, when they will go to Del Monte for a month's visit.

General Cañedo, governor of Sinaloa, Mexico, and his secretary, Mr. F. G. Valenzuela, are guests at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt left for Seattle a few days ago, whence they purpose making the Alaskan trip.

Mr. G. Harrison Mifflin, Jr., of Boston, is a guest at the California Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. George Goodman, of Napa, are at The Colonial.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Magee, Sr., are guests at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. John I. Sabin, the Misses Sabin, and Mrs. Cosmo Morgan are at Redondo Beach.

Miss Margaret Steffens sailed from New York on the White Star liner *Germanic* on July 19th, to join her sisters in Germany.

Among the week's guests at the Hotel Rafael are Captain G. S. Cotton, U. S. N., and Mrs. Cotton,

Captain Silas W. Terry, U. S. N., and Mrs. Terry, Mr. and Mrs. George F. Beveridge, Mr. Parker Whitney, and Mr. J. W. Empey.

Among the week's guests at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Hooper, Mr. C. S. Houghton, Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Rirdan, of San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. Allen A. Curtis, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Evans, of San Rafael, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Forsyth, and Mr. Arthur F. Wall, of Honolulu. Among the week's guests at the California Hotel are Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Backus, of Portland, Or., Dr. and Mrs. E. S. Tipple and Mrs. William Mahl, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Jordan, of Seattle, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Bloomer, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Lougee, and Miss F. Bowman, of Council Bluffs.

Among the guests at Del Monte this week are Mrs. Thomas L. Breeze and Miss Breeze, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mrs. L. L. Baker, Mr. Hermann Oelrichs, Mrs. Henry Schmiedel, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton E. Worden, Mrs. Frederick W. Zeile, Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mrs. F. F. Low and Miss Flora Low, Miss Cora Jane Flood, Miss Follis, the Misses Hager, Miss Laura Bates, Miss Paige, and Mr. L. O. Kellogg.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Captain W. H. Whiting, U. S. N., has been detached from the command of the cruiser *Boston* and granted permission to return to the United States for three months, owing to the illness of his wife. Lieutenant-Commander E. M. Hughes, U. S. N., executive officer of the *Boston*, succeeds to Captain Whiting's command.

Mrs. H. Clay Evans, of Washington, D. C., wife of the Commissioner of Pensions, is at the Presidio, the guest of her son, Lieutenant H. Clay Evans, Jr., Third Artillery, U. S. A. She is accompanied by her daughters, the Misses Nellie and Anita Evans.

Colonel Charles C. Hood, Sixteenth Infantry, U. S. A., is a guest at the Occidental Hotel.

Captain James Lockett, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been appointed to the command of the volunteer cavalry regiment soon to be raised and to be known as the Eleventh Cavalry, U. S. V.

Lieutenant-Colonel Wallace F. Randolph, Third Artillery, U. S. A., has been sent to Oregon to purchase horses for the cavalry service.

Lieutenant-Colonel E. H. Plummer, Thirty-Fifth Infantry, U. S. V., has returned from Vancouver Barracks, and is at the California Hotel.

An amusing story is told of a large ball given recently in London. The host was one of the new South African millionaires, and was anxious to fill his new Park Lane residence with the aristocracy of England and was willing to pay for the pleasure. He was fortunate enough to receive the assistance of a titled woman of fashion, who introduced, as they arrived, the many aristocratic people to whom she had sent invitations and to whom the faces of the host and hostess were entirely unfamiliar. It had been adroitly rumored that the most magnificent favors would be given away in the cotillion. Preliminary gossip placed the value of every guest's possible acquisitions during the evening at five hundred dollars. So the flower of London society felt that it should turn out to honor a host who showed such a disposition to do the right thing. After an entertainment as lavish as it could be made by the expenditure of money, the favors proved to be less valuable than they were expected to be, although far more magnificent than such trifles are customarily. It is said that the shock of this discovery so upset the guests that they made no effort to conceal their vexation at not getting what they expected.

The expense of living in New York clubs seems to vary inversely as the cost of the initiation and the cost of the club-house. The last big club to be opened is probably the best-appointed building for such use in the world. It has all the comforts of the most extravagant of the new hotels, with the exclusiveness of a club of carefully selected membership. Its initiation fee is large as compared with most of the other New York clubs, and yet the expense of living there is comparatively small. A man who is enjoying its privileges while his wife is away has found that he may have a comfortable bedroom, with a bath, and the service of a valet, for about a third the amount that similar accommodations would cost him in a good hotel. The restaurant charges are about twenty-five per cent. cheaper, and bar charges even more moderate.

Book teas are the fad of this London season, according to the London *Daily News*. Persons invited must wear a badge representing the title of a book, which the other guests are to guess. A little bronze devil, with crystal drops in his eyes, for instance, represents "The Sorrows of Satan." Prizes are given to the person who guesses the greatest number of titles and to the one whose badge is most difficult to make out.

Those who have not made the ascent of Mt. Tamalpais should not delay doing so, as this is the most favorable time of the year. In Mill Valley one gets a charming glimpse of beautiful country-homes; on the Scenic Railway you see a variety of picturesque scenery; while from the balcony of the Tavern of Tamalpais and the summit the view of the bay, ocean, and surrounding country is incomparable.

THE REG'LAR ARMY MAN.

He ain't no gold-lace Belvedere
To sparkle in the sun;
He don't parade with gay cockade
And posies in his gun.
He ain't no "pretty soldier boy,"
So lovely, spick, and span;
He wears a crust of tan and dust,
The reg'lar army man.
The marchin', parchin',
Pipe clay starchin',
Reg'lar army man.

He ain't at home in Sunday-school,
Nor yet at social tea;
And on the day he gets his pay
He's apt to spend it free.
He ain't no temperance advocate,
He likes to fill the can,
He's kinder rough and may be tough,
The reg'lar army man.
The rarin', tarin',
Sometimes swearin',
Reg'lar army man.

No State'll call him "noble son,"
He ain't no ladies' pet;
But let a row start anyhow
They'll send for him, you bet.
He don't cut any ice at all
In fashion's social plan.
He gets the job to face the moh,
The reg'lar army man.
The willin', drillin',
Made for killin',
Reg'lar army man.

There ain't no tears shed over him
When he goes off to war,
He gets no speech or prayerful "preach"
From Mayor or Governor.
He packs his little knapsack up
And trots off with the van
To start the fight and start it right,
The reg'lar army man.
The rattlin', battlin',
Colt or Gatlin',
Reg'lar army man.

He makes no fuss about the job,
He don't talk big or brave;
He knows he's in to fight and win
Or help fill up a grave.
He ain't no "mamma's darling," but
He does the best he can,
And he's the chap that wins the scrap,
The reg'lar army man.
The dandy, handy,
Cool and sandy,
Reg'lar army man.

—Arthur J. Meekel, private, Company C, Eleventh United States Infantry, Mayaguez, Porto Rico.

An engineer in Tunis has invented a deep-sea diving-apparatus, which has been tried without accident at a depth of one hundred and seventy feet near Cherbourg. The inventor declares his purpose of searching for the hull of the *Alabama*, which lies where she was sunk by the *Kearsarge*, off Cherbourg harbor.

—THE NEW "WYNNE GREY" STATIONERY, with the monogram illuminated, the artistic style in which only Cooper & Co. do this, has proved the most popular of all recent fads in fine paper.

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LEAVE	From June 25, 1899.	ARRIVE
7:00 A	Benicia, Suisun, and Sacramento....	5:45 P
7:00 A	Marysville, Orville, and Redding via Woodland.....	5:45 P
7:00 A	Elmira, Vacaville, and Rumsey.....	8:45 P
7:30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	6:15 P
8:00 A	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.....	9:45 A
8:30 A	San José, Livermore, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, and Red Bluff.....	4:15 P
8:30 A	*Milton, Oakdale, and Sonoma.....	4:15 P
9:00 A	Yosemite Valley via Oakdale and Chinese.....	4:15 P
9:00 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	11:45 A
9:00 A	Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.....	12:15 P
9:00 A	Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	6:45 P
10:00 A	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations.....	7:45 P
11:00 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	2:45 P
12:00 M	Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Sacramento, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville.....	4:15 P
*1:00 P	Sacramento River Steamer.....	*8:00 P
3:00 P	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	5:45 P
4:00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	9:15 A
4:00 P	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Orville.....	10:45 A
4:30 P	Niles, San José, and Stockton.....	7:15 P
4:30 P	Yosemite Sleeping Car for Raymond, The Owl, Tracy, Fresno, Bakersfield, Saugus for Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	9:45 A
5:30 P	Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.....	12:15 P
5:30 P	Martinez, Tracy, Mendota, Fresno, Mojave, and Los Angeles.....	8:45 A
5:30 P	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	6:45 P
6:00 P	Chicago—San Francisco Special, Ogden and East.....	8:45 P
6:00 P	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	7:45 A
6:00 P	Vallejo.....	12:15 P
7:00 P	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	7:45 A
18:00 P	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Stations.....	10:50 P

COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge). (Foot of Market Street.)		
17:45 A	Santa Cruz Excursion for Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations.....	18:05 P
8:15 A	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	5:50 P
*2:15 P	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations.....	*10:50 A
4:15 P	San José, Glenwood, and Way Stations.....	9:20 A
8:15 P	Felton, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	9:20 A

CREEK ROUTE FERRY. From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—		
*7:15	9:00	11:00 A. M., 1:00
*4:00	15:00	*6:00 P. M.
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—		
*10:00 A. M.	12:00	*1:00 12:00 *3:00 14:00 *5:00 P. M.

COAST DIVISION (Broad Gauge). (Third and Townsend Streets.)		
*6:10 A	Ocean View, South San Francisco, San José, and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only).....	*6:30 P
17:30 A	Sunday Excursion for Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations.....	18:35 P
9:00 A	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Surf, Lompoc, and Principal Way Stations.....	4:10 P
10:40 A	San José and Way Stations.....	6:35 A
11:30 A	San José and Way Stations.....	1:30 P
*2:45 P	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Hollister, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.....	*10:36 A
*3:30 P	San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations.....	*7:30 P
*4:15 P	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	9:45 A
*5:00 P	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	*9:35 A
5:30 P	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	*9:00 A
6:30 P	San José and Way Stations.....	5:30 P
11:45 P	San José and Way Stations.....	17:30 P

A for Morning. P for Afternoon.
* Sunday excepted. † Sunday only. ‡ Saturday only.
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A literary pursuit: *Hoxey*—"That young chap in the golf suit writes for a living." *The lady*—"For the magazines?" *Hoxey*—"No; mostly to his father."—*Life*.

"I wish to see some of the current magazines, please." "Current magazines? Certainly. John, show this lady the *Electric Spark* and the *Storage Battery*."—*Ex*.

Browne—"Waiter, bring me a dozen oysters on the half-shell." *Waiter*—"Sorry, sah, but we've all out of shell-fish, sah, 'ceptin' aigs."—*Rochester Union and Advertiser*.

"Long before I met you I had heard of your family," said the count. "Yes," replied the beautiful girl, coldly; "I believe papa is quoted in *Bradstreet's*."—*Chicago Evening Post*.

"Yes, George is coming back from Dawson with a fortune." "Did he wash it out in pans?" "No; in glasses. He was assistant bartender at the Polka Dot saloon."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"Don't touch me," said the chrysanthemum, as it leaned away from the rose. "I would be foolish to attempt it," replied the rose; "it's a well-known fact that you haven't got a scent."—*Chicago News*.

Sunday-school teacher—"Now, children, what will happen on the Judgment Day?" *Willie Wallstreet*, you may tell me." *Willie Wallstreet*—"Please, ma'am, the Lord'll separate the bulls from the bears."—*Brooklyn Life*.

Blew himself off: *Bentley*—"How did Larkins meet his death? When we left him last night he seemed unusually jolly." *Vosburgh*—"He tried to blow out the electric light in his room and burst a blood vessel."—*Harlem Life*.

Behind the scenes: *Rowland Rant*—"Ye gods! I hear the cry of rats!" *Roxey*—"Then don't go on yet. Wait for the sequel." *Rowland Rant*—"The sequel? What might that be, me lord?" *Roxey*—"The cat calls, of course."—*Ex*.

Mrs. Unsofist—"They say that the Minneapolis can steam twenty-four knots in an hour." *Mr. Unsofist*—"That's what she can do." *Mrs. Unsofist*—"I suppose they steam them so that the poor sailors can untie them more easily."—*Brooklyn Life*.

Weaving a spell: *He*—"I am rather in favor of the English than the American mode of spelling." *She*—"Yes?" *He*—"Yes, indeed. Take 'parlour,' for instance; having 'u' in it makes all the difference in the world."—*Boston Christian Register*.

Mrs. Newham—"Oh, John, there was such a tender-hearted tramp here to-day!" *Mr. Newham*—"Tender-hearted?" *Mrs. Newham*—"Yes. I asked him to weed the garden to pay for the dinner I had given him, and he said he was a botanist, and that it hurt his feelings to destroy living plants."—*Brooklyn Life*.

"Goodness! We'll miss the opera," she said, impatiently; "we've been waiting a good many minutes for that mother of mine." "Hours, I should say," he replied, somewhat acrimoniously. "Ours?" cried she, rapturously; "oh, George, this is so sudden." Then she fell upon his neck. —*Standard Times*.

"Are you willing to work for your dinner?" asked the woman. "Dat depends on wot you wants done," replied the tramp. "I want you to beat that carpet hanging on the line over there," she said. "Lady," answered the wanderer, "I'm poor and I'm hungry, but I'm honest, an' I'm not goin' to begin beatin' me way t'rough de world at dis late day."—*Chicago News*.

Realistic playing: *Petted daughter*—"They asked me to play at Mrs. Hignup's this evening, and I did; but—" *Fond mother* (proudly)—"Were they not entranced?" *Petted daughter*—"Hum! When I played 'Life on the Ocean Wave,' with variations, half of them left the room." *Fond mother* (ecstatically)—"That's wonderful. They must have been seasick."—*New York Weekly*.

"When I grow up," said Ethel, with a dreamy, imaginative look, "I'm going to be a school-teacher." "Well, I'm going to be a mamma, and have six children," said Edna. "Well, when they come to school to me, I'm going to whip 'em, whip 'em, whip 'em." "You mean thing!" exclaimed Edna, as the tears came into her eyes; "what have my poor children ever done to you?"—*Tit-Bits*.

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"I suppose you have become pretty thoroughly familiar with golf by this time." "Familiar with it? Why, sir, I think in golf!"—*Chicago Tribune*.

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The Argonaut.

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The question of the Alaskan boundary, at least with its present tinge of bitterness, would never have arisen but for the richness of gold fields the existence of which was not more than suspected when with such precision as the statesmen of the day could command they defined the dividing line. Now conflicting constructions are placed upon that which they assuredly thought to be explicit. The confusion may be traced in part to a then inadequate geographical knowledge, and in part to the unexpected value of the territory affected and the demand for unrestricted passage to the Pacific from

possessions indisputably Canada's. To give the Canadians credit for honesty in their contentions is only fraternally fair. Possibly were conditions reversed the people of the United States would be as aggressive as the Canadians are, and with a similar legal acumen make use of every technical point. The Canadians, however, have not seemed inclined to abide by peaceful methods, and from the time of the Klondike excitement have heaped upon the American prospector every hardship, making terms for him even more onerous than Oom Paul for the Uitlanders. This is unfortunate in that it complicates a case that might have been under other circumstances more readily and amicably settled.

The St. Petersburg treaty of 1825 between England and Russia laid down limitations which were later accepted by Russia and the United States in the treaty of cession as marking the bounds between Russian America and Great Britain's North American territory. No objection was then raised by England. The sections follow:

"III. The line of demarcation between the possessions of the high contracting parties upon the coast and the continent, and the islands of America to the north-west, shall be drawn in from the southernmost point of the island called Prince of Wales Island, which point lies in the parallel of fifty-four degrees forty minutes north latitude, and between the one hundred and thirty-first and one hundred and thirty-third degree, west longitude (meridian of Greenwich), the said line shall ascend to the north along the channel called Portland Canal, as far as the point of the continent where it strikes the fifty-sixth degree of north latitude; from this last mentioned point the line of demarcation shall follow the summit of the mountains situated parallel to the coast, as far as the point of intersection of the one hundred and forty-first degree, west longitude (of the same meridian); and finally, from the said point of intersection, the said meridian line of one hundred and forty-first degree in its prolongation as far as the frozen sea shall form the limit between Russian and British possessions on the continent of America to the north-west.

"IV. With reference to the line of demarcation laid down in the preceding article it is understood: 1. That the island called Prince of Wales Island shall belong wholly to Russia. 2. That wherever the summit of the mountains which extend in a direction parallel to the coast, from the fifty-sixth degree north latitude to the points of intersection of the one hundred and forty-first degree west longitude, shall prove to be at the distance of more than ten marine leagues from the ocean, the limit between the British possessions and the line of coast which is to belong to Russia, as above mentioned, shall be formed by a line parallel to the windings of the coast, and which shall never exceed the distance of ten marine leagues therefrom."

In a recent elaborate argument, J. W. Treadwell, an Englishman from Australia, misquotes these sections, and, basing his conclusions on the revised edition, robs them of much of their force. For the Canadian side there are advanced three principal allegations—the first is as to the direction of the line from Prince of Wales Island, north or east; the second as to what is involved in "ten marine leagues," or what shall constitute the actual shore and thus the basis of calculation; the third as to whether the Portland Canal of the treaty is the Portland Canal of to-day. The first is the only one striking the American mind as permitting the intrusion of any element of uncertainty.

American contentions are many, and there is growing confidence that they will be sustained. Briefly they are: First, that the body of water known as Portland Canal was so known in 1825. Second, that knowledge of the geography of Alaska was extremely hazy even along the shore line, as shown by the indefinite courses of the boundary line. Third, that the intention was to shut out England forever from the shore of the Pacific as far south as fifty-four degrees forty minutes, this purpose being specifically shown by the offer of Czar Nicholas to cede Alaska to the United States, on condition that the latter should insist upon a northern boundary to its own territory on the Pacific, not farther south than this point—the historic contention of "fifty-four, or fight." Fourth, that the line now claimed by the United States is that which appeared on Russian, British, Canadian, United States, and all other maps from the time of the treaty up to a few years ago. Fifth, that the line as now proposed by Canada would have given Russia, and its successor, the United States, a few isolated spots along the coast surrounded by foreign territory, and not only valueless but a constant source of irritation. Sixth, that the country in dispute has been developed by American capital and settled by American miners with the understanding that it was American territory and under American laws: that to

abandon them now would be an injustice and work hardship.

Such are the opposing sets of tabulated claims. Vast interests are at stake. The instinct of thrift has been aroused in both nations, and for the people of each to assert that they are right is perfectly natural, their expression of belief appearing to themselves as a form of patriotism.

One of the evidences that the times are prosperous, that money is in plentiful circulation, and that labor is to be had for the asking—an evidence, by the way, which the general public would gladly dispense with—is the prevalence and persistency of strikes in the world of labor. That the agitations now sporadically going on throughout the country are signs of good times will scarcely be questioned. Strike history covers a sufficient period of time to render it available as a source from which to draw well-defined conclusions. None of them is clearer than that when times are bad, money hard to get, and positions difficult to find, the workman is unwilling to leave his employment and go on strike for either a real or a fancied grievance, and that when prosperity returns and his services are in demand, he is much readier to take cudgels and fight over again one or the other of the old questions which for the last thirty years have so often set capital and labor by the ears.

Consistently with this theory the country is being treated this season with an unusual number and variety of strikes, including great coal strikes in Pennsylvania, spinners in New England, smelters in Colorado, brewers and brickmakers in Chicago, tailors in New York, and street-car employees in Cleveland and Brooklyn, all of which are currently active, while at the same time the echoes of the disastrous miners' strike in the Cœur d'Alenes are still reverberating in the courts of Idaho. It is also consistent with the same theory that a peculiar feature of the strikes this season is that they are not aimed so much at low wages as at other grievances of unskilled labor—such as the arrangements for working overtime, the question of the eight-hour day, and the eternally unsettled subject of the employment of non-union labor. Rightly or wrongly, it is a luminous fact that unskilled labor thoroughly believes that when corporations are busy making money they can afford to make concessions rather than close their plants, and that therefore the critical moment has come in which to strike. The results have never borne out that proposition, and do not promise to do so this year, but the idea that it is workable is never abandoned and will not be until some method other than striking and rioting is discovered by which to adjust the differences between the employer and the employed.

The street-car strikes are those which are engaging the largest attention of the public just now. The Cleveland company has been treated to a double dose. The first strike was supposed to have been settled a month ago. It had been agreed between the company and its men that a certain percentage of former employees should be taken back, and that such reinstated men should be loyal to the company and to the contingent of non-union men that the company desired to retain. Now a new strike is on, accompanied with even more violence than the previous one, and each side is claiming that the other has violated the agreement of settlement. The conditions in Cleveland have become serious enough to be suggestive of a reign of terror and anarchy. The late outbreak has witnessed daily rioting during the last ten days. Streets have been blockaded, cars overturned, wrecked, and dynamited, car-houses damaged, and union and non-union men have engaged each other in pitched battles in the streets with fire-arms, while collisions between the police and State troops on one side and strikers or their sympathizers on the other have been frequent. This unwonted violence may be taken as a sign that the end of the strike is near. When anarchy rears its head, and the mob is bent on the destruction of property and the safety of human life is involved, the wrongs of labor are lost sight of in the dominating necessity to preserve peace and order. Cleveland has an energetic mayor backed by the mil-

power of the State, and it can not be doubted that lawlessness will be promptly suppressed at any cost.

Brooklyn was promised fully as serious scenes of disorder, destruction, and bloodshed. There the trouble of the conductors and motormen of the street-car lines was that the company did not observe the ten-hour law and properly compensate the men for overtime. About the middle of July a strike was ordered and violence of the usual kind began. Dynamite was thrown, and cars attacked, and a reign of terror inaugurated by the conflict of union and non-union elements; but the active strike quickly collapsed—as the labor leaders affirm—through the insufficient organization of the strikers. What has been gained or will be gained by the strikers in either of these agitations it is very difficult to discover. What might have been gained by orderly procedure is problematical; but that labor can not improve its condition by an appeal to anarchy is as certain now as it has always been since strikes became the fashion.

Following the serious disorders, the Cleveland strikers have adopted a comprehensive boycott, the only effect of which will be that the bitterness of the struggle will be prolonged for months after employers and employed have resumed their peaceful relations. Strikers and their sympathizers have stringently boycotted the cars of the company. They propose to boycott merchants who patronize the cars, and also merchants who employ clerks who ride in street-cars. They also insist on boycotting any dealer who sells goods to soldiers who are brought to the city to maintain peace and restore order. Business is always timorous on such occasions. Druggists have been known to refuse to sell medicines to people who are guilty of riding on the cars; physicians are afraid of losing practice by using the cars to make calls; and many merchants are offering rewards in the papers for evidence that they are open to the charge of using the convenience of the street-cars through the acts of either themselves, their clerks, or their relatives. Thousands of people, of whom the bulk are laborers or their friends, and merchants and their employees and relatives, are going about the city in huckster wagons, tallyhoses, and 'buses, while the street-cars in some sections of the city are running in a desultory way with little regard to schedules and with scarcely any passengers. These troubles are of course temporary, but they are so serious, so dangerous, and so expensive to every class while they last, that they furnish a frequent and vigorous incentive to solve once for all the labor problem, if a solution there can be.

Jahart

In spite of the atmosphere of stern dignity that hangs over all diplomatic gatherings there is something akin to the humorous in the manner in which the disarmament proposals of the Autocrat of the Russias have been ignored by the dignitaries gathered at The Hague. It has been popularly accepted in this country as indisputable that the immense standing armies of Europe are an intolerable burden, and that an opportunity to abolish, or at the least to materially reduce them, would be embraced eagerly. Either this impression has been wrong, or the delegates have ignored disarmament as an impossibility and have given their attention to more practical concerns. This latter view is the one taken by Joseph McCabe in a little book, "Can We Disarm?" which presents some novel views in support of his negative answer.

The obstacles in the way of disarmament, insuperable at the present time, in his opinion, are both political and economic. It is not the apathy of the people, but the tangible and very material profit they derive from the military system that renders the attacks upon that system ineffectual. The political obstacles are those of which most is heard, with the exception of that which he puts first. It will come as a surprise to those in this country to learn that the opposition of the people to the abandoning of a system that gives them such power over their rulers, is this first political obstacle. The whole body of the people, organized and drilled into an immense standing army is far more powerful—though imperfectly conscious of the fact—than it was when the army was a small body under the control and pay of the ruler. More obvious and more substantial is the obstacle offered by the fragments of nations now held in subjection as the result of earlier wars or diplomatic arrangements. Not a nation of Continental Europe but has some such source of internal or external discord that would burst into activity were the repression of standing armies removed.

It has been urged that disarmament must be gradual; but upon what basis could gradual disarmament be accomplished? An agreement by which each country should agree to maintain an equal force is clearly impossible. Germany would never agree to reduce its army to the level of that of France; to do so would be to invite that way of revenge of which every Frenchman dreams. Great Britain would never consent to imperil its colonial possessions by abandoning its naval supremacy. And if the

stronger countries would refuse to reduce themselves to the level of the weaker, would the ambitious weaker countries agree to a proportional reduction that would condemn them to a position of perpetual inferiority? The only disarmament would be a general one that would abolish all standing armies, but international jealousies would render this impossible.

The political obstacles are potent; the economic obstacles are not less so. In the earlier periods of history war secured no advantage save to the ruler and his courtiers; now they benefit the people rather than the rulers. The growth of Germany, dating from the Franco-Prussian War, has been a lesson to all countries regarding the industrial advantage of being prepared at all times to wage a successful conflict. The vast sums annually expended by European nations for this purpose have been regarded as a terrible drain, yet they are not wholly an evil. A large part of this expenditure goes to the industrial community—the ship-builders, the manufacturers of arms and ammunition, the makers of uniforms, hats, and shoes. Were these orders withdrawn, vast amounts of invested capital would be rendered unproductive, and an immense industrial army would be thrown out of employment. They would find other employment in time—if they lived—but the process would be slow. Were the armies disbanded, industries would be thrown into confusion by the immense accessions to the ranks of the unemployed, already far too numerous. The assimilation might be accomplished were there time, but, as already pointed out, disarmament can not be accomplished gradually.

Such are the reasons, that make disarmament impossible at the present time, according to Mr. McCabe. He admits that, if possible, it would be desirable, and that events may arise in the future to make it possible. It is apparent that the situation is the result of unhealthy conditions that have been allowed to develop until they are too strong to destroy. They have grown up within the last thirty years. Before the Franco-Prussian War the combined armies of Russia, Germany, France, Austria, and Italy, on a war-footing, numbered only 4,500,000 men—to-day they number 17,500,000; during the 'sixties, voluntary enlistment was universal; to-day enlistment is compulsory and every able-bodied man must serve his time in the army.

There is a lesson for this country to learn from this brief consideration of the European Frankenstein. The spirit of militarism born of that ambition for supremacy, right or wrong, that is falsely called "patriotism," will grow through the necessities that it creates, and will be fostered and strengthened by those who profit by it until it becomes stronger than the nation itself. The United States, under conditions not essentially different, is entering upon the path that Europe has trodden for thirty years. If the present course is persisted in, this country will find itself no more able to recede than are the countries of Europe.

Jahart

If the controversy between the *Cosmopolitan* magazine and Count Tolstoy's agents were not so complicated—if there stood out uninvolved the simple question of the editor's or publisher's right to abridge, expurgate, or otherwise alter the author's work—the matter would be more interesting than it is. Tolstoy's London agent, offended at the freedom with which the magazine altered Tolstoy's story, "The Awakening," which it was publishing serially, cabled a notice to desist from publishing more. But that is not the whole story. Mr. Walker, publisher of the *Cosmopolitan*, produces a written authorization from the American representative of Tolstoy's London agent to "change the translation to suit the exigencies of serial publication." This is vague; it may have referred to things other than expurgation. Mr. Walker construed it to include expurgation. He publishes a nice family magazine, and sometimes the illustrious Russian writes things that would make a nice family magazine blush. Besides, the agents did not keep their agreement to furnish the manuscript as a whole, so that Mr. Walker might judge of its fitness to the morals of his peculiar clientele; and Mr. Walker had announced it in screaming type, and had to publish it anyway; and the contract seemingly was violated as to simultaneous publication in various countries. Now it seems that Mr. Walker is going to sue somebody for one hundred thousand dollars damages.

It is clear that the expurgation of blush-bringing things in the story was the real trouble. That being the leading issue, the ethics of the case may be discussed. It is a rule with publications of the highest class not to take liberties with the manuscripts of their contributors, particularly if the contributors have a high standing. Any other course would be offensive and intolerable. At the same time any author may inadvertently tarnish his work; in that case he will be grateful to his editor or publisher for pointing out the blemish. Similarly, if an author produces something that would be acceptable to his publisher but for some minor feature, and the desired change can be made upon the publisher's polite suggestion without damage to the

work, the author would be only reasonable to make it. This implies, however, that the publisher make the request, and do nothing with the manuscript without the author's consent.

The obvious errors committed by Mr. Walker were these: First, as the publisher of a nice family magazine, he ought to have known that he was in no position to handle the work of such a master as Tolstoy, particularly as Tolstoy already had a reputation for calling a spade a spade. Second, he erred in changing the manuscript without the author's consent. Third, he erred in announcing the story without being sure that it was suited to the columns of a nice family magazine. The time for him to have withdrawn from the arrangement was when the other party to the contract violated its terms by failing to deliver the entire story before the time for publication. Mr. Walker's neglect to do so seems to show that he was anxious to publish the story and willing to risk two things—its suitability to a nice family magazine, and expurgation if it were not. These are merely questions of ethics. The law, if it be invoked, can take care of its own interests.

On the other hand, it was absurd for Tolstoy's agents to make an arrangement with a nice family magazine for the serial publication of a story by him. It was inexcusable in them to fail to the slightest extent in keeping to the contract. And then, why should they have been offended at the expurgation? No one acquainted with the general character of Tolstoy's work would care to read anything from him that a nice family magazine published, and the regular readers of the magazine would never miss anything by the process of expurgation. Anything with Tolstoy's name signed to it would be just as joyous to them as something that he wrote. But as this may be trenching on the domain of the law, it may be best to leave it alone. On that line, one question may be asked: Who has suffered the greater damage—Mr. Walker, by the withholding of the rest of the story from him, or Count Tolstoy, by the expurgation? Meanwhile, it is noteworthy that the sun rises and sets much in the ordinary way; from this it is inferable that the world's sober habit of turning round has not been seriously disturbed.

Jahart

Mr. Bodio, director of the statistical bureau in Italy, has announced a steady and very perceptible decrease in the birth rate of most European countries. The mean annual rate of decrease in England and Wales is 0.306 per cent.; in Scotland, 0.267; in Germany and the Netherlands, 0.244; in Belgium, 0.239; in Greece, 0.209; in France, 0.179; in Russia, 0.158; in Sweden, 0.147; in Switzerland, 0.128; in Denmark, 0.078; in Austria, 0.076; in Roumania, 0.033; in Hungary, 0.024. There has been an increase in some countries. In Portugal it is 0.475; in Italy, 0.083; in Spain, 0.040; and in Norway, 0.012.

It will be interesting to speculate upon the causes for this decline in the birth rate. Obviously there are three principal ones: emigration of the younger people to the United States, the steady growth of European standing armies, and the tendency of the rural population to flock to the cities. A fourth cause may be the growing difficulties of earning a livelihood.

The figures make some interesting disclosures. In France, for instance, the decrease is comparatively small when England is considered. This would be misleading if the fact that the birth rate in France is already very low were ignored. Marriage is a difficult and burdensome process in France, far more so than in England. The French Government, seeking to lighten the burden of the ecclesiastical marriage, required marriages to be performed by civil officers, thus aiming to supplant the established and far more costly method; but this only increased the difficulty, for it is so ingrained in the people that a civil marriage is not sufficient, that two weddings are now necessary where one sufficed before. The heavy falling off in England must be ascribed to industrial causes. It is surprising to find an increase in the decadent countries of Italy, Spain, and Portugal, especially when we reflect that Italy and Portugal send a large emigration to this country.

America is getting much of the virile blood of Europe. This blood finds here conditions far more favorable to an increase in the birth rate than Europe can offer. The higher birth rate in America, and the increase of the birth rate, have an indicative rather than a positive value. It is even conceivable that the European countries will gain strength from a decrease of the rate, however indicative of present weakness a decrease may be.

San Francisco, being a young and growing city, attracts fresh and vigorous forces from all countries. This is indicated in the high birth rate. During the calendar year 1879, 1,416 births were recorded. During the fiscal year 1879-80, 1,340 births were recorded. The population in 1880 was 233,959. The average number of births for the six years, 1892 to 1897 inclusive, was 4,378. By years the

births were 3,928 in 1894, 3,976 in 1895, 5,316 in 1896, 5,581 in 1897, and 5,329 in 1898. The population for those years may be estimated at 325,000. In 1876 the registered births were 630, with an estimated population of 200,000. The enormous increase in the rate thus shown is due in large part to more thorough registration, but there is every reason to believe that the real increase in the rate was high. This is very significant. With a high birth rate there go both forces and conditions of the greatest value in building up a great, strong, and progressive city, and their potency will be manifested in the years to come.

Jahart

Mrs. Salome Cutler Fairchild, in charge of the section of books for the blind in the State Library at Albany, N. Y., makes an appeal for a wider range of literature for the blind, and calls attention to the curious fact that most of the books printed for the blind are devoted to poetry and religion; and, although these are excellent, there is much else that the blind might read with pleasure and profit if it were placed within their reach. Attention is called to the fact that while benevolent persons are constantly endowing beds and wards in children's hospitals, none ever thinks of establishing a beneficent and useful endowment in the form of books for the blind. The making of such books must be done by impressing specially designed letters into the paper, reading being done by passing the fingers over the letters so embossed. The manufacture of such books is an expensive process, but it is evident that if the work were done on a larger scale the cost would be greatly reduced.

With only a very small proportion of blind persons is the defect congenital. A large majority of the blind lost their sight in adult life. Hence the affliction is peculiarly severe, as vision is the most useful of the senses. Nature has a curious way of making compensations. Thus a child born blind, or losing its sight in infancy or early childhood, develops compensating faculties to a remarkable degree—the keenness of the other senses is quickened, so as measurably to supply the deficiency that blindness imposes. A person losing sight in adult life is called upon to make a violent readjustment of all his relations with external things. A partially compensatory sharpness of his other senses is but slowly and painfully developed, and it rarely if ever becomes so acute as that exhibited by children.

One of the established habits of most adults is that of reading. Few adults confine their reading to poetical and religious subjects. Hence an adult, upon becoming blind, discovers, if he acquires the art of reading with the fingers, that his free range of reading is gone, and that the literature placed within his reach meets with least efficiency the practical needs of his crippled life. It increases the difficulties of his adjustment to a new and hard order of things. It is absurd and illogical.

Mrs. Fairchild's appeal, therefore, should reach the attention of the wealthy benevolent, and should become a concern of governing bodies. Beggary is the enforced resort of many sightless persons, and public institutions for the support of many others are a needlessly expensive tax upon the public. That, however, is a minor consideration; the main one is to contribute to the happiness and self-sustaining ability of these afflicted ones; for self-sustention is essential to worthy pride and ambition. A more liberal and practical education of the blind by means of books that they can read would greatly lighten the burden resting upon them.

Jahart

Complaint is frequent that the professions are crowded, and women are charged with forcing into every arena of activity the charm of their presence and the embarrassment of their competition. Young men casting about for some honorable field of endeavor have not infrequently been discouraged almost to the point of seeking relief in actual toil. For such there appears a ray of hope. Let them not be cast down nor shudder to contemplate the day their palms shall be calloused; that day may be avoided. Young men can become candidates for the Presidency, not with the expectation of being elected nor with any desire to advance beyond the stage of simple candidacy. Mr. Bryan, of Nebraska, has shown them the way.

Mr. Bryan first became a candidate through the spell of a sonorous figure, a happy accident of speech, and in this capacity he has fared so well there is no reason for supposing he will ever withdraw from the field. Neither is there the slightest cause for presuming that he will emerge from the field on the other side. He will remain where he is, lulled by the music of his own voice, fascinated with the thoughts running riot inside of him but bursting at times into glittering phrase; fed by contributions freely tendered from the enviroing multitude whom by a few mystic passes of the tongue he has hypnotized. The existence is pleasant, the living good. Why should Bryan go back to the law? Why should he bother to write editorial at his old salary, which amounted to what journalists tersely term "thirty per"?

So clearly has Bryan blazed the path to a virgin industry

that he may be followed with ease. He has no monopoly, and, indeed, part of his business is not to have anything of the kind. His method has been to select something to which to point with alarm, and then to set the wild echoes flying. The cavity in his face is his fortune. From the depths thereof he propels into space apostrophes to the dead "sixteen to one" notion, and the mourners take up a collection. He denounces trusts, with an air plainly intimating not only that he was the first to discover them, but that he detected first the symptoms of the commercial blight they are depositing in layers over the end of the century; also, that he is in himself the only efficient blight remedy, to be taken once in four years—two doses enough to effect a cure.

When Mr. Bryan is invited to make a speech he always accepts unless somebody else has offered a bigger purse. He will attend a Chautauqua convention, bringing his eloquence along for a share of the gate receipts. He will spread the gospel of anti-imperialism, dear to his heart, but the price of the spread must be guaranteed in advance. Some Democrats appear to be displeased with these tactics, but Bryan clearly has a right to realize on his capital, and all the capital he possesses is his standing candidacy. He can not place himself on exhibition at a county fair gratuitously and support a family on the applause of the throng. He can not talk "sixteen to one" from principle alone, and avoid going into debt. Campaign orators accept pay, and if Bryan chooses to be his own orator and extend his campaign throughout the year, he proves himself shrewd and sets a pattern certain to be followed.

Jahart

On Tuesday, August 8th, the first primary election will be held under the new law. For the first time the primary will be recognized as a legitimate part of the regular election machinery, and it will be under the authority of the election commissioners to the same extent that a general election would be. The commissioners have appointed boards of election officers, and all acts that are declared illegal at general elections are declared to be equally illegal at this. For the first time every citizen is guaranteed an equal voice in the conduct of party affairs; the old-time practices of the professional politicians in stuffing the ballot-boxes and falsifying the returns are at an end; and the influence of the new law is already seen in the number of tickets that are presented in the various districts. An important blow has been struck at the "bosses" and corrupt politicians; but the victory for good government has by no means been won as yet. The results of Tuesday's election will tell the tale. Every citizen who has the interests of honest government at heart should go to the polls and do his share toward insuring a convention that shall be made up of none but reputable citizens, who will nominate none but honest and capable officials. If this is done by the Republicans they may feel assured that their candidates will be elected in November, and that the city will receive all the benefits that will flow from an honest enforcement of the provisions of the new charter.

Jahart

There is manifest activity on the part of certain people in behalf of Chinese slave-girls. Such girls are frequently "rescued," often against their own tearful protests and taken to a home, where they are retained indefinitely or kept until some good young man of their race, trained in Sunday-school and denied the privilege of marrying his white teacher, comes along and takes his pick. The position these girls occupy before charity reaches into their dens is doubtless horrible, but it is no worse than they would have filled in their own country. From childhood they have been trained for lives of darkness. Had there not been this prospect before them, they might have been slain in infancy. They are of a low grade of intelligence, and totally lacking in morals. Even when duly "rescued" they can have little appreciation of the change, save that it brings greater ease.

This city, as all others, has its quota of white slaves. To rescue these might not be as profitable to the officers of the homes where fatten the yellow girls snatched as brands from the burning, but it would be more profitable to society. The American girl is worth saving. She is seldom if ever sold into shame, but she is forced there through ignorance of the world, the villainy of man, or circumstances certainly beyond her control. Once she has crossed the line her condition is as pitiable, her helplessness as complete as that of the yellow creature over whose plight the heart of the missionary is torn. What hand is extended toward her? Where is the home prepared for her reception? Who but the police reaches for her and where is the refuge except the jail and the Magdalen Asylum? Neither of these institutions is reformatory. Each gives its lesson in vice and each leaves its mark. A plea for the unfortunate of our own race must not be regarded as presumptuous even by those to whom the misfortunes of the dregs of another race appear to be of so much more importance.

It is as well to examine the causes, the pitfalls, the tempta-

tions as to deplore the inevitable results. There is a lack of home restraint. Girls here are accorded a freedom that they do not have in any other part of the civilized world. Many young women who toil for a living are overworked and underpaid. Many retain their positions only by yielding their honor. Some eke out a living by methods that lead to an ultimate slavery as debasing as that of the Chinese. After a wild and joyless orgie one takes poison and lies down to forget, and almost daily her example is followed. Those whom conscience does not thus kill, drift to the shadowy half-world, there to exist, miserable and forsaken, until death—which, happily, comes soon—affords relief. When the Hotel Nymphia, a monument to degradation, was started, there arose great outcry against the institution. There was little thought of the inmates, the poor, abandoned wretches, outcasts and unclean. One large objection was that their presence might injure property values. Nobody could advocate such an establishment, but what is to become of its slaves, held in the bonds of iniquity, gibed at and despised by those who mingle with them. There is no gentle word for them; no tear, no helping hand. Many of them are of blood that once ran pure; they had more to lose than the half-heathen schooled for vice, but they are white. Were they only yellow, the mission door would be open to them. It seems to the unprejudiced observer that the wrong slaves are being rescued.

Jahart

Since Japan has been admitted to the family of nations, it may be legitimate to take the experience of that country to point a moral that the United States may profitably take to heart. The brilliant accomplishments of the island empire in its war with its massive neighbor, first opened the eyes of the world to the progress that Japan had been making during the later half of this century, and persuaded the nations of Europe to treat that country as no longer a subject for the disabilities that usually attach to Oriental governments. Germany had a somewhat similar experience, as a result of its war with France. With such fruits of a successful war in their mind it is small wonder that nations will make the most costly sacrifices in order to be prepared to wage a winning fight in any contest they may be drawn into. These are the results that are upon the surface, but there are other consequences that do not appear until later. Japan is just beginning to reap these after-effects. The indemnity that was exacted from China, and that was supposed to recoup the victor for any losses that may flow from the war, has already been eaten up by the cost of increased armament. A large loan, involving increased taxation, to meet charges for interest and sinking fund, has been placed abroad, to cover the cost of the military and naval enlargement, and the budget is still growing. Europe has learned the lesson of what extensive standing armies cost, but is unable to throw off the burden. Japan is learning the same lesson of heavy taxation and crippled industries. This country, in response to the urgings of the imperialists and jingoes, is following in the same footsteps. During the last session of Congress there was heated debate over the question of authorizing an increase of the army. In the future, if the policy of the imperialists is to be maintained, a far greater increase and far heavier taxation will be necessary.

Jahart

The condition of affairs that has been precipitated by the wrangle between the board of health and the board of supervisors is most unfortunate. The legitimate work that it is the duty of the board of health to perform is most important, since it is far wiser and far more economical to prevent disease than to stamp it out after it has once gained a foothold. Still, in the present struggle, the sympathy of the public will be with the board of supervisors which is striving to curtail unnecessary expense. The thorough reorganization of the department in the interest of economy is a task that a board of health might well turn its energies to, but such work is not to be expected from the present board. Were the members honestly concerned for the welfare of the public health, they would resign their offices, publishing a statement to show wherein it was impossible to perform the duties that fall to the department with the appropriation that has been allowed, and refusing to hold an office when they were unable to do the work. Instead of taking any such straightforward course, they have adopted a system of bulldozing, and have curtailed their activities in just the direction where such curtailment would do most harm. The evil is to be traced finally to the system by which a city board is appointed by the governor of the State, and is regarded by him as a part of his legitimate patronage. Fortunately this system will be abandoned when the new charter goes into effect.

Jahart

The signature of the editor is appended to every article in this issue written, dictated, or inspired by him, in accordance with the "signature law," enacted during the last session of the legislature.

A JEALOUS HUSBAND.

How an Unwelcome Guest Was Driven Away.

It was the day before the shooting season began. Hunters were pouring out of Paris in all directions. Two might have been seen leisurely proceeding toward the Sceaux Station, but coming from different directions. Both were accoutred elegantly, from jaunty cap to leather gaiters; both carried a fine gun and handsome game-bag; both remarked with satisfaction the effect their costumes produced upon the female heart; in short, both were Parisians and hunters. But one was old and the other was young. Full sixty years must have been needed to grizzle the locks of the one; but twenty-three had passed over the other's head.

The elder reached the station a few moments before the other. He entered an empty compartment, but scarcely had he done so when the door opened, and the younger hunter entered. They stared at each other for a moment, but it was the elder who spoke first.

"My dear Boisgibert, I am delighted to see you," he said, pressing the other's hand with simulated warmth.

"And I, too, Préthibaut," returned the young man, "am enchanted. What is it Thingummy says now? 'Thrice blessed is it—'"

"Perhaps you mean 'Thrice blessed is't to meet a friendly face,'" replied the other.

"Yes, that's it. Who was the fellow that said it, now? It was—it was—"

"Lamartine?" asked the other, dryly.

"Ah, yes, that's the man—Lamartine. Strange I couldn't think of it."

"Very," replied Préthibaut. "But, now I think of it, De Musset was the author of the line."

"Yes, so he was," replied the other, coloring; "he's one of my favorite authors, you know."

Outwardly Préthibaut replied with a grunt. Inwardly he said: "The same as ever. What an ass the fellow is!"

On the other hand, Boisgibert bit his lip, and muttered: "Confound the old fool! as pedantic as ever."

After a lengthy silence, Préthibaut began:

"I see you are in hunting rig. May I ask where you are bound?"

"Yes; I'm going to Verrières. Fine shooting at that château."

"What! Has Vaugiron invited—?"

"Yes, Vaugiron has asked me to come down to Verrières and open the shooting season with him. And you—where are you going, Préthibaut?"

"To Verrières."

"What—you also?"

"Oh, yes. For ten years I have opened the season there. It wouldn't do for me to miss one."

"How fortunate we chanced to meet!" said Boisgibert, in a tone as destitute of emotion as is the creak of a door.

"It was indeed a happy chance," replied Préthibaut, with a dubious inflection.

And while their lips distilled honeyed words they were full of bitterness within. Préthibaut's reflections were like this: "How in the fiend's name could Vaugiron be so idiotic as to invite this becurled popinjay to his home? I did not think him so stupid—so husband-like, so to speak—as that. When a man of fifty-two marries a girl of nineteen, he should not invite handsome young dandies to spend weeks at his house. And more particularly should he not invite a dandy who was her slave all last winter; who was always waltzing with her; who always turned her music for her when she played; who always had an orchestra-seat when she was in her box. And yet Vaugiron—stupid yet hospitable Vaugiron—he invites this fellow beneath his roof."

On the other hand, Boisgibert's brain was no less busy. His reflections ran something like this:

"I wonder why that old blockhead follows me so persistently? For the past year he seems to have exercised a sort of espionage on me. He seems to have divined my secret, too. And yet he is not a relative of Mme. Vaugiron. Confound the old idiot!"

The two men scowled at each other, and then smoothed their faces into expressionlessness. The train rolled on. Boisgibert drew an immense cigar from his case, and lighted it. Then, as if he had but just thought of it:

"Oh, excuse me. I believe tobacco is disagreeable to you."

"No, sir; by no means, sir; you are dreaming, sir," retorted Préthibaut; "I smoke like a chimney, sir," and lighting a larger cigar, he puffed defiantly.

But all things have an end. The train at last reached the expected station, and there was Vaugiron's carriage awaiting them. As they descended in the court-yard, Vaugiron advanced. He pressed Préthibaut warmly by the hand, greeted Boisgibert with less warmth, and bade the servant show the latter gentleman to his room.

"As for you, my old friend," said he to Préthibaut, "come into the garden, and let us seat ourselves over there in that summer-house. I want to ask your advice."

"But will you follow it?"

"Of course, since I ask it."

"But that does not follow, any more than you do. Last year, in this very month, and where we now sit, you asked my opinion as to whether you should marry. I advised you to live and die a bachelor. Well, three months after that I had to pretend to be glad when I saw you hanged—I mean married."

Vaugiron viciously kicked a pebble on the gravel walk before him.

"Well, what is it about?" said Préthibaut.

Vaugiron paused a while. "Well," said he, reluctantly, "it's about my wife."

"What!" said Préthibaut, "already?"

"Come," said Vaugiron, impatiently, "don't be getting any idiotic ideas into your head. I have nothing to reproach her with."

"But you have something on your mind."

"Yes, I have. I am jealous."

"Of Maurice Boisgibert?"

"How do you know?"

"I know, because I have seen—"

"Seen!" shouted Vaugiron, bounding from his seat.

"Seen! seen! What have you seen?"

"Come, now," said Préthibaut, "don't be getting any idiotic ideas into your head. I have seen nothing alarming. I have seen, however, that that young puppy, Boisgibert, is altogether too attentive to your wife."

"Well, that's what I wanted to speak about. The fellow has presumed to address some verses to her."

"What are they about?"

"What are they about? Oh, what all poets write about—moon on the waves, stars, and flowers, gentle zephyrs, angels, gondolas, sympathetic souls, and all sorts of idiotic things."

"Naturally," said Préthibaut, "I might have known it. But how did you come to see this letter?"

"Why, Hortense brought it to me herself, of course."

"She did, eh? Well, Vaugiron, I congratulate you on your wife. Now, listen to me. Will you follow my advice?"

"Blindly."

"Whatever I may say or do, you will not contradict or oppose me?"

"I promise."

"Very well, then. Young Boisgibert will not favor us with his company during the shooting season. Here is what you must do: to-night, at dinner, when you see me take a pinch of snuff, strike the table with your fist, and say, in a cavernous voice: 'I would do the same.'"

"Hum," said Vaugiron, "a cavernous voice, a pinch of snuff, and a blow on the table. Why—what—how—"

"Never mind," said Préthibaut, "do as I tell, old boy, and you're all right."

* * * * *

That evening there were gathered around Vaugiron's festive board eight gentlemen. Six vacant chairs showed that the ladies had left them. Unnumbered empty bottles showed that they were good hunters and true. But one man had attempted to escape to join the ladies. Several times had Boisgibert made a move, but Préthibaut would invariably ask, with much kindness, "Are you not well this evening, sir?" so he was forced to remain.

Of all the merry crowd, Préthibaut alone seemed preoccupied. There was a gloomy expression upon his face, and it finally attracted attention.

"What's the matter with you to-night, Préthibaut?" asked one of the guests, "you look as if you were at a funeral."

"Pardon me, gentlemen," replied the gloomy one, "there are certain anniversaries in a man's life—but no; the story is not a pleasant one."

"Never mind—what's the odds? Go on and tell it anyway," was the cry.

"Very well, gentlemen," said Préthibaut, placing his snuff-box on the table before him, and gazing on it with deep melancholy, "I will tell you the story. Thirty-five years ago to-day I was the chief actor in a domestic tragedy."

"You!" interrupted Vaugiron, "you in a domestic tragedy?"

For reply Préthibaut favored his friend with a violent kick under the table, and went on:

"At that time I was but twenty-five; my life was peaceful and happy. I had a wife whom I adored, a daughter whom I idolized."

"What, you!" bawled Vaugiron.

"Yes," went on Préthibaut, giving him another kick. "My estate was in the Ardennes, and I was a passionate hunter. Adjoining my property was that of a man a little younger than I. He was about the same age as Maurice Boisgibert here, and, by the way, he much resembled him."

Well, we often met; we became friends. He came to my house, and—excuse me, gentlemen, but my old blood boils when I think of it—he wrote some verses to my wife.

"Well, I sought him out. I told him that one of us must die; that in order to avoid scandal, we would load our pieces with buckshot, conceal ourselves on both sides of a trail, and when a boar was driven by us we would fire—but not at the boar."

"It was done. Thirty-five years ago to-day we lay crouched there, glaring at each other across the trail. We heard the boar coming; we fired. Whether a consciousness of guilt had unnerved my friend's hand, or not, I do not know, yet I was uninjured. But both loads from my gun struck him, and he fell back, his head and breast pierced with balls, a mangled, bleeding corpse. There is not much more to tell. I was arrested, and released, as on the surface it was accidental. My wife died in a mad-house; my daughter died shortly after, and now I am alone. Can you wonder, gentlemen, that I am melancholy when the years bring round again the day on which I slew my friend?"

He shook his head gloomily, and took a pinch of snuff.

Vaugiron struck the table a violent blow, which made the glasses ring.

"I would do the same," he cried. "You were perfectly right. I would do the same."

* * * * *

At breakfast the next morning it was noticed that Maurice Boisgibert was absent. The host found a note from him at his plate, however, which he read aloud:

"M. Boisgibert has received a letter which forces him to leave for Paris at once. Important business. He begs M. Vaugiron to receive his excuses, and much regrets that he can not remain with the pleasant party at the Château de Verrières."

"Well," said Préthibaut, in a whisper to the host, "what did I tell you?"

"Préthibaut," replied Vaugiron, with an admiring glance, "what a dreadful liar you are!"—*Adapted for the Argonaut from the French of Alberic Second.*

A CHANNEL PASSAGE.

1855.

Forth from Calais, at dawn of night, when sunset summer on autumn shone,
Fared the steamer, alert and loud, through seas whence only the sun was gone:
Swift and sweet as the sky they smiled, and bade man welcome: a dim, sweet hour
Gleamed and whispered in wind and sea, and heaven was fair as a field in flower.
Stars fulfilled the desire of the darkling world, as with music: the star-bright air
Made the face of the sea, if aught may make the face of the sea, more fair.

Whence came change? Was the sweet night weary of rest? What anguish awoke in the dark?

Sudden, sublime, the strong storm spake: we heard the thunders as bounds that bark.

Lovelier, if aught may be lovelier, than stars, we saw the lightnings exalt the sky.

Living and lustrous and rapturous as love that is born but to quicken and lighten and die.

Heaven's own heart, at its highest of delight, found utterance in music and semblance in fire:

Thunder on thunder exulted, rejoicing to live and to satiate the night's desire.

* * * * *

Such glory, such terror, such passion, as lighten and harrow the far, fierce East,

Rang, shone, spake, shuddered around us: the night was an altar with death for priest.

The channel that sunders England from shores where never was man born free

Was clothed with the likeness and thrilled with the strength and the wrath of a tropic sea.

As a wild steed ramps in rebellion, and rears till it swerves from a backward fall,

The strong ship struggled and reared, and her deck was upright as a sheer cliff's wall.

Stern and stem plunged under, alternate; a glimpse, a recoil, a breath,

And she sprang as a life in a God-made man would spring at the throat of death.

Three glad hours, and it seemed not an hour, of supreme and supernal joy.

Filled up with delight that revives in remembrance a sea bird's heart in a boy.

For the central crest of the night was cloud that thundered and flamed, sublime

As the splendor and song of the soul everlasting that quickens the pulse of time.

The glory beholden of man in a vision, the music of light overheard,

The rapture and radiance of battle, the life that abides in the fire of a word,

In the midst of heaven enkindled, was manifest far on the face of the sea,

And the rage in the roar of the voice of the waters was heard but when heaven breathed free.

Far eastward, clear of the covering of cloud, the sky laughed out into light

From the rims of the storm to the sea's dark edge with flames that were flowerlike and white.

The leaping and luminous blossoms of live sheet lightning that laugh as they fade

From the cloud's black base to the black wave's brim rejoiced in the light they made.

Far westward, throned in a silent sky, where life was in lustrous tune, Shone, sweeter and surer than morning or evening, the steadfast smile of the moon.

The limitless heaven that enshrined them was lovelier than dreams may behold, and deep

As life or as death, revealed and transfigured, may shine on the soul through sleep.

All glories of toil and of triumph and passion and pride that it yearns to know

Bore witness there to the soul of its likeness and kinship, above and below.

The joys of the lightnings, the songs of the thunders, the strong sea's labor and rage,

Were tokens and signs of the war that is life and is joy for the soul to wage.

No thought strikes deeper or higher than the heights and the depths that the night made bare,

Illimitable, infinite, awful and joyful, alive in the summit of air—

Air stilled and thrilled by the tempest that thundered between its reign and the sea's,

Rebellious, rapturous, and transient as faith or as terror that bows men's knees.

No love sees loftier and fairer the form of its godlike vision in dreams

Than the world shone then, when the sky and the sea were as love for a breath's length seems—

One utterly mingled and mastering and mastered, and laughing with love that subsides

As the glad, mad night sank panting and satiate with storm, and released the tides.

In the dense mid-channel the steam-souled ship hung hovering, assailed and withheld

As a soul born royal, if life or if death be against it, is thwarted and quelled.

As the glories of myriads of glow-worms in lustrous grass on a boundless lawn

Were the glories of flames phosphoric that made of the water a light like dawn.

A thousand Phosphors, a thousand Hespers, awoke in the churning sea,

And the swift, soft hiss of them living and dying was clear as a tune could be.

* * * * *

And sudden and soft as the passing of sleep is, the passing of tempest seemed,

When the light and the sound of it sank, and the glory was gone as a dream half dreamed.

The glory, the terror, the passion that made of the midnight a miracle, died,

Not slain at a stroke, nor in gradual reluctance abated of power and of pride.

With strong, swift subsidence, awful as power that is wearied of power upon earth,

As a God that were wearied of power upon heaven, and were fain of a new God's birth.

The might of the night subsided: the tyranny kindled in darkness fell:

And the sea and the sky put off them the rapture and radiance of heaven and of hell.

The waters, heaving and hungering at heart, made way, and were well-nigh fain

For the ship that had fought them, and wrestled, and reveled in labor, to cease from her pain.

And an end was made of it: only remembrance endures of the glad, loud strife;

And the sense that a rapture so royal may come not again in the passage of life.

—Algernon C. Swinburne in July North American Review.

THE VOLUNTEER IN BATTLE.

Filipino Prisoners not Murdered—As to Looting and Destruction of Property—Trophy-Hunting by Officers—Remarkable Hospital Record—The Departure of Admiral Dewey.

Some months ago, when the country was appalled to hear of alleged barbarous deeds by the volunteers in the Philippines, the New York *Evening Post* asked its Manila correspondent, H. L. Wells, to investigate the stories. In its issue of July 20th it prints his reply. The charges were made by the volunteers themselves in private letters home. Among the more dreadful letters, one by Charles Brenner spoke of witnessing the murder of four prisoners by order of Major Bishop, of the Kansas regiment; one by Leonard F. Adams, of the Washington regiment, charged that the Tennessee boys "lost" thirty prisoners on the way to headquarters; one by Anthony Micea, of the Third Artillery, said that "we went in [at Malabon] and killed every native we met, men, women, and children"; one by a Swarthmore graduate in Company H, First Washington, said that "we will soon round them up and kill them all off. No more prisoners. They take none, and they torture our men, so we will kill wounded and all of them"; and there were others equally surprising. Mr. Wells now says, with regard to these letters:

"The American people can be assured that there has been no more killing of Filipinos, wounded or otherwise, than the necessities of the case required. I am willing to lay it down as a general rule that any private letter telling of the exploits of the writer is either greatly exaggerated or wholly untrue. It has been worse than it is now, for such writers have been mercilessly 'guyed' and 'joshed' by their comrades for drawing the long bow. I know a captain who lost all discipline in his company for a time because of one of these boastful letters.

"Most, if not all, of the writers of boastful or bloodthirsty letters are men who never see the firing-line, special-duty men, or the class that straggle in battle. The men who do the real work are not boastful, nor do they murder prisoners in cold blood. All the killing they do is in the heat of battle, and if there has been any killing of prisoners or helpless wounded, it has been by these stragglers and camp-followers. I know a special-duty man who has never sniffed the smoke of battle, who wrote a letter home in which he said: 'We take no prisoners, but kill them as fast as we come to them,' and this letter was published, and is as good evidence as the letter of the Kansas man who said he killed four prisoners in order to join in a charge. I have heard of no instance, and do not believe there has been one, of the deliberate killing of a Filipino once taken prisoner. I have seen soldiers stop, while advancing across the lines from which the insurgents have just been driven, and bind up the wounds of Filipino soldiers with their first-aid packages, and give them a drink from their canteens, just as carefully as they had but recently done for their own comrades who fell in the same contest."

The largest number captured at any one time was three hundred and seventy-four, continues Mr. Wells, sent in by the Washington regiment from Pasig:

"These men had no arms when captured, and claimed to be *amigos*, but their identity as soldiers was fully established by the fact that they promptly fell into line when ordered to do so, the non-commissioned officers in the rear. They were taken to Manila, and were subsequently released, under the conciliatory policy pursued here by General Otis, in obedience to instructions from Washington, but contrary to the judgment of a majority of the officers who are at the front doing the real work of the campaign. They believe that the more severe the war is made the more quickly it will be brought to an end. The volunteers, and most of the regulars who have been in actual campaigns believe that towns infested by *insurrectos* should be burned, and all supplies of food destroyed, as the speediest means of ending the war, and it can safely be said that disgust with the present policy of making war as easy as possible upon an enemy that appreciates only hard knocks is one of the reasons why the volunteers will not reenlist, and are all eager to go home and wash their hands of the whole affair. Their worst grievance is that they have been constantly thrust to the front and the regulars kept in the background, until their regiments have been worn down to skeletons. I know regiments that could not to-day put forty per cent. of their strength on the firing-line. It is not that the volunteers do not want to fight, for they are the best fighting troops we have, but they object to being used as the hammer all the time, in order to save the regulars, especially as they feel that most of their work is accomplishing no practical good, because of the endeavor not to injure the enemy. This explains why so few are willing to reenlist.

"The Filipinos have not enough rifles to arm the seventy thousand or more men on their rolls, and so with each body of rifleman there goes a body of *bolo* men. However useless as these *bolo* men are for offensive purposes, they are always on hand in the trenches to carry the dead and wounded to the rear and to keep their guns and ammunition from falling into our hands. As soon as a man is killed or wounded he is placed on a bamboo litter, or taken between two men and carried at once to the rear, while his gun and cartridges are seized by a *bolo* man, who becomes at once transformed into a rifleman. In this way a regiment of a thousand men with 'fusils' and four hundred with *bolos* can keep a thousand rifles in action all the time, even after two or three hundred men have been hit."

With regard to the moral effect of this war upon the soldiers, Mr. Wells says:

"There is no question but that our men do 'shoot niggers' somewhat in the sporting spirit, but that is because war and their environments have rubbed off the thin veneer of civilization. Undoubtedly, they do not regard the shooting of Filipinos just as they would the shooting of white troops. This is partly because they are 'only niggers' and partly because they despise them for their treachery and servility. One who has not been here to see the methods of Filipino warfare can not fully understand the mental attitude of our soldiers, the ones, I mean, who have been here long enough to have their sentiments affected by their own experiences.

"Our men do not look upon them as soldiers, because they do not conduct themselves as such. They are busbwackers. The majority of them have no uniform, but dress in the universal white of the Filipino citizen. Except when actually with his gun in his hand, he is an *amigo*, a non-combatant, a peaceable citizen, who knows nothing of the whereabouts of the *insurrectos*. Even the regulars of Aguinaldo's army, the men with the blue bed-tick uniforms, carry a suit of white clothing in a roll on their backs, prepared at a moment's notice to hide their guns and transform themselves into harmless *amigos*. These peaceable citizens in white shoot from ambush at our scouting parties, cut off and kill, or attempt so to do, all who indiscreetly venture beyond our lines, carry messages and food to the enemy's camp, and aid in many other ways. Even the regular scouting parties of the enemy go out unarmed and dressed in white, so that if they fall in with our men they can pass themselves off as *amigos*. Thus, slyness and treachery are their characteristics, and they do not conduct themselves as uniformed soldiers, and our men can not be made to consider them as such. The soldiers feel that they are fighting with savages, not with soldiers, and they shoot them with the same feeling that they would shoot a wild animal. This is deplorable and is undoubtedly demoralizing."

But while the charges of barbarity in this respect are not true, continues Mr. Wells, the charges of looting and destruction of property have some foundation. Speaking of a movement through an abandoned town, he says:

"Clothing was snatched out of bureaus and scattered over the floor in search of valuables. Boxes were broken open. Suspicious mounds in back-yards were dug into. Cisterns were probed and bamboo

thickets were inspected. Often *caches* of clothing, crockery, books, etc., were discovered, and their contents scattered in the search for valuables, very few of which were found. Probably the two richest places, because the most hastily abandoned, were the cities of Pasig and Malabon. I was in Pasig the day after its capture, and at that time there was not a house that had not been ransacked. The condition of affairs in Malabon was much the same, and in every town entered by our troops until the past month, when the appointment of a provost-marshal and guard has been the first act of the commanding general. I have seen fine libraries scattered about and trampled under foot, many valuable books being carried away. I have seen books nearly two centuries old in the possession of soldiers.

"There has been no personal violence at any time that I have seen or heard of. Whenever the occupants have remained instead of fleeing, they have been unmolested in either person or property. Actually there has been but little property taken. More has been damaged or destroyed than carried away. The bump of destruction seems to be abnormally developed in the average soldier. He seems to delight in breaking furniture and smashing looking-glasses and crockery. I only tell it as a fact that the average soldier who picks up a fine piece of crockery to look at throws it down again, instead of placing it down gently; sticks his heel through the panels of sideboards and carves the legs of pianos with his *bolo*. At the same time the average officer possesses himself of the best horse and *caromato* he can find, and the average general blossoms out with a fine span and elegant carriage, for which he is unable to present a bill of sale."

The richest trophy-hunting was in Manila:

"Private property was not taken, but there was plenty of public property to supply souvenirs galore; among other things, a splendid collection of ancient and modern arms, which melted away under the covetous gaze of those high enough in authority to reach it. I call to mind the case of a certain army chaplain who undertook to possess himself of a small cannon of ancient make, to present to the university of his State, and was severely criticised by officers of much higher rank, who at the time held in their possession, and for their own use, articles of much greater intrinsic value. And this reminds me of a significant remark made by an officer who had accumulated a few such trophies as a *Mausier*, *knis*, *bolo*, sword, etc. A civilian who was looking at his collection asked him if he was not afraid of a court-martial. He replied no, because there was no officer competent to order a court-martial, from the governor-general down, who would be willing to trade collections with him. But that was long ago, and now the orders are so strict that the poor soldier who seeks curios, or even endeavors to add chicken to his hill of fare, does so with the guard-house and military prison at Bilibid staring him in the face."

Some remarkable effects of bullets upon the American soldiers are detailed in a letter from Surgeon Beck, of the Thirteenth Minnesota. He says:

"Providence, good luck, or some other occult power has stood by the American soldier in this war. At this writing we have had three hundred killed and eleven hundred wounded since the beginning of the war with the Filipinos. Of all these wounded, but three required amputation of a limb. This is a remarkable testimonial to the skillful and intelligent surgical consideration of Major Fitzgerald and his corps of assistants. Eight hundred and twenty soldiers wounded in the limbs and but three amputations—two of them the thigh and one of them the shoulder. These amputated cases all died, which is also remarkable in the light of modern surgery. In this climate tissue change is so rapid that in five hours after the vital spark has fled from a limb the case is fatal. Even the *post-mortem* changes are so rapid that embalming is a certain failure unless begun within sixty minutes after life has ceased, and then the body is immediately transferred to the boats."

To the small-calibre bullet of the *insurrecto* Mausers the wounded boys owe their lives and a continuance of their usual friendly association with good arms and legs. In the bony structure of the body the Mauser bores a clean little hole, rarely fracturing a limb; in the skull it takes a centre shot to kill. I know of at least a dozen men shot through the brain with Mausers who are still alive and in good health. I know of fully a hundred cases shot through the chest cavity in every portion, except the heart, that have recovered—in fact, they rarely die. I know of cases where the main artery supply of a limb was totally destroyed, yet the integrity of the parts remained good. I helped last week to ligate the femoral artery in the left thigh of a Nebraska boy, and although a brass bullet had gone through the leg sideways, severing the artery and terribly lacerating the flesh, the collateral circulation established insures him a good leg eventually. But through the soft abdominal tissues the Mauser is always fatal, excepting in wounds of the liver. Wounds of the intestines, stomach, and spleen always kill. Every operation for resection of wounded intestines resulted in death, and the operation is now entirely abandoned."

The departure of Admiral Dewey from Manila Bay attracted about as much attention as his sensational entrance. The correspondent of the New York *Sun* tells of the formalities of leave-taking:

"The *Olympia*, still in a blue-gray fighting suit, lay but a short distance off the breakwater. Near her lay the *Oregon*, beautiful to see in the spotless white and buff of the piping times of peace. The *Baltimore* and little *Concord* lay ahead of them, in color to match the flagship, and a little further out were the big army transports *Warren* and *Hancock*, not yet rid of the dust and smoke of their recent traveling from the States. Off Paranaque lay the monitor *Monadnock*. The *Monterey* was at Cavite, but the little *Manila*, one of Dewey's first prizes, had come up from the lower bay to say good-by to the commander-in-chief. Soon after seven bells the anchor was hove short and the *bo's'n's* gangs began taking in the gangways. The hose was led out to wash down the anchor and cable and everything was ready for the word to heave up."

"As it struck eight bells the water was turned on the cable, and the *Olympia's* anchor was broken out of the mud of Manila Bay, probably for the last time. Almost immediately her engines began to move. From her main-trunk floated a huge four-starred blue flag, the insignia of Dewey's rank. Flag officers do not fly pennants, so there was no long streamer to tell the world that the *Olympia* was homeward bound, but in its place there flew from the main-mast an immense new flag. The *Olympia* turned to port and passed ahead of the *Oregon* and astern of the *Baltimore* and *Concord*. As she came almost into line with the *Oregon* a six-pounder gun on the starboard side of the forward superstructure of the battleship banged out the first gun of the salute to the departing admiral. The port gun had hardly answered when the *Concord* was at it, too, and then the *Baltimore* took her turn. Before they were through firing the *Olympia* had passed beyond the anchorage of our ships and was nearing the gigantic British cruiser *Powerful*. The band of the *Olympia* led off with 'El Capitan,' the march which the British band played the day our ships sailed from Mirs Bay, and which the band of the *Immortalité* played again as the *Olympia* went into action in Manila Bay for the second time on August 13th."

As the roar of the guns died out, the strains of "Home, Sweet Home," rose from the quarter-deck of the *Baltimore*, the new flag-ship:

"Now, as she passed the *Powerful*, the *Olympia* saluted her big British friend with 'God Save the Queen.' John Bull's sailors were lined up along the rail of the cruiser two deep, and they responded to their national anthem with a rousing cheer, which sent the *Olympia's* men hustling up her sides to answer."

"The blue and red and yellow signal flags had been waving all the sorts of good-by messages that the code knows from the moment the *Olympia* got under way. 'Good-by,' said the *Olympia* to the other ships. 'Good-by,' answered the *Baltimore* and the *Concord* and the *Oregon*, and then the *Oregon* added, 'Wish you a pleasant voyage.' And there goes the *Olympia*, making straight for the Boca Chica and home. Down in old Fort Santiago the army is firing its salute to the admiral as the *Olympia* fades away."

It may be a good while before California sees again her famous native daughter, now a-visiting in Mediterranean waters; but in a few weeks New York will have a chance to welcome her; and California will help make the noise, when Dewey comes home.

"LORD RANDY'S" SON.

Lieutenant Winston Churchill's Unsuccessful Attempt to Enter Parliament—The Record He has Made as a Soldier—Lady Randolph Churchill's Electioneering.

Lady Randolph Churchill has been much in the public eye of late. She has always been so, for the matter of that, since her marriage to "Lord Randy" early in 1874. He was, as all the world knows, a brilliant but erratic man, and it is an open secret that, without his wife's aid, he would never have arrived at the high position he eventually attained. A beautiful and fascinating woman, she possesses in a high degree the tact and adaptability so characteristic of the daughters of America, and the added charm of novelty—for her marriage was one of the first of the now long chain of international alliances that have done so much to unite the two countries—soon made her a social leader and—in consequence in this country, where the women of the upper classes exert so much indirect influence—a political power.

Latterly she has been busy in the preparation of the *Anglo-Saxon Review*, of which she is editor and proprietor. As it is published simultaneously in this country and America, and the first issue appeared some time ago, I would doubtless be carrying coals to Newcastle if I described it here; it is enough to say that the new review has been well received by the press and by that portion of the public that can afford to lay out a guinea on a quarterly publication. Its very costliness should be in its favor from a financial point of view, and it is in a way economical to produce, for many of its contributors, who could not be induced to write for any other periodical, send articles to her without compensation.

But no sooner was her review out than she threw herself heart and soul into the work of getting her elder son elected to Parliament. Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill—he is a lieutenant in the Fourth Queen's Own Hussars, but that is no impediment to his entering the House—is, in many respects, his father's son—gifted, forceful, erratic—but in him these qualities have been tempered by his mother's training. The only objectionable eccentricity he has yet laid up against his record was his performance at the time that Mrs. Ormiston Chant was waging her warfare on the music-halls. He stood up in his seat at the Empire, one evening, and delivered a fiery oration in defense of the frail creatures whom the reformers were pursuing.

But, on the other hand, he has much to his credit. He was a public-school boy, and after Harrow he went to Sandhurst. Entering the army in 1895, he served with the Spanish forces in Cuba in that year, winning a first-class medal of the Spanish Order of Military Merit. Two years later he went to India, and was present at the operations in Bajaur, being attached to the Thirty-First Punjab Infantry. He was mentioned in dispatches here and received a medal for his bravery. At the same time he acted as war correspondent for one of the London papers, sending letters that were read with interest and have been preserved in his one book, "The Story of the Malakand Field Force." Last year he served as orderly officer to Sir William Lockhart, with the Tirah Expeditionary Force; and he was present, attached to the Twenty-First Lancers, at the Battle of Khartum, where he won another medal. Not so had a record for a young fellow who is not yet twenty-five.

His next ambition has been to enter Parliament—as a Conservative, of course—and it was not difficult to secure for him the Unionist candidacy for Oldham in the recent by-election. Oldham is a manufacturing city of about one hundred and forty thousand inhabitants, and the electors are horny-handed sons of toil who have opinions of their own, based on trivial things perhaps, but hard to move. The last election there had been won by the Conservatives by a majority of two hundred and sixteen, and the next before that by the Liberals by three hundred and thirty-six. It was not impossible that the pendulum would swing back to the Liberal side again; but so many and so trifling matters sway the elector's mind that the fight was well worth making. In Oldham the fate of the candidates hung upon their personal qualities, their attitude on the tithe rates bill, and the fads of the anti-vaccinationists, woman-suffragists, and others.

There were two vacancies, and Lieutenant Churchill's running-mate was a Mr. Mawdsley, the secretary of a local trades-union. The fight against him was particularly strong because of the jealousy of the Radical labor leaders at the idea of a trades-union representative entering Parliament as a Conservative. The opposing candidates were Alfred Emmott, manager of one of the largest cotton-spinning factories in Oldham—a man whom the operatives regarded as one of themselves—and a Mr. Runciman, a partner in a ship-owning firm of Newcastle-on-Tyne.

The Liberals had the advantage of perfect party organization, and against this and the personal popularity of Mr. Emmott, young Churchill could not make the running. He addressed four or five meetings a day, and showed himself to the voters as a keen-witted, ready speaker who had the courage of his convictions, a quality that won him many votes. Lady Randolph Churchill, too, was a power on his side. The other candidates had pretty wives who worked for them, but Lieutenant Churchill had a novelty in the way of a pretty mother, and she was everywhere in evidence for a week or ten days before the election, visiting electors, evincing a deep interest in their children and their invalids, and making liberal promises against the coming winter.

But it was all of no avail. When the votes were counted it was found that Winston Churchill had been beaten by one less than fifteen hundred votes. The disappointment to his mother was more severe than to himself; but she is not a woman to be daunted by one failure, and it will not be many years, I venture to predict, before Lieutenant Winston Churchill will have a seat in the legislative body that once was stirred by the fiery eloquence of his father's words.

LONDON, July 10, 1899.

PICCADIL:

THE SOCIETY CIGARETTE.

Isobel Strong Writes of the Temptations of Tobacco—Smoking on the Stage and in Social Circles—Luxurious Appointments for the Vice.

In the pages of the ordinary novel, when one of the characters, donning her costly tea-gown, throws herself upon a silken couch and takes out her silver cigarette-case, the seasoned novel-reader knows at once that she is wicked; that she opens letters, and listens at doors, and dies, in the last chapter, from an overdose of chloral. On the stage one can distinguish the adventuress from the heroine in the first act by her close-fitting, shimmering jet, and that when she finds herself alone with the villain she lights a cigarette in a business-like manner, as she rakes over the secrets of her past.

The English and American papers vie with each other in attributing new fads and foolishness to the womenkind of the other country. One reads in English papers that it is the fashion among the smart set in New York to decorate their finger-nails with small landscapes, and that these cost enormous sums; that among fashionable Americans the ladies wear live beetles attached to golden chains—describing, with great attention to detail, the creatures crawling over white shoulders. The American papers say that smoking has become so much the vogue among Englishwomen that separate smoking compartments are in course of construction on the railroads; and there have been so many references to and comments upon the fact that ladies smoke on the terrace of Parliament House, that it really may be true.

In the English play of "Lord and Lady Algy," one of the bones of contention between the couple is their difference of opinion upon the merits of different brands of tobacco. Lord Algy smokes Egyptian and his wife prefers Turkish; in the last act they do not kiss and make up in the good, old-fashioned way, but Lady Algy resigns Turkish cigarettes, and says in the handsomest manner that hereafter she will always smoke Egyptian. This play is a clever satire drawn closely from the manners and customs of modern English society, and there is no doubt about it that the women of that particular set smoke in England.

Bohemia has gone out; the word does not mean anything now except as an excuse for poor art students to present for their humble make-shifts, or fashionable people to use to describe their more or less rowdy adventures. Among writers who might be called Bohemian if they were not eminently respectable, prosperous, and well dressed, the cigarette is an accepted feature at afternoon teas; it circulates about among the ladies after dinner, and makes its appearance at all informal gatherings.

It takes a grand manner to carry off the cigarette successfully, without the least touch of self-consciousness, or Bohemianism, or the suspicion of being fast. The woman who dresses handsomely, whose drawing-rooms are crowded with well-known people, whose silver service is older than the century, is the one who dispenses Turkish cigarettes ornamented with a gold band and fancy lettering. She seems to say: "I am above prejudice; what I do is right. I authorize the cigarette!" But she does not really like smoking; it is hard to believe that anybody does who buys made cigarettes. She has traveled abroad, she has smoked on the terrace at Parliament House; she knows that cigarettes follow the coffee as a matter of course on the Continent, and it gives a certain foreign distinction to be offered one of her gold-painted abominations, even if the conversation is over one's head and the atmosphere somewhat rarified.

If a woman has had a New England early training she does not take to cigarettes easily, any more than she can play cards—even innocent whist—or receive on Sundays without inward tremors. When such a one offers you smoking materials there is a doubt and uncertainty about it. The hostess holds her cigarette at arm's length out of the way of her shimmering satin train as though it were in reality a "filthy weed," and looks at it every minute anxiously to see if it is still alight. At her house you meet the bachelor business-woman of whom there are so many in New York, as far removed from the old maid as light is from darkness—brisk, handsome, well-dressed women of affairs—and they all smoke. They are the kind that carries little cases of its own particular brand of cigarettes, and between the pauses of an animated discourse on new books and the latest political blunder, will discuss with you the merits of "Three Castles," Lone Jack, or the Turkish or Egyptian brands. They will tell you that the best tobacco on earth is grown in Virginia, exported to England, and there made into some exquisite preparation the like of which can not be found in America; that in this country one is always smoking some new brand that is good just so long as it is necessary to build up a reputation. One could name a dozen deteriorated brands that were very good indeed when they were first put on the market. In England a tobacco company that was founded in the last century and imported the fresh leaves from Virginia is making the same kind of tobacco, and just as good apparently as when it was first manufactured.

The bachelor girl has a match-box of gun-metal, with an amethyst top, which hangs to her chatelaine for evening wear, or is attached with her keys to the end of a long chain, man-fashion, and she carries it in the front pocket of her tight-fitting tailor-made skirt.

There is a class of people that takes cigarettes as a part of dissipation, with punch and late hours. In queer, down-town rooms, oddly decorated and covered with clever sketches and miscellaneous curiosities, where there may be not one but two grand pianos out of all proportion to the size of the room, the punch is brewed with much laughter, the people call each other by their first names, and the ladies all smoke—the way they quaff the punch, with an air of bravado. The pianos crash to the brand-new symphony of a youthful composer, while the ladies, who all wear their hair in somewhat *négligé* style, applaud, wildly waving their

cigarettes while they discuss music theoretically and talk of tone formation.

In such an assemblage you may see the genuine lover of smoking, the woman who knows good tobacco from bad, and—surest test of all—rolls her own cigarettes. The tips of the fingers of her right hand are slightly browned; she draws from her corsage a small, oblong case of delicate blue leather, that is shaped something like a small envelope, and shuts with a catch. It contains tobacco of a beautiful reddish-yellow tint, and a few sheets of *papier de riz*. It is charming to see how deftly she rolls a cigarette, giving it the right Spanish twist to keep it in place; and hers is the cigarette that does not need re-lighting. It is one of her type that has been known to carry her tobacco about in a torn-off corner of an envelope, tucked under her silver belt-buckle. The outfit may not have been elegant, but the tobacco was always good.

ISOBEL STRONG.

NEW YORK, July 22, 1899.

DEATH.

Is Death a Horror white of fleshless bone
Grasping a sickle in his cruel hand?
A frozen Queen with unimpassioned eyes,
Motionless, brooding on a shadowy throne?
An aureoled Angel pointing to the skies?
A wandering waste of formless mysteries
No mind can understand?

Not these; nay, none of these;
But one with gentle eyes that sits alone
In silver shadow wreathing sleep-poppies
With earnest nightshade flowers,
And singing evermore in dying tone
While from the world pale pilgrims, one by one,
Toward her glide, and, sighing, lay them down
Where in the holy dusk of cypress bowers
Are mosses cool and deep.
Round every brow she winds a poppy crown,
And every eye she closes with a kiss:
Thus drowsed they swoon into unending sleep;
But she sings on, and what she sings is this:

"O ye that linger in the garish light,
And trust in hope that lies of earthly bliss,
Then seek for comfort where no comfort is,
But only dry, implacable distress,
Wonder and weeping, shame and nakedness—
Why falter on the bounds of soothing night,
And fear to court my sleep-persuading kiss?
Sleep is so bountiful to aged eyes
Dim with perpetual tears
And tired with yearning at the lonely skies;
Infinite silence so benign to ears
Dazed with the long, long wail of suppliant litanies.

"And thou whose curls are still bright, virgin gold,
Whose lips are full of song, O thou whose eyes
Regard the world with beautiful surprise,
Come hither ere the gradual peony
Of morning leave thee cold:
Come ere the bubbling fount of love be dry
Which clothes the pleasant meads and laughing bowers
Of thy young soul with perishable flowers;
Come ere the moon be powerless to make
For thee her silent, silvery melody;
And ere the rose
Wither from Beauty's cheek, and paradise
Decay in Beauty's eyes:—
O Youth come hither, hither come and take,
Here in these dreamless haunts of old repose,
Bounties diviner far than love and joy:
The perfect sleep which nothing can awake,
The utter peace which nothing can destroy."

—Rudolf Besier in Literature.

Not long ago Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, organized an institution for the purpose of sheltering and caring for Italian waifs dispersed in the French capital. Recently the waifs who had been thus cared for were assembled in the Church of St. Augustine in order to receive their first communion. The mass was celebrated by Mgr. Granito di Belmonte, the Vatican *chargé d'affaires* in Paris. It is said that the ceremony was organized for the particular purpose of affronting the Italian Government. The organizers decorated the crypt of the church as a *salon*, and in it they erected a throne covered with silk and gold brocade. On the throne sat the ex-Queen of the Two Sicilies, who thirty-eight years ago was driven from Naples by Garibaldi. After the religious ceremony all the waifs and strays were made to defile before this dispossessed queen, who, in honor of the occasion, was surrounded by her courtiers and ladies of honor. The Italian children were made to kiss the queen's hand, and they received bonbons as a reward. Nearly all the partisans of the Bourbons in Paris were present, having been invited hither by an anonymous circular. Some of the members of the Italian colony in Paris have addressed indignant letters to the press concerning the affair, but the government organs in Rome that have noticed the event affect to be heartily amused by it.

Johnst.

It will be remembered that Max Alvary, the famous tenor, about four years ago, when he was no longer in good health and was able to fill his professional engagements only with great difficulty, fell on the stage of the theatre at Mannheim in Baden. The accident took place during a performance of "Siegfried," when the singer, who followed the dragon back into his cave, fell some distance to the stage. The injuries he suffered then hastened his end, although from the nature of his disease death was inevitable in a short time. The singer brought suit against the city of Mannheim for the injuries he had suffered at the municipal opera-house, and after his death the litigation was continued by his heirs. It has finally been settled by the payment to them of forty-five hundred dollars as satisfaction for all claims they may have against the city.

Johnst.

The colored people of Philadelphia are raising ten thousand dollars in order to place in Fairmount Park a monument to Bishop Richard Allen, the founder of the African Methodist-Episcopal Church, first as a local organization, in 1787, and as a national church in 1816. It now has a membership of seven hundred thousand, sixty annual conferences, thirty institutions of learning, nine general departments, and eight bishops.

Johnst.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Adolphe d'Ennery, the dramatist, by his will recognized a natural daughter whom he had neglected throughout his life, and left her a large part of his fortune. The will was attacked by other relatives, but has just been declared to be valid by the Paris courts.

A. G. Peck, of Cohoes Falls, N. Y., has bought the Muckross estates, on the Lakes of Killarney, about which there has been so much talk. The price paid was one hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars. Mr. Peck made a fortune in this country in the manufacture of axes, and is now residing in London.

All doubts as to the correctness of the recent report about the marriage of Paderewski were removed a few weeks ago, when some of his friends in New York received from him engraved cards announcing that he was married to Mme. Helene, Baroness of Rosen, on May 31st, at the Church of St. Esprit in Warsaw.

During his long career as a lawyer, Elihu Root, who succeeds General Alger as Secretary of War, has been leading counsel in many famous cases, notably for Tweed and Ingersoll on the exposure of the frauds perpetrated upon the County of New York by the Tweed ring, for Judge Hilton in the Stewart will case, for the executors in the Hoyt and Havemeyer will cases, and for the contestants in the Hammersley will case. Mr. Root was chairman of Governor Roosevelt's campaign committee last year.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, premier of Canada and leader of the Liberal party in the Dominion, has obtained world-wide fame as one of the nineteenth century's most forceful statesmen. His recent declaration in the House of Commons that the Alaskan boundary dispute with the United States can be settled "only by arbitration or war" is thoroughly in line with his customary aggressiveness, though it is also characteristic of him that he followed this seemingly bellicose statement with the pacific assertion that "we must find some means of bringing about a peaceful settlement."

The Duke of Westminster, who has just presented the winnings of his colt Flying Fox in the Eclipse stake—fifty thousand dollars—to the Royal Alexandra Hospital at Rhyl, Wales, of which he is president and the Princess of Wales patroness, is rated as one of the richest men in the world. Horses are the pride of his life, and he is the best judge of a horse in the United Kingdom. The Westminster colors have won the Derby five times and the Oaks stakes nine times. The famous stables of the duke are at his principal country seat, Eaton Hall, in Chester, near Hawarden.

Kaiser Wilhelm's restlessness has brought about the retirement in disgrace of the chief magistrate of the Metz district. When the Kaiser visited Metz lately, a programme was arranged according to which he was to be entertained at lunch at a certain hour, and was then to make a triumphal progress through a number of villages, where school children and societies of all kinds were to be arrayed on either side to greet him. The Kaiser insisted on getting up from the lunch an hour before the appointed time, which upset the arrangements, so that he found the streets deserted on his journey. The magistrate had to pay for the fizzle.

Captain Edward H. Plummer, who has been commissioned lieutenant-colonel of the Thirty-Fifth Infantry Volunteers, is senior aid to Major-General William R. Shafter. At the outbreak of the war with Spain he was assigned to the Fifth Army Corps, under General Shafter, and during the campaign around Santiago he was quartermaster at his headquarters. The proficiency with which he performed his duty as quartermaster attracted the most favorable comment from his superior officers, and ultimately obtained for him the position of senior aid upon the staff of General Shafter. Captain Plummer accompanied him to this city when he returned from Cuba, and since that time he has been his principal assistant.

The delegates to the Women's International Council, having expressed a desire to pay their respects to the queen, Lady Aberdeen arranged a trip to Windsor. Her majesty consented to drive slowly through the quadrangle of the castle and receive a few of the more prominent delegates. Miss Susan B. Anthony, in speaking of her meeting with the queen, said: "I had never seen the queen before, and could not but feel a thrill when, looking in her wonderful face, I saw her, as her life is going out, welcoming the women's movement, which is the precursor of the twentieth century. What pleased me most was when her majesty said: 'Now, I can not have these ladies who are visiting me return without giving them a cup of tea.' Sir Arthur John Bigge, the queen's private secretary, replied: 'But, your majesty, they are here in hundreds.' 'I do not care,' said the queen, 'if they are here in thousands. They must all have a cup of tea when they come to see me.'"

Milton Rathbun, a merchant of Mount Vernon, N. Y., recently went twenty-eight days without nourishment. Mr. Rathbun is fifty-two years of age, a prosperous and wealthy man, and fasted simply because he wanted to reduce his weight, fearing that its gradual increase might bring on apoplexy. He succeeded in his efforts. He weighed two hundred and ten pounds when he stopped eating; when he resumed, at the end of twenty-eight days, he tipped the scales at one hundred and sixty-eight pounds—a loss of forty-two pounds of flesh. A singular fact in Mr. Rathbun's experiment was that after the first twenty-four hours he experienced no sense of hunger at all, and had no unpleasant sensations of any kind. He slept and worked in the regular way, his mind clear and his strength unabated to the end. He drank copiously of water during the period, but took nothing else. Mr. Rathbun believes that the average man eats far more than is necessary for his health or comfort, and that an occasional period of absolute abstinence from food for several days is good for the system.

Johnst.

ANECDOTES OF FAMOUS SINGERS.

The Peerless "Puritan" Quartet—Trials and Tribulations of the Impresario—Amusing Stories of Alboni, Patti, Gerster, Nevada, Melba, and Sibly Sanderson.

Henry C. Lahee's volume on "Famous Singers of To-Day and Yesterday" will be found interesting not only to the student but to the amateur, for it gives one an excellent "bird's-eye view" of those whose names exist as singers of international repute, and is written in a most entertaining style. It is a complete record from the year 1600, which marked the beginning of a new era in musical history—for in that year the first public performance of regular opera took place in Florence, when the "Eurydice" of Rinuccini and Peri was given in honor of the wedding of Marie de Medici and Henry the Fourth of France—down to the present day. We shall make no attempt to follow the careers of the many interesting prima donnas who have won fame and fortune on the operatic stage, but confine our extracts to a number of characteristic anecdotes, which are liberally sprinkled throughout the volume.

One of the first singers to achieve fame in London was Francesca Cuzzoni:

Händel took great pains to compose airs adapted to display her exquisite voice. She, in return, treated him with insolence and caprice, so that he looked about for another singer. His choice fell upon Faustina Bordon, a Venetian lady who had risen to fame in Italy. She was elegant in figure, agreeable in manners, and had a handsome face. Cuzzoni, on the other hand, was ill-made and homely, and her temper was turbulent and obstinate. A bitter rivalry at once sprang up, Händel fanning the flame by composing for Bordon as diligently as he had previously done for Cuzzoni. The public was soon divided, and the rivalry was carried to an absurd point. At length the singers actually came to blows, and so fierce was the conflict that the bystanders were unable to separate them until each combatant bore substantial marks of the other's esteem. Cuzzoni was then dispensed with, and went to Vienna. She was reckless and extravagant, and was several times imprisoned for debt, finally dying in frightful indigence after subsisting by button making—a sad termination of a brilliant career.

When Benjamin Franklin arrived in Paris, he confessed that nowhere did he find such pleasure, such wit, such brilliancy, as in the saloon of the beautiful yet dissipated Sophie Arnould:

She remained faithful to her lover, Count Lauraguais, with whom she eloped, for four years, when he bestowed on her a life-pension of two thousand crowns. While she never spared any one in the exercise of her wit, she was occasionally the subject of ridicule herself, as, for instance, when the Abbé Galiani was asked his opinion of her singing, and replied, "It is the finest asthma I ever heard." When Voltaire one day said to her, "Ah mademoiselle, I am eighty-four years old, and I have committed eighty-four follies," she replied, "A mere trifle; I am not yet forty, and I have committed more than a thousand."

The production of Bellini's last opera, "I Puritani," in 1834, was one of the greatest musical events of the age, not solely on account of the work, but because of the very remarkable quartet which embodied the principal characters—Grisi, soprano, Rubini, tenor, Tamburini, baritone, and Lablache, basso. This quartet continued in its perfection for several years, with the substitution later of Mario for Rubini, and was one of the most notable and interesting in the history of operatic music. Many interesting stories are told of this peerless "Puritani" quartet. Here are two of Grisi and her husband, Mario, who were much admired by the Czar Nicholas of Russia:

It is said that the Czar, meeting Grisi one day walking with her children, stopped and said facetiously, "I see, these are the pretty Grisettes." "No," replied Grisi, "these are my Marionettes." Mario, too, is said to have been asked by the Czar to cut his beard in order to the better look one of his parts. This he declined to do, even when the Zarina, fearing that he might become a victim of the Czar's displeasure, added her request. But Mario declared that it was better to incur the displeasure of the Czar than to lose his voice, saying that if they did not like him with his beard, upon which he relied for the protection of his voice, they surely would not like him without his voice.

An amusing instance of Tamburini's versatility was shown at Palermo during the carnival season of 1823, when the audience attended the theatre armed with drums, trumpets, shovels, and anything that would make a noise:

Tamburini, being unable to make his basso heard, sang his music in falsetto, an accomplishment which so delighted the audience that they laid aside their instruments of torture, and applauded enthusiastically. The prima donna, however, was so enraged and frightened by the rough behavior of the audience that she fled from the theatre, and the manager was at his wit's end. Tamburini donned the fugitive's satin dress, clapped her bonnet over his wig, and appeared on the stage with a mining step. He sang the soprano score so admirably, burlesquing the action of the prima donna, but showing far greater powers of execution than she possessed, that his hearers were captivated. He did not shrink the duets, but sang the woman's part in falsetto, and his own in his natural voice.

Once, when Lablache was quartered at the same hotel as General Tom Thumb, who was delighting audiences at a vaudeville, the following amusing incident occurred:

An English tourist, who was making strenuous efforts to meet Tom Thumb, burst into the great basso's apartment, but seeing such a giant, hesitated and apologized, saying that he was looking for Tom Thumb. "I am he," said Lablache, in his deepest tones. The Englishman, taken flat aback, exclaimed: "But you were much smaller when I saw you on the stage yesterday." "Yes," replied Lablache; "that is how I have to appear, but when I get home to my own rooms I let myself out and enjoy myself," and he proceeded to entertain his visitor.

Concerning Jenny Lind's American tour, which was very eventful, the writer says:

It began with a serenade by a band of one hundred and thirty musicians, preceded by seven hundred of the firemen of New York. The demonstration occurred at one o'clock in the morning, and was witnessed by a crowd of thirty thousand people. The tickets for the concerts were sold by auction, and the highest price paid was two hundred and twenty-five dollars—by an enterprising business man. During her stay in America, Jennie Lind was followed by crowds eager to see her; receptions were arranged, and everything was done to keep up the excitement. She was under the management of P. T. Barnum, from whom she later obtained her release on payment of a forfeit of thirty thousand dollars.

Once when the celebrated Marietta Alboni was at Trieste, she was informed of the existence of a plot to kiss her off the stage:

Having ascertained the names of her detractors and where they were to be found, she donned male attire, in which her short hair and robust figure helped to complete her disguise, and went to the *café* at which the conspirators met. Here she found them in full consultation, and, taking a seat at a table, she listened to their conversation for a time. After awhile she addressed the leader, saying: "I hear that

you intend to play a trick upon some one. I am very fond of a little practical joke myself, and should be glad if you would allow me to join you on this occasion."

"With pleasure," was the reply; "we intend to hiss an opera singer off the stage this evening."

"Indeed, and of what is he guilty?"

"Oh, nothing except that, being an Italian, she has sung in Munich and Vienna to German audiences, and we think she ought to receive some castigation for her unpatriotic conduct."

"I agree with you—and now please tell me what I am to do."

"Take this whistle," said the leader. "At a signal to be given at the conclusion of the air sung by Rosina, the noise will begin, and you will have to join in."

"I shall be very glad to do so," replied the singer, and put the whistle in her pocket.

In the evening the house was packed, every seat was occupied, and the audience warmly applauded in the opening numbers of the opera. In due course Mme. Alboni appeared, and at the point at which she was about to address her tutor, a few of the conspirators began to make a disturbance, not waiting for the signal.

Without showing any concern, Mme. Alboni walked down to the footlights, and holding up the whistle, which was hung to her neck by a ribbon, she exclaimed: "Gentlemen, are you not a little before your time? I thought we were not to commence whistling until after I had sung the air."

For a moment a death-like stillness prevailed. Then, suddenly, the house broke into thunders of applause, which was led by the conspirators themselves.

No one ever approached Mme. Patti in the art of obtaining from a manager the greatest possible sum that he could contrive by any possibility to pay. In 1882, owing to the competition of Henry Abbey, the American impresario, Mapleson was obliged to raise Patti's salary from \$1,000 per night to \$4,000, and, finally, to \$5,000 per night, a sum previously unheard-of in the annals of opera. The price, moreover, was to be paid at two o'clock of the day on which Patti was to sing:

On the second night of the engagement at Boston, Mme. Patti was billed to sing in "Traviata." Expenses had been heavy and the funds were low, so that when Signor Franchi, Patti's agent, called at the theatre promptly at two o'clock, only \$4,000 could be scraped together. Signor Franchi was indignant, and declared that the contract was broken, and that Mme. Patti would not sing. He refused to take the \$4,000, and went off to report the matter to the prima donna. At four o'clock Signor Franchi returned to the theatre, and congratulated Colonel Mapleson on his facility for managing Mme. Patti, saying that she would do for the colonel that which she would do for no other impresario. In short, Patti would take the \$4,000 and dress for her part, all except her shoes. She would take the \$4,000 and dress for her part, all except her shoes. She would take the \$4,000 and dress for her part, all except her shoes. She would take the \$4,000 and dress for her part, all except her shoes.

Everything happened as Patti had promised. She arrived at the theatre dressed as Violetta, but minus her shoes. Franchi called at the box-office, but only \$800 was on hand. The genial signor took the money and returned to Patti's room. He soon appeared again to say that Mme. Patti was all ready except one shoe, which she could not put on until the remaining \$200 was paid. It was already time for the performance to begin, but people were still coming in, and after some slight delay Signor Franchi was able to go in triumph to Mme. Patti with the balance of the amount. Patti put on her other shoe and proceeded to the stage. She made her entrance at the proper time, her face radiant with smiles, and no one in the audience had any idea of the stirring events which had just taken place.

In 1884 Christine Nilsson made a concert tour in this country, when Brignoli sang with her:

He once caused some merriment when he came forward, in a Missouri town, to apologize for her slight indisposition. "Mme. Nilsson sees a little horse," he said. Noticing a ripple of laughter among the audience, he repeated the statement that Nilsson "was a little horse," when a facetious occupant of the gallery brought down the house by remarking, "Well, then, why don't you trot her out?"

Brignoli was a very useful tenor, and toured the country many times with various prima donnas. He was as full of oddities as of music, and a very amusing story is told of him in connection with an Havana engagement:

It appears that he was displeased at his reception, so he decided that on the next night he would punish the people by having a sore throat. He sent notice at the proper time to the manager, who, according to the laws of the country, was obliged to report the fact to the government. A doctor was sent by the authorities to ascertain the state of his health, and finding no sign of indisposition, looked very serious and told the tenor that it was a case of yellow fever. This so frightened the capricious singer that he declared himself perfectly able to sing, and he took his revenge by singing so finely that he outshone his previous reputation, and electrified his audience.

Of Alboni's first London engagement, we learn:

Colonel Mapleson heard of her singing at a small theatre at Malta, and, thinking that she would be successful, he made her an offer, through an agent, of a contract to sing at Her Majesty's Theatre. She agreed to it, and went to London; but, on arriving there, she told the cabman to drive her to the "Italian Opera House." He, instead of going to Her Majesty's, took her to Covent Garden, which was also devoted to Italian opera. She was shown up to the manager's office, and stated that she had come to sign the contract which Mr. Mapleson had offered her. Mr. Gye, thinking to play a joke on his rival, Mapleson, made out a contract, and Alboni signed it. Mr. Gye then told her that he was not Colonel Mapleson, but that he could do much better for her. He offered to tear up the contract if she liked, but told her that Nilsson was singing at Her Majesty's, and would brook no rival. Alboni decided to let the contract stand, and thus became one of the stars of Covent Garden, eventually marrying the son of Mr. Gye.

During the Mapleson company's tour of 1883-4, Gerster and Patti, both of whom were members, were bitter rivals:

On approaching Cheyenne, Patti insisted on having her car detached from the train and making a separate entry, as she could not bear to share the admiration of the multitude with Gerster. During this tour there was one occasion on which Patti and Gerster appeared together. Patti received so many flowers that the audience were weary with the delay caused by handing them over the footlights. When this ceremony was over, one small basket of flowers was handed for Gerster, but the audience arose and gave her a tremendous ovation. Henceforth Patti refused to sing with Gerster, and open war was declared. Patti declaring that Gerster had "the evil eye," and Gerster saying pointed things about Patti, as, for instance, when the aged governor of Missouri, in a burst of enthusiasm, kissed Patti, and Gerster, on being asked her opinion about this frivolity, said that she saw no harm in a man kissing a woman old enough to be his mother.

Gerster was a most difficult person to get along with:

While traveling between Louisville and Chicago, the sleeping-car in which Gerster was traveling broke down, and had to be side-tracked. Mme. Gerster was requested to change into another car, as it was impossible to continue in the one which she was occupying, but she positively refused to move. She had paid to ride in that car, and in that car would she go and in no other. No arguments could induce her to change her mind. At last an expedient was discovered. The station agent at the nearest place was a remarkably fine-looking man—he was dressed up, and introduced to her as the president of the road. He flattered her till she began to soften, and then told her that the company would be under great obligations to her if she would consent to use another car. He had a Brussels carpet laid from the door of her car to that which she was to occupy, and the lady, pleased at the deference shown to her by so high an official, at last consented to make the change.

A little anecdote is told concerning a performance of "Lucia" in Paris, which tends to show the kindly disposition of Emma Nevada:

She was, in the mad scene, accompanied in a most delicious manner by the flutist in the orchestra. One was often puzzled during the celebrated duet to determine which were the notes of the flute and which were those of the singer. Now and then a pathetic vibration would reveal the human voice and cause it to rise triumphant above the instrument. She taxed the skill of the musician to the uttermost to follow her through the intricate mazes of sound. When, through nervousness, she for a moment forgot the words of her song, the humble musician came to her rescue and improvised a few sparkling variations to enable her to regain her breath and recollect the lost phrases. At the end of the duet, two powdered footmen advanced from the wings with a gigantic basket of flowers which had been sent to her from Rome by some friends. She selected the finest rose, and, advancing to the footlights, handed it to the leader of the orchestra to be passed on to the flute-player. The action was taken with much grace and spontaneity, and brought down a storm of applause, while the poor flutist, unaccustomed to the recognition of his talent, was overcome with joy at such a graceful acknowledgment.

Perhaps the most severe ordeal through which Melba ever had to pass was in 1893, when she made her *début* in Milan:

The Milanese are very jealous of their independence of opinion, and while they will accept leniently a beginner, the artist whose reputation has been gained out of Italy is likely to fare badly at their hands. When it was announced that Melba was to sing at Milan, a feeling hostile to her at once made itself manifest. When Melba arrived, the musicians and critics did their best to keep out of the way and avoid an introduction. Stories went forth, when rehearsals began, that her voice was like a steam-whistle, and everything that could contribute toward a failure was done. Mme. Melba's friends endeavored to keep all this from her, and for a time they succeeded, but now she began to be pestered with anonymous letters making threats of various kinds. This so unnerved the prima donna that it was found advisable to acquaint the prefect of police with the details of the matter, and the intrigue was stopped. On the eventual evening the house was packed, and there was an air of hostile expectancy. The opera was "Lucia." The singer appeared amid silence, which was interrupted now and then by hissing sounds. Hardly had her first notes been heard when it was evident that a change of opinion had taken place in the audience, and the ovation which she received after the mad scene was tremendous. The press extolled her incomparable singing, and her victory was complete.

Of Sibly Sanderson's appearance in London, where her voice was found too small for Covent Garden, Mr. Lahee says:

Once when she sang in London, Van Dyck was the tenor. At the rehearsal he sang *sotto voce* in order to save himself, and he supposed that she was doing likewise. In the evening, at the performance—the opera was "Manon," which Miss Sanderson sang in Europe two hundred and fifty times—she was overwhelmed by the power of his voice. Van Dyck, hearing her small, clear tones, and thinking that she was nervous, came near to offer encouragement, and urged her to "let out your voice." "This is all the voice I have," she replied, and he, still thinking she needed encouragement, sang all the louder. Her great personal charm makes itself felt across the footlights, and while she was heavily handicapped in having to sing with such a tremendous tenor, she was yet able to captivate the audience by her sincerity.

The first meeting of Mapleson and Campanini is thus related:

He was one day sitting in his office when a rough-looking individual in a colored flannel shirt, with no collar, a beard of three or four days' growth, and a small pot hat, entered and announced that Campanini had arrived in London. "Are you sure?" exclaimed the impresario, wondering how it could interest the individual before him. The strange-looking being burst out laughing, and declared that he was quite sure, as he was himself Campanini. It was a terrible crusher for Mapleson to find that his great star was such a rough-looking customer, but Campanini more than justified the reports about his singing as soon as he made his first appearance on the stage.

The operatic tenor is frequently as much of a trial to the impresario as the soprano:

Brignoli would feel hurt unless he received what he considered the proper amount of applause, and then he would have a sore throat, and be unable to sing. Ravelli had a mortal hatred of Minnie Hauk, because she once choked his high B-flat with a too comprehensive embrace, and his expression of rage, being understood by the audience as a tremendous burst of enthusiasm, was, in consequence, loudly applauded. Nicolini, on behalf of Patti, once went out and measured the letters on a poster. It had been agreed that Patti's name was to be in letters as big again as those used for any other singer. It was discovered that the name of Nevada, who was also a member of the company, was a fraction over the stipulated size, and all the posters had to be cut in such a way that a strip was taken out of Nevada's name, and the middle dash of the E and of the A's was amputated.

As Mr. Lahee found it impossible to give biographical sketches of more than a comparatively small number of singers who have achieved renown, his modest little volume is supplemented by an excellent chronological table, which is more comprehensive, showing the date of birth, *début*, retirement, and death. The volume is daintily bound, is printed in large, clear type, and, in addition to a dozen well-chosen illustrations, contains an elaborate index.

Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

JABART

The Great Wall of China is doomed. It happens to be in the best state of repair in districts that are most accessible and populous, and it is believed that building stone from the wall will be worth fortunes to those who may secure the concession to tear it down. There are supposed to be fully four billion cubic feet of masonry in the great structure, which has a total length of about two thousand miles, including its many windings and the double and triple lines of wall that are constructed at some places. Four or five companies, European and American, are said to be interested in the project of demolition. In the end the wall was a failure, for it could not keep out of China the hosts of Genghis Khan, who swept over it and conquered the country in the thirteenth century. After that time the wall ceased to have any strategic importance, but for fourteen centuries before the great conqueror lived the wall had well served its purpose. It stretched all along the northern frontier of China, and none of the hordes of the north had been able to pass it. Day and night for centuries Chinese guards were mounted on the towers that overtopped the wall, and they always gave timely notice of the approach of an enemy. Garrisons were stationed at every gate and natural passage through the walls, and towns sprang up at these encampments, many of which became important market-places. Thus the wall really helped China to develop into a strong nation.

JABART

The Hessian Diet has passed a measure requiring bachelors to pay twenty-five per cent. more income tax than married men. It has also placed a tax of five marks per annum on bicycles unless they are used for business purposes. A proposal to doubly tax female bicyclists was defeated by a narrow majority.

LITERARY NOTES.

A Young Man Marred.

Ernest Dowson and Arthur Moore describe their novel, "Adrian Rome," as "a contemporary portrait," but it is more than that, it is a whole gallery of portraits and a vivid panorama of contemporary life among the English upper classes. Adrian Rome is, of course, the central figure, his being the career that is especially followed; but the other personages, even to those in the extreme background, are as distinctly drawn as he. The effect of reading the book is much like that of witnessing a modern "society" play presented by a company of very clever actors.

Adrian, the central figure, is one of those complex types whom the psychological novelist delights to draw. The son of an eccentric English gentleman and a gifted foreign actress, he inherits brilliant talents and a somewhat morbid temperament; moreover, he is early left an orphan, and on attaining his majority comes into a large fortune. His guardian, a cynical old man of the world, lets him go his own gait, and, with his intellectual gifts, his social position, and his wealth, he seems to bave the world at his feet.

In his school-days he has pblandered with a little country maid who lacks only the external indications of refinement to be a suitable helpmeet for him. He is not attracted by a public career or the life of society. His ambition is to be a writer; indeed, he regards his wealth almost as a drag upon his career. But he can not utterly disregard the claims of society, and soon, being a most eligible *parti* and having won some measure of fame with a book of verses, he is carried perforce into the position of a social lion. In the whirl of this new life he almost forgets Sylvia, the little Berkshire girl; and when he learns that, on her mother's death, she has gone away without a word to him, he plunges into matrimony.

The lady he chooses—or, rather, who is chosen for him; for the affair had been contrived by a match-maker—loves him, but she can not understand his ambitions. She detests the "scribbling" that keeps him from a Parliamentary career and from her receptions, and so they gradually fall apart. In this state of affairs he comes upon Sylvia again, struggling against poverty, and living with vulgar relatives—people of the music-halls. He sees now that she is the one woman for him. Immediately severing all relations with his wife, he implores Sylvia to go away with him, and has almost persuaded her to yield, when a fatal accident to him solves the problem for them all.

This is the story, baldly stated; in the book it is skillfully told, enriched with many well-drawn pictures of modern English life. The scene shifts from a rectory in Berkshire to Oxford and then to London, with its balls and dinners, clubs and restaurants, theatres and other features of metropolitan life, and excursions are made now and again to country houses—Henley, the Ascot, and the Solent. As for the actors in the tale, they include women of society and the stage, members of the House and political journalists, dramatic critics and professional wits, theatrical managers of the best and worst types, and a duke whose brother-in-law describes him as "a most worthy man," and whom an American girl mistook for his own butler.

Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

A Poet and a Fairy Godfather.

If W. E. Norris, whose latest book, "Giles Ingilby," has reached its second edition, had been persuaded that he was a poet, we know exactly how he would have talked; for Giles Ingilby, the hero of his novel, is a poet, and is obliged to talk. Mr. Norris begins at the beginning, and introduces his poet while that young man is yet living on a modest country-place with his mother. The silver-tongued youth soon has a poetic recital with his true adored, who asks him when he shall publish. "Good gracious!—never! What do you take me for?" says this poet; whereupon he speaks some additional phrases from "Bartlett's Familiar Quotations," and goes to London to work for his uncle, who is in the tea business.

Giles can scarcely tell black tea from blue, and gets along none too well among the tea-chests. This inspires him to untether his soul in song, the resultant "humble lay," as Mr. Norris well says, in a "moment of reckless audacity" being sent to the "fastidious print" of the great *Metropolitan Review*, where of course it is hungrily snatched up, and an office-boy dispatched for more. The "nascent bard" becomes at once the recipient of marked attention from Arthur Reynell, the editor, whose "faint smile" was "suggestive of habitual melancholy." Reynell apologizes for some advice, and then, after quoting the French phrase, "bien s'en faut," asks his poet if he has time to write poetry after the tea. "Oh, heaps of time!" replies Giles. Reynell soon has occasion to say "O sancta simplicitas!" to show that he knows some Latin, too; and the poet is launched.

Giles's heart, although he is "prepared to back it against the slings and arrows of outrageous Min-cing Jane"—which is poetry for that it is tough—is lost; his one-time playmate, Cynthia Hampden. He can not woo her, because he discovers that Arthur Reynell is his long-lost father, who, years before had disappeared upon finding that a former

wife whom he had thought dead was alive. After a few hundred pages of complications, the bogy wife confesses that she was already married when she wedded Reynell, and that therefore Reynell's second wife—Giles's mother—was the editor's only lawful wife. Giles, by this time easily the greatest of English poets, can now marry the girl of his choice; and the rest need not be told.

Published by Drexel Biddle, New York; price, \$1.50.

Modern Astronomy.

A new and attractive handbook of popular astronomy comes to us in "Stars and Telescopes," by David P. Todd, Ph. D., professor of astronomy at Amherst. The book is intended to meet the demand in America for a plain unrheterical statement of the astronomy of to-day, illustrated with modern engravings from the latest drawings and photographs. An exhaustive bibliography at the end of each chapter adds to the value of the work as an authoritative text-book. There are nearly three hundred engravings. Dr. Todd bases his book in part upon William Thynne Lynn's "Celestial Motions," an English work, indicating both in the index and *in situ* the extent of his obligation. For the interesting chapters on "the ruddy planet" Mars, in which a discussion is had of the various "canal" and "atmosphere" hypotheses, Dr. Todd alone is responsible. There are also chapters on the earth, moon, sun, comets, light, solar physics, eclipses, and other astronomical subjects, including a chapter by Professor See on "The Cosmogony," in which is given the new See theory of cosmic evolution.

Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$2.00.

Stories of Old Ireland.

A book of attractive Irish stories comes to hand in "Through the Turf Smoke," by Seumas MacManus, known as "Mac" in some parts of the world. This is the author's first book in America. The stories are the "tale thing"—the love, lore, and laughter of old Ireland, pleasantly told by a "rude old Irish gentleman." The first story in the volume, "The Leadin' Road to Donegal," tells of a young Irish couple who buy a pig. The pig gets his nose into everything, and makes a big nuisance of himself generally. A family row is the result, as to who first suggested buying the beast, Molly accusing Thady, and Thady, Molly. Mutual vows are exchanged that the first one to speak to the other shall keep the pig. A traveler comes along, asking the road to Donegal. Receiving no reply he offers to kiss Molly; and then Thady breaks his vow, and has to keep the pig.

Published by the Doubleday & McClure Company, New York; price, 75 cents.

A Book of Graceful Essays.

A well-printed volume containing twenty-nine interesting essays upon various subjects comes to us in "Fireside Fancies," by Beulah C. Garretson. The essays are bright and attractive, quite the reverse of pedantic. Although both in subject and treatment the author prefers rather to follow the popular mind in its workings than to lead it, she does not offend, because of the graceful, off-hand way in which she disposes of her problems. Among other things, she writes of character, influence, friendship, ambition, books, authorship, imagination, women, religion, society, education, wealth, and culture—treating each subject impartially, gracefully, and soothingly.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.50.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

It is announced that E. H. Southern and Virginia Harned will appear next season in Hauptmann's poetic masterpiece, "The Sunken Bell."

A forthcoming novel, by S. R. Crockett, is to be entitled, in this country, "The Isle of the Winds," but in England it will be called "Little Anna Mark." It will be published first serially in a number of newspapers and then in book-form.

Peter Dunne has arranged to write a series of articles on English life, to appear periodically through the medium of Mr. Dooley in this country as well as in England.

Katharine Prescott Wormeley, whose translation of Balzac's "Le Comédie Humaine" popularized that work in America, has in band a new volume entitled "Letters to Mme. Hanska, née Countess Rosewuska, afterward Mme. Honoré de Balzac," which will shortly be issued.

The forthcoming English edition, in twenty-two volumes, of Mark Twain's writings is to be specially illustrated, and will contain matter which has not hitherto been included in any collection of his works. The humorist is now taking a tour with his family in Sweden and Norway.

"Manders; a Tale of Paris," by Elwyn Barron, is announced for publication. Mr. Barron has also collaborated with Wilson Barrett in writing a novel entitled "My Lady's Honor," which is also scheduled for this month.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich's "Story of a Bad Boy" has been translated into French by Mme. Thérèse Blanc (Th. Bentzon) under the title "Un Ecolier Américain," which is a liberal interpretation, to say

the least. The story is already in its fourth edition in Paris, and the title-pages state that it is "a book honored with the indorsement of the minister of public instruction, adapted for school and popular libraries, and selected by the city of Paris for distribution as a prize."

Mr. Le Queux's much-talked-of forthcoming novel is to be entitled "Secrets of Monte Carlo," and it will contain among other things an account of the systems employed and frauds perpetrated upon the bank in that famous resort. Mr. Le Queux's local color is in this instance to be relied upon, as the author makes his residence in Monte Carlo part of the year.

"The Life and Letters of Dr. John Donne," by Edmund Gosse, will be ready for publication, it is said, in the autumn. Mr. Gosse is also at work on another book, which will probably appear at the same time, and he has undertaken to edit a series of French romances for Messrs. D. Appleton & Co.

General Lew Wallace's Value as an Author.

In a recent letter Mr. E. C. Martin gives the following interesting facts concerning General Lew Wallace's estimation of his value as an author and the terms he demanded for his novel, "The Prince of India," on the strength of the phenomenal success of "Ben Hur":

"It is always a good deal of a speculation to base a publishing contract with an author on a previous success of his. The fact seems to have had interesting illustration in the case of General Lew Wallace and his last novel, 'The Prince of India.' I was told the other day that when, two or three years ago, General Wallace had about finished the novel and began to negotiate for its publication, he fixed his desires on the neat sum of \$100,000 down. For over ten years 'Ben Hur' had been maintaining its popularity, and had reached a gross sale of upward of half a million copies. There had been from General Wallace's pen no novel since. Certainly it was a case in which publishers would seem to have been well warranted in bidding high. But \$100,000! Even in these expensive days it looks to be a good deal of money. Several publishers considered the matter, but none of them could muster up quite courage enough for the venture. Finally there was a compromise. Harper & Brothers, the publishers of 'Ben Hur,' took the new book, but not quite at \$100,000 down. They agreed to pay \$10,000 a year for ten years. For the first year or two, as I understand, they didn't fare badly on their contract. On the strength of the author's previous reputation the book sold largely. But latterly it has not done so well. Still it is not to be concluded that the publishers won't emerge bappily in the end, for, after all, 'The Prince of India' is very much liked by just the class of readers that gave 'Ben Hur' its enormous sale."

On the urn at Woking, which contains the ashes of Mildred Le Gallienne, the first wife of the author, are inscribed in brass these lines:

"Precious the box that Mary brake
Of spikenard for her Master's sake.
But ah! it belid naught half so dear
As the sweet dust that whitens here.
The great wonder who shall say
To make so white a shell of clay,
From clay to win a face so fair,
Those strange, great eyes, that sunlit hair
A-ripple o'er her witty brain,
Or turn all back to dust again?
Who knows—but in some happy bour
The God whose strange alchemic power
Wrought her of dust again may turn
To woman this immortal urn?"

In an interview with a representative of the London *Daily Chronicle*, Mr. Dunne told a story about the evening paper in which Mr. Dooley first made his appearance—an ill-fated sheet which the gods loved. One day, just before the end, a funeral passed the office with a band playing the "Dead March" from "Saul." The editor and Mr. Dunne watched it with emotion and fear. "Can it be," they whispered, "our subscriber?"

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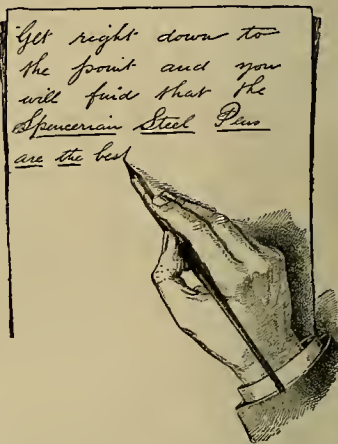
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LITERARY NOTES.

Two Volumes of Verse.

Ingram Crockett's book of poems, "Beneath Blue Skies and Gray," is one of the notable collections of the year. In all its hundred pages there is little but music and sunshine. There is nothing morbid, no posing, no studied obscurities. His choice of measures is wide, but includes no fantastic creations. His rhymes are rarely false, his rhythm seldom halting. His inspiration is from the woods, the hillsides, the haunts of feathered songsters; but there is a thrill of the passions of humanity in all his verses. Among his lyrics here is one that is worth a second reading:

THE MINSTREL.

The red-wing blackbird, minstrel of the Spring,
Returned, a wanderer from the Southland sang
In gusty hills of March his roundelay—

And all the greening billows were listening
To hear his mellow voice that sweetly rang
Across the meadow in a song so gay.

"Love, love," sang he, "the sunbeam loves the dew,
The bee the blossom, and the tawny stream
Seeks broad lagoons, the haunts of lilies fair.

"The clouds all day lie nestling 'gainst the blue,
The glow-worms woo the stars, the tall oaks dream
Of April with a violet in her hair.

"Seek out a mate; soon redhubs on the hill,
And dogwoods white, will blossom; build a nest
And weave into it all your brightest hopes.

"No sweeter happiness the heart can fill,
No other way leads into such true rest;
Seek out a mate, and up the sunny slopes

"Of rainbowed lands go singing with your dear
Or by the misty willows o'er the brook
Where bright Spring-beauties open to the light.

"Love, love," sang he, "'tis love-time of the year,
And hearts are lost and won with hut a look;
Go build a nest while all the world is bright."

There are more than a score of sonnets in the book, and in this jewel-cut form of verse Mr. Crockett is particularly happy. The one quoted is not as perfect in form as many others, but it is full of beauty, and will serve as a fitting pendant to the song above:

OCTOBER.

Dim are the emeralds of dead Summer's crown,
And to her throne, where rubies flash and glow,
October comes with queenly step and slow,
Pale asters braided in her tresses brown.
The blue curled banners of the mist hang down,
The milkweed's bells are white with silken snow,
The thistle's silver argosies out-hlow,
And insect voices chant their Queen's renown.
With tender eyes of happy, dreamful light
She looks abroad on spreading fallow lands,
On soft gray skies and wooded hillsides bright,
The aged Year's offering in her outstretched hands:
The partridge pipes a welcome; leaping white
The brook sings welcome from its leaf-strewn sands.

There is a tribute to Audubon in the volume which is fit in thought and measure, as clear and unaffected as the songs of the birds the naturalist loved. Mr. Crockett has shown something more than promise; there is achievement in his work. A dramatic fragment, "The Inca's Daughter," displays a sustained strength which might bring forth a great poem, noble in form and harmony.

Published by R. H. Russell, New York; price, \$1.00.

From across the sea comes "The Alhambra, and Other Poems," by F. B. Money-Coutts. This is the author's third or fourth volume, and with each public appearance his circle of appreciative readers has widened. He has been praised extravagantly by some, but the appeals to his vanity have brought no reflection of self-consciousness into his verse. There is freshness, vigor, and melody in all his work. A tribute to William Watson is one of the striking poems in the book, and his address to the sea, reprinted in a recent number of the *Argonaut*, shows the hand of a master. The following gives more than a hint of his charm, yet shows some faults that do not appear in his longer poems:

REVELATION.

Man is a pilgrim; in ambiguous ways
And twilight days,
By endless revelation led along,
An endless song
Of aspiration and of hope he sings;
To which our strings,
O minstrels, let us tune, and time our staves
To match those waves
And tides of choiring voices, that profound
As many waters sound.

What though some discord of suspended pain
Distress the strain?
Some dissonance of unresolved desires
Torment the wiles?
These are the unripe huds upon the tree
Of harmony;

The sunbeams of the summer solstice lack
Not bars of black,
And life would be no more than senseless breath
Without the sense of death.

Moreover there is one persistent voice
That cries, "Rejoice!"
'Tis Love's; and, as he sings, all other sound
Comes circling round,
And all the trembling notes, like lonely elves,
Submit themselves

To his supreme persuasion. Incomplete
Although so sweet,
Even his melody. Because it flows
Forever, without close.

Not many can hind a finished thought or fancy in a quatrain, but Mr. Money-Coutts has done this with success. Here are some "epitaphs" that are graven with thought and skill:

KEATS.

Not "in water,"—but the flood
That with passionate impulse beats!
Every youthful poet's blood
Spells the sacred name of Keats.

A FOOL.

Stranger, stay! yet shed no tear;
For a fool lies hurried here;
Yet, since he unfinished lies,
God in time may make him wise.

A FAIR WOMAN.

In this green chest is laid away
The fairest frock she ever wore;
It clothed her both by night and day,
And none shall wear it evermore.

AN INFANT.

This sweet infant never knew
What a woman's lips can do!
Yet a woman's lips no less
Brought him to this loneliness.

A WIFE.

Once I learned in willful hour
How to vex him; still I keep—
Now unwillfully—my power:
Every day he comes to weep.

He gives a new version of "The Nut-Brown Maid," which is a notable effort to smooth away the difficulties and yet preserve the quaint beauty of the original. The poet is capable of verse that will rank with the highest.

Published by John Lane, New York; price, \$1.25.

D'Annunzio's "Child of Pleasure."

Gabriele d'Annunzio is one of the facts, one of the unpleasant facts, of modern literature, and as such can not be altogether disregarded. His novels are translated into English, they find fairly reputable publishers, they are for sale at the bookstores, and they may possibly be obtainable from the circulating libraries. They even find apologists.

Arthur Symons is one of these last. He is a young English poet, gifted with appreciation of the beautiful, imagination, and facility in versification. But he is tarred with the stick of decadence. In his introduction to the English version of D'Annunzio's "Child of Pleasure"—translated by a woman who has the hardihood to sign her name, Georgina Harding, to the work—he does not seem to apologize, but rather takes the attitude of one who expounds and explains the beautiful.

D'Annunzio comes to remind us, Symons says, of the reality and the beauty of "the sensations of pain and pleasure as these come to us from our actual physical conditions." This D'Annunzio certainly does not do in "The Child of Pleasure." Andrea Sperelli may inaugurate his career as a Don Juan with the reality of his sensations, but only at the very outset. He soon begins to make his imagination pander to his passions, and the climax of the tale comes when he has at last succeeded in creating an ideal compounded of the memory of one woman in the person of another.

Mr. Symons further says that D'Annunzio is "specifically Italian," for the Italians "have no reticence in speaking of what they feel, and they have none of those unconscious reticences in feeling which races drawn further from nature by civilization have thought it needful to invent in their relations with nature." D'Annunzio is not to be charged with reticence either in the depths to which he allows his imagination to sink or in the freedom with which he describes his depraved imaginings. But that this reticence is peculiar to races "drawn further from nature by civilization" is a proposition that scarcely calls for denial. It is their elaborate civilization that has taught the Italians to pervert nature, and their lack of reticence is only the effrontery bred by long familiarity with the impure.

To detail the story of "The Child of Pleasure" is impossible in a reputable journal. It is simply the recital of a conscienceless rake's amours. Perhaps it is not so immoral, in its lack of a moral, as Maupassant's "Bel Ami," whose every *liaison* helped him one step onward in his worldly career, while "The Child of Pleasure" leaves its hero on the verge of madness, brought there by his physical and mental debauchery. For such a career, painting the downfall of a man in colors so impressive as to make it a powerful sermon, one must turn to Balzac's "Cousine Bette." "The Child of Pleasure" teaches no moral lesson; it merely leaves the reader in a stage verging on mental nausea.

Published by George H. Richmond & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

The Art of Decorative Gardening.

"Our Gardens," by the Very Reverend S. Reynolds Hole, D. D., dean of Rochester since 1887, will find its readers most largely among those who take delight in the personal art of landscape gardening. Dean Hole, whose "Book about Roses" has reached its fifteenth edition, is an enthusiastic horticulturist, his own garden being a model one that has been much admired in England. A colored plate from a painting of this garden serves as a frontispiece to the book. Among the valuable chapters

are the practical ones on the "Formation of a Garden" and "Parts of a Garden," the latter including descriptions and lists of all kinds of garden foliage; and the special chapters on "The Herbaceous Border," "The Rose Garden," "The Rock Garden," "The Water Garden," "The Wild Garden," "The Children's Garden," and "The Town Garden." The book contains many excellent plates and plans. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$3.00.

New Publications.

"Spirit Slate" Writing and Kindred Phenomena" is an explanation of tricks, written by William E. Robinson. Published by Munn & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

Rev. William Henry Cavanagh has written "The Word Protestant in Literature, History, and Legislation." The work is not as exhaustive as the title might indicate. Published by George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia; price, \$1.00.

"The Dictionary of Dainty Breakfasts" is the well chosen title Phyllis Browne has given her dainty volume, which would have been worthy even without the "tabular introduction by a mere man." Published by Cassell & Co., New York; price, 50 cents.

"A Catalogue of Authors Whose Works are Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.," is more valuable than most catalogues. It contains, beside lists of books, a brief biographical notice of each author named, and six fine portraits. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, 25 cents.

A second edition of "Nursery Ethics," by Florence Hull Winterburn, is given to the public, four years after the first publication. The book is written by a thoughtful lover of children, and can be commended to parents. Published by the Baker & Taylor Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

"The Measure of a Man" is a novel by E. Livingston Prescott, which is well planned and well written. Its hero rises from the ranks and wins the woman who is his ideal, though after years of trial. There is some good character work in the story. Published by R. F. Fenno & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

Norman Bridge is the author of a thin volume entitled "The Penalties of Taste, and Other Essays." There are six compositions in the book, written on taste, conscience, bashfulness, nerves, heredity, and educators, but there is little inspiration in them. Published by Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.50.

Richard W. Hale, of the Boston bar, has written a succinct account of the sensation of the past year in France, and entitled it "The Dreyfus Story." It is a careful presentation of the known facts in the case, and more, as it gives a "moral," and is made interesting without partisan feeling. Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston; price, 50 cents.

The fifth volume of the Eversley Edition of "The Works of Shakespeare" contains the "First," "Second," and "Third Part of King Henry the Sixth," and "King Richard the Third." Professor Herford's introductions and notes are a particularly pleasing feature of these attractive volumes. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

Samuel H. Terry, of Philadelphia, published a work on "The Secret of Sex" long before the conclusions of Prof. Schenk were given to the world. That work, showing great research and defining a plausible theory, was given much attention, and a new edition is now presented to the public. Published by the J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

Orison Sweet Marden has fashioned an entertaining and helpful book in "The Secret of Achievement." It is designed to teach that "the highest achievement is that which results in noble manhood and womanhood." There are hundreds of biographical anecdotes, and the connecting lines are usually apt and illuminating. The volume also contains fifteen portraits of eminent men. Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

"The Antigone of Sophocles," translated, with introduction and notes, by George Herbert Palmer, professor of philosophy in Harvard University, offers to English readers one of the masterpieces of Greek literature. The tragedy is a classic that has been loved for ages, and will endure. Professor Palmer's work preserves the vigor of the dramatic action, while his lines are stately and melodious. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, 75 cents.

Any essay concerning Shakespeare from the pen of Appleton Morgan is worthy of attention, for he has given years to the study of Shakespearean literature, and his writings are marked invariably by care and research. "A Study of the Warwickshire Dialect," now in its third edition, includes a complete glossary of Warwickshire words, but is a careful setting forth of testimony, drawn from the poem itself, that Shakespeare was not the author of "Venus and Adonis." While Mr. Morgan is not able to declare the evidence conclusive, his book is of interest and value to all students of the great poet-dramatist. Published by the Shakespeare Press, Westfield, N. J.; price, \$3.00.

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"The Reminiscences of Julia Ward Howe," which have for some months formed an engaging feature of the *Atlantic Monthly*, will be published in volume later.



Although San Franciscans have summered and wintered with grand opera this year, they do not seem to tire of it. They began in the winter with everything at a state of high pressure—prima donnas, prices, toilets, and style—everything, that is, except enthusiasm, which, during the Melba engagement, existed only in the columns of the dailies. As prices have gone down, passing through the dollar-and-a-half phase with the Lambardi troupe, and finally ending up with grand opera at the Tivoli and Grand Opera House for the usual prices, enthusiasm has steadily risen. Everybody yelled themselves hoarse at the Tivoli performance of "Aida," on Monday night, and the audience artlessly reveled in its own enthusiasm.

Past performances in grand opera at the Tivoli Opera House, as interpreted by their leading *bonifists*, have sometimes seemed flat and tame, the voices small and inadequate, the chorus frightened and self-distrustful, and sheltering its inefficiency under the friendly glare of the orchestra. But on Monday night it was not so. There was not a weak singer in the cast. Salassa and Avedano, both from the Lambardi troupe, are valuable additions to the company, and the musical bellow of the one, and the ringing chest notes of the other, deserved most of the shouts and plaudits that they received.

Avedano, however, needlessly forces his fine, powerful tenor. There is so much virility, background, and ring to it that he does not realize that even a *tenor robusto* is an expensive product of modern civilization, which is bound to be comparatively short-lived. So, when the audience rise, and yell, and stamp their pleasure, he smiles delightedly, shoots out his arm in a gratefully deprecating gesture, and pours forth fresh floods of even more vigorous melody.

Salassa has a great, booming baritone, which in itself is a rather reassuring kind of voice; the kind that seems built by nature instead of art, for its tones are those that lie most in man's natural compass. So one is borne pleasantly along on the massive strength of his voice, without troubling one's peace by looking out for sounds of wear or strain. Still, somehow he failed to move me to the same admiration I felt for him in his part of Tonio, the fool, in "I Pagliacci." Amonaso is a dramatic part that baritones appreciate, for they are familiar with the blighting grief of burying their talents in parts sacred to priests and prophets, or grief-laden and uninteresting brothers and grandfathers. But I rather suspect that Salassa is all voice, with little of the dramatic in his temperament. He did not seem at all anxious to push himself forward during his engagement with the Lambardi troupe, in spite of the furore he created on the first night.

His great scene with Aida in the third act went rather heavily from a dramatic point of view, in spite of the excellent singing done by the owners of the two big voices; but it was not entirely his fault. He was handicapped by an Aida whose voice and training could not atone for the irredeemable, romance-destroying ugliness of her costume, color, and make-up. The part of Aida is a ticklish one, when it comes to appearance. It needs all the mournful, wailing loveliness of the music to carry one away and make one overlook the fact that Aida is a colored lady—and generally prima donnas are painfully and unnecessarily conscientious in laying on the color.

Prosnitz, the new prima donna, fairly took one's breath away when she made her entrance. She was in chocolate-colored fleshings from head to foot, and her face was colored the hue of a bilious mulatto. Her figure, which has the generous amplitude common, for some unexplained reason, to most singers, was attired in a skittish short blue-and-silver skirt, slashed up the side. A thick wad of hideous, orange-colored drapery was festooned around her hips and shoulders, and innumerable five-cent necklaces of red, white, and blue beads were wound around her neck. Every shred of hair was ruthlessly twisted out of sight, and, in its place, covering her head and streaming down her back was a weird and awful head-dress, which seemed to be a cross between a ripped-up feather duster and several dozen yards of furniture-fringe. A most astonishing addition to her make-up was a line of white paint under each eye, which added a last comic touch.

When she made her entrance, which was with quite an aggressive air, with head thrown back, and arms crossed on her chest, people opened their eyes. Her appearance was much more that of an Ethiopian than the Buttercup, or possibly an archaic cake-walker, than the melancholy, dark-eyed captive princess, Aida, robed in the rich and picturesque livery of her slavery, and mantled with her own flood of raven

hair. Or she might have passed for Radames's future Ethiopian mother-in-law, come to demand his intentions. I felt as if she had burst upon the Tivoli staff with much the same shock of dismay as she had upon the audience. The management furnishes costumes to its singers, and though they run over-much to cheese-cloth and cheap tinsel, they do quite as well as could be expected, considering the price of admission. But I am inclined to think that this rare creation was the fruit of the fraulein's own taste. I quite ached to strip off that impossible, freakish erection from her head, and replace with a softening, grace-lending fall of drapery the hard, aggressive, tinselled flare of her petticoats; to furnish some touches of barbaric red and gold; to lighten up the dull, dejected brown of the color she chose to make herself. But at sight of her as she was, romance died, and sympathy fled shuddering to Amneris's skirts; I think we all, as one man, went back on the traditions of the past and espoused the cause of Amneris in the struggle of the rivals for the heart of Radames.

Mary Linck was a radiant, white, fairy-tale princess thrown out in high relief against the particular trappings of the swart Aida. She is neither a beautiful woman, nor a wonderful singer, but she is so satisfactory in her capable, common-sense management of the gifts she has. She knows the value of good appearance and good acting in opera, even although it is music we come primarily to hear. So she bestows much care on both, with most pleasing results, except that she is an over-restless actress. I fancy that this is a symptom of a nervous temperament, for she is that *rara avis*, a slim songstress; young, dark-eyed, good-looking, and always effective and attractive. Her voice is an excellent contralto, of pure quality, well managed, not noticeably powerful in the concerted numbers, but with full volume, good compass, and rich sweetness in the solos.

Prosnitz has a big voice, running rather to a mezzo-soprano in quality. She wandered a shadow of a shade from the pitch several times, but quickly recovered herself, and was generally trustworthy; she unquestionably has a grand-voice opera, both in volume and training, albeit her upper notes lack the high, sweet purity of the soprano quality, and at times one can detect a disagreeable hollowness to them; but in personality, singing, and acting she utterly lacks magnetism—that subtle, elusive quality which a writer has cleverly defined as "a natural power of working upon the feelings of others."

In her two scenes with Amonaso and Radames, in the third act, where the richness of her upper middle notes was displayed, she reached her highest point in singing, the kind-hearted Egyptian twilight hid the grotesque Christmas-tree decoration of her costume when the lovers were in each other's arms, and prevented the romance and sentiment of the scene from being utterly done to death; but both soprano and tenor grew tired and slightly hoarse before the scene was over. Nevertheless, the audience showered them with "bravos," which were received with delicious, artless naïveté by these children of sunny Italy.

Is it a New York innovation, I wonder, to receive a curtain-call as Blanche Bates does, with the top of an absorbed head presented to the audience, while the floor is apparently being scrutinized for a lost pin? Not so with *les Italiens*. They smile broadly, shake each other convulsively by the hand, point ecstatically to the leader, and go roaming joyously around the mazes of the scenery and drag out every manjack they can get to receive his share of the pleasant hail of approbation. They are openly, unaffectedly, and entertainingly delighted, and consider it a horrible breach in manners not to show it.

Of course, with such a spontaneously honest and unconventional group, funny things will happen. Prosnitz narrowly escaped having the monstrosity on her head viciously jerked off by a descending curtain as she was energetically searching for fresh recruits; but it was evidently pinned on to stay, and she escaped undamaged. At another time a long row of the principal singers, looking quite striking in the Egyptian bravery of the costumes, was extended, bowing across the stage, when Avedano broke up the chain and disappeared with a joyful deer-like leap. He had seen Hirschfeld lurking in the wings, and dragged him forth from his lair, looking coy and hashful in his conventional dress, to receive a generous and well-deserved share of the shouts of applause.

But the most delightful and unexpected piece of guileless unconventionality was at the beginning of the fourth act. The tenor, soprano, and baritone had been receiving numerous recalls, and finally the curtain rose for the next act, disclosing Amneris seated, with her back to the audience, in an attitude of graceful grief at the door of the judgment-hall. At the same moment, Avedano, who evidently felt a generous ardor to share the good things, appeared at the left, saw that the act was on, wavered, then resolutely advanced toward Amneris. She bearded him not. He paused, deliberated, then nudged her respectfully, but firmly, as who would say "Come! there's other business afoot!" So Miss Linck was obliged to tear herself somewhat reluctantly from her mournful abstraction, and gracefully acknowledge the possible sixteenth of the applause due her for warbling the sole word "Traitor!" at the close of the preceding act.

The chorus made mighty efforts, and really did

very well in places; we heard the old familiar Tivoli bleat in the song of the prisoners pleading for mercy, but in the temple scene the women sang sweetly and unusually well. The men felt their way with evident caution through the beautiful mazes of the mystic chant to Isis, but at the crucial moment the orchestra blared its loudest, and partially succeeded in covering weaknesses. Except for these blasts of sound, which are purely for business, and not from lack of musical judgment, the orchestration was an important factor in the enjoyment of the audience.

The performance, as a whole, was quite the best in grand opera that I have ever heard at the Tivoli Opera House. But one of the principals (Schuster, the basso and a trustworthy singer) has been singing in light-opera productions. The rest are capable and thoroughly trained artists, and especially engaged for this season. The costuming and settings were better than usual, and no indulgence was needed save for the get-up of Aida, already mentioned. Some one ought to have a heart-to-heart talk with Prosnitz, point out to her the error of her ways, and convince her that her really excellent voice deserves a better setting. They must be a simple, unsophisticated set out there in the wilds of Milan. But no doubt a little experience of American enterprise and *sabé* will rub off some of the Milanese bloom from the simple-hearted fraulein, and when she wends her way back to La Scala, who knows but she will give them a few points on costume and make-up?

JOSEFITA.

Bernhardt Described by Rostand.

The author of "Cyrano de Bergerac" has written a lively preface to M. Huret's volume on "Sarah Bernhardt"—a preface which gives a characteristic description of the breathless energy of the actress's daily life. Here it is in the language of M. Rostand:

"A brougham stops at the door, a woman enveloped in furs jumps out, plunges into a room crowded with flowers and heated like a hot-house, takes off the furs and instantaneously dwindles into a mere scabbard of white silk, rushes on to a dimly lighted stage, and immediately puts life into a whole crowd of listless, yawning, loitering folk, dashes backward and forward, inspiring every one with her own feverish energy, goes into the prompter's box, arranges her scenes, points out the proper gesture and intonation, rises up in wrath and insists on everything being done over again, shouts with fury, sits down, smiles, drinks tea, and begins to rehearse her own part, draws tears from case-hardened actors who thrust their enraptured heads out of the wings to watch her; returns to her room where the decorators are waiting, demolishes their plans and reconstructs them; collapses, wipes her brow with a lace handkerchief, and thinks of fainting; suddenly rushes up to the fifth floor, invades the premises of the astonished *costumier*, rummages in the wardrobes, makes up a costume, plaits and adjusts it; returns to her room, and teaches the *figurantes* how to dress their hair; has a piece read to her while she makes bouquets; listens to hundreds of letters, weeps over some tale of misfortune; returns to the stage to superintend the lighting of a scene, oburgates the lamps and reduces the electrician to a state of temporary insanity; returns to her room to dinner; dresses for the evening performance while the manager reports from the other side of the curtain; acts with all her heart and soul; discusses business between the acts; remains at the theatre after the performance, and makes arrangements until three o'clock in the morning; gets into her carriage, huddles into her furs, and anticipates the delights of lying down at last; bursts out laughing on remembering that some one is waiting to read her a five-act play; returns home, listens to the piece, becomes excited, weeps, accepts it, finds she can not sleep, and takes advantage of the opportunity to study a part."

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Henry Miller in "Brother Officers."

The last week but one of the Henry Miller season at the Columbia Theatre will begin on Monday evening, when "Brother Officers," by the English playwright, Trevor, will be produced for the first time in the United States. It is a comedy-drama in three acts, and deals with army life among the English Lancers. The character to be played by Mr. Miller is that of Lieutenant John Hinds, a sort of rough diamond promoted from the ranks to the swagger regiment for bravery on the field. His previous acts of bravery included one which called for great daring, and in carrying it out he saves the life of Pleydell, an officer of the regiment which he joins. The story has to do in main with the efforts of this officer to teach Hinds how to be a gentleman, for he had been in the wilds of India so long that his ability to be quite the proper thing in the smartest regiment in the service was somewhat lacking. The complications, arising from Hinds's endeavors to follow his friend's advice to be genial and easy, form a splendid comedy element, which is interspersed with dramatic situations telling of the officer's troubles with a gambler which threaten to bring disgrace upon him. Hinds arranges matters for his brother officer, who wins his sweetheart, Baroness Roydam, and is still received as an honored member of the First Lancers. It transpires that Hinds has himself fallen in love with the harem; but, after smoothing things over for Officer Pleydell, he resigns from the regiment and goes back to India, leaving the two lovers to their happiness.

The cast will include, besides Mr. Miller, Guy Standing, Margaret Anglin, Edwin Stevens, Charles Walcot, and others.

A Revival of "Falka."

On Monday evening the ever popular "Falka" will be given an elaborate production at the Grand Opera House. "Falka" has not been produced in this city in a long while, and it is Mr. Morosco's intention to costume the opera beautifully. Edith Mason is to sing the title-role and Thomas H. Perse will have a splendid part as the lover. The comedy parts will be well taken care of by William Wolff and William Wooley, and Hattie Belle Ladd will impersonate the gypsy girl, Edwige. Winfred Goff will have another great chance as Boleslas, the chief of the Tzigans, while Nace Bonville will have his first real opportunity this season as Tancred. Georgia Cooper, formerly of the Tivoli Opera House, made such an excellent impression this week as Isabella in "Boccaccio" that the management has decided to retain her, and in consequence she will sing Alexina.

Clinton Stuart's New Comedy.

Great interest is centered in the initial production of Clinton Stuart's new comedy, "The Fairy Godmother," which is to be brought out by the Frawley Company at the California Theatre on Monday night. This play was written for and accepted by the late Augustin Daly, who was unable to produce it owing to the success of the great Drury Lane melodrama, "The Great Ruby," which ran a number of months at Daly's Theatre. His death placed the play on the market again and Frawley secured it for his company.

"The Fairy Godmother" is a free version of one of the elder Dumas's celebrated romantic comedies, abounds in bright lines and dramatic situations, and revolves about the character of a fascinating marplot, under the tutelage of Mme. de Maintenon, who, while administering to the happiness of others, does not neglect her own. Blanche Bates will create this rôle, and as the play calls for a long cast, the full strength of the Frawley Company will be utilized. A feature of the production will be the beautiful eighteenth-century costumes which are to be worn by the ladies.

"Trovatore" and "Lucia" at the Tivoli.

"Ajda" will be sung for the last time at the Tivoli Opera House this (Saturday) evening, and to-morrow night "Lucia" will be the bill. The second week of the grand-opera season is to be devoted to "Trovatore" on Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday evenings and "Faust" on Tuesday, Thursday, Sunday nights, and at the Saturday matinee.

The cast for "Trovatore" includes Fraulein Prosnitz as Leonora, Signor Avedano as Manrico, Signor Salassa as Count de Luna, Herr Schuster as Fernando, and Mary Linck as Azucena. In Gounod's "Faust" Anna Lichter will be seen as Marguerite, Barron Berthald as Faust, Signor Wanrell as Mephisto, William Mertens as Valentine, Inez Dean as the nurse, and Charlotte Beckwith as Siebel.

The Orpheum's Excellent Bill.

The most notable feature at the Orpheum next week will be the appearance of Mlle. Alexandra Dagmar, the famous Russian singer, who has achieved a world-wide reputation. There are to be four other new acts, including the Deonzo Brothers, who will introduce some unique acrobatic feats with barrels; Harry Linton and Leila McIntyre, in an original sketch entitled "A Doctor's Patient"; Bob Alden and Strap Hill will present some clever new rag-time specialties; and the American Biograph has

been reengaged to present some graphic scenes of the battles fought by our soldiers in the Philippines.

Among the hold-overs are Idalene Cotton and Nick Long, who have made a big hit in their imitations; Joseph Adelman, the well-known xylophonist; David Meier, the "champion hag-puncher of the world"; and the Phoebes' Pantomime.

An Interview with Ellen Beach Yaw.

Inasmuch as Ellen Beach Yaw, the clever California singer with the Eiffel Tower notes, received a public-school education in Los Angeles, and showed such shrewdness in her American concert tours by allowing her press-agent to triumphantly advertise her as "the possessor of the highest soprano voice in the world," she can hardly be held responsible for the many startling statements which she is quoted as making in a recent illustrated interview in the London *Strand Magazine*. We are inclined to think that the fault lies rather with Mr. M. Dinorben Griffith, the interviewer, whose flights of imagination and general ignorance of the United States are marvelous.

Here is his flowery description of the location of Miss Yaw's cottage near Los Angeles:

"True to its name, 'The Lark's Nest,' it is jealously hidden from view and even from the too intrusive sun, amid stately palms and rare tropical trees. Its shady grounds are encircled with high hedges of vivid scarlet geraniums *vis-à-vis* with equally high hedges of white marguerites that gracefully bend their long necks to every wanton breeze; and adorned with a hundred and fifty different kinds of roses—one exquisite variety, the 'Gold of Ophir,' which stands near the cottage has a record of ten thousand roses in bloom at the same time—miniature lakes, fern shaded, and still more flowers of every kind and color. In the distance, fields of Calla lilies, orange groves, and orchards of luscious fruits. The air is heavy with sweetness. Thousands of humming-birds dart hither and thither, or poise their jeweled bodies for an instant on some favored flower; the mocking-birds hold noisy stances in the trees, and bees and birds hum and sing all day long from the mere joy of living."

Carried away with his own enthusiasm for Miss Yaw, who "reaches F-sharp in *altissimo* with perfect ease, and runs down the two chromatic scales, each note being of faultless purity and given with a precision and crispness that is nothing short of marvelous," he remarks: "She must have learned her singing from the birds in her California home, for she sings as they do, without an apparent effort." Why he missed saying that the birds sat spellbound about her cottage when she sang, and tried vainly to imitate her, is a mystery. He certainly should have emulated the example of Haydn, the composer, who when he saw Mrs. Billington's portrait, which had just been finished by Reynolds, the painter, said: "You have made a mistake. You have represented Mrs. Billington listening to the angels; you should have made the angels listening to her."

It will be remembered that when Miss Yaw sang for the first time at the Baldwin Theatre, a few years ago, she drew a crowded house, for San Franciscans were anxious to see this "California Lark" with the phenomenally high notes. At the second concert there was little or no audience. Public curiosity had been satisfied. Nevertheless Mr. Griffith informs his readers that "she was received with the greatest enthusiasm everywhere. In Denver she received a perfect ovation. At a concert there she gave, as an encore, 'My Old Kentucky Home' with such pathos that after the first few bars many of the audience were in tears."

Not only did she bring tears to the eyes of her audiences, but on one occasion, "at a place in Texas," saved the lives of many people by her great presence of mind. Here is her own account of the affair, as given by Mr. Griffith:

"As I entered the huge hall, I heard cries from the audience, and some one called 'Fire!' I rushed on the stage just as I was, in my cloak, and holding out my hand to gain attention, I sang the first few bars of 'Lakme.' Almost at once the audience calmed down, and I sang it right through. I thought myself I never sang better—I felt inspired. There was actually a fire, but it was quickly extinguished before the audience knew that it was a reality, and not a false alarm, and the concert was continued."

Concerning her life and amusements in her home near Los Angeles, she is quoted as saying:

"We are five miles distant from the city of Los Angeles, almost at the foot of the Rockies. I am out-of-doors all day. I go home to rest; so I lie in my hammock or on the veranda, always guarded by my dear and beautiful dog friend, 'Keats.'"

In addition to living near the foot of the Rockies, she is further on reported as saying:

"Sometimes we make up parties and visit the *North American Indians*; their encampment is only a night's railway journey from our place. I greatly enjoy these trips, for they are a most interesting people."

Again we learn that the "Lark Ellen Home," near Los Angeles, was founded by "General Otis, once a near neighbor of ours, now commander of the American forces at Manila."

In conclusion we quote the following characteristic reply of Miss Yaw as to what music she likes best:

"My choice you will think strange—the croaking of the frogs, with the chirping accompaniment of the cricket. I can not say why I like it, but it certainly appeals to me more than anything else. My

Danish hound, 'Keats,' shares this as well as several other of my fancies, and together, on a moonlight evening at home, we stroll down a path leading to a vineyard at the foot of the mountains on purpose to listen to the Frog Choir."

We would suggest that the next time Mr. M. Dinorben Griffith is called upon to interview a foreign "celebrity" for the *Strand Magazine* he arm himself with a geography or atlas, so that the heroine of his article might carefully point out for him each city or mountain range which has figured in her career.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Overthrow of the Insurance Trust.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 27, 1899.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In your issue of July 24th you make some statements which are not borne out by facts. It is clear that you have been misled by the sensational press of Missouri. The circulation and standing of the *Argonaut* are of such a character that I can not allow your remarks to pass unchallenged.

Until recently, Missouri had a law prohibiting the organization of underwriters' boards, except in three or four of the larger cities. A new law swept away those exceptions. Rates were thereafter furnished by an experienced man instead of by boards. Arrests, convictions, and fines followed, together with a writ of ouster. The leading solvent companies—seventy-three in all—prepared to withdraw from the State, "to the great consternation" of the business men. The supreme court decided to recall the writ of ouster as to such of the companies as should within thirty days pay the fine. If the companies had been forced out of the State there would have been no protection from loss by fire. The effect of such withdrawal on the commercial interests of the State may be imagined. The recalling of the writ of ouster was a victory for the insurance companies, for sensible business men, and for conservatism. The victory for the State, in the imposition of fines, was a barren one; for, in the very nature of sound indemnity, rates will continue to be made, and will be based on experience, which will include the costs of this litigation.

You say: "There is rejoicing in Missouri, for the people there had long been under the domination of this trust, and its exactions were little less than robbery." Let us compare this indictment with facts. From 1880 to 1898, inclusive, the fire-insurance companies have, expressed in round numbers, collected \$80,000,000 in premiums and paid \$51,000,000 in losses in Missouri. This is a loss, or fire-claim ratio, of 63.7 per cent. of the premium income; of the remaining 36.3 per cent. expenses and taxes left only a bare margin of underwriting profit. Expenses and taxes average 35 per cent. of the premiums. This leaves only 1.3 per cent. on the underwriting account. The seeming margin of profit in the State in 1898 was only 2 per cent. The actual margin, found by deducting the unearned premiums, was less. What sort of people are they who "rejoice" at the prospect of preventing the fire-insurance companies from making an average underwriting profit of 1 1/2 per cent.? Where are the "wicked exactions" which were "little less than robbery"? The increase in surplus, to which you refer, was derived from the remarkable increase in values of securities last year. The profit on underwriting in the United States is now less than 3 per cent. of the premium income. In the past thirty years, including the Chicago and Boston conflagrations, losses, expenses, and taxes have exceeded the premiums. The moderate average 9 per cent. dividends now paid are drawn from the investments of capital, reserves, and surplus.

All this talk of trusts in connection with fire-underwriting is rank nonsense. There is no consolidation of companies nor pooling of profits. There is no monopoly. The companies themselves are opposed to trusts, for the latter do their own insuring. Permit me to remind you that the cost of fire insurance is never known until after the contract has expired. Therefore premium rates must be made according to the average and not the individual experience. If the law can prevent such rating it will destroy competition and increase rates. For the few surviving companies will guess the cost of indemnity at a high figure. Fire-insurance rating is only guessing at the cost in the future. EDWIN H. BACON.

First Production in this City of "Fidelio."

SAN FRANCISCO, July 31, 1899.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Having read in your last two editions of the *Argonaut*, among operas to be performed at the Tivoli Opera House, that one of them is to be "Fidelio," by Beethoven, and sung for the first time in San Francisco, permit me to correct you in regard to the same. I have resided in San Francisco about forty years, and take great interest in musical affairs, and have heard nearly everything in that line. The opera of "Fidelio," to which I had the pleasure of listening, was performed by the Fabri Opera Company in Platt's Hall. I have forgotten the date, but Mrs. Fabri, who I believe is still in this city, will no doubt be able to inform you. The cast consisted of the following artists: Mrs. Inez Fabri, soprano; Miss Anna Elzer, contralto; Theo. Habelman, tenor; Carl Formes, basso. I can not recall the others who took part, but am positive of those mentioned. With best wishes for the future success of your valuable paper, I remain, Yours truly,

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

A Plea for California Manufactures.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 26, 1899.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: California industries are not in as flourishing a condition as they should be, owing chiefly to the lack of interest displayed by our local tradesmen in the products of home manufacture.

The average retailer is, to a large extent, depend-

ent upon the laboring classes, with whom most of his business is done. He is ready enough to take the workman's hard-earned wages in exchange for cheap trash made in the East by sweat-shop labor, instead of patronizing home industry, and thereby providing steady employment for the man who helps him make a living.

So long as this short-sighted policy is pursued, just so long will the progress of California as a manufacturing centre be retarded; and yet some of our local dealers take pride in displaying in their show-windows articles of Eastern make, thus openly advertising their contempt for the industries of their own State, the people of which should, instead of encouraging them, confine their patronage to such firms as have for sale goods made on this coast.

One thing is certain, there can be no logical reason for this foolish prejudice; we have as well-equipped and as competent workmen as any State the East can boast of, and should, with the proper cooperation of our own people, keep our mills and factories running to the full extent of their output; in short, the only way to better the existing conditions is to create a demand for California productions, which, once accomplished, will leave but a poor field for outside competition.

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VANITY FAIR.

A story comes from Newport that while Mr. and Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs were recently leaving Bailey's Beach to walk the short distance to "Belcourt," the home of Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, they were "spotted" by three men with a camera, who concluded they had a "good subject," and proceeded to focus the camera. The men were in a surrey. As the trio passed, the camera was snapped. Then Mr. Vanderbilt took in the situation. He advanced rapidly toward the surrey, made a jump for the carriage and grabbed for the camera, exclaiming: "That's enough of this sort of impudence!" The driver whipped up the horse with Mr. Vanderbilt standing on the step. He did not succeed, it is said, in damaging the camera, but he clung to the vehicle long enough to make a few very pointed remarks to the occupants. This incident recalls the fact that villa-owners and persons identified with Newport make no secret of their very inhospitable feelings toward the excursionist and the camera fiend (says the New York Commercial Advertiser). They have provided quite effectually against the incursions of the former by depressing the famous Cliff Walk far below the level of their lawns overlooking the sea, or building high walls where this was impossible, and by having watchmen at the gates to their grounds to warn off persons who go in without any special business. But the cottagers have been unable to suppress the photographers, who visit the resort by the score during the gay season. For years the Cliff Walk was on a level with the lawn facing the Ogden Golet villa. Pedestrians frequently took liberties with the Golet lawn to the great displeasure of the owner. The patience of the owner reached its limit of endurance when some visiting school-teachers denuded his superb hydrangea-bushes of most of their pink and white blossoms. He then depressed the promenade far below the level of his lawn, and the public entered a vigorous protest through the local papers. The inquisitiveness of the public also forced the members of the Bathing Club at Bailey's Beach to build a stone wall, capped by jagged stones, to secure for themselves a desired privacy. The wall has just been removed, however, after some of the city fathers at a recent meeting of the board of aldermen denounced the exclusiveness of the Bathing Association.

The futile attempt of young Vanderbilt to force these camera fiends to desist from photographing his wife and himself without their permission, leads the New York Sun to ask these questions: "Has a man with a camera the right to take a snap shot of any one who comes within the range of his machine? Does the fact that a man has paid from five to fifty dollars for a camera give him also the privilege of aiming his lens at whomsoever he chooses, to develop the plates at his leisure, and to print as many pictures of his unwilling and perhaps unwitting subject as he likes?" Continuing, the writer says: "The experience is one which has beset scores of prominent men and women, who have found themselves face to face with an unknown intruder who has committed photographic assault and battery without so much as 'by your leave.' The victims object to this proceeding, but of what avail is the objection, unless it is sustained by something more substantial in the way of a protest? If Mrs. A. is strolling along Fifth Avenue and the camera fiend desires to photograph her, what remedy has Mrs. A.? She may hide her features behind her parasol, but even that may not protect her from another and more successful attempt. If the camera invader persists, he is likely to win, and Mrs. A.'s features are permanently recorded against her will, on glass, to be reproduced *ad lib.* on paper. Now, manifestly Mrs. A. has some rights to her own face and figure which the camera operator can not, with propriety, disregard. One's face is one's own, even if it is not one's fortune, and who shall pretend to say that a peeping photographer has any more right to steal one's face than to steal one's purse? Ordinarily one pays a considerable sum for satisfactory photographs, and the products of these sittings are reserved exclusively for the sitter, the photographer having no right to sell extra photographs unless he obtains consent. The payment of money on the part of the sitter suggests that it is a voluntary and a commercial transaction, entirely different from the unauthorized attempt of the camera fiend to 'snap' whomsoever he pleases. The question is one of importance, and perhaps some day an aggrieved victim will take his troubles to the court to find out what rights he has to his own face and what is the standing in law of one who invades this natural copyright."

The Americans in London have many times been mortified in their efforts to secure the Prince of Wales as a guest, and amusing stories are told of the changes in their plans, made to suit his pleasure. One of these deals with the predicament of an American who was informed at very short notice that arrangements had been made by the prince to dine with her on a certain night, and who found difficulty in getting just the persons the royal guest wanted to have invited. They were secured after a great deal of scurry and persuasion, for the notice was brief, and most of them had engagements

already. Then the prince, to the chagrin of his expected hostess, declined the invitation at the last moment, on the ground that he was compelled to be out of London at that time. Again, when a New York society leader invited the prince to take dinner with her, several years ago at Homburg, and sent him, as usual, the list of guests for his approval, her mother's name was stricken off, with no further explanation than the implied suggestion that the Prince of Wales did not care for the presence of old persons at dinner. So the hostess's mother was not allowed to make her appearance. It is said that even his oldest English acquaintances are usually compelled to be as careful about the selection of the guests as the Americans to whose houses he goes. They have to make parties congenial, and are sometimes put to great straits to keep out the names of guests who may be acceptable to the prince but objectionable to his wife.

I know an indefatigable dinner-giver in Paris (says Katherine de Forest in the *Basar*) whose cook keeps the debit and credit account of invitations given and received. The mistress of the house considers her moral responsibility at an end when she has ordered an elaborate menu and expensive flowers, heaped her most costly silver and china upon a table, and seated around it her most pressing creditors. This commercial principle seems to be a necessary element in modern society, to be dealt with as best one can. It is, however, something quite outside of the question of brilliancy. A dinner-table to be brilliant must be a more or less concentrated essence of the social life and the social excitement of the time. This interest may spring from elements the most diverse, and which have nothing whatever to do with the intrinsic value of the individual or his achievements. A man may be possessed of most superior talent, and at the same time have no marked value as a dinner guest. For this he must represent in some way the living interests of society. There can be no more opportunity for explanation or discovery at a dinner than in an instantaneous photograph. Each guest must be sufficiently in people's minds and thoughts to bring in with him a whiff of that special atmosphere which is the life of functions. It is this principle that explains the vogue of the visiting lion. He is frequently a most depressing person. I remember a certain English celebrity at a feast given in his honor in a private house, whose only contribution toward the hilarity of the repast was the remark: "Poor fish, shad; too many bones!" Nevertheless he was a success. His presence seemed to impart a sort of awful joy, and other people talked at their best. One might remark in passing that brilliancy and amusement need not necessarily have anything in common.

Considering the good work done by the Audubon and other societies, and the efforts made in many directions to check the use of birds and plumage on hats, it is disheartening to read in a recent issue of the *Millinery Trade Review* that "in no spring season has there been such a demand for this class of goods (bird plumage) as at present, especially gulls, wings, and quills of all sorts." The greater the hue and cry against the use of this class of millinery trimming, the greater seems to be the demand. A correspondent of a recent issue of the *London Times*, in bemoaning the use of paradise feathers and aigrets for women's head-wear, gives the number of packages of these millinery commodities sold at one of the London feather sales, and adds: "Two little words to the proper official from the highest personage in the land [meaning the queen] to the effect that after a certain day no plumes would be admissible at court, and the whole aspect of the matter would be changed." If there is any truth in such an assertion, one would suppose that some really interested English women would petition the queen to that effect. In this country every one knows that if a few leaders of fashion would set their faces resolutely against the wearing of bird plumage, the trade in "such millinery commodities" would cease.

The British Association of Teachers of Dancing recently assembled and spent considerable time in the discussion of new forms of dancing. The members for four hours performed and debated the novelties which are to give a flavor of piquancy to next winter's programmes in England. No fewer than eleven novelties were introduced. Four of them were square dances and seven round. Mr. Brown, of Bradford, led off with a "Plantation Dance," of "coon" variety, which was received with applause. Then Mr. Aldier, of London, essayed with a polka *militaire*, "Die Kaiserin," and H. R. Johnson, of London, obliged with an "En avant et valse," of graceful character. There was a polka, called "The Daulby," by J. Wilkinson, of Liverpool, and a "Keltic" arrangement, by Mr. Diamond, of Glasgow. But, although all were warmly applauded, the final contest lay between a sort of barn dance, by Mr. Cunningham, of Burnley, styled "The Palative," and the "Balmoral Schottische," by W. Thompson, of Coatbridge. The four square dances were a "Collegian Cotillion," characterized by a simultaneous movement throughout by all the dancers; a really slap-dash "Royal Navy Quadrille," in which the rollicking hornpipe step figures prominently; an elegant "cotillion de la cour," called "La Marquise," and an arrangement of circles, valse, chassez, Berlin

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polka, grand chain all round, barn dance, set to partners, hands across, etc., in four figures, to be danced right through without an interval. This was Mr. Johnson's "The Albany," and was voted first among the square dances, "The Collegian Cotillion" being second.

Jahart

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The sales on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, August 2, 1899, were as follows, viz:

	Shares.	BONDS.		Closed.	
				Bid.	Asked.
Contra C. Water 5%.	5,000	@ 110 1/2		110 1/2	
F. & C. H. Ry. 6%.	1,000	@ 115			
Los An. Ry. 5%.	14,000	@ 106 1/2			
Market St. Ry. 5%.	27,000	@ 116 1/4			117 1/2
N. R. of Cal. 5%.	9,000	@ 114 1/4			
N. Pac. C. Ry. 5%.	5,000	@ 106 1/2			106 1/4
S. F. & S. J. Ry. 5%.	25,000	@ 114 1/2-115			
S. P. R. of Ariz. 6%.	2,000	@ 112-112 1/2			
S. P. Branch 6%.	1,000	@ 125		124	125 1/2
S. V. Water 6%.	1,000	@ 116		116	
S. V. Water 4%.	2,000	@ 104 1/2-104 3/4		103 3/4	

	Shares.	STOCKS.		Closed.	
				Bid.	Asked.
Contra Costa Water.	1,650	@ 76 1/2-79		76 1/2	77
Spring Valley Water.	500	@ 101 1/2-102 1/2		102	102 1/2
Gas and Electric.					
Equitable Gaslight.	500	@ 3-3 1/2		3 1/2	3 3/4
Oakland G. L. & H.	25	@ 47 1/2-48		47 1/2	48
Pacific Gas Imp. Co.	50	@ 72 1/2			
S. F. Gas & Electric.	635	@ 70-72 1/2		70 1/2	71
S. F. Gas.	300	@ 3 1/2			

	Shares.	BANKS.		Closed.	
				Bid.	Asked.
Bank of Cal.	10	@ 285		275	285
London P. & A.	65	@ 129 1/2-130			
Street R. R.					
Market St.	200	@ 61 1/2-62		61 1/2	62
Powders.					
Eastern Dynamite.	10	@ 85			
Giant Con.	700	@ 73 1/2-74 1/2		73 1/2	73 3/4
Vigorit	300	@ 3		2 1/2	
Sugars.					
Hana P. Co.	1,435	@ 16-17		15 1/2	16
Hawaiian	50	@ 99-99 1/2		95	100
Hutchinson	1,975	@ 31 1/2-32 1/2		31 1/2	31 3/4
Makawell S. Co.	610	@ 47 1/2-48		48	48 1/2
Onomea S. Co.	500	@ 37 1/2-39 1/2		38 1/2	38 3/4
Paauhau S. P. Co.	3,180	@ 37 1/2-39 1/2		38 1/2	38 3/4
Miscellaneous.					
Alaska Packers.	275	@ 117 1/2-118		116	
Oceanic Steam. Co.	335	@ 88 1/2-90		87 1/2	89
Pac. A. Fire Alarm.	100	@ 2			
Pac. C. Borax.	95	@ 134-135			134

Spring Valley Water was very strong during the week, selling up to 102 1/2, which is the highest price reached in some time.

The sugar stocks were quite active, especially Hutchinson and Paauhau. Hutchinson sold between 32 1/2 and 33 1/2, and Paauhau between 39 1/2 and 37 1/2, and at the close were very steady, with good demand. Hana paid her first dividend in some years on the first inst. of 50 cents a share per quarter, but, nevertheless, declined from 17 to 16 ex-dividend.

Giant Powder was steady between 74 1/2 and 73 1/2, with very little stock being offered; the usual dividend of 50 cents per share will be paid on the tenth inst.

Contra Costa Water advanced from 76 1/2 to 79 1/2, on monthly dividend being declared of 40 cents per share payable August 15th, but reacted and sold down to 76 1/2, and closed at 76 1/2 bid, 77 asked.

San Francisco Gas and Electric declined to 70 during the week, and closed at 70 1/2 bid, 71 asked. Equitable Gas sold down to 3, but closed at 3 1/2 bid, 3 3/4 asked, at which price there seems to be considerable demand, but very little stock is being offered.

INVESTMENTS.

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From 30 to 120 inches wide; and a complete assortment of all qualities. 28 1/2-inch Duck, from 7 Ounces to 15 Ounces, inclusive.

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THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,187,617.90
Capital actually paid up in cash.....1,000,000.00
Deposits June 30, 1899.....27,656,513.03

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Board of Directors—Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohte, D. N. Walter, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, and John Lloyd.

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532 California Street.

Deposits, July 1, 1899.....\$24,920,395
Paid-Up Capital.....1,000,000
Reserve Fund.....205,215
Contingent Fund.....442,763

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres.
LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH,
Cashier, Asst. Cashier.
Directors—George W. Beaver, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, Albert Miller, Geo. Tasheira, E. B. Pond.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL.....\$3,000,000
RESERVE FUND.....1,000,000
PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.....2,337,829
July 1, 1899.

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier
IRVING F. MOULTON.....2d Assistant Cashier
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary

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Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$6,250,000
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Directors—John J. Valentine, Benj. P. Cheney, Oliver Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, Geo. E. Gray, John J. McCook, John Birmingham, Dudley Evans. Branches at New York, Salt Lake, and Portland.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$3,702,300; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$2,112,546.

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.

COLIN M. ROYD, Agent for San Francisco, 411 California Street.

STORYTELLERS.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

At Lamarque's funeral in Paris the crowd took out General Lafayette's horses, as the famous soldier was returning home from the service, and drew his carriage to his *hôtel* with many evidences of enthusiastic love and admiration. The scene was a stirring one, and a friend, in referring to it some weeks afterward, said: "You must have been very much pleased." Lafayette looked at him for a moment in silence, and then said, with a whimsical smile: "Yes, I was very much pleased—very much pleased, indeed. But I never saw anything more of my horses, my dear friend!"

Governor Roosevelt attended the recent commencement at Cornell, and while there was entertained at one of the college fraternity houses. When he was about to leave, one of his staff said to him, "Governor, the boys have an excellent library in the house, and I think they would appreciate its enlargement by a copy of your 'Rough Riders,' " "Teddy," in an outburst of good-fellowship, exclaimed: "All right, boys, I'll be glad to send you a copy with my compliments; the book would be a very small return indeed for your hospitality." Whereupon one of the boys replied, excitedly: "That's so, governor; I've read it."

During a recent campaign in Ohio, the advocate on the stump of a certain candidate, speaking to an assemblage of farmers, made the following appeal to their good sense: "Friends, let us suppose that one of you farmers has a hired man. You may feel a little doubt of him at the outset, but you give him a fair trial. You like him so well that you keep him another year. And he serves you in such a way that he secures still another reengagement. Isn't that a good business principle?" The orator paused and smiled down at his audience. Before he could resume, the shrill voice of one of the farmers had interrupted him. "Say," said the voice, "how is it when the hired man gets to thinkin' that he owns the hull farm?"

Once when John Van Buren, son of President Van Buren, was making a speech in behalf of his father, an old Democrat rose in the audience and upbraided him as a bolter. John replied to the charge with an anecdote something like this: "One day a man on horseback came up with a boy who was contending with an over-turned load of hay. Instead of tossing the hay back on the wagon, the boy was energetically tossing it hither and thither, regardless of where it landed. The traveler halted and said: 'My young friend, why do you work so furiously this hot weather? Why do you not toss the hay back on the wagon and be more deliberate in your labors?' The boy stopped, wiped the streaming perspiration off his face on his shirt-sleeve, and, pointing to the pile of hay on the roadside, exclaimed: 'Stranger, dad's under thar,' and then he set about work more furiously than ever."

Since Ingersoll's death a number of his clever sayings have been appearing in the papers. "I never think of England," he is quoted as having said on one occasion, "without being reminded of a burglar with a white necktie." When he was on his first visit to the Pacific Coast he was shown through the depths of the Comstock mines, and as he came out he remarked, sentimentally: "If there's any hotter place than this, I'll join some church." While he had his law office in Washington a bolt of lightning struck and practically burned a church situated in the same block with his office. Ingersoll said: "An offended deity may have intended that thunderbolt for my office—but what marksman-ship!" In response to an inquiry about Robert Collyer he said: "Collyer, the blacksmith? He is a great soul. Had such men as Robert Collyer and John Stuart Mill been present at the burning of Servetus they would have extinguished the flames with their tears. Had Dr. Patton and the Presbyterians of Chicago been there, they would have quietly turned their backs, solemnly divided their coat-tails, and warmed themselves."

Harry H. Porter, a Chicago drummer, was standing at Broadway and Thirty-Fourth Street the other night, when he noticed two fellows carrying on an animated discussion. Finally they each pulled out a roll of greenbacks and deposited several of them with a by-stander, to all appearances a total stranger to them. The taller of the two then approached Porter and said: "I just bet my friend over there twenty dollars that I could borrow a five-dollar bill from you. You give me the bill—of course we couldn't run away if we wanted to—and I'll collect the twenty dollars and give you ten dollars of it. You see, there can't be any 'con' game about this. I just want to give my friend a lesson. He is eternally wanting to bet." Realizing that there was no possibility for the pair to escape, Porter gave the fellow a five-dollar bill. He took it with a chuckle, walked over to the stakeholder, returned and handed Porter a ten-dollar bill. The drummer pocketed the note and began to chuckle a little himself. After a while he went back to his hotel, and in his exuberance, invited the bar-tender to have a drink. He paid for it with the ten-dollar note, and told the

cashier the whole story. "What do you think about that for easy," he said. "Never saw anything like it," replied the cashier; "hut you lose. That note's counterfeit."

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Nil Desperandum.

I asked a maid in fair Bordeaux
To marry me. I loved her beaux.
Ah, me! it was a crushing bleaux
When she replied, "You booby, neaux."

So then I journeyed to Cologne
To wed a girl I long had knogue.
When I got there my bird had flogne,
And I, alas! am still alogne.

So now I linger in Marseilles,
With cheerfulness that never feilless—
Hoping that soon some favoring geilles
Will put new wind into my seilles.
—John C. M. Valentine in *St. Nicholas*.

To a Philippine Volunteer.

"Dear Lee," she wrote, "I Merriam
To think you're Hale and Strong,
And Otis joy too great for words,
You will be home ere Long.

"When first you left, Young men hEagan
My love from yours to part,
But I've been a Victor Blue and true
And Merritt all your heart.

"To kiss my Dewey lips of red
Men travel Miles, they say;
But as you can't Brooke Hobson girls,
I Schleyly Wheeler-way.

"I fain the Day Wood quickly come
When you return, dear Lee,
To friends, and home, and native land,
And most of all, to—me."

—Dixie Wolcott in *Life*.

Moore's Poison Oak Remedy.

Cures poison oak and all skin diseases. Sold by all druggists.

Husband (as wife shows him new hathing-suit)—
"Surely, you haven't got the face to wear that?"
Wife (sweetly)—"Perhaps not; but I've got the figure!"—*Puck*.

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All accommodations of the highest class; prices extremely moderate. See Illustrated Programme.
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S. S. Moana sails via Honolulu and Auckland for Sydney, Wednesday, August 9, 1899, at 10 p. m.
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COL. E. B. ROBINS, Treasurer. COL. JAS. M. WHEATON, Secretary.

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The company controls twelve thousand acres of rich copper land in North Texas which is also valuable for farming and town-site purposes. The tract is some ten miles long and about three miles wide. It is equivalent in size to five hundred ordinary mining claims.

The company is organized with substantial business men in the management. It has such extensive acreage of land, rich in copper, and so easily and cheaply mined and converted, that dividends can be paid during the current year.

The property is within twelve miles of a railroad, and fuel and water are available. The ores and marl are on the surface and a few feet down, and can be mined and converted into copper cheaper than any other deposits in America. Copper will be produced on the ground, and a plant of moderate cost will treat three hundred to five hundred tons of ore and material per day, and according to engineers' estimates earn \$3,000 to \$5,000 per day net, with copper at fifteen cents per pound. It is now eighteen cents per pound.

The property has been developed sufficiently to begin producing at once, large amounts of the richest copper ore taken out and marketed, and inexhaustible quantities of copper marl and clay running from 3 to 15 per cent. copper found.

From Report of T. B. Everett, Mining Engineer and Expert.

ARCHER CITY, TEX., May 3, 1899.
HON. EMERY M. LOW, President, and others, Boston, Mass.: . . . Gentlemen: There is abundant evidence of rich copper deposits, not only at the mines already opened, but at various other parts of the property, and it is my opinion that this will prove to be one of the exceptionally rich copper-bearing fields of the United States.

The ores found in these deposits are immensely rich in copper values, and the cupriferous clays that are also found here in immense beds, while not as rich, will undoubtedly prove of great value on account of the cheapness with which they can be mined and reduced.

The mines are accessible at every point; the cost of mining will be very small, as the ore is not in hard formation.

I have examined the various reports made by others, and confirm them.

As far as I have been able to investigate, and I have done so carefully, I am of the opinion it is one of the richest copper fields in the country.

Very respectfully yours,
T. B. EVERETT, Mining Engineer.

From Report of Prof. Wm. DeRyee, former State Chemist of Texas.

"Such numerous outcrops of copper ore have been traced over the summit and sides of those hills that out of 12,000 acres of land which the company own, hardly a 160-acre tract should be found without ore upon the surface." . . .

From Report of Prof. W. F. Cummins, former Geologist of Texas.

. . . "I found a lode of copper which will yield as high as 70 per cent. of copper. I drove the tunnel twenty feet further into the hill, following the lode. When I had gone about twelve feet I struck another lode of copper eighteen inches east and six inches below the second lode. In three feet more we struck another lode below the second lode. Immediately below the lower sandstone is a stratum of cupriferous marl schists extending the entire width of the tunnel, say four feet, and is probably much wider. This marl will yield about 15 per cent. of copper."

This company can produce copper as cheaply as any in the world. It is capitalized the lowest of any in proportion to its acreage.

Receipts for ore and assays by the leading chemists and assayers in the country are on file in the company's offices.

Only a limited number of shares will be sold at \$5 per share.

Remit to EDW. B. ROBINS, Treasurer, Boston and Texas Copper Company, Tremont Building, Boston.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:
For Alaskan ports, 10 A. M., August 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, September 3, change to company's steamers at Seattle.
For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 10 A. M., August 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, September 3, and every fifth day thereafter.
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 2 P. M., August 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, September 1, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports, 9 A. M., August 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, September 1, and every fourth day thereafter.
For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 A. M., August 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, September 3, and every 4th day thereafter. For further information see folder.
For Mexican ports, 10 A. M., seventh of each month.
The company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates and hours of sailing.
Ticket Office 4 New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel).
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., 10 Market St. S. F.

International Navigation Co.'s Lines

AMERICAN LINE.

New York and Southampton (London, Paris), from New York every Wednesday, 10 A. M.
New York August 23 | St. Paul September 6
St. Louis August 30 | New York September 13

RED STAR LINE.

New York and Antwerp. From New York every Wednesday, 12 noon.
Westernland August 9 | Noordland August 23
Kensington August 16 | Friesland August 30

EMPIRE LINE.

To Alaska and Gold Fields.

For passage and freight apply to International Navigation Company, G. D. FAHNESTOCK, General Agent Pacific Coast, 30 Montgomery Street.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:
Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for

YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG.
Calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1899.
Gaelic (Via Honolulu) Wednesday, Aug. 9
Doric (Via Honolulu) Saturday, Sept. 2
Coptic (Via Honolulu) Friday, Sept. 29
Gaelic (Via Honolulu) Tuesday, October 24

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.

D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.



Toyo Kisen Kaisha

(ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)

IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND
U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 1 P. M. for YOKOHAMA and HONG KONG, calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Hongkong Maru Thursday, August 17
Nippon Maru Tuesday, September 12
America Maru Friday, October 6

Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market Street, cor. First.

W. B. CURTIS, General Agent

SOCIETY.

Menlo Park Race Meeting.

The first annual meeting of the Menlo Park Amateur Racing Association will take place on the track at Fair Oaks, on Saturday afternoon, August 12th, the first event being scheduled for half-past two o'clock.

The association is a new organization intended to foster the breeding of high-class horses and to promote the interests of sport in the vicinity of Menlo Park. Its stewards are the following gentlemen:

Mr. Charles N. Felton, Mr. Charles N. Felton, Jr., Mr. Edward W. Hopkins, Mr. Timothy Hopkins, Major J. L. Rathbone, Mr. J. Leroy Nickel, Mr. Theodore Payne, Mr. Joseph A. Donohoe, Mr. Charles Holbrook, Mr. Harry M. Holbrook, Mr. J. J. Moore, Mr. R. D. Girvin, Mr. Percival W. Selby, Mr. J. K. Prior, Mr. Percy P. Moore, Mr. George Jennings, Mr. Edward L. Eyre, Mr. Perry Eyre, Mr. Robert M. Eyre, Mr. Howard Stevenson, Mr. Richard Stevenson, Mr. Atherton Macdonald, Dr. Stanley, Mr. Edgar Mills, Mr. John B. Casserly, Mr. William Talbot, Mr. Frank Moulton, Mr. Chris W. Smith, and Mr. William O'B. Macdonough.

The racing committee for the present meeting is composed of Mr. Chris W. Smith, judge; Mr. J. A. Donohoe, clerk of scales; Mr. John B. Casserly, official measurer; and Mr. E. L. Eyre, starter. There will be seven events, and in each a handsome prize will be offered, not to be tried for until it shall have been won more than once by the same person, but to become at once the personal property of the winner. The total value of the seven prizes will be about five hundred dollars, the most valuable prizes being the Menlo Park Plate and the Steeplechase Cup.

The programme of events is as follows:

First race—Three-sixteenths mile for galloways under 15 hands, to be ridden by boys under 15 years; catch weights; silver cup.

Second race—One-quarter mile for ponies not exceeding 14 hands 2 inches; riders to draw for mounts by lot; weight, 185 pounds; silver cup.

Third race—One-half mile on the flat, open to all; 175 pounds, with 5 pounds allowance for each 1 inch under 15 hands 2 inches; silver cup.

Fourth race—The Pony Steeplechase, one and one-quarter mile for ponies not exceeding 14 hands 2 inches; over 4 hurdles; 185 pounds, with 2 pounds allowance for each 1/4 inch under 14 hands 2 inches; silver cup.

Fifth race—The Menlo Park Plate: one mile on the flat, open to all; 175 pounds, with 5 pounds allowance for each 1 inch under 15 hands 2 inches; silver plate.

Sixth race—The Visitors' Steeplechase: one and three-quarters mile over 5 hurdles; 175 pounds, with 5 pounds allowance for each 1 inch under 15 hands 2 inches; silver cup.

Seventh race—One-half mile for ponies not exceeding 14 hands 2 inches; 180 pounds, with 2 pounds allowance for each 1/4 inch under 14 hands 2 inches; silver cup.

The entries, which should be made to Mr. Percival W. Selby, Menlo Park, will remain open until the day of the races. No professional riders or grooms will be allowed to ride.

The Del Monte Week.

The programme has at last been arranged for the week's outing of the Pacific Coast Pony Racing and Steeplechase Association at Del Monte, and the enthusiasm with which the various organizations throughout the State are entering into the spirit of it indicates that the affair will be the most successful of its kind ever held on the Coast.

The sport provided for the first day, Saturday, August 19th, will be trap-shooting at live pigeons. A number of clever shots have already signified their intention of entering the competition.

On Monday, August 21st, the golf contests will begin. These will extend pretty much through the week, owing to the fact that there are only nine holes on the Del Monte links, allowing but few persons to play at the same time. For the same reason, the contests, except the final match between South and North, are all over eighteen holes, instead of thirty-six, for play would never end if each contestant had to play over the links four times. The first contest will be the preliminary open handicap for ladies for the George Crocker Cup, eighteen holes, medal play, to qualify for the handicap. The final competition for this handsome silver cup will take place on Tuesday. On Wednesday the men will play the qualifying round, eighteen holes, medal play, for the Del Monte Cup. The players making the sixteen lowest scores will be admitted to the final contest for the cup, which will be played off on Thursday and Friday. Finally, on Saturday, the great contest between teams representative of the South and the North, six men on a side, will be played over thirty-six holes, match play.

On Wednesday there will be a polo match be-

tween a Burlingame team—consisting of Mr. Joseph Sadoc Tobin, Mr. Richard M. Tobin, Mr. Walter Scott Hobart, and Mr. Charles N. Dunphy—and a team chosen from the best men in the Southern California clubs.

A five-mile handicap bicycle race will begin the sports of Thursday, and in the afternoon there will be a base-ball game between a nine from the Burlingame Country Club and a nine selected from the alumni of various colleges and universities.

The pony races and steeple-chasing, the programme of which has already been printed in these columns, will be the attraction on Saturday, and on Sunday the week's pleasures will come to an end with yacht racing on the bay.

San Rafael Paper-Chase.

The second paper-chase of the San Rafael Hunt Club took place on Saturday, July 29th. The chase started from the Hotel Rafael at 4 p. m., with Baron J. H. von Schröder as master of bounds. The course was four miles, and extended along Grand Avenue, over San Rafael Hill to the Forbes Tract, and around by Mr. A. W. Foster's place to the finish near the golf links. It required forty minutes to complete the course. Mr. William O'Connor won the silver prize cup for the gentlemen, with Mr. Benjamin Holladay a close second, and Miss Marie Oge won that for the ladies.

Those who followed the chase were Mrs. Farnsworth, Miss Marie Oge, Mr. Lawrence Van Winkle, Dr. H. O. Howitt, Baron J. H. von Schröder, Baron Alexander von Schröder, Mr. Maurice Dore, Mr. Charles de Young, and Mr. Clarence Fisher.

Among those who witnessed the run from their carriages were Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Crooks, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mrs. Morgan, Mrs. Fred H. Green, Mrs. William Gerstle, Mrs. Marcus Gerstle, Mrs. Franz Frey, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Grace Powers, Miss Carrie Deane, the Misses Grace and Rose Hecht, Mr. Frank S. Johnson, and Dr. Frederick Arnold.

Notes and Gossip.

Announcement was made on Thursday of the engagement of Miss Jeannette Black, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert M. Black, to Mr. Frank Norris, son of Mrs. B. F. Norris.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mary Emma Robbins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Robbins, of Suisun, to Mr. John G. Sutton.

The engagement of Lieutenant Philip Andrews, U. S. N., to Miss Clara M. Fuller, of Honolulu, H. I., is announced.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Lilian Bolinger, niece of Mr. R. C. Chambers, of Salt Lake City, to Mr. Douglas Hardy, of London.

Two weddings of interest to San Franciscans took place in Honolulu recently—those of Mr. Carl Widemann, son of the late Judge Widemann, to Miss Helen Parker, daughter of Colonel Samuel Parker, on July 20th, and Mr. A. F. Judd, Jr., son of Chief Justice Judd, to Miss Hartwell, daughter of General A. S. Hartwell.

There will be an informal parade of coaches and brakes belonging to members of the Burlingame Country Club this (Saturday) afternoon, August 5th. Luncheon will be served at the club-house for members and their friends at one o'clock. There will be an instrumental concert during luncheon and until three o'clock, at which hour the parade will start from the club. The finish will be at a point in the Howard woods, a short distance from San Mateo.

Mayor James D. Phelan entertained a number of friends at dinner in the Red Room of the Bohemian Club on Tuesday.

Mr. Lawrence Van Winkle entertained at dinner at Fairfax Villa on Wednesday last. His guests were Captain S. W. Terry, U. S. N., and Mrs. Terry, Miss Eleanor Terry, Mr. and Mrs. Fred H. Green, Mr. Fred W. Greenwood, Mr. E. M. Greenwood, and Mr. Walter L. Dean.

The State capitol at Albany, N. Y., is to be decorated with portraits of five American women in bas-relief—Captain Molly Pitcher, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Frances A. Willard, Clara Barton, and Susan B. Anthony. None of them is pictured as young. Mrs. Stowe is there as an old woman, yet Mrs. Stowe wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin" when but a little over forty, and did nothing to equal it in after years. Frances Willard was only about sixty when she died, but she had begun the labors which brought her reputation when quite a young woman.

Queen Victoria has revived the extinct barony of Dorchester in the person of the elder daughter of the third baron, who died in 1875. The barony was first granted to General Sir Guy Carleton for his services against the Americans in the Revolutionary War. It became extinct two years ago by the death of his last male descendant, a cousin of the present baroness.

The social event of September in Newport will be the wedding of Miss Julia Dent Grant, daughter of General and Mrs. Frederick D. Grant, and Prince Cantacuzene of Russia. It will be managed by Mrs. Potter Palmer, who has for four seasons had the Waldorf Astor villa. The prince, who is now busy with his military duties, is expected early in September.

A Military Dinner.

A dinner will be given to Company L. of the First Nebraska Regiment, U. S. V., at The Colonial this (Saturday) evening, by the associate members of the Thurston Rifles, of Omaha, from which the First Nebraska was recruited at the beginning of the war.

Major W. C. Taylor, Captain C. M. Richards, Captain Fred Gagner, Lieutenant Osborn, Lieutenant Curtis, Lieutenant Coleman, Lieutenant Fisher, Lieutenant Russell, and all the other members of Company L. will be present, and other invited guests will include Colonel John P. Jackson, Major William Mongahan, U. S. V., Colonel George H. Pippy, U. S. V., Cadet Taylor, Mr. J. R. Dunn, and Mr. Fetterman.

After the discussion of an elaborate menu, a medal and button commemorative of the occasion will be presented to each member of the company, Major Mongahan making the presentation speech.

The court of appeals on taxes at Berlin has decided that the ladies-in-waiting of the Prussian court are domestic servants. A lady residing in Dresden appealed against the income-tax on the ground that she had already paid it to the Saxon government. The supreme court found that the right to tax the incomes of retired Prussian civil officials, irrespective of nationality or residence, could not be applied to the pensions of ladies-in-waiting, according to the Prussian law, under the schedule of "common servants." This decision has caused considerable amusement, as the ladies are invariably members of the most aristocratic families in the country. The question arises whether the regulations of 1810, giving Prussian employers the right of corporal correction of servants, applies in the case of these blue-blooded domestics.

The Duchess of Leuchtenberg, who died recently, was not so long ago called one of the four most beautiful women in Europe. She was the only sister of the famous General Skobelev, and in 1877 married the Prince Eugene Romanowski, Duke of Leuchtenberg. With this lovely and amiable woman the race of Skobelev disappears. Her husband was a descendant of Eugene de Beauharnais, and his first wife, the Empress Josephine, whom, as a widow, Napoleon married. Her son, the viceroys of Italy, was created herzog of the Duchy of Leuchtenberg, in the upper palatinate in Bavaria, and had the title of royal highness. His son married a Russian grand duchess, and from that time the family has been Russian.

The California School of Design.

The California School of Design, which it will be remembered is also the affiliated art college of the University of California, will begin its fall term at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art, on Monday, August 7th. This academy, which was founded by the San Francisco Art Association, is now in its twenty-seventh year. The Association has done incalculable good in the community since its beginning, not least of which is the maintaining of this school, many of the pupils of which have gained honors for the city and State. Among the most recent and notable of such cases is that of Mr. Jules Pages, who won the gold medal over all competitors at the last Paris Salon. Mr. Alexander Harrison, another gold medalist, whose fame in Europe is a source of satisfaction to California, and who recently visited this city, was also a pupil of the school. Mr. Arthur F. Mathews, a painter well known here and abroad, will resume charge of the Life Classes and general supervision of the school. Mr. Mathews has just returned from a year's leave of absence in Europe, where he has devoted his time to observation and study in the principal cities. Mr. Mathews met a great many California artists abroad, and declares that they are all doing well; in fact, his faith in the great future that San Francisco has before it as an art centre is greatly enhanced by his trip abroad. The other members of the faculty are Mr. John A. Stanton, Preparatory Antique and Advanced Antique Drawing; Mr. Douglas Tilden, Modeling from the Antique, Head, and Figure; Mr. R. D. Yelland, Perspective and Sketch Classes; Mr. C. C. Judson, Antique, Portrait and Life Class Drawing in Evening Classes; Mrs. A. B. Chittenden, Antique and Portrait Drawing in the Saturday Class; and Dr. Harry Everett Alderson, Demonstrator in Anatomy. A new feature which has been added to the school is a lecture and text-book course on the Literature of Art, under the supervision of the Curator, Captain Robert H. Fletcher. Captain Fletcher is the author of several well-known books. A file of the principal magazines and art publications is to be added to the library for the use of the pupils as well as the members of the association. The number of scholars attending the school, averaging two hundred, overtaxed its capacities to such an extent last year that a new room, under the Art Gallery which is in course of construction, has been re-arranged as a class-room. The gallery itself will be completed about the first of November.

Colouial Hotel.

The management wishes to inform its patrons of the completion of the new private bath-rooms in connection with suites of rooms. Reservation for the winter season should be made at once.

Johannis.

A table water of exceptional purity and excellence.—London Lancet.

WILLIAM WOLFF & CO., Pacific Coast Agents, 329 Market Street, S. F.

Pears'

What is wanted of soap for the skin is to wash it clean and not hurt it. Pure soap does that. This is why we want pure soap; and when we say pure, we mean without alkali.

Pears' is pure; no free alkali. There are a thousand virtues of soap; this one is enough. You can trust a soap that has no biting alkali in it.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

THE GREAT LEADER OF CHAMPAGNES

G. H. Mumm & Co.'s Extra Dry

WHILE words tell, statistics prove. The importation of G. H. Mumm & Co.'s EXTRA DRY in 1898 aggregating 86,855 cases, or 52,649 cases more than of any other brand, is certainly the most striking evidence of the great popularity of this famous brand of champagne, and particular attention is called to the fine quality, purity, and natural dryness of the wine now coming to this market. Used at almost all notable banquets, balls, weddings, etc.

Dine above the Clouds

Above the noise, and dust, and flies. Perfect service in Spreckels Rotisserie, 15th Floor Call Building, 210 feet above Market Street.

SPRECKELS ROTISSERIE, ALBERT WOLFF, Proprietor.

SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS First National Bank

N.W. COR. BUSH and SANSOME STS.

STORES Trunks for One Dollar a Month.

RENTS Safes for \$5 a year, furnishing the most perfect security for valuables of all descriptions. Office Hours, 8 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Vendome—Country Home.

Surrounded by a 12-acre park, it resembles a country mansion—and only two blocks from the railroad station, where twenty-five daily trains connect it with the outside world. Over 250 rooms. Suites magnificently furnished with toilet and bath. Tourists' headquarters for Lick Observatory and all interesting points in Santa Clara County.

GEO. P. SNELL, Manager, San José, Cal.

HOTEL BELLA VISTA 1001 PINE STREET.

THE PIONEER FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL OF SAN FRANCISCO.

MRS. M. W. DENVER.

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL

NEWLY REFITTED WITH ALL THE LATEST MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

MAJOR WILLIAM B. HOOPER, Lessee San Francisco, Cal.

THE LENOX

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First-class quiet Family Hotel.

D. W. JAMES, Proprietor, Late of Paso Robles Hotel.

ROYAL Baking Powder
Absolutely Pure.
Made from Pure Grape Cream of Tartar.

SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander arrived in town from New York on Tuesday. They will spend a part of the summer at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel G. Buckhee returned from Weber Lake on Monday, July 31st, and expect to go to San Rafael in the near future.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin and Mr. W. S. Martin have returned from their visit to Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Casey and Miss Kate Dillon left the first of the week for Del Monte, where they will spend the month of August.

Miss Laura McKinstry is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase at their home, "Stag's Leap," Napa County.

Judge and Mrs. Robert Y. Hayne returned to their home in San Mateo on Thursday after a six weeks' visit to Santa Barbara.

Mrs. James A. Folger and Mr. J. Athearn Folger left on Wednesday last for Del Monte, where they will pass the month of August.

Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Kip, Mrs. Edy, and Miss Mary Kip returned from the interior of the State on Wednesday last, and are now at the Hotel Rafael for the remainder of the season.

Miss Laura McKinstry is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase at their home, "Stag's Leap," Napa County.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Whittier left on Wednesday last for Del Monte, where they will spend the month of August.

Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker and the Misses Rutherford arrived in town from Castle Crags on Monday, and have an apartment at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Chenery have been visiting the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. Faxon D. Atherton has returned from the Klondike, arriving here on Saturday, July 29th.

Mrs. H. A. Widemann and Miss Widemann are among the recent arrivals from Honolulu. They are at the California Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker enjoyed a trip up to the Tavern of Tamalpais during the week.

Mr. Clarence Mackay returned from Liverpool on the White Star liner *Teutonic* last Wednesday, owing to the illness of his wife, but she had recovered sufficiently to go to the steamer to meet him on his arrival in New York.

Mr. Walter M. Newhall arrived in town from Los Angeles last Monday, on a business trip.

Colonel and Mrs. W. R. Smedberg and Miss Cora Smedberg have returned to their home here after a month's visit at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. George F. Clover arrived here from New York on Monday, and are at the Palace Hotel. Mr. Clover is a brother of Commander Richardson Clover, U. S. N., who came down from Napa to meet him.

Mrs. Currey and Miss Frances Currey are spending the summer at Santa Barbara.

Miss McBean returned to the Hotel Rafael on Thursday, from her visit to friends at Menlo Park and Burlingame. She will leave on or about the 20th for a fortnight's visit to Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Mills and Miss Mills were among the guests at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. Fred Poett, invalided home from Manila, where he was a private in the Fourteenth Infantry, U. S. A., received his honorable discharge at the Presidio last Monday, and went to Burlingame on Tuesday to visit his sister, Mrs. J. H. P. Howard, before returning to his home in Santa Barbara.

Colonel and Mrs. G. W. Macfarlane and Mr. Walter Macfarlane, of Honolulu, are guests at the California Hotel.

Mr. John Lawson has returned from his visit to England.

Mr. Cuyler Smith left on Monday for a month's visit to the Hotel Del Monte.

Mr. Leon Sloss and Sir Henry Heyman returned on Saturday from a month's trip to Alaska. They visited St. Michael, Cape Nome, Unalaska, and other points of interest.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Morrow and Mrs. Charles Fox Tay were visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais this week.

Mr. R. B. Canfield, of Santa Barbara, is a guest at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels returned from Del Monte the first of the week, and are now at the Hotel Rafael.

Mrs. Carroll and Miss Gertrude Carroll left on Wednesday last for Del Monte, where they will spend the remainder of the summer.

Judge and Mrs. Edward A. Belcher have returned from a five weeks' outing in the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. J. B. Dyer, of Oakland, returned from Alaska on Saturday, July 29th.

Dr. C. Max Richter left on Wednesday for New York, where he will remain a few weeks and then go over to London and Berlin. He expects to be away about three months.

Miss Alice Colden Hoffman and Mr. John A. Hoffman made an excursion to the Tavern of Tamalpais this week.

Mr. James H. Hart, a brother of Sir Robert Hart, arrived from China on Sunday, July 30th, and is at the Palace Hotel for several days.

Mr. and Mrs. Cesar Bertheau and Miss Anita Bertheau have returned from San Rafael.

Mrs. William Willis, Miss India Scott, and Miss Callahan have been the guests of Mrs. John F. Boyd at Oakwood Park Farm in Contra Costa County.

Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Brown, Miss Florence Brown, and Mrs. Everetts, of Oakland, have returned from a visit to Castle Crags.

Mr. Walter Martin left for a short visit to Los Angeles on Wednesday last.

Mrs. S. W. Terry and Miss Eleanor Terry will go to Del Monte the latter part of this month.

Mr. Charles Crocker departs to-day (Saturday) for a trip around the world by way of Japan, China, and India.

Mr. and Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan will leave here on

August 28th for Paris, where they will spend the winter. It is possible that Mr. O'Sullivan will be heard once more in concert before his departure.

Mrs. John B. Mhoon and Miss Belle Mhoon, of Oakland, returned last week from Castle Crags.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Y. Campbell, *né* Watt, have been spending some weeks in the Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. C. W. Tuttle, of Colusa, is a guest at the Occidental Hotel.

Mrs. Charles T. Yerkes, of Chicago, arrived in town on Thursday, and is at the Palace Hotel, where she is awaiting the coming of Mr. Yerkes.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Finell came down from Richmond on Wednesday, and are at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. P. N. Lilienthal returned from the East on Friday. Miss Elsie Lilienthal remained in New York with her grandmother, Mrs. Seligman.

Mrs. Albert Miller and Miss Annie Miller returned last week to their home in Oakland after a stay of several weeks at Castle Crags.

The following San Franciscans are registered at the Tavern of Castle Crags: Mrs. James A. Bailey, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. McKittrick, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph E. Bier, and Colonel E. H. Plummer, Thirty-Fifth Infantry, U. S. V.

Among the week's guests at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Forster, Miss Shearer, of Oakland, Mrs. W. F. Berry, Mr. E. A. Wiltsee, of San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Hale, of Santa Barbara, Mrs. J. A. Cunningham, of St. Louis, and Mr. J. S. Angus, of London.

Among the week's guests at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mrs. W. B. Chapman, Dr. and Mrs. H. G. Richards, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Richards, Mr. John McMullen, Mr. Carlos F. Montealegre, of San Francisco, Senator George C. Perkins, Mr. D. S. Ainsworth, of Oakland, Mrs. L. A. Crandall, of Washington, D. C., Mr. and Mrs. H. Roseland and Mr. C. E. Sentell, of New York.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mrs. F. P. Burke, Mr. C. C. Burke, Miss Burke, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Berger, and Miss Berger, of Honolulu, Mrs. W. E. Davis and Miss Davis, of Boston, Mr. F. J. Lawrence, of New York, Mr. W. J. Watson, of Pittsburg, Pa., Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Galt, of Portland, and Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Bahcock and Miss Edwards, of Coronado.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

The transport *Senator* came into port on Tuesday night with her flag at half-mast in respect to the memory of Colonel A. S. Hawkins, commander of the Tenth Pennsylvania Volunteers, who died of cancer of the stomach on July 18th, when the vessel was two days out from Yokohama.

Admiral Albert Kautz, U. S. N., and Mrs. Kautz came down from Mare Island on Monday last and went to the Hotel Rafael, where they expect to remain some weeks.

Major M. B. Hughes, Ninth Cavalry, U. S. A., late commandant at Fort Huachuca, A. T., is here on leave, and is at the California Hotel.

Captain J. J. Bradley, Fourteenth Infantry, assistant quartermaster, U. S. V., and Mrs. Bradley are at the Occidental Hotel.

Mrs. Coghlan, wife of Captain Joseph B. Coghlan, U. S. N., is visiting the family of Captain Bermingham at 741 Chestnut Street. Captain Coghlan, recently appointed to the command of the Bremerton naval station on Puget Sound, expects soon to visit this city for a few days.

Lieutenant Marcus L. Miller, U. S. N., Mrs. Miller, and Miss Mary McCalla have returned from Mare Island to the Hotel Rafael, where they expect to spend the month of August.

Major Robert H. Noble, Assistant Adjutant-General, U. S. A., has returned from a visit to Castle Crags.

Captain Arthur C. Ducat, Twenty-Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., has returned from Honolulu, whence he was recalled while on his way to Manila, to act as aid to Major-General W. R. Shafter, U. S. A., in this city.

A new influence is Christianizing the negroes of the Congo Free State. Captain Becker, a Free State official, thoughtfully took a hand-organ with him to his post, and finding that the natives enjoyed the music, and being also desirous that they should marry in Christian fashion, he announced that the organ would be played at every Christian wedding. The result was that weddings took place almost daily, and it was discovered that many couples got married more than once in order to procure the music.

No one should live in California, let alone leaving, without taking a trip to Mt. Tamalpais to inhale the pure air and view the surrounding country, which surpasses for beauty and greater variety any other outlook in the world.

At the sale of a collection of early impressionist pictures in Paris, Manet's "Paveurs de la Rue de Berne" brought \$2,700, Monet's "Argenteuil" \$2,300, and Renoir's "A la Grenouillère" \$4,000.

—THE ENGRAVING OF COOPER & CO., THE Art Stationers, is not only superior to that of other houses, but is less in cost. Compare their figures—as for the rest, no charge if not satisfactory. Other houses also charge fifty per cent. more for stamping note-papers and with inferior workmanship.

—A PLACE OF INTEREST FOR VISITORS IS THE Gump Art Gallery of Paintings, by European masters. No. 113 Geary Street.

WAR VERSES.

Recompense.

What is the price, the price of war,
That men give life's brave service for?
Fierce slaughter on the battle-field,
The dread Death Angel's sword revealed;
An army's rude and riotous haste;
The city and the farm laid waste;
Then, when the victor hides the battles cease,
Behold, the wide world's larger liberty and peace.

What are the hopes, the hopes of war,
That men despoil their fœmen for?
To make a master's proud demands,
To win fair cities and broad lands;
At least, for country's sake, to spend
One's life, and gain a glorious end.
But, best of all, when storms and battles cease,
To win the wide world's larger liberty and peace.

What is the end, the end of war,
That men have ever battled for?
The savage joy of lording o'er
Slaves, who were lords and kings of yore;
The exultation and delight
When nations crown their men of might.
But, at the last, when moil and battles cease,
Behold, the wide world's larger liberty and peace.
—Frank Walcott Hunt in the Independent.

The Regiment.

Did you see the regiment march away?
Oh, hut the day was fair and fine!
The flags were many, the music gay,
And the companies measured a goodly line,
And their pulses hounded with life's red wine
There were many to cheer, and some to pray
That day the regiment marched away.

Did you see the regiment march away?
Oh, hut the sight was grand and fine!
As the muskets gleamed in the clear sunshine,
Scarce a man in the ranks whose head was gray,
But the knights of youth in trim array
Stepped side by side down the city street,
To the bugles' call and the drums' glad beat,
And so the regiment marched away.

Did you see that regiment marching back?
Oh, hut the sight was glad to see!
Oh, hut the sight was sad to see!
Each man looked fit to drop in his track,
Haggard and weary with misery;
For toil and hunger and fever-pain
Had troubled them sore, and travel-stain
Had darkened the faces and dulled the shine
Of the trappings; and oh, 'twas a shrunken line,
For many were missing—aye, some were slain—
Who had meant to march in that street again
When the gallant regiment came back.

Did you see the boys come marching back?
Scarce could they travel a mile or two—
Weakened and wearied through and through;
But thousands crowded along their track,
For the city was proud to welcome them hack,
And eager to honor the heroes true,
Who had never wavered; and many a name
Was written high on the scroll of fame,
For the eyes of the whole round world to see—
So, freed from war and its misery,
The gallant regiment came back!
—Emma A. Lente, in the Ledger Monthly.

The Fallen of the Fight.

Oh, the story and the glory of the fallen of the fight
Beneath the drooped flags dreaming in the laurels
and the light!
Is there rumor of the strife now?
Do their bright swords leap to life now?
Do they bear the far-rolled thunder of the grim guns
in the night?

Oh, the story and the glory of the fallen of the fight!
Does the clamor of the captains reach their ranks all
ghostly white?

Nay—they rest with rusting blades,
All the glory-starred brigades,
And the peace of God is on them in the splendor of
the light.

In the peace of God they sleep, while the battle
thunders sweep
Over the echoing oceans where deep calteth unto
deep;

Where the stormy sea to sea
Waves the starred flag of the free,
And their comrades, armed in honor, their vigil fire
keep.

Oh, their story and their glory! Let the red stripes
o'er them wave,
Red as the blood that crimsoned them—the life blood
that they gave!
Blow, bugles, east and west,
Over their rose-wreathed rest,
And the love of a common country, like a garland,
on their grave!

—Frank L. Stanton in Philadelphia Evening Post.

—ALFRED E. BLAKE M. D. DISEASES OF THE
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7:00 A	Marysville, Oroville, and Redding... via Woodland... ..	5:45 P
7:00 A	Elmira, Vacaville, and Runney... ..	8:45 P
7:30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa... ..	6:15 P
8:00 A	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East... ..	9:45 A
8:30 A	San José, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, and Red Bluff... ..	4:15 P
8:30 A	*Milton, Oakdale, and Sonoma... ..	4:15 P
8:30 A	Yosemite Valley via Oakdale and Chinese... ..	4:15 P
9:00 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations... ..	11:45 A
9:00 A	Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno... ..	12:15 P
9:00 A	Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East... ..	6:45 P
10:00 A	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations... ..	7:45 P
11:00 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations... ..	2:45 P
12:00 M	Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Sacramento, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville... ..	4:15 P
*1:00 P	Sacramento River Steamers... ..	8:00 P
3:00 P	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations... ..	5:45 P
4:00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa... ..	9:15 A
4:00 P	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Oroville... ..	10:45 A
4:30 P	Niles, San José, and Way Stations... ..	7:15 P
4:30 P	Yosemite Sleeping Car for Raymond... ..	12:15 P
5:00 P	The Owl, Tracy, Fresno, Bakersfield, Saugus for Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles... ..	9:45 A
5:30 P	Stockton, Merced, and Fresno... ..	12:15 P
5:30 P	Martinez, Tracy, Mendota, Fresno, Mojave, and Los Angeles... ..	8:45 A
5:30 P	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East... ..	6:45 P
6:00 P	Chicago—San Francisco Special, Ogden and East... ..	8:45 P
6:00 P	Haywards, Niles, and San José... ..	7:45 A
*6:00 P	Vallejo... ..	12:15 P
7:00 P	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East... ..	7:45 A
18:00 P	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Stations... ..	11:50 P

COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

LEAVE	From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—	ARRIVE
*7:15 A	9:00 11:00 A. M. 1:00 2:00 3:00 P. M.	13:00
4:00 A	15:00 6:00 P. M.	
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—	*6:00 8:00	
10:00 A. M.	12:00 1:00 2:00 3:00 4:00 5:00 P. M.	

COAST DIVISION (Broad Gauge). (Third and Townsend Streets.)

LEAVE	From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—	ARRIVE
*6:10 A	Ocean View, South San Francisco... ..	*6:30 P
*7:00 A	San José and Way Stations (New Alameda, Wednesdays only)... ..	*8:00 A
17:30 A	Sunday Excursion for Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations... ..	18:35 P
9:00 A	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Surf, Lompoc, and Principal Way Stations... ..	4:10 P
10:40 A	San José and Way Stations... ..	6:35 A
11:30 A	San José and Way Stations... ..	1:30 P
*2:45 P	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Hollister, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove... ..	*10:36 A
*3:30 P	San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations... ..	*7:30 P
*4:15 P	San José and Principal Way Stations... ..	9:45 A
*5:00 P	San José and Principal Way Stations... ..	*8:35 A
5:30 P	San José and Principal Way Stations... ..	9:00 A
6:30 P	San José and Way Stations... ..	5:30 P
11:45 P	San José and Way Stations... ..	17:30 P

OREGON PERRY

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—

*7:15 A	9:00 11:00 A. M. 1:00 2:00 3:00 P. M.	13:00
4:00 A	15:00 6:00 P. M.	

From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—

*6:00 8:00		
10:00 A. M.	12:00 1:00 2:00 3:00 4:00 5:00 P. M.	

COAST DIVISION (Broad Gauge).

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*7:15 A	9:00 11:00 A. M. 1:00 2:00 3:00 P. M.	13:00
4:00 A	15:00 6:00 P. M.	

From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—

*6:00 8:00		
10:00 A. M.	12:00 1:00 2:00 3:00 4:00 5:00 P. M.	

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Maud—"Do you like to have men flatter you?"
Ethel—"Oh, I don't mind, if they happen to be photographers."—*Bazar*.

Landlady—"Isn't this a good chicken?" Boarder—"It may have been a good chicken morally, but physically it was a wreck."—*Judge*.

"Yes," said the excited man, "he tried to act the hog and treat me like a dog, but I soon showed him he was playing horse with the wrong man when he monkeyed with me!"—*Indianapolis Journal*.

May catch him now: "Good news from the Philippines," he said, as he looked up from his paper. "What is it?" "It is reported that Aguinaldo is overtrained."—*Chicago Evening Post*.

Aeronaut—"I'm going to Philadelphia next week to give a balloon ascension and want some handbills printed." *New York printer*—"Yes, sir; how would this do?" "Professor Parryshoot will rise from the dead at 4:30 sharp."—*Puck*.

"Tell Mr. Cuthbert I'm out." "I haf already told him madame is in." "Then say when you came upstairs you found me out." "But, madame, he already says he has found you out, and zat is vy he must see madame."—*Pick-Me-Up*.

"Yes, sir; I have always felt that my legislative career was a dead failure." "Why so?" "Just because the party I represented was so overwhelmingly strong in the legislature that a single vote was worth little or nothing."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"Do you think the cause of arbitration is making any headway?" "Certainly," answered the German diplomat; "haven't we already gotten so far as to be willing to arbitrate upon the question of whether we will arbitrate or not?"—*Washington Star*.

"Mr. White," said a lawyer to a witness in the box, "at the time these papers were executed you were speculating, were you not?" "Yes, sir." "You were in oil?" "I was." "And what are you in now?" "Bankruptcy," was the solemn reply.—*Tit-Bits*.

Mr. Wholesale—"Your former employer tells me you were the quickest book-keeper in the place." *Applicant* (dubiously)—"He does?" *Mr. Wholesale*—"Yes; he says you could chuck the books in the safe, lock up, and get ready to go home in just one minute and ten seconds!"—*Puck*.

The military man walked nervously back and forth till his spurs jingled like sleigh-bells. Stopping abruptly before the woman who had confronted him, he asked: "How do you know all these things about my past?" "A little bird told me." "S death!" he hissed; "another round-robin!"—*Washington Star*.

Prodigal son (just returned from the Alaskan gold fields)—"What are you getting for apples, dad?" *Father*—"Nothin', yet. I'm asking fifty cents a bushel." *Prodigal son*—"Fifty cents! You'd get fifty dollars if you had them at the Klondike." *Father*—"Yes? And I'd get five hundred dollars for a glass of water—if I had it in h—l!"—*Short Stories*.

Mrs. Jaggs (time, 2 A. M.)—"What in the world kept you so late?" *Mr. Jaggs*—"W-why (hic), m' dear, jus' as I was comin' (hic) 'long, firsh' shing know'd was held up by shix or sheven highwaym'n on (hic) darksh street." *Mrs. Jaggs*—"Well, it's a good thing they happened to be there to hold you up. You never could have done it yourself."—*Chicago News*.

Widow Jackson—"W'y, it was like dis way, parson. My husband went up on de hill-top to pray for rain and got struck by lightning." *Parson Johnson*—"But yo' mustn't lose faith in prayer, sister." *Widow Jackson* (complacently)—"Oh, no, parson! Dat proves de Lord do answer prayer. No'twails in de way we ask for it, but in a way dat'll be best for all hands."—*Judge*.

"Well," said the Filipino chief, "have you succeeded in inciting those back-country Tagals to rebellion?" "I made some progress," was the answer; "I have at last made them realize there is some sort of unusual disturbance in progress." "Did you fire their hearts with patriotism?" "Not exactly. It'll take time. I asked one of them who the greatest Filipino is, and he said he wasn't sure whether it was Atkinaldo or Aguinon."—*Washington Star*.

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"He was the picture of woe after his wife got through disciplining him." "Yes?" "Yes, a sort of a thumb-nail sketch, you might say."—*Detroit Journal*.

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At the first thought of the flag of this country flying in distant lands, there to be a token of protection, of progress, and of development, there was a natural burst of enthusiasm, due not so much to patriotic fervor as to misguided zeal. The sober second thought is here. It has checked the hurrahing and created a doubt whether the great strength of this country should be expended any whit in the subjugation of a people struggling to be free, and whether the graves of Americans dotting the slopes of Luzon, the wan and stricken soldiers coming back with stories of hardship, do not constitute a rather high price to pay for the upholding of a policy of imperialism daily growing more repugnant to the nation.

As to that which is to be gained there exist variant

opinions. According to the view of many, there is nothing to be gained and nothing to be acquired beyond profitless and lasting responsibilities. The climatic conditions are not such as may be endured by a white man. The plea that all this blood and expenditure is in behalf of humanity and the moral elevation of the benighted is not frequently heard now. It was too baseless to stand. The fact must be admitted that the war is a war of conquest, that any territory taken must be taken from its rightful owners, and any privileges obtained be obtained despite the valorous protest of those who should have in all equity the privilege of upholding them.

From an economic standpoint, and leaving all loftier principle aside, the money needed to keep up the army even as it was constituted before recent enlargement was nearly a million dollars a day. This must be constantly augmented, for that double the number of soldiers now scheduled for the Philippines will have to be sent there before the fiery Tagals will acknowledge defeat is not questioned by any soldier of experience who has had opportunity for forming an intelligent estimate, if Otis himself be excepted. The addition will call for larger outlay in maintaining troops and greatly swell the government bill for transportation, which already is stupendous. So new is this branch of the public service that the vast sum used in supporting it is hardly realized. Without burdening these columns with tabulated statistics, the statement may be made that the price paid, or agreed by the government to be paid, for charters alone since the beginning of trouble, all being for transports for use on the Pacific, was \$4,223,400. These figures, being compiled up to June 1st, are in reality considerably more impressive, several charters having been secured since then. The cost of outfitting, and for ships actually purchased, brought the total up to \$5,930,218. Of the amount devoted to charters, \$738,951 was paid for transports actually lying idle at Manila, the *Senator* alone earning in this negative fashion \$390,000. Ships gathering barnacles while at anchor are to be reckoned luxuries at \$1,500 every twenty-four hours.

An appalling circumstance is that there is no end in sight. Thousands of men are yet to be sent, thousands less to be brought back. In every department there is certain to be a steady increase. Care of the sick and wounded will soon be as costly as care for the men capable of duty. It is a truth to be deplored that the administration is not with firmness meeting the palpable conditions. This country will have no patience with a policy of permitting the war to continue season after season. It has no superfluous men whom it desires to have killed in a conflict not altogether righteous. It fails to see the advantages of pouring out its resources lavishly and for a period of indefinite length, when by sending a large army the climax could be quickly reached. It is undeniable that much money has been put into circulation, but it would better have been by natural and healthful means projected into the channels of trade. Too much is being sacrificed to the contractor and the ship-owner, too little regard paid to the patent truth that this country produces all that which is being scattered, and the prosperity traceable to the scattering is abnormal and superficial. A careful analysis fails to show where the ultimate returns are to appear. Soon a war calling for more than a million dollars each day will call for more than two millions. If the administration is hopelessly committed to the plan of imperialism, surely there rests upon it an obligation to be mercifully and thriftily expeditious.

When we last talked of the fall elections in these columns, the putative political situation in Kentucky disclosed only less than certain victory for the Democrats, and an almost hopeless, uphill fight for the Republicans. Since that time there have been developments which might entirely change the outlook, provided the Republican leaders in Kentucky are sufficiently astute to take advantage of their opportunities. Within a month past the State of feuds and blue-grass has evolved a political feud within the Democratic party, the ramifications of which are considerable, and which may have consequences.

Kentucky is to elect a governor and other State officials, and the Democrats met last month and offered to voters for the head of the ticket the name of William Goebel, a young but very active politician, a lawyer by profession, and at present a State senator from the Covington district. The convention attracted wide attention because of its lack of harmony and its turbulent scenes, extending over nearly a week of deadlock before the ruling spirit—Mr. Goebel—could force his own nomination upon the assembly. The natural result of such a contest is the formation of a bolting faction, and that has followed. An anti-Goebel conference, composed of farmers and professional men, met in Lexington last week. There were nearly eight hundred present, representing thirty counties of the State. The gathering resolved to hold a convention on August 16th and nominate candidates for the November election. Their main opposition is directed against Mr. Goebel. They denounce the Louisville convention which nominated him, but propose to agree with it in its indorsement of Bryan and the whole Chicago platform.

It will be seen from this that the feud in Kentucky Democracy is one of personalities and not of principles. The methods which Mr. Goebel has followed, both in business and politics, have raised up opposition which bodes serious trouble for him at the polls. Politically it is charged that he aims to exercise a boss-ship more powerful than any Tammany chief and more perfect than the rule of Quay in Pennsylvania. One of the evidences of this is that he is the author of the new election law in Kentucky, excellently adapted to perpetuate not only Democratic predominance, but the unfettered sway of the one-man power. The law creates a board of three State commissioners, who are empowered to appoint subordinate boards of three members in each county of the State. The local board is to name all the judges and clerks of election, and no provision is made for minority party representation in any of the boards. If Mr. Goebel can be elected governor and can have the appointing of the three State commissioners, it needs no sacring-bell to call attention to the enormous power he can wield as a political boss. The whole machinery of State elections would be placed unreservedly in his hands, without the slightest restraint upon the commission of election frauds. This law finds its opponents even among the supporters of Mr. Goebel's candidacy.

Another opposing element which he will have to face next fall is the influence of the railroads. It is charged that his main professional business has been the prosecution of claims against these corporations, to facilitate which he has been instrumental in formulating special legislation. Among other enactments they lay at his door the repeal of the "fellow-servant law," by which a corporation could escape damages for personal injuries by showing that injury resulted from the negligence of a fellow-servant of the claimant. Another move was a law nullifying a supreme court decision which held that where a person was killed in a railroad accident the company could not be sued unless the deceased left a widow or children. It is also said that he had passed a bill giving extraordinary powers to the railroad commission. Under it the board has assessed the franchise of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad at \$21,000,000, although the total value of all its property in Kentucky is only \$20,000,000; and the Southern Pacific Company, which owns no lines in the State, but is merely chartered there, has been assessed \$24,000,000 on its franchise.

If these statements are facts—and they are well vouched for—it can scarcely be expected that Mr. Goebel will become governor of Kentucky through any assistance rendered by these powerful corporations. There is also a large Confederate soldier element in the State which is arrayed against Mr. Goebel's aspirations. Not very long since he engaged in a personal quarrel with an ex-Confederate officer named Sandford, which culminated in a shooting affray and the death of the old soldier. The courts decided that no murder had been committed, but the victim was extremely popular among his comrades, and they have not forgiven his assailant.

So much for the personalities of Mr. Goebel's campaign. The political principles it involves are somewhat mixed and uncertain. The key-note of the party seems to be anything for harmony as far as platforms are concerned. Mr. Goebel, it is claimed, was a Gold Democrat in the campaign of 1896, but the platform upon which he was nominated at Louisville, and which he fully accepts, has declared for the whole Chicago platform with all its Bryanism. The influential Louisville *Courier-Journal* is supporting Mr. Goebel and the Chicago platform, although that paper has been a most vigorous opponent of the silver theories and a warm champion of territorial expansion. Colonel Watterson justifies this position with the claim that the campaign will be a choice between machines. "Offsetting the fools back of the Democratic machine," he says, "with the niggers back of the Republican, and allowing an equal division of the knaves, the *Courier-Journal* prefers the Democratic machine."

The Democratic situation in Kentucky offers an excellent opportunity for Republican success this fall. The chances are that the party will not be equal to the occasion. Republican leadership in Kentucky is not all that could be wished for, the organization is far from perfect, and the party has not been benefited and strengthened as it should have been by its four years of ascendancy in the State.

jubart

The people of San Francisco are in no mood to tolerate any such extravagance as has usually marked the administration of municipal affairs. They have, with an impatience that has at last crystallized into a definite protest, beheld the looting of the treasury and the supporting of an army of superfluous underlings, and the arrogant query of the transgressors as to what the tax-payers proposed to do about it, has excited a response so clear-cut there is no mistaking the character of it. The people propose, if the power in them lies, to have something to say about the running of the city they support.

Largely to the Merchants' Association may be ascribed the intelligent methods adopted. Ordinarily there has been idle rebuke, which seldom had any bearing upon the results at the polls or in the chambers of the supervisors. This time the rebuke is not to be ignored. The gentlemen composing this association are all citizens of standing, active in business matters and many of them large holders of property. They do not advocate niggardliness, but they resent waste. On numerous occasions they have come into some troubled condition with their counsel, and so wise has it been that the taking of it has in each case resulted in substantial betterment. By this means has an unofficial body, one wholly without executive authority, made itself of value to such extent that its counsel is now sought and to its conclusions is given weight.

Members of the present city government went into office pledged to the dollar limit of taxation. They found that to keep within this some decided reductions would have to be made, and while people do not wish any department crippled, they are ready to see reductions go into effect. They want a lot of supernumeraries cut off the roll. They know that most every branch in the City Hall has *attachés*, put there through political favor, and doing not enough to earn salt. An instance, one of many, is constituted of janitorships. The municipal building is notoriously filthy. It is not too much to say that half the janitors now employed, did they but tend to duty, would be able to better attend to the work. In the offices there are clerks all the day at rest, their most arduous task that of discounting their salary warrants.

To keep within the prescribed limit, some of these sinecures would have to be abolished. This circumstance was recognized by the Merchants' Association, the members of which, by request, prepared a schedule conforming to the pledges of last election time. They demonstrated that the pledge could be kept, and they were surprised to note among those who had given the pledges an absence of joy over the pointing to a clear path out of the difficulty. Whatever politicians may think about it, the city is behind the merchants. It upholds them in their efforts on behalf of economy, which is properly and reasonably the attitude for it to take. The schedule is too long for recapitulation, but it shows what can be done, and it does not injure any part of the public service. In fact, the merchants would have applied to the conduct of the city the same care, diligence, and thrift that obtains in their private establishments. There is nothing extraordinary nor quixotic about the proposition. It is simply common-sense in the concrete.

jubart

The day of Cuba's independence seems to recede. If there are active preparations to grant to the island the full measure of freedom, to give which this country is in honor bound, slight inking of them comes to the surface. There is nothing even to warrant belief that the capability of the islanders for self-

government is so much as to be put to the test. The present scheme apparently is to give them such rule as is granted to Territories while in preparation for admission as States. It is far from clear why this system should apply to Cuba, inasmuch as the islanders were once cheered by a theory that they were to exist untrammelled, and under their own flag. The statement made public as to the President's intentions serves to show them little if any different from annexation by proclamation. An epitome of this, presumably authentic, follows:

"Civil government for the island of Cuba, which will be vested with the veto power.

"Legislative bodies composed entirely of natives, their enactments to be subject to the approval of the governor.

"Military occupation of Cuba by the forces of this government to be reduced to a minimum.

"All municipal officials, including the post-office and customs bureau, to be filled by natives.

"The appointment of a chief-justice, to whom appeals can be made.

"The governor and chief-justice to virtually constitute a *de facto* government.

"The status of Cuba to be precisely identical with that of a Territory until after Congress has passed an enabling act admitting such Territory to Statehood, pending the submitting of the legislation to the people."

There is a steady effort to create an impression that the people of Cuba themselves desire annexation. If this be true, the murmur of discontent, the spirit of hostility aroused by the continued presence of American officials can not be accounted for readily. Certainly a large element among the Cubans entertain the belief that they have been misled, and there is no lack of expressions that such misleading has been deliberately done. In the spirit of discontent thus fomented there is a grave danger. The Cubans are not of a nature to submit forever to conditions they regard as born of bad faith and constituting a hardship. Unless this government shall give that to which it is pledged, sooner or later there will be rebellion. The outcome would of course be the defeat of Cuba, and the taking of it by violence. That this is the definite object of diplomacy is hardly to be supposed, for while it might accomplish the desires of the imperialists, it would be a cowardly and costly evasion; and yet that is the direction in which the policy leads.

The people of this country are inclined to be fair. They do not want Cuba, save with the full consent of the Cubans. They have too keen a sense of justice to advocate the grabbing of that which does not belong to them and the holding of it against the protest of the rightful owners. To the Philippines, through purchase from Spain, the United States have a shadow of title. As to Cuba, no such shadow exists, and the attempt to take the island and keep it by diplomatic trick and device would be a deplorable exhibition of imperialism run mad.

jubart

There is an important significance in the great extent to which novelists are turning their stories into plays. As the movement is a very recent one, it threatens the extinction of the playwright as an independent worker, and broadens the field of the novelist. The remarkable success of the experiment in the case of "Trilby" was duplicated in the case of "The Prisoner of Zenda," and now Marion Crawford, Israel Zangwill, Hall Caine (whose "Christian" reaped fair rewards as a play), Barrie (whose "Little Minister" was distinctly successful), Conan Doyle, Max Pemberton, Jerome, Sims, and a number of others have dramatized or are dramatizing their novels and romances, and finding it easy to make excellent arrangements with dramatic managers. In short, the movement is proceeding by giant leaps. No sooner does a story achieve popularity than some enterprising theatrical manager seeks to secure its dramatization, preferably by the author. Even the short story is receiving this attention. A volume of short stories by a San Franciscan recently attracted such attention in England that a London theatrical manager promptly asked him to dramatize some of them to serve as "curtain-raisers," although they were of a heavy and tragic character, very unlike the traditional stage pieces serving as "curtain-raisers." It is seen, therefore, that this movement is headed by the managers themselves, who are the best judges of the needs of their own business.

Seemingly, the first effect of this movement is to raise the literary character of the popular drama. Nothing could be more finished in this regard than such old plays as Sheridan Knowles's, but modern plays written by professional playwrights are wretchedly treated as literary productions. In the plays of Sardou, the strongest and best of modern playwrights, the literary element is almost entirely lacking, and it is practically ignored by Ibsen. On the other hand, plays (not dramatizations of stories) written by novelists of high literary skill—Stevenson, for illustration—have been too fine and literary to be successful. When a story is dramatized, a different situation is presented. Being an adaptation and not an original production, it retains sufficient of its literary flavor to refine it, and at the same time eliminates parts that depend largely upon literary effects for their force, while retaining the vital action and characters that had given the

story its more vigorous elements of popularity. A novelist must have a trained literary sense, because his work is received by the eye, which is more critical than the ear and has more leisure. This literary sense he must carry over, in large measure, into his dramatization. The effect is to raise the literary character of the popular drama—a quality of which it was sadly in need.

It has been discovered, too, that the essentials of the story and the drama are identical. Both must have life, character, and action; both must state a problem and work it out to a logical conclusion; both must appeal to the fancy, or the intellect, or the emotions; both must obey familiar laws in the action and development of incident and plot. The intimate relation between the novel and the drama ought to have been discovered when Mrs. Southworth invented the serial story. She would close an installment by leaving the reader suspended and anxious, just as a playwright closes a scene or an act. The only real difference between the story and the drama is one of mechanical detail. It is just as easily within the reach of a novelist to master the intricacies of "stage business" and visual effects as it is to grasp the details of the novelist's craft. In order to do so he has merely to widen the range of his studies; and even though this reduce his output temporarily, it very largely increases the field of his effectiveness.

A trained writer of literary fiction is fully as well equipped in the dramatic essentials as the most skillful playwright. He is generally much better equipped for the production of those fine and delicate effects that belong almost exclusively to the novelist's hand, and that give actors of high sensibility their best opportunities. The modern professional playwright works on harder and broader lines, because of necessity his training has not required the development of that acute literary sense which is able to produce the finest shading, the most subtle suggestion.

It is distinctly to the advantage, both of authors and the theatre-going public, that accomplished writers of stories have been dragged into the dramatic field. The effect upon the author will be to add directness, compactness, and dramatic force to his literary work; that upon the public will be to enjoy a finer and more critical sense of the dramatic proprieties.

The reversal of this process—the making of novels out of plays—by no means follows the original proposition as a corollary, principally because there is nobody to do that work. The professional playwright can not do it, for he lacks the requisite literary training. The professional novelist will not do it, for he can handle his own ideas more effectively. Hence the playwright can not retaliate on the novelist by "novelizing" his dramas. He must not only remain in his own field, but he must be gradually crowded out of it by men better trained for the very work that he has made his life-time study. In the production of the novel or the romance, a wider range of abilities is required than in the production of a drama.

jubart

Is alcohol to be considered as a poison, or is it to be regarded as an important article of food? There are many who have claimed that it is to be regarded only as a poison—slow in its effects, to be sure, but the more to be dreaded because of the false sense of security that arises from that very slowness in its effects. This view, which is upheld by the advocates of total abstinence, has been given a place in the text-books on physiology in use in the public schools, and has been taught to the pupils as a principle beyond dispute. On the other hand, we see men daily absorbing a limited quantity of alcohol contained in liquors, and continuing the practice for years without its having any appreciable effect upon them; we see physicians prescribing it to their patients with no thought, apparently, of its dangerous characteristics.

Which of these views is to be accepted as correct? It is clear that the answer is to be determined only by scientific experimentation, and this work has been undertaken by Professor Atwater, of Wesleyan University, in a manner that adds much to the accurate knowledge of the subject. The basis of the experiments was laid by the study of the effects of food that has been conducted for many years, and has been considerably perfected at Wesleyan. It has been determined, for instance, that the food taken into the body serves two purposes—some of it building up new tissue to replace that which has been wasted away, some of it supplying the energy for warmth and muscular effort. Generally speaking, the lean of meat, casein of milk, white of egg, and gluten of wheat are tissue-builders; fat, starch, and sugar serve as fuel. It has also been determined that certain quantities of each of these classes of food are required to repair waste and supply energy to a man when he is at rest, and when performing physical or mental labor.

In order to determine exactly the effect of alcohol upon the human body, the subject experimented upon was isolated in a small metallic chamber, so that not only the exact quan-

CUBA'S
FREEDOM
FAR AWAY.

titles and kinds of food furnished him were known, but the amount consumed, and the amount given off as waste—through the lungs as well as through the body—could be absolutely determined. In each case just sufficient food was furnished to enable him to hold his own, without gaining or losing in weight. In each test two experiments were made. In the first, the necessary quantities of the ordinary foods were furnished; in the second, a part of the fuel foods were taken out and alcohol substituted. When the subject was at rest the alcohol formed about one-fifth of the fuel diet; where hard muscular work was performed and more food was furnished, the alcohol formed about one-seventh of the fuel. In the experiments made thus far the daily allowance of alcohol has been equal to about two and one-half ounces—about as much as would be contained in three average glasses of whisky, or in a bottle of claret.

As to results, it was found that comparatively little of the alcohol was given off from the body unconsumed. Practically about two per cent. passed from the body unconsumed; ninety-eight per cent. was burned completely to carbonic acid and water. Whether the body could dispose of a like percentage of a larger quantity of alcohol remains to be determined by further experiments. The second point was that in the oxidization all the potential energy of the alcohol was transformed into heat and muscular power. In the experiments with the ordinary diet—fats, sugar, and starch—the energy given off from the body was found to agree almost exactly in amount with that which would naturally come from the material burned. The same result was found when a part of the diet consisted of alcohol; the body made the same use of the one as of the others. The third point determined was that the body actually gets the benefit of the energy which comes from the oxidization of the alcohol. There was neither loss nor gain of weight, whether the ordinary diet or that containing a portion of alcohol was furnished.

The results of these experiments clearly indicate that alcohol in limited quantities is a valuable food element, and may be substituted in part for the ordinary fuel diet. It differs from that, however, in not being capable of being stored in the body for future use; but, on the other hand, it is more easily assimilated, not requiring digestion. Professor Atwater refutes the contention of the extreme temperance advocates, so-called; but it is not to be concluded from this that he would deny the dangers of its use in excessive quantities. In fact, he agrees in pointing out the danger of such excess.

The old American university was a very aristocratic affair, because the students were charged heavily, only the sons of wealthy parents could attend, and the diploma was evidence of social as well as scholastic worth. Recent years have brought about wonderful changes. One university after another found that penniless lads performing menial service to pay their way through school, and philosophically submitting to the social humiliation which the sons of the rich were not slow in placing upon them, developed into citizens of very superior character and usefulness.

In order to make the universities more efficient, more democratic, more productive of world-builders, more able to turn out men who should be a credit to them, their authorities set about the devising of various ways in which to make it possible for the bright, ambitious, and deserving poor to secure a high education. Free scholarships were provided from various sources, principally the benevolent rich; funds were established, to be lent and then repaid when the students should have gone forth as breadwinners; free rooms for lodgings were provided; tuition fees were cut down; endowments were secured, the income from which assisted in paying the running expenses of the institutions; committees were formed from the faculties to secure employment for students.

The large influx of poor students that these innovations brought completely changed the social character of the universities. They ceased to be breeders of aristocrats and became makers of men. More, the time came when a poor student working his way lost no caste.

Eight out of fourteen leading institutions in the country report twelve hundred and twenty-eight free scholarships, ranging in money value from fifty to two hundred dollars. In most cases such qualifications as sobriety, diligence, and good standing in class must be exhibited by beneficiaries, but in some cases there are no such exactions. Among the fourteen institutions the lowest tuition fee seems to be that exacted by Stanford University, whose yearly charge is twenty dollars; the average yearly expenditure of students at Stanford, aside from clothing and railway fare, is two hundred and twenty-five to three hundred dollars. On the other hand, Cornell gives free tuition and free rooms to seniors and juniors in good standing. Princeton, which charges a yearly tuition fee of one hundred and fifty dollars,

remit it to prospective ministers and other worthy men of promise, although the beneficiaries are expected to repay this amount after leaving school. Taking the list all through, it is found that there is a general average of inducements that the leading institutions offer to poor students—that where tuition fees are very low in one case there is an offset in the absence of loan funds and free rooms, and that in the case of institutions with high tuition fees there are generous numbers of free scholarships.

It is not to be taken for granted that all of these leading institutions equip their students equally. Some offer special inducements to students of religion; others to practical workmen in the applied arts; others to students in the higher worldly professions. This, however, has nothing to do with the fact that it is now much easier than it formerly was for an ambitious student without means to work his way through most of the great universities of America without capital, and thus to acquire an education that places him in the aristocracy of culture. This is so radically different from the old order of things as to indicate a new era in the higher educational system of the country—one that has opened the way for the making of the highest order of American citizenship.

The Manufacturers' and Wholesalers' League has adopted a plan that will do more to advance the interests of San Francisco, and of the whole State of California, than anything else that could have been devised. During the next six weeks a series of excursions will be run to San Francisco from various points in the United States west of the Mississippi River. It is the intention to give every merchant doing business in this section of the country an opportunity to visit this city, to become acquainted with the merchants here, and to learn what inducements can be offered to persuade him to make his purchases here. In order that these merchants may have no excuse for failing to learn how they may better themselves, arrangements have been made with the different railway companies by which tickets good to return at any time within thirty days will be sold to visiting merchants for themselves and for their families at one-half of the regular rate, while to the merchants personally one-half of this reduced fare will be refunded, making the expense for them one-quarter of the regular fare. In addition to this, arrangements have been made with the hotels and theatres of the city by which reduced rates will be given to these visitors. Practically, the Manufacturers' and Wholesalers' League has taken the initiative in making these merchants the guests of the city; it remains for the citizens generally to take up the work that has been laid out for them and to make the welcome extended to these visitors in every way worthy of California's reputation for generosity.

In certain ways San Francisco has been unfortunately situated. During its early history it was the only possible metropolis for the entire Pacific slope. Purchasers throughout California, as well as in the adjoining States, were compelled to get their supplies in this city. The merchants had nothing to do but sit in their stores and receive their orders. The competition of the transcontinental railroad changed all that. Eastern merchants invaded the field that San Francisco merchants had looked upon as their own; Eastern agents went into every town and visited every store-keeper. The era of intense competition had begun, and the merchants of this city found the area covered by their operations narrowing day after day. The railroad has been in operation for thirty years, yet the merchants of this city are only just beginning to realize that they must adopt the methods by which their Eastern competitors have succeeded. They are realizing now that their own prosperity is dependent upon the prosperity of their city and their State; that money expended for the benefit of the community in which they live yields them a return far greater than they can secure by any other investment. San Francisco has made more real advance during the last three or four years than it made in any dozen years previously. If the good work is to continue, every citizen should do his utmost to insure the success, not only of the proposed plan of the Manufacturers' and Wholesalers' League, but of all similar enterprises that may be launched in the future.

The primary election that was held last Tuesday is one of the most notable events in the political history of San Francisco. Perhaps the greatest among the many benefits that will result from it is the fact that the people have come to realize their strength. Political "bossism" will never again be regarded as a necessary evil in this city. In both the Republican and the Democratic parties the bosses nominated tickets—in fact in the latter there was a triangular fight, both Buckley and Rainey striving for control of the organization. On both sides the professional politicians were beaten and the honest citizens won a sweeping victory. It is true

that many claim that the Democratic party has simply swapped Bosses Buckley and Rainey for Boss Pbelan, but, while the *Argonaut* regards the Democracy as simply the enemy to be beaten, it is inclined to rejoice that the enemy has made so decided a change for the better.

The vote cast amounted to thirty-two thousand—a greater vote than has ever before been cast in this city outside of a general election. The votes at the freeholders' and charter election, where every effort was made to bring the people to the polls, fell short of this by more than six thousand votes. This fact bears eloquent testimony to the fact that for the first time the people realized that they had a voice in the conduct of the affairs of their party. It is probable that, with the experience gained in this election, the people will come out more generally at succeeding primary elections, and will realize the fact that it is at the primary that the real battle for good government is to be fought and won.

A secondary benefit that will accrue from the new primary law, but none the less an important one, is the influence that it will have upon young men entering politics. There are a number of young men in this city whose education and associations would naturally incline them to enroll themselves on the side of honesty in politics. They have thought, however, that their only hope of success lay in casting their fortunes with the political bosses. It has been the presence of such men in politics that has enabled the bosses to give an air of respectability to their proceedings and to continue in the business of corrupting public life. Such young men will now realize that their only hope of success lies in turning their backs upon the professionals and in fighting upon the side where they would be expected to be found.

As has been said, a great victory has been won for good government, but it would be very wrong to suppose that the fight is ended. The sweeping character of the victory is its greatest danger, since it is liable to lull the people into a false sense of security. The new primary law gives the people an opportunity to conduct their own political affairs, but it does nothing more than that. If the honest people fail to vote, the bosses can control the conventions under this new law as thoroughly as they did under the former absence of law controlling primaries. So long as the people vote they may hope for good government; when they cease to take the trouble of going to the polls, the bosses will be placed in the saddle once more.

This refers, however, only to the future. So far as the present is concerned, there is cause only for congratulation. It is peculiarly fortunate that the new law governing primary elections should have gone into effect just prior to the election that is to inaugurate the new charter. There is just cause for the hope that both political parties will nominate none but unexceptionable candidates. It is particularly important that the Republicans should do this, since in such a course lies their only hope for success. As is generally the case, the Democrats have fought their differences out at the primaries, and at the election will present a united front. The Phelan faction is in control, but the followers of Rainey and Buckley will be behind the ticket. Let the Republicans nominate a list of candidates that will be certain to win on their own merits.

The importance of the office of auditor has not been fully appreciated until the present incumbent assumed the position. Auditor Wells has steadfastly refused to pass warrants unless the payment was justified by law, and in doing so he has emphasized the purpose for which the office was created. The latest evidence of his activity is in connection with the school funds. This city receives annually a certain amount from the State, and legally this money is to be paid for the support of the primary and grammar schools. In the past it has been the practice to mingle this fund with the general school fund, and to make no distinction in its payment between it and the fund raised by local taxation for the support of the high schools as well as the grammar and primary departments. In the school department of this city a number of special branches have grown up. Sewing, cooking, and music are now recognized as regular branches of instruction, but the expenses of these classes of instruction must be met by local taxation. They are not properly chargeable to the State fund, and Mr. Wells has properly refused to audit demands for such instruction as charges upon the State fund. If such instruction is to be given in the future, the supervisors must allow for it in the annual appropriation; it is not a proper charge against the State school fund, and Auditor Wells is entitled to credit for insisting upon a proper distribution of the funds at the command of the school department.

The signature of the editor is appended to every article in this issue written, dictated, or inspired by him, in accordance with the "signature law," enacted during the last session of the legislature.

THE LOGIC OF JOHN MILLS, MINER.

A Partnership Romance.

As this is simply a plain story of John Mills, miner, no introduction, beyond a statement of the identity of the man is necessary. Mills lived near Rocky Cañon, and had often aroused the people thereabouts (or within a radius of twenty-five miles) to a state of interrogative curiosity which had never been fully satisfied. He dwelt alone, in a cabin not worth describing, because just such cabins have often been described before. When he first appeared he had said nothing as to his origin. A tall, silent man of forty years, he went at once into his chosen field, prospecting, asking advice, and giving none.

Mills had a good eye for "leads," and had been moderately successful, for several times he had developed claims until they had begun to assume the dignity of mines, had sold them and moved on. In 1891 he located a claim that seemed promising, and for weeks toiled at it single-handed. He was strong and skillful, and his progress remarkably rapid, but occasionally he felt a pang of solitude and thought he ought to secure help, not only for the forwarding of the work but the sake of companionship. One summer day as this mood was upon him, he heard a voice at the mouth of the slope marking the spot where he had started into the side of the mountain.

"Hello there," said the voice, "may I come down?" Mills dropped the sledge just then poised for a blow and turned toward the patch of light. "No," he answered; "I'll come up."

As he walked, curving his long back, he saw outlined against a bit of sky a sturdy figure and a head surmounted by a felt hat, the flapping rim of which had been secured in front, and from beneath which there escaped a wavy mass of hair tossed on the breeze. The miner wondered vaguely why a boy should be so handsome. Emerging from the slope he straightened himself, taking a full breath of the sweet mountain air. Then he drew from his pocket pipe and tobacco, filled, lighted, absorbed a few satisfactory whiffs, and said slowly: "Well?"

"I'm Rube Jackson," said the boy in return; "an' I'm here for work."

John puffed on. "Better come to the cabin while I yank a little grub together. I take it," he added, starting down the path, "that ye're prospectin' without no stake?"

The boy did not understand this, but he gave an assent, and started with Mills, who noticed that the sole of the visitor's shoe flapped at right-angles with every step. "I'll cobbler it after supper," was his comment.

"But about a job, you know," the boy put in, timidly, stepping high on account of the loose sole.

"Oh, that's all right," answered Mills; "ye're hired. Didn't I tell yeh?" And they walked on.

In the evening they grew, in a measure, confidential, although Rube did most of the talking, as Mills cobbled the defective shoe into a state of usefulness. Before bed-time Rube had told of Susie Campbell. She was back in Missouri, where he himself had been "born and raised."

"I didn't have much money after father and mother died," he went on, simply, "and Sue—her father has a pile. I'll bet old man Campbell has two thousand dollars out on mortgage right now." He paused to note the effect; Mills drove another peg, while Rube laughed nervously. "I fell in love with Sue," he continued, "but she wouldn't have it; that is," he corrected, recognizing the awkwardness of the expression, "she didn't seem to be in earnest about it." Not like me, anyhow, but fin'ly she laughed and said that if I'd get a fortune she'd marry me. So I struck out West."

"Must be a fine gal," said Mills. "Hope it ain't serious. Has she got any holt on yeh?"

Rube laughed again. "I wish she had," was his rejoinder; "but since I came away she hasn't written. Sue's just tryin' me, that's what she's doin'. It's a way women have. When I go back with a pocketful of money she'll be ready. Ob, I know what women are."

John took a last stitch in silence, and held up the reconstructed shoe. Thus began, between John Mills, miner, and Rube Jackson, boyish, hopeful tramp, one of the serene friendships which last until death. Let the limit not be placed even there; perhaps, strengthened and renewed, they last for ever.

During the days the pair worked, speaking little. In the evenings they read and talked, or Mills brought out an ancient fiddle whereon he discoursed melody most fearsome, but duly applauded. The usual theme of conversation was Sue. Gradually the two built up an ideal woman, and a bome that she was to adorn after the Millennium—for such they had named the mine—had begun to produce. Rube would not listen to any plan that did not involve the membership of Mills in the family.

"P'raps an' old feller like me 'ud be in the way," Mills would say, and, regularly, Rube would rebuke this view.

Yet Sue never wrote. "Mighty long trial an' slow verdict," Mills opined once. Rube convinced him that this bordered on treason.

Weeks went by, and the crucial test of the Millennium was at hand. The hole for the "shot" which was to determine the character of the vein toward which they had been laboring had been drilled, the powder tamped about the fuse. It was then, stopping to wipe his forehead, leaving it grime-streaked, that Mills delivered a speech which, so far as recorded, was the longest he ever made.

"Rube, boy," he said, "we're pardners. Understand? Pardners. This shot tells whether we find somethin' lousy with gold or goes broke ag'in barren rock. In any case, that's wages due you, an' a-comin'. It wouldn't be no squar' deal fur me to git rich and you only to draw pay fur days' work; so, tharfore, I, John Mills, miner, as heretofore, and generally known, do hereby make over to you, Rube Jackson, a full half-interest in the Millennium, to have an' to hold, an' yer heirs an' assigns forever, amen. That's

a korrect form, I guess, and no lawyers needed nor papers neither."

Rube grasped the hand of Mills. "Not a scrap of paper, John," he replied. "Your word's enough for any man, and I thank you. You've been a good friend to me—me and Sue. I—"

"There, there," interrupted Mills, "it's nothin', it's all right." He seemed happy, and a trifle embarrassed, concealing the emotions by a sudden display of energy.

Not another word was spoken. Soon all was ready, an open lamp applied to the waiting fuse, and the men retreated to the open.

"In five minutes, pardner," Mills said, as they went along, "we'll be a couple of them capitalist chaps."

"And Sue, too," amended Rube.

"Yes, Sue too," assented the senior member of the firm. "You see, she's nacbely one of them 'beirs an' assigns forever,' which the document would mention, so be we bad one."

He started for the cabin, but Rube lingered. "Better come to grub," counseled Mills. "The old hole won't be fitten to live in fur an hour."

Rube seemed to assent, but he did not follow. As Mills reached the cabin there was a muffled sound, a tremor of rock as the granite mountain quivered, and out from the slope rolled a cloud of smoke. Mills was soon in the cabin getting supper.

In twenty minutes the coffee had been made, the bacon fried, and biscuit were crisping in the oven. Still Rube did not come. "I wonder where he is," said Mills. "Boys is so reckless," and with an uneasy feeling he started back up the trail.

"Rube, come to supper!" he called.

His voice bounded from side to side of the cañon, but there was no response. The heart of Mills sank with the thought of impending evil. Calling again and again, he went to the mouth of the slope, out of which an acrid vapor floated, hovering in the air. "I'm afeard Rube went in," conjectured Mills, and hastily removing his coat he dropped it in a powder-keg of water, swathed it about his face, and started blindly down the slope.

At the foot of it, held down by a cruel block, he found Rube, inert, apparently lifeless. With a giant effort he almost hurled the block aside, and taking Rube in his arms staggered, stumbled, crept to the outer air. Oh! the blessed balm of that air as it touched his face. He took one breath, laid his burden down, and fell beside it, prone, motionless. The sun was giving the loftiest peak its farewell caress. Below a bird was singing a good-night song. The rosy glow passed; the bird was still; the shadows crept higher. But there lay the dead and the stricken.

The inquest was short, resulting in the finding that Reuben Jackson had come to his death by a dispensation of Providence, "aided and abetted by his own carelessness, for the which, he being a boy, we do not blame him."

There was a funeral, too, picturesque and pathetic, where the music was the harping of the wind in the pine-tops, and the finest tribute the tears of John Mills. Then the grave was rounded over, the participants—all but one—withdrew, and that night the moon shone down on a solitary figure, sitting by a mound, his head bowed in his hands. "Too late, too late," the figure murmured. "We're rich, my pardner and me, and it won't do him no good." Nor was Mills speaking idly, for, clutched in the rigid fingers of Rube, John had discovered a fragment of quartz threaded and bound by wires of virgin gold.

The next day Mills was in Denver. His first visit was to a mining expert somewhat familiar with the district. "The Millennium"—said John, pointing over his shoulder in the general direction of Rocky Cañon—"she's fur sale. The price is two hundred thousand. Take her or leave her."

Next he took his way to a lawyer. "Draw me up one of them papers," he said, "makin' over to Susan Campbell, of Missouri, a half-interest in the Millennium."

"What consideration?" asked the man of business.

"Consideration? Why, for my pardner, of course."

Necessary explanations followed, and the consideration was placed at ten dollars, which Mills conscientiously took out of one pocket and put into another. "It's best to have every thing on the squar'," he thought.

"Want this recorded?" continued the lawyer, when the dips, spurs, and angles had been described with technical nicety.

"Not fur a spell," replied Mills. "Jest give it to me." An hour later he was on an east-bound train.

He reached a little town in Missouri. As he walked the streets, he thought, with a strange thrill of affection, that he was where Rube had been "born and raised." Every villager knew the residence of Henry Campbell, and soon Mills was ringing the bell. The door was opened by a young woman—Sue! But surely not the Sue of Rube's dreams and his own imaginings. She was pretty, in a careless way, but her wrapper was begrimed, her slippers, one of which protruded, displayed a hole, and her hair was in papers. Mills was shocked and puzzled. The girl said "Good morning," and awaited developments.

"I'm from out West," said the visitor—"Colorado." Then, after a pause, conscious of an important omission, he added: "My name's John Mills."

"Colorado," rejoined the young woman; "I knew a fellow that went out there—Rube Jackson. Come in. I suppose you want to see paw. Ever meet Rube?" She almost laughed. "Rube used to think I'd marry him; but gracious, I never thought of it. Come in. Did you say you'd met Rube?"

"Him and me's pardners," answered Mills, quietly.

"Do tell! And how's Rube getting along?"

"Rube? Oh, he's all right. He's had a streak o' luck lately. Thought likely you'd want to hear about it. Well, I must be goin'. Good-by."

Once in the street, he took a paper from his breast—a document of legal aspect—tore it into minute pieces and scattered them in the mud of the thoroughfare. "God

knows," he muttered, "that I've tried to be squar' with my pardner, but it appears Rube didn't leave no 'heirs an' assigns forever.'"

"Paw," remarked Susan, that evening, "there was an awful funny man called here to-day. Said he knew Rube Jackson out West."

"Didn't know no good of him," returned the father. "That Jackson place'll never bring the amount of the mortgage."

A few days later Mills was in the office of the mining expert. "The Millennium," he began; "take her er leave her?"

"Take her," exclaimed the expert, trying to conceal his jubilation. "Here's the papers and your cbeck, all ready to sign. Where in thunder'd you go to?"

"Jest took a little business trip fur my pardner," answered John.

HENRY J. AMES.

SAN FRANCISCO, August, 1899.

Among the Nebraskan volunteers who recently returned is the man who fired the first shot in the Filipino War. He is Private W. W. Grayson, of Company D. He enlisted with the Nebraska Regiment at Lincoln, but his home was in St. Louis, Mo. He is a tall young fellow, and was born in Manchester, England, twenty-three years ago, but when an infant came with his parents to the United States. His story of the historic first shot supports Aguinaldo's declaration that the Americans really commenced the firing, but it shows that the Filipinos were the threatening aggressors sneaking to attack and drive in the American outposts. Grayson was on guard duty near Santa Ana on the evening of February 4th, when he heard a whistle and saw the flash of a lantern signal. Immediately afterward a Filipino appeared, only a few feet away, who paid no attention to the first order to halt, and to the second yelled back, impudently, "halto!" Grayson says: "Well, I thought the best thing to do was to shoot him. He dropped. If I didn't kill him, I guess he died of fright. Then two Filipinos sprang out of the gateway about fifteen feet from us. I called 'halt' and Miller fired and dropped one. I saw that another was left. Well, I think I got my second Filipino that time. We then retreated to the pipe-line and got behind the water-main and stayed there all night. It was some minutes after our second shots before the Filipinos began firing, but then they made up for it by a fusillade that showed they had been prepared for their boasted advance."

jabart

There is an awful amount of nonsense talked about the carelessness and irresponsibility of fashionable mothers, and about the higher education of woman leading to neglect of children, according to a New York physician quoted in the New York Sun. He goes on to say: "People assert that the most devoted and self-sacrificing mothers are found in the common walks of life. I say that is absolute rot. I've had experience with thousands and thousands of mothers of all sorts and conditions, and I've found that the better educated the woman is the better mother she makes. Our college girls have clear, logical minds. They know something of physiology, and physics, and hygiene. When I explain to one of them the vital importance of a certain proportion of fat and sugar in a baby's food, or the danger of slight mistakes in diet or in the care of a baby, she understands exactly what I mean, feels the responsibility, and follows my directions to the letter. The ignorant mother indulges the child, neglects my directions, and probably fibs to me when I tax her with having disobeyed orders."

jabart

It has been estimated that any crack steamer leaving New York for Europe takes with it bouquets worth from five thousand to fifteen thousand dollars. In a few hours the passengers begin to feel queer and send the flowers out of their rooms. Then (according to the London Chronicle) they are collected by the stewards, carefully sorted over, and put into the ice-house, and when the vessel reaches her English port they are sold and the profits divided among the men. American travelers when they land often buy flowers from English flower-girls in the belief that they are English blossoms, when they are really the product of the gardens of New Jersey or Long Island.

jabart

William Goings, the condemned Choctaw Indian, was executed at Alicki, I. T., on July 13th, being shot by the sheriff in accordance with a decree of the courts of his tribe. A writ from a federal judge delaying the execution was ignored. The crime for which Goings suffered was the killing of his uncle three years ago, the nephew being intoxicated at the time. Since the time of his trial Goings had been at liberty, playing ball with a company of fellow-Indians, and traveling with Buffalo Bill's show, but kept his promise and returned to meet his fate on the day set.

jabart

A perverted use of scientific knowledge was made by a medical student at Graz, Austria, who endeavored to obtain ten thousand florins from a rich old lady by threatening to open a bottle of assorted deadly bacilli in her room if she did not pay up. When arrested, bottles stolen from the bacteriological laboratory, and containing the microbes of several diseases, were found in his possession.

jabart

A French scientist, who accompanied an expedition in search of the lost navigator, La Perouse, about 1790, first described a tree which had before this time been unknown, and which constituted the chief part of the forests around Botany Bay, Australia. Because the flower bud has on it a cover like the lid of a tiny sugar-bowl, he called the tree *Eucalyptus*, which means "well covered."

jabart

Packages can not be mailed to the Yukon country, according to an order recently issued by the post-office department. Letters and postal-cards can be sent to the Yukon territory, but there is no way in which parcels or third or fourth-class matter can be forwarded.

jabart

VENETIAN AIRS AND GRACES.

Morning Sail in a Sandalo of Venice—Historic Scenes and Odors—
The Famous Lace-Making School at Burano—
Filmy Products of Deft Fingers.

The steamer for Burano looked rather a prison-van, with squalid passengers, low, dingy cabin, and no open deck. That, although we had made a point of catching the half-past nine boat, a cheerful cry of "Gondola, madama, gondola! Tre lire a Burano e Torcello!" shouted to us as we foot on the *zaporino* gang-plank was enough to deflect us. The gondola proved no gondola at all, but a *sandalo*, a taller, lighter craft of entirely different construction, more like the high-prowed skiff of the Norwegian *fjords*, and of a cheerful wood-color instead of the gondola's hearse-like black. Not a very smart *sandalo*, either, nor was its owner picturesque *barcajuolo* in white duck, with red sash and trailing hat-ribbons; but his *bonhomie* and his muscle more than made up for his unshaven chin and general indistinctness. The cushions were puffy and soft, and Cristoforo sent us spinning along, with a strong double stroke, standing in the stern and rowing with crossed oars in the manner peculiar to the lagoons. The water and sky were as silvery they often are at Venice.

We soon got out into the open channel, leaving the floating *tichoke-tops* and old Chianti bottle-covers behind us. Though I feel with many another that Venice should be left as she is, untouched by modernity, and though I resent the new palace on the Grand Canal, and the big cotton-spinners, still there are one or two reforms that suggest themselves. The canals would be pleasanter if a gigantic skimmer would very night remove the egg-shells, the old hair-brushes, and the dead kittens that invariably eddy about in some especially picturesque corner of a *rio*.

Venice would not be Venice without its odors, any more than the Santa Lucia would be Naples without the washings hanging out of the windows. There is a conscientiousness about the Venetian smells to which Mr. Howells has not done justice. You can depend on their being in their regular places. You can count on them in regular order—tar, codfish, onions—then a reminiscent Kansas corn-crib, mousy stuff that takes you back to the Middle West with a jump.

We soon forgot that our noses had been offended as we got out into the broad lagoon where the sea-weed sent out its wholesome exhalations. On the flats uncovered by the low tide, brown, hare-legged men were crabbing, catching the uncanny green *gamberi* that they delight to eat, alive and glistening, to the horror of the on-looking *forestieri*. Our way was complete when Cristoforo hoisted a red-and-yellow sail with a cross and a rising moon painted in the upper corner. We scudded along at a good rate, reaching Burano almost before we wanted, leaving far behind us a patrician, rasc-trimmed, two-oared gondola occupied by a pair of smart Americans of leisure, Ruskinizing Torcello-wards.

As the lace-school does not re-open till one o'clock, there was ample time to explore the island. The church, with its gilding tower, was inexorably closed till three, and as we had done eight churches in Venice the preceding afternoon, our regrets were not intense. A walk up and down the village streets and over the bridges that span its canals was more repaying. To be frank, the children were the most persistent beggars one can meet in a day's journey. "Soldo, signora, soldo!" huzzed in one's ear with a sibilant qualed only by the Adriatic mosquitoes. I fear the lace-school has not entirely reformed Burano. People who knew it, however, as a mere fishing village in the winter of 1872 tell me that in comparison to that year of starvation, when the lagoons were frozen over, its present condition is Arcadian.

All the low house doors were open, and a peep or an indiscreet stare inside was rewarded with a picturesque interior—whitewashed walls, brick floors, a dozen blue-and-white plates in racks, genuine "dressers" and a splendid display of copper utensils, from tiny coffee-pots to the *secchi*, the red copper water-buckets, and huge yellow brass chargers, such as John the Baptist's head is always served up on in Venetian pictures. One felt on inspection that this was the "brawl-room" of the establishment. Its occupants were not quite up to its standard of cleanliness. At many a door sat the housewife, as a rule with a lace pillow on her knees.

Promptly at three we turned up at the Scuola di Merletti, having first paid a short visit to the Esposizione di Merletti, the show-rooms where fascinating laces were spread out for our admiration on black velvet and blue satin squares, "all Burano work." A pretty, brown-eyed sister in a white veil was patrolling the first room, keeping order; it seemed to consist of a steady "s-s-s" that meant hush—a new regulation, it seems, only introduced in the last two months—but they make up for it in the recess. From twelve to three they are free to go home, a necessary rest to the eyes; as it was, I noticed a few strained and blood-shot ones.

In the large building most of the four hundred girls were at work, sitting in close rows on low chairs. The others who make up the five hundred and twenty-five actually employed in the school are married women, who are allowed to work at home, forming the seventh section. The six others consist of girls of all ages, some not above eight years old. Each section executes one stitch only, as by this method it is found more perfect and rapid results are accomplished. For instance, in the genuine Burano point, or in the point d'Argentan, the first girl couches down on the paper pattern the heavy thread that outlines the sprigs. Number two puts in certain stitches that form the ground of these designs. Number three begins the tulle, the net foundation, using cobwebby thread. Number four covers this web with the finest button-hole stitches, making it much less fragile. And so on till we come to number six, who has the delicate task of invisibly joining the pieces of lace—for only a pillow length, perhaps ten inches, is made at a time.

The specialties of the Burano school are Burano point,

fine and light; high-relief Venetian point, heavy and guipure-like; open Venetian point à feuilles; point de Venise en l'air; and point de Venise à la rose, the latter almost as filmy as the exquisite and costly Rosaline. Burano's other laces are point d'Angleterre, point d'Alençon, point d'Argentan, and old Brussels needle-point.

It is curious to see how a prolonged drop in the temperature brought about a revival of an almost lost art. In 1872 starvation stared the population of Burano in the face. The frozen lagoons made fishing—the island's only resource—impossible. The usual aid for the famishing was solicited and promptly received from all parts of Italy. Concerts and special representations at the theatres brought in considerable sums, most of which were wasted in the attempt to create a fishing-net industry—a mistake, since the fishermen make their own nets, and it does not pay to manufacture them for export. The fortunate thought then occurred to Paulo Fambri, a genuine philanthropist: "Why not revive the making of the old needle-point?" It had flourished in this island centuries before, had suffered during the republic's decadence, and had languished and died in the middle of the present century. Paulo Fambri promptly interested a number of the Venetian aristocracy in his scheme: Princess Marie Chigi Giovannelli, Countess Andreana Marcello, and, above all, Queen Margherita, then Princess of Piedmont. Soon Countess Marcello had the main direction, and proved worthy of the task. In this famine year she discovered living in Burano an old woman of seventy, Cencia Scarpariola, who still made lace, preserving the tradition of the Burano point. She could make it, but she could not teach others. Mme. Anna Bellorio d'Este, a Burano school-teacher, was able to watch Cencia work; she imparted what she had learned to eight scholars, who received a small wage for attending her *seances* with Cencia. A large number of the Italian gentlefolk volunteered sums wherewith to insure a capital for the undertaking.

Its progress was rapid. In a few years the number of women employed rose to four hundred. From the first they are paid *à forfait*—according to their industry and the merits of their work. "Some learn in half a dozen lessons, some never," the directress told us. To be clever work-women, some artistic training is required; this they receive in the form of excellent drawing-lessons. Queen Margherita's interest in the school has never flagged. She presented it with her valuable collection of laces to serve as models. She has allowed the school to copy two magnificent pieces of lace in her possession—that of Cardinal Retz and Pope Rezonico.

As I looked about at the bright faces bending over the pillows, I could readily believe what one hears—that the lacemakers are quoted high above par in the Burano matrimonial market. Every quick and clever girl, even with the low wages paid, can economize a *dot*. Five or six hundred francs will buy a little home, including its furnishings, on the most fashionable Burano canal. And the village fishermen make no objection to starting out as Benedicts under such circumstances, their own calling being the *brutta vita* that it is. Statistics show that since the founding of the school the number of marriages in Burano has doubled, while the number of illegitimate children born in a year is reduced from twenty-four to four. A pointer for the sociologist.

After casting a good-by glance at the rows of pretty faces—rare types, some of these girls, with a peculiar warm radiance of complexion, different from the Irish bloom though as delicate, and with hair curling in fetching tendrils—little of it Titianesque in color however—we entered the school's show-room. Here the managers displayed most exquisite things. The loveliest was a *tablier* of point de Venise en l'air for a dinner-dress. It can also be used to cover a baby's pillow, here where children are still swaddled and carried about on a cushion till they are three months old. "They are very popular," said civil Annibale d'Este. "How is this for a wedding present? Delightful, and cheap, too, as laces go—only eleven hundred francs."

VENICE, July 8, 1899.

ELIZABETH MILLER.

Admiral Dewey is not the first American sailor of that name to perform notable exploits. There was an earlier Dewey, whose daring act, done sixty-five years ago, created a sensation throughout the country. Commodore Elliott, in command of the Charlestown navy-yard, ordered a new figurehead to be made for the old *Constitution*, which was then lying there. The carver, obeying instructions, turned out a head of President Jackson. This incensed the anti-Jackson men, who called Commodore Elliott a truckling sycophant and other hard names, and lamented the sad fate of the *Constitution*, condemned to carry around such a figurehead. While they lamented, Sam Dewey, sailor, acted. One rainy, stormy night he rowed out to the *Constitution*, clambered aboard, eluded the sentry, and, after working for an hour or two, sawed off General Jackson's head. There was great excitement the next day, and much conjecture as to what this meant. The commodore offered a big reward for the discovery and arrest of the culprit. The anti-Jackson men were delighted. As for Dewey, he kept quiet for two or three months, then he went to New York and had a cordial reception there. He gave at numerous dinner-parties an account of his difficult feat, and was the hero of the hour with all who looked on General Jackson as a had, dangerous man.

The libel filed by Rear-Admiral W. T. Sampson against "the Spanish vessel of war, *Infanta Maria Teresa*," said to be worth seven hundred thousand dollars over and above the costs of recovery, sets forth that during the months of June and July, 1898, a fleet under the immediate command of Admiral Sampson remained off Santiago, with Commodore Winfield S. Schley as the commanding officer of a division of the fleet, "under the orders of the libellant." The vessels named as entitled to a share of prize-money for the capture or destruction of Cervera's squadron are the flag-ship *New York*, the *Brooklyn*, *Texas*, *Iowa*, *Indiana*, *Oregon*, *Gloucester*, *Hist*, *Ericsson*, and *Vixen*.

IN A YELLOW-FEVER CAMP.

How the Pestilence Made Its Presence Known in Siboney—The
American Hospital Tents in the Mountains—A Brave
Physician and His Scanty Equipment.

While the troops were in Tampa, preparing for the invasion of Cuba, thousands of pamphlets, giving instructions how to avoid yellow fever, were distributed in the camp by General Howard and other good Samaritans. Many of the soldiers undoubtedly gave attention to the advice thus tendered, but, landed on Cuban soil, they soon understood the impossibility of following the instructions. Every one of the "health laws" was violated, not once, but continually, and perforce. The men slept on the ground because the ground was all they had to sleep on. They drank such water as they could get, and without boiling, as fires and utensils for boiling were not to be had. When the first outbreak of fever came, the victims were taken wholly by surprise, and many who attempted to continue in their round of duties fell upon the sand and lost consciousness before they realized that their symptoms presaged a most serious condition.

Among the first ten stricken down was John R. Rathom, a correspondent of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, and one of his letters to that paper deserved more than transient notice, as it gave a vivid picture of the terrors of the pestilence, the suffering of the afflicted, and the heroic efforts by physician and nurses. Mr. Rathom, with his companions, had been lying for days in a wet trench on San Juan Hill, with no covering from the dew or rain, and they were fit subjects for the fever germs. The certainty of the presence of the yellow scourge was established:

"The unfortunate ten were carried down to the railroad track, a few yards from the house, and lifted on stretchers aboard the cars. I recollect how hundreds of wounded men came staring about us and craning their necks to see what people with yellow fever looked like. Then Dr. Gutierrez, the army expert on yellow fever, made us a kindly little speech, told us that everything possible was being done that could be done under the circumstances, that he was as much distressed as we could be, that medical supplies and nurses were fearfully scarce, and asked us to keep up our pluck and try to pull through. We were put on two old open freight-cars, and, in a blinding rain-storm that soaked us to the skin before we had gone a mile, were taken up to the location that had been selected for a yellow-fever hospital. When we reached our journey's end, a dozen hospital-corps men were busy putting up two big tents, with a capacity of ten inmates each, and we had to wait on the cars for an hour until this work was finished. Here we first met Dr. Escheverria. He was half Spaniard, half Cuban, but had resided for twenty years in Florida, and had gone through six yellow-fever epidemics. No man who went to Cuba in Shafter's army was more devoted, more heroic, or more self-sacrificing. He never knew fatigue, worked among us like a father, and never complained, though often fearfully handicapped. Finally we were put into cots, and there, day after day, while the disease grew on us and sapped every bit of strength in our bodies, we watched the camp grow."

Nine days after the first appearance of the fever there were three hundred and eighty patients in the camp, not taking into account the thousands held down at Siboney with malaria and typhoid. Another week and the total had grown to nearly seven hundred, and there were two hundred graves on the hillside:

"We lay thus among the stagnant high grasses, the dew dripping through our tents all night and the steam arising from the ground about us all day. Flies, gnats, and every conceivable insect pest made life almost unbearable. Up to the time we had four hundred men down (and it seems almost an incredible statement to make) the medical staff of the whole camp consisted of Dr. Escheverria, one young assistant, and five negro nurses. Escheverria worked from six o'clock in the morning until two o'clock the next morning, twenty hours every day, making his rounds constantly. With him he carried a hucketyful of simple medicines and half a dozen temperature thermometers. Calomel, charcoal, and quinine formed the staple remedies. We ran out of calomel, the charcoal became soggy in the moist climate and was soon unfit for use, and for several days there was not an ounce of quinine in the whole camp that a patient could take. The medical department had provided ten-grain capsules of quinine, with the capsule covers so hard and leathery that it took hours to digest and soften them. Escheverria, with infinite labor, opened thousands of these capsules and tried to gather the quinine into a heap of powder. The drug, however, was found to be the poorest kind of trashy imitation, and very little of it was used. It was not until twenty days after the hospital had been established that any good quinine was sent to us. Many men died very suddenly. One-half of those who succumbed were approaching convalescence when they took a turn for the worse."

The record of deaths was kept in a haphazard way, and even that incomplete list was burned when Siboney was consigned to the flames. The physician's treatment of the patients was simple but heroic:

"We were allowed to touch no food whatever, with the exception of a little condensed milk, mixed thin with water and the juice of small, tasteless Cuban limes. Once in a while, when we were very low, stiff doses of brandy were prescribed. During the thirty days I was at the hospital, Red Cross nurses came into the hills on one day only and went back the same afternoon. That was all we saw of them. Nor was there a Red Cross delicacy of any character brought into the yellow-fever hospital during the whole month. It is fair to the members of that organization, however, to say that the fault was not theirs. The medical department of the United States Government saw fit to tell them that they were not wanted, and that at a time when United States soldiers were dying all round us for need of the very things they had come and offered so freely. The camp kitchen was supplied with oatmeal, ginger ale, and barley—nothing more. It had two cooks, and both of these were musicians in the regular army who had never done a day's cooking before in their lives. The oatmeal they turned out as about one-third cooked, and the barley was served practically raw. Escheverria did his best to keep patients from eating such food, but a dozen or so of them bribed the cooks to bring it to their cots, and all paid the penalty with their lives."

In three weeks from the beginning the worst was over, and Dr. Escheverria was heset with applications for release:

"Everybody was crazy to go, and I remember how, day after day, toward the end, whenever we heard the doctor's step, we would rub our cheeks with the coarse blankets to get some color in them, and hold water in our mouths so as to beat the thermometer when it was applied and make it register a false temperature. Two or three times things looked favorable for some of us. Our temperatures were down and everything seemed to be going well, but we would get ourselves into such a pitch of excitement at the prospect of leaving the hospital that five minutes before Escheverria arrived we would be having chills. Finally a batch of six of us were released together. All our clothing had been burned, and we were given new Kharkee privates' uniforms with blue facings. Then like men released from the portals of death, we boarded the little car on the track, yellow, weak, and scarcely able to stand, and were whirled away, jubilant over our departure."

The last view of the camp taken by the convalescents as they were carried around a curve, showed the old physician waving his battered straw hat in good-by, a picture of unselfish devotion.

A LILLIPUTIAN LOCK-OUT.

New York Is Entertained by a Strike among the Newsboys—They Try to Turn the Tables on Messrs. Hearst and Pulitzer.

Retributive justice swooped down upon the *Journal* and *World* a fortnight ago, and for a time made things very interesting for Messrs. Hearst and Pulitzer and their circulation managers. For weeks past these two exponents of yellow journalism have been fomenting discontent among the trolley-line employees and whooping up the strike, and now their doctrine has come home to roost with most disconcerting results. The newsboys who sell the *World* and *Journal* seem to have found time between sales to read the editorials in those papers, and the result is that they have been conducting a very aggressive and well-developed strike of their own.

Their grievance was that they were paying too much for the *Evening World* and *Evening Journal*. Before the war with Spain these papers could be bought by newsboys at the rate of ten for five cents; but with the increased cost of war-correspondence, and possibly the increased popular demand for extras, the price was raised to six cents for ten. The "newsies"—on whom the yellow journals especially have to depend for sale and distribution—stood the raise all right, for sales were brisk and they made money enough to satisfy them. But with the falling off of the war demand for papers the boys noticed a corresponding diminution in their income; and so, acting on the yellow journals' advice to the poor man when oppressed by the octopus of capital, they demanded their rights. They asked that the old rate of five cents for ten papers be restored, and their request being refused, they struck.

This was on Thursday, July 20th. That morning about a hundred newsboys assembled in Lower Park Row, and swarmed like ants in front of the Pulitzer Building and *Journal* office. They were not buying papers, but looking after those who did. Whenever a luckless wight came out with a bundle of the hated journals under his arm, the boys pounced upon him like a swarm of bees, and in about a minute he would emerge from the *mêlée* looking as if he had been through a cyclone, while his wares, torn in pieces by his assailants, filled the air like theatrical snow. The police moved majestically about like old whalers in a mosquito-fleet, but they could do little to preserve order, nor did they seem very anxious to repress the young strikers. The result of the day's operations on the strikers' part was that very few copies of either the *World* or *Journal* were sold.

Next day the strike spread, and soon it was fully organized, not only throughout Greater New York, but in Jersey City, Trenton, Mount Vernon, Plainfield, Elizabeth, and even as far away as New Haven. Kid Blink was at the head of the strike committee in the metropolis, with nearly five thousand boys at his absolute command, and "district master workboys" in a dozen towns had organized bands of followers ranging in number from fifty to two hundred. In the city the distributing offices of the two obnoxious papers were closely watched, and every boy who bought papers was set upon with cries of "Scab!" and "Kill him!" and he was lucky if he escaped with no worse injury than the loss of his papers and a blackened eye or two. The delivery wagons, too, were attacked in all parts of the city, until many of the drivers refused to work. The newspaper proprietors tried the expedient of hiring able-bodied men for two dollars a day and forty cents a hundred for papers sold, but the boys drove many of them out of the business, and the others were such ruffians that most citizens steered clear of them. The police tried guarding these sturdy newsboys, but the boys formed double *trochias* about them, through which prospective purchasers could not penetrate. News-stands were stoned, and in some cases overturned, until the dealers promised not to handle the *Evening World* and *Journal*, and for a time gangs of the boys boarded the surface cars and snatched away from the passengers every copy of the two papers they could find.

But this violence was discontinued after Sunday—and, indeed, there was little occasion for it, for the sympathy of the public was with the strikers. On that evening they held a mass meeting at New Irving Hall, at Broome and Norfolk Streets. The meeting was set for half-past eight o'clock, but long before that the entire block on Broome Street, from Essex to Norfolk, was packed with five thousand squirming and yelling "newsies," gathered from the Bronx to the Battery and from Brooklyn to Jersey City. The neighbors wisely retired within doors and watched the mob from the security of upper windows. The roundsman and five policemen were entirely inadequate to keep the boys in order, and even reinforcements of fifteen more bluecoats were unequal to the task. At eight o'clock their impatience could be restrained no longer, and, surging against the doors, the boys burst them in and swarmed into the hall.

It was fifteen minutes before the chairman could create a semblance of order. The first speaker was a pugilist who used to sell papers himself, and he was followed by various Bowery politicians. Finally, the president of the Newsboys' Union read a series of resolutions which were unanimously and uproariously passed, calling on the public not to buy or advertise in the *World* and *Journal*, because those papers, while demanding arbitration for the striking railroad men, refused to arbitrate with the newsboys.

"We must stick together now, boys," the president said. "We got the situation in our hands, and the *World* and *Journal* knows it. So don't use no more violence. Let up on the scabs."

This peaceable suggestion was received with ironical remarks of "Oh, soytently," and the like; but Bob the Indian, Kid Blink, Crazy Aborn, and other leading spirits counseled the same course, and it was eventually accepted as the sense of the meeting.

For a number of days longer the strike continued, and Messrs. Hearst and Pulitzer were presumably losing money

hand over fist. But on Thursday came a change. Kid Blink appeared on Park Row in all the glory of a serge suit, straw hat, pink shirt, and yellow shoes. His erstwhile supporters could scarce believe their eyes. And when a timid request was made to learn where he got the "duds," the inquirer was crushed with the withering scorn of Mr. Blink's reply, "Rubber!" But he relaxed in time, and condescended to explain that he had had an interview with Mr. Hearst, and Mr. Carvalho, and Mr. Harris of the *Journal*, and that they had made an offer of one hundred papers for fifty-five instead of sixty cents. The boys were doubtful about accepting this compromise, most of them holding out for the original fifty-cent rate. As for Kid Blink, they had lost confidence in him, and not all the glory of his new "duds" saved him from a very unpleasant day. His followers fell away, and presently he was deposed, and young Monix was elected chief-organizer in his place.

But it was the beginning of the end. The strike was on the wane. It kept up a sporadic existence for two or three days longer, and there was much talk of a monster parade on Thursday night. One big-hearted undertaker had been prevailed upon to promise the loan of four horses and two carriages. But that afternoon the streets began to resound again with cries of "Rextry! Here's yer *Evenin' World* an' *Journal*!" and the parade failed to materialize. The great Lilliputian strike had slumped.

NEW YORK, August 4, 1899.

THE EMIR'S GAME OF CHESS.

Mohammed, Emir of Granada, kept His brother Yusuf captive in the hold Of Salobrina.

When Mohammed lay Sick unto death, and knew that he must die, He wrote with his own hand, and sealed the scroll With his own seal, and sent to Khaled, "Slay Thy prisoner, Yusuf."

At the chess-board sat, Playing the game of kings, as friend with friend, The captive and his jailer, whom he loved. Backward and forward swayed the mimic war; Hither and thither glanced the knights across The field—the Queen swept castles down, and passed Trampling through the ranks, when in her path A castle rose, threatened a knight in flank—"Beware, my lord—or else I take the Queen!" Swift, on his word a knocking at the gate. "Nay, but my castle holds the King in check!"—And in the doorway stood a messenger: "Behold!—a message from my lord the King!"

And Khaled stood upon his feet, and reached His hand to take the scroll, and howed his head O'er the King's seal.

"Friend, thou hast ridden fast?"—The man spake panting, and the sweat ran down His brows and fell like raindrops on the flags—"I left Granada at the dawn—the King Had need of haste."

And Khaled broke the seal—And read with livid lips, and spake no word, But thrust the scroll into his breast. . . . Then turned And bade the man go rest, and eat, and drink. . . . But Yusuf smiled, and said: "O friend—and doth My brother ask my head of thee?"

Then he Whose wrung heart choked the answer gave the scroll To Yusuf's hand, but spake not. Yusuf read Unto the end, and laid the parchment down. "Yet there is time—shall we not end the game? Thy castle menaces my King—hehold! A knight has saved the King!"

But Khaled's knees Were loosed with dread, and white his lips; he fell Back on the couch, and gazed on Yusuf's face Like one astonished. Yusuf's fearless eyes Smiled back at his, unconquered. "Brother, what So troubles thee? What can Mohammed do, Save send me forth to find—only, maybe, A little sooner than I else had gone—The truth of those things whereof thou and I Have questioned oft? To-morrow at this time I shall know all Afatoun knew, and thou Shalt know one day. And, since we have this hour, Play we the game to end."

Then Khaled moved A pawn with trembling fingers. "See—thy Queen Is left unguarded. Nay!—thy thoughts had strayed—I will not take her."

Khaled cast himself Down on his face, and cried, like one in pain, "Be thou or more or less—I am but man! For me to see thee go unto thy death Is not a morning's pastime."

"Nay—and yet Were it not well to keep this thought of me In this last hour together, as if our Mohammed could not conquer?—I perchance May yet look back. . . . But hark!—who comes?"

Along The thundering hoofs upon the draw-bridge rang Of Andalusian stallions; and a voice Cried "Hail! King Yusuf!"—drowned in answering shouts And hammering lance-shafts thick upon the gate. Then Khaled, trembling, stood, with ashen lips, Listening, as in a dream. And unto him Came Yusuf—caught him in his arms. "Heart's friend! Fear not, all's well. The King shall not forget Who loved him, even to the brink of death! Look up, beloved!"

See, thou hast swept the men From off the board. 'Twas writ in heaven, we two Should never play that game unto the end!"

—London Speaker.

One of the results of the decrease in the supply of furs brought by the Indians from the wilds of Labrador and Northern Quebec is the enormous advance in prices. The rapidly increasing scarcity of the fine Canadian furs is making itself felt in the Old World, and a dealer at a recent trade sale at Leipzig, the representative of a Parisian fur house paid three hundred and sixty dollars for a prime silver fox-skin from Labrador. This remarkable increase in values lends importance to the new project of Mr. Menier of raising black and silver foxes upon his island—Anticosti. He now has at least fifty families of them in captivity, and as they are kept in large inclosures they are thriving and increasing with great rapidity, and promise exceedingly lucrative returns.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Francisque Sarcey's bust has been refused by the Comédie Française on the ground that the gallery of the theatre is intended for actors and playwrights only, and not for critics.

Ernest Reyer, the noted French composer, author of "Sigurd," "Salammbô," and other operas, as well as many orchestral works, has been made a grand officer of the Legion of Honor.

J. F. Powers, of Notre Dame University, who recently won the all-around individual championship of the United States, is twenty-two years old, six feet and one-half inch in height, and weighs one hundred and eighty pounds. His first appearance in athletics was in 1896. During the school year of 1898-99 at Notre Dame he won twenty first prizes, five second, and one third.

Sir Julian Pauncefote, British ambassador to the United States and head of the British delegation to the peace conference, has just been raised to the peerage. Sir Julian has been in public life nearly half a century, and has held many positions of great responsibility. He was knighted in 1874. Ten years ago he succeeded Sir Lionel Sackville-West as British minister at Washington, and subsequently was raised to ambassador.

General Luigi Giletta di San Giuseppe, the Italian officer who was recently convicted of espionage at Nice, and has since been released by the French Government, only to be re-arrested by his own government, was born in 1848. During his university career he distinguished himself in mathematics, and afterward passed through the School of War with a brilliant record. His promotion was exceedingly rapid, and he was regarded as one of the most promising officers in the Italian army. He commands the Cremona Brigade of Infantry. General Giletta seems to have had a peculiar taste for espionage, and, being a landed proprietor in the neighborhood of Nice, was enabled to gratify his taste to the full.

Mr. William Wither Bramston Beach is regarded as comparatively young man to occupy his position as "Father of the House of Commons," to which he succeeded on the death of the late Sir John Mowbray, for he is only seventy-two, having been born on Christmas Day, 1826, at Oakley Hall, near Basingstoke, Hampshire, where he still lives. His father was member of Parliament for Malmesbury, and his grandfather for Cirencester, while on his mother's side the Right Hon. Charles Wither was member of Parliament for Christ Church in the second quarter of the last century and also held the then important office of commissioner of woods and forests, so that he comes to his Parliamentary position in a perfectly natural way.

Collis P. Huntington has written a letter to Judge V. W. Grubbs, chairman of the State committee of the industrial commission of Tennessee, explaining his recent speech in this city, wherein he said that the youth of the country were being over-educated. Mr. Huntington says that education is not harmful in itself, but the *generality* of young men spend too many of perhaps the most valuable years of their life in the school-room. The mass of boys, he declares, by carrying their education beyond the point required to enable them to cope with the practical details of business, gain a positive distaste for labor that does not come under the head "genteel," and as a result young men are crowding into poorly paid places, where they do not have to soil their hands or do manual labor, and good chances for promotion go begging in many cases. This condition of things, he says, is curious, and must be explained before the present system of educating young men in this country can be called successful.

The young but already well-known Abbé Perosi is working hard, in his modest little room in the great Byzantine Basilica of St. Mark's in Venice, at another of his much-anticipated oratorios, which is entitled the "Slaughter of the Innocents." The small room in which he lives is an eloquent witness to his rapid rise to fame. Five years ago, when he went to occupy it, and, indeed, until last winter, walls and furniture were as bare as those in the cell of a Trappist monk, while the room is now decorated and ornamented with objects of great value and exquisite taste; on the walls hang magnificent sacred pictures and portraits of illustrious personages; in a frame is also to be seen the diploma of the Legion of Honor, which proves that the *maestro*, although a priest, is not insensible to worldly honors. The most interesting thing to the casual observer (says the *Pall Mall Gazette*) is perhaps the collection of *batons*, presents sent from almost every quarter of the globe, some very rich, as, for instance, one in ivory and chased silver in the shape of a sceptre, incrustured with rubies and emeralds, given by an anonymous admirer in Vienna.

A diamond-back terrapin farm, with more than fifteen thousand terrapin in stock, and worth at a conservative estimate forty thousand dollars, is one of the show-places of Crisfield, the very heart of the famous Eastern Shore of Maryland. When Washington and Lafayette were forced to eat terrapin at Yorktown because the army supplies were low; when counties in Maryland passed laws prohibiting the feeding of slaves oftener than twice a week on terrapin meat in order to save pork; and when the succulent reptile was cooked as food for fowls and swine, and could be bought for one dollar an ox-cart load, no one dreamed that the day would ever come when terrapin would become almost extinct and worth as much as one hundred and sixty dollars a dozen. But such is the situation to-day, and they are cared for and guarded with greater anxiety for their safety than were the slaves who protested against being gorged on terrapin meat. The outlook is that the price will be much larger than ever this coming season. The largest shipment ever made by Mr. La Valette, who owns the terrapin farm, was in 1890, when Jay Gould gave a banquet at Delmonico's. It required twenty-eight barrels to make the shipment, and the bill was something over four thousand seven hundred dollars.

COLERIDGE MEMORIES.

The Last Days of Wordsworth—Southey's Home—Coleridge and His Children—Devotion of a Gifted Daughter—Radiant Sara Coleridge—The Lord Chief Justice.

The journals and recollections of one who can remember the coming of Lafayette to America in 1824, and who has kept in touch with the world of letters through a long and busy life, could not fail to hold much of surpassing interest, and a volume made up of reminiscences of contact and personal acquaintance with the great figures in literature and politics in this and other lands through all those years could not lack entertainment. Such a hook is "Wordsworth and the Coleridges," by Ellis Yarnall, of Philadelphia, whose first visit to England and the Continent was made in 1849, and who has kept a record of his travels and experiences from that time.

Mr. Yarnall went to Rydal Mount, the home of Wordsworth, with a letter of introduction from Professor Reed, and was welcomed by the aged poet and his wife. After an hour passed in pleasant conversation, Wordsworth led his visitor about the grounds of his beautiful home, speaking all the time of his brother poets, Coleridge and Southey, and the necessity of international copyright:

I happened to have in my pocket a small volume of selections from his poems made some years before by Professor Reed. I produced it and asked him if he had ever seen it. He replied that he had not. He took it with evident interest, turned to the title-page, which he read with its motto. He began the preface then, in the same way. But here I must record a trifling incident, which may yet be worth noting. We were standing together in the road, when a man accosted us, asking charity—a beggar of the better class. Wordsworth, scarcely looking off the book, thrust his hand into his pockets, as if instinctively acknowledging the man's right to beg by this prompt action. He seemed to find nothing, however; and he said, in a sort of soliloquy, "I have given to four or five already to-day," as if to account for his then being unprovided. Wordsworth, as he turned over one leaf after another, said: "But I shall weary you." "By no means," said I; for I could have been content to stand there for hours to hear, as I did, the poet read from time to time, with fitting emphasis, the choice passages which Professor Reed had quoted in the preface, and the biographical sketch which followed. Most impressive was it to hear from the lips of the venerable man such words as these: "His has been a life devoted to the cultivation of the poet's art for its best and most lasting uses, a self-dedication as complete as the world has ever witnessed." A further remark, that he had "outlived many of his contemporaries among the poets," he read with affecting simplicity, his manner being that of one who looked backward to the past with tranquillity, and forward with sure hope. It was clear that he felt that his life was drawing rapidly to a close.

Six years later Mr. Yarnall visited Rydal Mount again, but Wordsworth had passed away. His son John had become vicar of Cockermouth, and here Mr. Yarnall met William Wordsworth, the grandson of the poet:

I may note one interesting incident which Mr. Wordsworth told me. He had been on a visit to Professor Jowett at Oxford, and was there on a Saturday, the day on which Jowett gathers about him people of distinction. "On this occasion," said Wordsworth, "I was to hand out to dinner a particular lady, but her name was not mentioned to me, or, at least, I did not catch it. She, however, was told that I was a grandson of Wordsworth. 'Oh,' said she, 'I began to read Wordsworth when I was fifteen, and have gone on ever since, with continually increasing pleasure,' and then her talk flowed on with such strength and power, and showed such elevation of mind and such grasp and mastery of all learning that I was certain she could be no other than Mrs. Lewes. So I asked her if she was not the author of 'Middlemarch,' and she said she was. In the drawing-room afterward she showed herself on the same level with Greek scholars and men of science, with whom she talked, filling with wonder all who listened."

A few miles from Rydal Mount, Mr. Yarnall met others connected by family ties with both Wordsworth and Coleridge. It was on a walking tour through the beautiful lake country:

I descended at length into the fair valley through which the Greta flows, and about two hours more of steady walking brought me to Keswick. My stopping-place, however, was at the inn at Portscotale, on the banks of Derwentwater, a mile out of Keswick, where I had agreed to meet Rev. Derwent Coleridge, son of the poet. I dined, and was resting after my long walk, when I heard his voice in the hall inquiring for me. With him were three other gentlemen, one of them the friend with whom he was staying, who asked me to return with them and drink tea at his house. One of the four was Dr. Carlyle, a brother of the Chelsea philosopher, himself a man of letters, the prose translator of Dante. I soon found myself in a pretty drawing-room looking out on Derwentwater. Mr. Leitch was our host. We had a great deal of animated talk at the tea-table, and later, in the long twilight, Mr. Coleridge read to us the "Ancient Mariner" and "Genevieve," his father's matchless poems. He read extremely well. We sat by one of the large windows, and the lake stretching before us and the mountains beyond seemed to put one in the mood for the poetry.

The next day he went with Mr. Coleridge to Greta Hall, the former residence of Southey, even then occupied by strangers:

It has a lovely situation on a knoll, Skiddaw looking down upon it, and other mountains standing around and in the distance, and the Greta flowing, or rather winding by; for it is a stream which has many twists and turnings. We called at the house, and Mr. Coleridge sent in his name, telling the servant he had a friend with him, an American, to whom he would like to show some of the rooms, adding, "I was born here." There was a little delay, for the occupant of the house was a bachelor and his hours were late. So we at first looked at the grounds, and my friend, as we walked slowly along under the trees and looked down on the Greta, seemed to be carried back altogether to his childhood. On that spot it was that his brother Hartley used to tell to him and to their sister Sara, as well as to Southey's children, stories literally without end—one narration in particular in its ceaseless flow going on year after year.

The house was soon thrown open to them:

My friend at every room had some explanation to make: "This was the dining-room," "here was Mr. Southey's seat," "here sat my mother." One room was called "Paul," for some one had said that its furniture was taken wrongly from another room—robbing Peter to pay Paul. Upstairs was the library, the room of all others sacred, for there had passed so much of the thirty years of Southey's life of unwearying labor. The very walls seemed to speak of that honorable industry. I looked from the windows on those glories of lake and mountain which had been the poet's solace and delight, and recalled his own description of the view in "The Vision of Judgment":

"Mountain and lake and vale; the hills that calm and majestic
Lifted their heads in the silent sky."

Near the library was the room in which he died after years of mental darkness. In the same room Mrs. Southey had been released from life after a still longer period of mental decay.

Derwent Coleridge spoke with great respect of Washington Allston, and repeated a remark of Allston's on his death-bed, concerning Samuel Taylor Coleridge: "He was the greatest man I ever knew, and more sinned against than sinning." Mr. Yarnall noted the words, and continues:

I record this because of what I know to have been a saying of Wordsworth's: "I have known many remarkable men, but the most wonderful man I ever knew was Coleridge." I feel compelled to add, however, the following as a deliverance of Wordsworth's, in a moment, let us presume, of impatience, at a late period in Coleridge's life. Wordsworth, with Rogers, had spent an evening with Coleridge at Highgate. As the two poets walked away together—"I did not altogether understand the latter part of what Coleridge said," was the cautious remark of Rogers. "I did not understand any of it," was Wordsworth's hasty reply. "No more did I!" exclaimed Rogers, doubtless much relieved.

Following the writer's account of the trials of Mrs. Coleridge in the long separation from her husband—for the last twenty-five years of the poet's life they lived wholly apart—he says:

With Samuel Taylor Coleridge genius was accompanied by eccentricity in largest measure. We must take a great man as he is given to us, and in regard to Coleridge we must follow his own rule as applied to art criticism, and not judge of him by his defects. Southey had upon him, in large degree, the stress and burden of his brother-in-law's shortcomings. He said of him: "Coleridge, whenever he sees anything in the light of a duty, is unable to perform it." In a further moment of irritation he said, even as to his intellectual part, "Coleridge writes so that there are but ten men in England who can understand him, and I am not one of the ten." With Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy, with Mrs. Wordsworth and her sister Sarah Hutchinson, Coleridge's companionship was of the closest. The journals of Dorothy Wordsworth, now given to the world in full, are the record of this extraordinary fellowship. Sara Coleridge never failed in filial devotion to her father, although she was separated from him during almost her whole life.

Coleridge had three children—Hartley, Derwent, and Sara—and their care and that of their mother was in part, at least, upon Southey. His reward came in their unceasing devotion and affection. Sara Coleridge inherited much of her father's genius. Her life, from its youth, was notable:

To dwell more particularly on the early years of Sara Coleridge in the house of Southey, one can readily imagine what the charm to him must have been of helping in the development of a mind so gifted as that of this fair young creature, who seemed to live only for intellectual effort and enjoyment. Under his guidance she had taught herself French, Italian, German, and Spanish; before she was five and twenty she had made herself acquainted with the leading Greek and Latin classics. There could have been little opportunity in that far Cumberland region for a young woman to obtain anything equivalent to college training. Had there been such opportunity, money would have been wanting, as Southey never had a year's income in advance.

Auhrey de Vere says of her:

"With all her literary powers she was utterly unlike the mass of those who are called literary persons. Few have possessed such learning; and when one calls to mind the arduous character of those studies, which seemed but a refreshment to her clear intellect, like a walk in mountain air, it seems a marvel how a woman's faculties could have grappled with those Greek philosophers and Greek fathers, just as, no doubt, it seemed a marvel when her father, at the age of fourteen, 'woke the echoes' of that famous old cloister with declamations from Plato and Plotinus. But in the daughter as in the father, the real marvel was neither in the accumulated knowledge nor in the literary power; it was in the spiritual mind. Of her, some one had said: 'Her father had looked down into her eyes and left in them the light of his own.' When Henry Taylor saw Sara Coleridge first, as she entered Southey's study at Keswick, she seemed to him, as he told me, a form of compacted light, not of flesh and blood, so radiant was her hair, so slender her form, so buoyant her step, and heaven-like her eyes."

The comfort and joy which Sara Coleridge must have been in her girlhood to her mother and to both her brothers can well be imagined. This instance is but one proof of her devotion:

I remember at Heath's Court Mr. Justice Coleridge, father of the late Lord Coleridge, taking down from his shelves "An Account of the Abipones, an Equestrian People of Paraguay," in three volumes, octavo, from the Latin of Marin Dohrzhoffer. He told me that Hartley Coleridge had begun the translation, the money he was to receive for it from Murray being needed for his college expenses. He soon tired of the work, however, and his sister, then twenty years of age, undertook it, and brought it to completion—truly an extraordinary achievement. Her father said of it: "My dear daughter's translation of this book is unsurpassed for pure mother-English by anything I have read for a long time." And Charles Lamb spoke of her as "the unobtrusive, quiet soul, who digged her noiseless way so perseveringly through that rugged Paraguay mine. How she Dobrzhoffer'd it all out puzzles my slender latinity to conjecture."

The daughter was ever jealous of her father's fame:

Carlyle's "Life of Sterling" she comments on, "Very beautiful and interesting as a biography, but very painful in its avowal of Pantheism." She resents Carlyle's reference to her father, and says the chapter is a pure libel. She adds: "But my father's folly and sin in the eyes of the Pantheist is his firm adherence to Christianity, not only ideal, but historical, factual, and doctrinal."

Hartley Coleridge, whose career promised to be a brilliant one, became a wreck in early life:

The under-graduate life of Oxford of eighty years ago presented great temptations. His wonderful gifts of intellect, as well as his oddity of manner, made him a favorite guest at "wine parties." He distinguished himself in his studies and won a fellowship at Oriel. At the close of his probationary year, he was judged to have forfeited this on the ground mainly of intemperance.

Says Derwent Coleridge:

"The stroke came upon my father with all the aggravations of surprise, as a peal of thunder out of a clear sky. I was with him at the time, and have never seen any human being, before or since, so deeply afflicted; not, as he said, by the temporal consequences of his son's misfortune, heavy as these were, but for the moral offense which it involved."

He lived for thirty years afterward—cared for by those who loved him—a homeless life except for his one infirmity, but accomplished no great or connected literary work. Mr. Yarnall says:

Little need be said of the poetry of Hartley Coleridge; it came near to excellence, and but for the catastrophe of his life might have reached the highest level. His sonnets are probably nearest to those of Wordsworth of all the moderns. His prose is vigorous and of easy flow; the best of it is found in his "Biographia Borealis, or Lives of Distinguished Northerners."

The following quotation from his "Life of Dr. John Fothergill" is given from its interest as a condemnation of the "Revised Version" sixty years beforehand:

"We doubt whether any new translation, however learned, exact, or truly orthodox will ever appear to English Christians to be the real Bible. The language of the Authorized Version is the perfection of English, and it can never be written again, for the language of prose is one of the few things in which the English have really degenerated. Our tongue has lost its holiness."

For twenty-three years Rev. Derwent Coleridge was principal of St. Mark's College, and at his retirement he accepted the living of Hanwell. His love of teaching was still strong, and at the suggestion of friends he consented to receive a few American pupils. He was assisted in his parish and school work by some efficient helpers. Among these was Miss Edith Coleridge, daughter of Sara Coleridge, who

at the age of twenty-seven had married her cousin Henry Nelson Coleridge. The four or five young Americans were hardly pupils; Mr. Coleridge was to them as a father and a friend. All fully appreciated their privilege:

Dean Stanley said once at a garden-party at Fulham Palace: "You young Yankees may not realize that you are reading with the greatest master of language in England." The refining influence of the ladies of the household was no small part of the good which came to these youths. One of them, Augustus M. Swift, tells of his having gone to Miss Edith Coleridge for help over more than one difficult passage in Plato. Mrs. Coleridge, in speaking of the pupils, said that their charge of them had brought them no anxiety. "We could hardly," she said, "have admitted to our family life English young men of the same age." There is, perhaps, more of the sense of companionship between young men and their elders in America than in England.

During Mr. Yarnall's second visit to England, in 1855, he met Sir John Taylor Coleridge and his son, John Duke Coleridge, afterward lord chief justice of England. This is an incident of his first meeting with the elder man:

My first sight of Sir John Taylor Coleridge, better known as Mr. Justice Coleridge, was at dinner a few days after my first meeting with John Duke Coleridge. This was at Park Crescent, the joint home of father and son. The party was eighteen; but the guests of chief interest to me were a young Hindoo and his wife, who were announced as Mr. and Mrs. Tangar. Judge Coleridge introduced me immediately. I said: "You are from the East and I from the West." The Hindoo's reply was: "Sir, England and America and Australia will divide the globe."

In 1867 John Duke Coleridge had become a member of Parliament and was laying the foundations of his public career. Mr. Yarnall met him at Dartmoor and was interested by his chat of the great leaders in the House of Commons:

My friend considered Gladstone wanting in worldly wisdom, deficient in skill as a political leader. Mrs. Gladstone, he said, gave him no help in keeping the party together. The two were not to be named with Lord and Lady Palmerston in tact and sagacity as to such management. John Coleridge said that Bright was incontestably the leading mind in the House, as to the reform legislation. John Stuart Mill my friend spoke of with warmth of admiration. "I can not tell you," he said, "the satisfaction it is to me to sit next him as I do in the House." Mill's shy, refined ways attracted him; his quiet humor he dwelt on. Once Mill had to take notice of the frequent quotations members of the opposite side made from his writings, in order, really, to hagger him. Of course they were passages which these men had seen as extracts and had committed. Mill said: "I feel greatly the compliment paid me by these frequent quotations; it is, perhaps, not good for me to be thus referred to, yet my vanity is kept down by what becomes more and more obvious to me, that honorable gentlemen who thus quote me have really read no other portions of my writings." The House roared at this clever turn, so discomfiting to Mill's assailants.

Four years after this, Sir John Duke Coleridge was counsel for the Tichborne family in the famous case:

His speech for the defense occupied some twenty days, covering two whole sides of the *Times* daily—perhaps the longest speech on record in a jury trial. His cross-examination of the claimant had lasted fourteen days; that it should have lasted so long was evidence of the cunning and audacity of the claimant. Strange that such a man should have had his upholders among people of education! Coleridge said to me: "Sir Roger Tichborne, who disappeared at the age of seventeen, was a proficient in music; when I handed the claimant a music-book, and he held it upside down, I thought no further evidence was needed of his being an ignorant pretender."

One of the last acts of the Gladstone government in 1874 was to make Sir John Duke Coleridge lord chief justice of the common pleas and raise him to the peerage, he becoming Baron Coleridge of Ottery St. Mary. On the death of Sir Alexander Cockburn, in the following year, he became lord chief justice of England. In 1883 Lord Coleridge came to America at the invitation of the Bar Association of New York:

The event was important, seeing that he was the highest English official that had ever crossed the Atlantic. His only superior was the lord chancellor, but his coming was not to be thought of, considering his solemn charge of the Great Seal. When Lord Brougham was chancellor, he was meditating a trip to the Rhine, but found he would be unable to leave England unless he placed the Great Seal in commission. The cost of this would have been about seven thousand dollars. I remember hearing Mr. Forster, then a cabinet minister, ask in a cheerful way at his own table whether the lord chancellor slept with the Great Seal.

In addition to his reminiscences of the Wordsworth and Coleridge families the book contains chapters devoted to Charles Kingsley, John and Thomas Keble, the Oxford commemoration of 1860, William Edward Forster, and the House of Commons during the closing days of the American Civil War. There are few pages in the volume that do not give some bit of description or personal reference of interest, and the unaffected simplicity of the whole record adds to its charm. The index is complete.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$3.00.

Miss Clara Barton says that there are now in Cuba fifty thousand destitute orphan children of *reconcentrados* who have in the last few years died of starvation and want. These children are scattered throughout nearly every city and town which had been of sufficient size and importance to receive the driven-out country people. They are not children of low or doubtful origin; many are of the best Cuban families. The *reconcentrados* were largely the country people of property—farmers and small planters. Miss Barton says that these children are utterly homeless, and no one has the least personal interest in them or responsibility for them.

It would appear that the name "Transvaal," in common use in English papers, is not applied with exact justice. In the year 1881, when the independence of the Boers was first acknowledged by England, she refused to recognize the name South African Republic for the alleged reason that it was not the only republic in South Africa, and the term was therefore inappropriate. But in 1884 England made a treaty with the South African Republic, recognizing its absolute independence.

Forty live sea-lions were captured at the Santa Barbara Islands recently, for the Zoo at Antwerp, Belgium. The lions are lassoed on the rocks with an ordinary rope, and with much difficulty are landed and crated ready for shipment. The men hired to catch the seals are expert *vagueros*. The animals bring about one hundred and fifty dollars each.

LITERARY NOTES.

A Cavalier Romance.

Some weeks ago we noticed in these columns a novel, "Cromwell's Own," in which was painted a remarkably vivid and intimate portrait of the commander of "The Ironsides." Now comes a companion-piece to it in "Rupert, by the Grace of God," by Dora Greenwell McChesney, in which the same warlike period is treated from the cavalier standpoint.

Its hero, Will Fortescue, is such an avid young fire-eater as only a woman could imagine—a lad who would rather fight than eat. His first adventure is to rescue a fair maid from a lot of carousing soldiers in a church, and there he finds a gold coin which has a deep influence on his career. When he resigns the maiden to her cousin's care, she gives him a token which, her father seeing it and believing his daughter murdered and robbed, leads him almost to the scaffold. But the coin found in the church saves his life, for it enlists the powerful friendship of a Bohemian seer, who regards the finder of the coin as a messenger sent by fate to accomplish his life purpose.

The coin bore the legend "Rupertus Dei Gratia" and had been made by the seer to further his plot to set Prince Rupert upon King Charles's throne. Into this plot young Fortescue is drawn; but the punishment for his disloyalty to the king is heavy indeed, when the lady he loves condemns him as a traitor and Prince Rupert dismisses him from the king's service and breaks his sword. Of course he is eventually restored to favor in the eyes of both; but it is through breaking his parole—a breach of soldierly honor which few masculine writers would permit in a hero.

The story is full of fighting and intrigue. Steel rings on steel in every chapter, now in single conflict, now in the thunderous charge of Rupert's invincible cavaliers, and again in the roar and rumble of siege and assault. Lord Digby and Lady Carlisle are the chief intriguing figures, and with them is associated the Bohemian fanatic, Cosmas, whose divinations, prophecies, and occult arts lend mediæval mysticism to the tale. The element of love, too, is not lacking, for not only is there the romance of the maiden of the church, but a pathetic passion is dimly outlined in the strange life and tragic end of the seer's granddaughter, Karen.

But the figure of Prince Rupert is the one that remains strongest in the reader's memory—a gallant gentleman whose loyalty was twice proof against the offer of a crown that was his for the taking—when death at the hands of the conspirators seemed the only alternative, and again in the face of certain disgrace at the surrender of Bristol. Of course the author has taken liberties with known history; but her fiction merely emphasizes the facts of Rupert's life.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50. Jahart

A Theatrical Experiment.

E. H. Sothern has announced that he intends to produce Gerhart Hauptmann's German fairy play, "Die Versunkene Glocke," this winter. Perhaps it was Mr. Frohman who chose the play for him, but that would make the selection only the more notable. It is not surprising that an actor, wearied of a succession of popular melodramatic rôles, should be attracted by their opposite—a poetic and mystical one. But that an astute manager should offer the public a play which it can not well comprehend, or even enjoy, is matter for wonderment.

Charles Henry Meltzer, who made the rhymed English version which Mr. Sothern is to produce, has published it under the title of "The Sunken Bell." Perhaps this is a missionary work on his part, intended to pave the way for the stage presentation; but, even after having read it, one has not a strong desire to see the play enacted. It may have appealed at first bearing to the Germans, who drank in the wondrous folk-lore of trolls, and gnomes, and water-spirits with their mothers' milk; but we Americans are more matter of fact, and would vote "The Sunken Bell"—on the stage—a pretty trifle, but childish.

It is a charming play to read, however—intensely poetical, and full of suggestion. The central figure is Heinrich, a bell-founder. He has made a new bell which is to be set up in the heights, and the spirits of the woods and waters, resenting this intrusion on their mountain fastnesses, tumble the great bell down to the bottom of a mere. Himself sore stricken, he crawls to the hut of Wittikin, an old woman of the mountain, and there meets Rautendelein, a beautiful, elfish creature. She charms him back to life, and, when he has recovered his strength, he goes up into the mountains to dwell with her. His neighbors come, headed by the vicar, to urge him to return to his heart-broken wife and children; but he tells them of the great work he must do—the making of the Sun-bells, a wondrous chime such as had never been heard before, and remains with his labor and his love.

From this point the clouds begin to gather. His former neighbors would destroy him for his unrighteousness, the gnomes rebel at the tasks he sets them, even his inspiration seems to fail, and at last he breaks down when his two little sons come to him, bearing a pitcher filled with the tears of their dead mother. He goes for a time to his village

home, but returns again, irresistibly drawn by his love for Rautendelein and his work; but his forge is dismantled and the beautiful elf has become the slave of a foul old water-spirit. She gives him a deadly draught and he dies in her arms, hearing the music of the Sun-bells' song.

Many allegories can be read into the tale; for one, Heinrich may be taken to represent the artist, always striving for the unattainable, while his wife and the vicar are the conventions of society which would hold him back to the prosaic facts of life. However one reads it, "The Sunken Bell" is a suggestive and fascinating poem. But as a play it would scarcely go. The same dramatist's "Hannele" had a sensational success a few years ago, but by the great play-going public it is forgotten; and the life of "The Sunken Bell" on the American stage would be shorter still.

Published by R. H. Russell, New York. Jahart

Adventures of M. de Fontanges.

"The Silver Cross," by S. R. Keightley, is the latest recruit to the ranks of adventurous romance. The tale is told in the first person by one Alphonse de Fontanges, a soldier of fortune, and is made up of the usual intrigues, counter-intrigues, love, sword-play, daring adventures, love, miraculous escapes, love, chivalrous selfishness, egotistic enthusiasm, and love. M. de Fontanges receives a mysterious missive, appointing an hour for him to meet a mysterious lady, who blindsides him and leads him into the presence of the beautiful and powerful Mme. de Chevreuse. The madame asks him will he please abduct the captain of the queen's guard for two weeks, while her conspiracy against the Cardinal Mazarin shall have time to succeed—which he does, throwing that worthy into the Bastille by virtue of a blank *lettre de cachet* found in the captain's pocket. In the meantime, the hero of it all has fallen in love with mysterious lady number one, who turns out to be the daughter of a marquis. The conspiracy against the cardinal miscarries, and M. de Fontanges has a lively time of it dodging soldiers; but he pulls through in triumph, wins his lady, is forgiven by the cardinal, comes into a title when death removes his older brother, and has three children before the book closes upon his great happiness.

Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.25. Jahart

Odd Legal Antiquities.

"The Law's Lumber Room" (second series), by Francis Watt, is an entirely distinct book from the earlier volume of the same title. "The subjects," says the author, "are of more general interest," being treated with greater fullness of detail, and with as much eye for literary as for legal values. There is a great deal of hanging in the book, because it has to do with banging times. The old law had no thought of mending the criminal; its business was to suppress him. It is not only in mechanical invention that our time is unlike that which is past. "We lead better lives, we are more just and charitable, perhaps less selfish than our forefathers; but how to deny that something is lost?" Life is not so exciting, and modern annals are anything but picturesque. Mr. Watt's book will interest laymen as well as lawyers.

Published by John Lane, New York; price, \$1.50. Jahart

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

"The Life of Admiral Dewey," by Hon. John Barrett, late United States minister to Siam, will be published in the autumn.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. will publish shortly Anthony Hope's new novel, "The King's Mirror."

John Oliver Hobbes's forthcoming novel—a sequel to "The School for Saints"—is to be called "Robert Orange," after the character who, at the end of the former work, was left in the position of an innocent bigamist.

Frank T. Bullen's new sea story, entitled "The Log of a Sea Wolf: Being Recollections of the First Four Years of My Sea Life," which has been suggestively described by one who has read the manuscript as an English companion to Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast," is in press.

The Macmillan Company will publish next month Clement Scott's new volume, "The Drama of Yesterday and To-Day." Much regret is expressed in England that Mr. Scott should date his reminiscences from 1841, the year of his birth, instead of starting either at the point where his personal acquaintance with the drama began, or at the point where Genest in his "English Stage" (1830) left off.

Cy Warman's story of the great Burlington strike, entitled "Snow on the Headlight," has just been published by D. Appleton & Co.

The most popular novelist of Great Britain appears to be Silas Hocking. His publishers aver that for the twenty-one years during which he has been writing, the sale of his novels has averaged one thousand copies a week. Mr. Hocking is a minister of the Methodist Free Church, and it is the great public of dissenting England which reads his works.

Owing to the growing demand for "The Celebrity," by Winston Churchill, a paper-covered edition not to exceed one hundred thousand is on the press for immediate publication by the Macmillan Com-

pany. "Richard Carvel," by the same author, is now running through its fiftieth thousand.

Mrs. Sara Yorke Stevenson is the author of the book on "Maximilian in Mexico" which is to be issued in a few weeks. Mrs. Stevenson spent several years in contact with the imperial court in Mexico, from 1862 to 1867, when Napoleon the Third was trying the disastrous experiment of establishing a European government on American soil.

Horatio Alger, who died on July 17th, was perhaps better known to the boys of thirty years ago than to the present generation. He wrote about forty books for boys, including the "Ragged Dick" and "Luck and Pluck" series, which, in their day, afforded a highly acceptable pabulum to thousands of youthful readers. He was born in Revere, Mass., in 1834, graduated at Harvard in 1852, and became a Unitarian minister, but eventually found a more congenial field in the study of boy life in New York, and in making books for boys to read.

In the Macmillan Company's *Bird-Lore* for August, Richard Kearton, the English naturalist-photographer, tells how he has secured some of his remarkable photographs of wild birds and animals in nature; Bradford Torrey writes of the "booming" of the bittern; and the leading professional ornithologists of this country sign a circular letter giving hints to young bird students. Jahart

Some New Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson.

Each new installment of the Stevenson letters arouses in the reader a new delight in and respect for their author's sweet, whimsical, and courageous nature. In *Scribner's Magazine* for August we learn that he believed in adding to the gaiety of life, not to its dreariness. In the course of a letter to William Archer, the noted English critic, he writes:

"Can you conceive how profoundly I am irritated by the opposite affectation to my own, when I see strong men and rich men bleating about their sorrows and the burthen of life, in a world full of 'cancerous paupers,' and poor sick children, and the fatally bereaved, aye, and down even to such happy creatures as myself, who has yet been obliged to strip himself, one after another, of all the pleasures that he had chosen except smoking (and the days of that I know in my heart ought to be over), I forgot eating, which I still enjoy, and who sees the circle of impotence closing very slowly but quite steadily around him? In my view, one dank, dispirited word is harmful, a crime of *lese humanité*, a piece of acquired evil; every gay, every bright word or picture, like every pleasant air of music, is a piece of pleasure set afloat; the reader catches it and, if he be healthy, goes on his way rejoicing; and it is the business of art 'so to send him, as often as possible.'"

In another letter to the same acquaintance, Stevenson says:

"Not only do I believe that literature should give joy, but I see a universe, I suppose, eternally different from yours: a solemn, a terrible, but a very joyous and noble universe; where suffering is not at least wantonly inflicted, though it falls with dispassionate partiality, but where it may be and generally is nobly borne; where above all (this I believe; probably you don't: I think be may, with cancer) any *brave man* may make out a life which shall be happy for himself, and, by so being, beneficial to those about him. And if he fails, why should I hear him weeping? I mean if I fail, why should I weep? why should you hear me? Then to me morals, the conscience, the affections, and the passions are, I will own frankly and sweepingly, so infinitely more important than the other parts of life, that I conceive men rather triflers who become immersed in the latter; and I will always think the man who keeps his lip stiff, and makes 'a happy fireside clime,' and carries a pleasant face about to friends and neighbors, infinitely greater in the abstract than an atrabilious Shakespeare or a back-biting Kant or Darwin. No offense to any of these gentlemen: two of whom probably (one for certain) came up to my standard."

The unfavorable reviews of "Prince Otto," published in 1885, led Stevenson to confide to Edmund Gosse his opinions regarding the relation of the writer to his audience:

"You aim high, and you take longer over your work, and it will not be so successful as if you had aimed low and rushed it. What the public likes is work (of any kind) a little loosely executed; so long as it is a little wordy, a little slack, a little dim and knotless, the dear public likes it; it should (if possible) be a little dull into the bargain. I know that good work sometimes hits; but, with my hand on my heart, I think it is by an accident. And I know, also, that good work must succeed at last; but that is not the doing of the public; they are only shamed into silence or affectation. I do not write for the public; I do write for money, a nobler deity; and most of all for myself, not, perhaps, any more noble, but both more intelligent and nearer home. Let us tell each other sad stories of the bestiality of the beast whom we feed. What he likes is the newspaper; and to me the press is the mouth of a sewer, where lying is professed as from a university chair, and everything purulent, and ignoble, and essentially dull, finds its abode and pulpit. I do not like mankind; but men, and not all of these—and fewer women. As for respecting the race, and, above all, that fatuous rabble of bourgeois called 'the public,' God save me from such irreligion—that way lies disgrace and dishonor. There must be something wrong in me, or I would not be popular. This is perhaps a trifle stronger than my sedate and permanent opinion. Not much, I think."

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LITERARY NOTES.

Edwin Markham's Poems.

From time to time, for several years, the magazines have printed poems by Edwin Markham, and now a volume of his verses is given to the public, under the title "The Man with the Hoe, and Other Poems." There are some selections in the book that are not familiar, and one, the poem that gives the title to the collection, that has gone the rounds of the press this year, accompanied by more or less discussion—discussion that had more to do with the politics of the poem than its merits as blank verse.

Mr. Markham takes himself too seriously. Among these specimens of his art there are three that describe the poet and his mission, in stately periods, but there is more rhetoric than truth in the lines. Too many attitudes are attempted, and admiration wearies. The most grievous fault in the poems is the endless repetition of thoughts and phrases. There are five selections that voice the woe of the over-burdened toiler, and the best of these, "A Leaf from the Devil's Jest-Book," has little of the pathos and despair that marked Tom Hood's great song. In "A Lyric of the Dawn," the longest of the poems, and perhaps the truest and best, there is a recurring word, describing the thrush's song, which jars more and more from page to page; and yet it is a favorite with the poet, for the thrush "shouts" again in each of the two following poems.

Yet there is good work in Mr. Markham's book. There is scarcely a poem without some line that lifts it above the commonplace. This is the most perfect of the shorter poems, and it is distinctly notable for its play of fancy and the harmony of its setting:

THE WHARF OF DREAMS.

Strange wares are handled on the wharves of sleep:
Shadows of shadows pass, and many a light
Flashes a signal fire across the night;
Barges depart whose voiceless steersmen keep
Their way without a star upon the deep;
And from lost ships, homing with ghostly crews,
Come cries of incommunicable news,
While cargoes pile the piers, a moon-white heap—
Budgets of dream-dust, merchandise of song,
Wreckage of hope and packs of ancient wrong,
Nepenthes gathered from a secret strand,
Fardels of heartache, burdens of old sins,
Luggage sent down from dim ancestral inns,
And bales of fantasy from No-Man's land.

One of the most musical bits in the volume, "An Old Road," is spoiled by one wretched, artificial line, and yet a line that furnishes the key of the rhyme-plan for the three stanzas. Here is one more selection that would deserve high praise but for the impotent couplet at the end:

IN POPPY FIELDS.

Here the poppy hosts assemble:
How they startle, how they tremble!
All their royal hoods unpinnaed
Blow out lightly in the wind.
Here is gold to labor for;
Here is pillage worth a war.

Men that in the cities grind,
Come! before the heart is blind.

This is a poet's thought, but there is a repeated phrase that mars its beauty:

MUSIC.

It is the last appeal to man—
Voice crying since the world began;
The cry of the Ideal—cry
To aspirations that would die.
The last appeal! in it is heard
The pathos of the final word.

Voice tender and heroic—
Imperious voice that knoweth well
To wreck the reasonings of years,
To strengthen rebel hearts with tears.

There is an air of cheerless solitude and introspection about most of Mr. Markham's poetry, and the verses which lack this atmosphere are in measures which suggest the rhyming ease of imaginative youth rather than the studied product of a mature mind.

Published by Doubleday & McClure Co., New York; price, \$1.00. jabart

A Notable Career in the Church.

Charles F. B. Miel was born in France, and as a young man became a novice in the Jesuit society at Avignon. He went next to Paris and studied under De Ravignan, the great preacher of Notre Dame, and after several years crossed to England and offered his services to Cardinal Wiseman. Here some of his public tracts were attacked by Charles Hastings Collette, and his historical statements denied. Careful research showed the priest's position to be untenable, and doubt entered Miel's mind for the first time. After months spent in deep study and personal examination, and a trip to Rome and the Vatican, the student decided that he must leave the Church of Rome, though such action would estrange him from his parents and friends. He took the important step and began independent religious work in London, and was successful. In 1855 he came to America and soon made many friends—Longfellow, Theodore Parker, Wendell Phillips, Moncreaf Conway, and others among them. Four years later he became instructor in the French language and literature at Harvard University, and met Ralph Waldo Emerson, James Freeman Clarke, and Thomas Starr King. At the beginning of the Civil War he went to Paris to use his personal influence in aid of the Union cause among the

journalists of his acquaintance, and accomplished no little good. On his return he came to San Francisco and established, in February, 1864, a school, which might have become of great importance had not the death of Thomas Starr King, the prime mover in the enterprise, caused the change of all plans. Mr. Miel preached the funeral sermon, the last tribute to the dead. He next went East, and later became a presbyter in the Episcopal Church, preaching his first sermon in his new relation in the cathedral in Chicago.

In his book, recently from the press, "A Soul's Pilgrimage," Rev. Dr. Miel has given not only a description of the important events in his career, but a candid statement of the changes in his opinions and the reasons for them. It is an interesting volume.

Published by George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. jabart

A Novel of English Life.

A story that is somewhat hard to get into, but rather better than its first promise, once relationships, friendships, names, places, chronologies, motives, and the other adjuncts to a novel of pretension are straightened out, is "One Poor Scruple," by Mrs. Wilfred Ward. The plot has to do with a young widow—a Roman Catholic—who undertakes successfully to win the heart of a wealthy and titled grass widower; but who on the eve of her marriage has a revulsion of religious feeling and gives up the prohibited wedding. Another young woman, her friend, at the same time is also having heart troubles, her lover and she misunderstanding each other throughout the story. The two plots are carefully interwoven, until the divorced wife of the man who was to have been married kills herself upon the day of her rival's renunciation.

Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.50. jabart

New Publications.

A handy book on Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii, and the Philippines is "Everything about Our New Possessions," by Thomas J. Vivian and Ruel P. Smith. Published by R. F. Fenno & Co., New York; price, 60 cents.

An essay that stretches out to fifteen chapters, with two appendixes, has been written by Jerome A. Anderson, M. D., under the title "The Evidence of Immortality." Published by the Lotus Publishing Company, San Francisco; price, \$1.00.

Andrew S. Draper, president of the University of Illinois, has written for young Americans a volume entitled "The Rescue of Cuba." Its record of events is clear and as full as possible in one hundred and ninety pages; its conclusions are open to question. Published by Silver, Burdett & Co., Boston; price, \$1.00.

Charles Battell Loomis writes some of the brightest of the humorous verse found in the periodicals devoted to wit and satire, and his collection, "Just Rhymes," includes thirty of his happiest efforts. The verse is worthy of its dainty dress and the imaginative, artistic illustrations by Miss F. V. Cory. Published by R. H. Russell, New York; price, \$1.00.

True stories of birds, and bears, and foxes, and fish make up a volume of the Eclectic School Readings, entitled "Stories of Animal Life," Charles Frederick Holder is the author, and he has succeeded in making a book which will appeal to all young readers and furnish them many new facts. Published by the American Book Company, New York; price, 60 cents.

A scholarly and brilliant piece of work is "Can We Disarm," by Joseph McCabe and Georges Darien. They have studied the subject with a breadth of view that discloses many features not generally recognized. Recent history, new forces in the political world, and the trend in all lines of progress have been considered, and the conclusions are not forced. The book is something more than interesting. Published by Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.25.

There are thirteen happy sketches in "A West Point Wooing, and Other Stories," by Clara Louise Burnham, and the number will be thought unlucky by most readers of the volume. There should have been fourteen, or fifteen, or any greater number. Several of the stories are of life at West Point, and these convey an intimate knowledge of the military school and its surroundings; but there is life in every scene depicted by the author, and sunshine over all. Most of her characters are delightful people, but it is good to know them. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

Henry W. Elson has made up a volume of essays under the title "Side Lights on American History," which is more interesting than valuable. His subjects are the more important national questions and events of the period extending from the Declaration of Independence to the election of President Lincoln, taken in chronological order, but his plan does not allow of exhaustive treatment in any instance. The author writes with a full knowledge, a fine discrimination, and tersely; his presentation of grave issues is eminently fair. At the best, however, the work is but a collection of choice fragments. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 75 cents. jabart

TREASURER'S REPORT

City and County of San Francisco,

.. FOR THE ..

MONTH OF JULY, 1899.

RECEIPTS.

Cash on hand, as per last report.....	\$1,682,084.85
General Fund—	
Taxes.....	\$9,331.21
City and county licenses.....	34,237.00
Municipal, dog and duplicate licenses.....	17,587.50
Fines in Police Court No. 1.....	455.00
Fines in Police Court No. 2.....	87.25
Fines in Police Court No. 4.....	490.25
Board of health, certified copies of birth and death certificates.....	34.50
City and County Attorney, judgment for <i>Cost in re Geo. Nicholas et al.</i> City and County of San Francisco.....	148.50
Sheriff H. S. Martin, board of United States prisoners.....	2,731.60
E. A. Reddy, Superintendent City and County Alms-House, sale of hogs, etc.....	370.65
E. A. Reddy, Superintendent City and County Alms-House, money belonging to estates of deceased inmates.....	80.50
Amount transferred from Street Light Fund.....	33,000.00
Amount transferred from Assessor's account.....	300,000.00
Amount transferred from New City Hall Fund.....	133.85
Special Fee Fund—	
Tax Collector.....	3.00
License Collector.....	3,156.00
County Clerk.....	3,124.75
Recorder.....	2,742.80
Clerk of Justices' Court.....	1,682.75
Clerk of Board of Supervisors.....	100.00
Auditor.....	2.00
	10,811.30

School Fund—	
Taxes.....	2,546.54
Rent of school property.....	624.00
Proportion of State school money, fiscal year, 1898-99.....	11,420.92
Rent of Lincoln School lots for July, 1899.....	4,000.00
Amount transferred from Mission High School Fund.....	6,074.36
	24,665.82

Street Department Fund—	
Taxes.....	2,285.77
Licenses on vehicles.....	6,678.15
California Street Cable Railway Company, two per cent. gross earnings of the Hyde Street branch from June 30, 1898, to July 1, 1899.....	3,157.42
Transfer from Street Light Fund, 1898-99.....	30,000.00
	42,121.34

Park Improvement Fund—	
Taxes.....	1,237.18
Fines in Police Court.....	10.00
Rents of Children's Play-Ground for months July, August, and September, 1899.....	250.00
Rent of boat-house for July, 1899.....	25.00
	1,522.18
Insurance Contribution Fund—Board of Fire Commissioners' return of surplus of \$1,500, drawn for incidental expenses for July 3d and 4th, 1899.....	328.95
Library Fund—	
Taxes.....	278.05
Secretary—Fines.....	165.00
	443.95

Street Light Fund—Taxes.....	1,742.80
Police Contingent Fund—Amount transferred from General Fund.....	512.65
	2,255.45

Police Relief and Pension Fund—	
Contributions.....	1,118.00
Fines of officers.....	10.00
Fines in Police Court.....	242.50
Amount transferred from General Fund.....	1,175.50
	2,546.00

Pound Fee Fund—Amount transferred from General Fund.....	75.00
Disinfectant Fund—Permits issued.....	10.00
State of California—	
Taxes.....	8,517.40
Poll taxes.....	11,569.30
Maintenance of pupils committed to the Whittier State School, May and June, 1899.....	689.40
	20,776.10

Duplicate Tax Fund—Taxes paid in duplicate (1898-99).....	1,539.72
Coupons, Park improvement bonds—Taxes.....	69.81
Assessor—Personal property taxes, 1899-1900.....	287,926.08
Sinking Fund, Park improvement bonds, 1874-75—Taxes.....	52.28
	289,657.64

Total.....	\$2,486,652.64
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Special and Unapportioned Funds—	
Tax Collector.....	15,129.92
Redemption of property sold to State.....	2,068.53
Collateral inheritance tax.....	1.25
Police Court bail money.....	15,540.00
School Teachers' A. and K. Fund.....	802.00
Special redemption taxes.....	5.75
Coroner's deposits.....	.05
Assessor—Poll taxes.....	3,065.10
Assessor—Personal property taxes.....	34,958.05
Public Administrator.....	9.72
	71,580.37

Total.....	\$2,558,233.01
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DISBURSEMENTS.

General Fund.....	\$286,598.62
Boys' and Girls' Aid Society.....	375.00
Amount transferred to Found Fee Fund.....	75.00
Amount transferred to Police Relief and Pension Fund.....	1,175.50
Amount transferred to Police Contingent Fund.....	512.65
Special Fee Fund.....	\$ 288,736.77
School Fund.....	15,447.65
Street Light Fund transferred to Street Department Fund, 1898-99.....	30,000.00
Street Light Fund transferred to General Fund, 1898-99.....	33,000.00
	63,000.00
Mission High School Fund transferred to School Fund.....	6,074.36
Street Department.....	59,302.38
Park Improvement Fund.....	31,266.15
New City Hall Fund transferred to General Fund, 1898-99.....	133.85
Library Fund.....	6,672.84
Street Light Fund.....	22,251.63
Police Contingent Fund.....	14,500.00
Police Relief and Pension Fund.....	9,201.58
Pound Fee Fund.....	75.00
Disinfectant Fund.....	200.00
Public Building Fund.....	6,281.25
Overpayment Per. Prop. Tax Fund, 1896-97.....	201.55
State of California.....	8,542.50
Insurance Contribution Fund.....	1,500.00
Coupons, City Hall construction bonds.....	300.00
Assessor, transferred to General Fund, 1899-1900.....	300,000.00
Total.....	\$ 912,521.40

Special and Unapportioned Funds—	
County Clerk.....	330.37
State school money.....	149,332.82
Special redemption taxes.....	29.97
Collateral inheritance tax.....	61.25
Assessor, poll taxes.....	11,524.30
Police Court bail money.....	14,500.00
School Teachers' A. and K. Fund.....	1,989.65
Assessor—Personal property taxes.....	287,926.08
Tax Collector.....	37,649.66
Public Administrator.....	1,254.27
	505,038.37
Total.....	\$1,416,559.77
Balance cash on hand.....	1,141,673.24
Total.....	\$5,558,233.01

RECAPITULATION.

General Fund.....	\$ 370,328.70
Special Fee Fund.....	33,285.41
School Fund.....	37,667.14
Street Department Fund.....	33,681.23
Park Improvement Fund.....	5,835.91
Insurance Contribution Fund.....	17,791.57
Library Fund.....	11,739.59
Street Light Fund.....	2,004.18
Public Building Fund.....	107,633.03
Police Relief and Pension Fund.....	6,265.59
Disinfectant Fund.....	1,478.63
Over-payment Personal Property Tax Fund, 1896-97.....	2,602.51
Teachers' Institute Fund.....	832.02
Duplicate Tax Fund.....	7,465.30
Potrero Avenue Extension Fund.....	371.92
Assessor—Personal property taxes, fiscal year, 1899-1900.....	226,618.22
Nineteenth Street Extension Fund.....	236.53
State of California.....	39,959.30
Pacific Railroad interest tax account.....	35.00
Coupons, School Fund, 1874-75.....	1,609.20
Coupons, Park improvement bonds.....	35.00
Coupons, House of Correction Bonds.....	19,989.38
Coupons, Dupont Street widening bonds.....	50.00
Robinson Bequest Fund.....	143,899.41
Sinking Fund, Park improvement bonds, 1874-75.....	19,157.03
Sinking Fund, Dupont Street widening bonds.....	
Total.....	\$1,089,999.80

Special and Unapportioned Funds—	
County Clerk.....	\$ 25,373.58
Public Administrator.....	21,839.91
Special redemption taxes.....	1,239.77
Assessor—Poll taxes.....	1,188.30
Police Court bail money.....	6,255.00
Redemption on property sold to State.....	5,100.95
Collateral inheritance tax.....	2,573.34
Mission Street widening.....	94.47
Tax Collector.....	250.00
Kentucky Street grading.....	56.56
School Teachers' A. and K. Fund, balance, \$3,172.10—In German Savings and Loan Society, \$5,013.49; in Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, \$4,808.79; in Security Savings Bank, \$1,354.95.....	1,742.87
In City and County Treasury.....	115.23
Laguna survey.....	4.75
J. C. Pennie, ex-Pub. Adminis.....	66.96
Coroner's deposits.....	1,091.92
Absent heirs.....	8.10
J. F. Boyd.....	
	67,808.31

Total.....	\$1,157,808.11
Balance cash on hand.....	\$1,073,864.93
A. C. Wilder deficit account.....	16,134.87
Total.....	\$1,089,999.80

Balance cash on hand special and unapportioned funds.....	67,808.31
Total.....	\$1,157,808.11

Loans from Sinking Funds outstanding, Sinking Fund, Park improvement bonds, 1874-75.....	\$4,500.00
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I. J. TRUMAN, Treasurer.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 31, 1899.



The ways of managers will always be a puzzle, and this week we have an instance of their peculiarities which makes them more of a puzzle than ever. Here, at the end of his season, after the fine-drawn thinness of "Lady Ursula" and the battered old sentimentalities of "Heartsease," Mr. Miller brings out a new play that is one of the most charming comedies we have seen here for—shall I say many months or many years? And not only is it charming in itself, but it is most charmingly played. I have not seen the Miller company in everything, but I hardly can believe that they have done anything better or even as good as "Brother Officers."

The piece is more like a cleverly written, beautifully illustrated novel than a play. The actors fit the characters with such absolute exactitude that they appear less like actors than real people into whose private lives a proficient author has given us a glimpse. The sentiments that animate living men and women—so different from the sentiments that animate the men and women of stageland—are shown us in the sudden illuminating flashes by which, in life, we can now and then catch a glimpse into a heart whose secrets are proudly hidden. The absence of the "strong" scenes in which the average player so dearly loves to display his prowess, the curiously natural tone of dialogue and story, the well-bred ease and simplicity of manner of the performers, makes the piece one of the most gracefully realistic, the most evenly admirable that we have had an opportunity of seeing here for many a long day.

As for Mr. Miller, he has not had so suitable a part as John Hinds since he played in "Liberty Hall." And of the two, John Hinds is the better. It shows Mr. Miller in quite a new light; as a player not alone of refinement, sentiment, delicacy, and intellect, but as a player of humor. His handling of the first act could not have been better. The temptation to exaggerate the clumsy embarrassment and commonness of Hinds was heroically resisted. And, unlike most heroic resistances, its appreciation was immediate. The figure of the sergeant raised from the ranks grew momentarily more vividly interesting, lovable, and richly human. I can not sufficiently commend Mr. Miller for the artistic reserve which he displayed straight through this act. His portrayal never once jarred, nor ever once made a bid for the laugh that lies so ready to respond to the actor's drop into buffoonery. And yet sentence after sentence fell from the lips of John Hinds that one touch of consciousness, one shade of too much humorous emphasis, would have transformed into delightfully burlesque absurdities that would have convulsed the gallery.

When I saw on the play-bill that a year elapsed between the first and second acts, I felt uneasy. "Now," I thought, "he'll spoil everything. He'll come on refined to death, with the sort of English accent dukes and earls have, and transformed into an utterly impossible and deadly uninteresting military swell." But I had misjudged Mr. Miller's intelligence. He did nothing of the kind. There was the same John Hinds, with his speech a little more polished and ready, his manners a little easier and more spontaneous, but the sergeant risen from the ranks that could never be mistaken for the officer born and bred. This suggestion of being of a lower rank to those about him was amazingly well done, and just how it was done was most baffling. Mr. Miller resorted to no make-up save a touch of gray on his hair. After he became certain of his *à's* and surer of his grammar, his speech was as carelessly correct as most people's, yet that he was not of gentle birth or breeding was obvious. His very figure and carriage had in them a confession of low beginnings, his face told that he was not of the same stock as his brother officers. Even in the last act, where he plays the hero, he never rose to the refined heroic stage level. He remains nature's nobleman to the bitter end, when he goes out in the dawn to his bedroom in the lodge.

About this central figure the company forms a group of peculiarly natural, charming, pleasant people. There is nothing fictitious about them, or their manners, or their speeches. As there is no slow music in the orchestra, there are no scenes that suggest it on the stage. There are pretty bits of sentiment, such as that between Lieutenant Playdell and his mother—how refreshing after the usual mother-and-son scenes we are accustomed to!—and one of two moments of tears and despair, such as that in which the lieutenant tells Honor of his disgrace and his love. But for the most part the actors and themselves in an atmosphere of pleasing simplicity, natural—but never natural to the verge of dullness—of bright dialogue that is not over-strained

and does not flag, of high breeding too sure of itself to be haughty, too genuine to be otherwise than courteous and kind.

Into their various characters the company fit like gloves. There is not a person, from the butlers to the hero, who does not play the part assigned to him with excellence. I can not select one beyond the others. Could anything be more delightful than Mrs. Whiffen? I had a particularly tender feeling for her, she was so like one of my own aunts! Could anything have been better than Edwin Stevens? Where at the Tivoli did he learn that accent? Could anything have been better than Guy Standing, or Margaret Dale, or Charles Walcott, or Leslie Allen? And so on and so forth.

When it comes to Miss Anglin, I begin to realize what has made the town, to a man, rise up in her acclaim. She is an actress of something more than mere cleverness and charm. She has all that, and much more beside—sentiment, feeling, comprehension, sympathy. And she has above and beyond these, imagination, which some people say comes next to genius. Her Lady Roydon is a figure that will remain in the memory. How imitatively she has clothed this dramatist's creation with the graces of a sweet and exclusive womanhood! She has made of Lady Roydon not the ordinary, smiling, crisply clad, winning, and laboriously elegant young heiress of stageland, but a woman, not very pretty, not very brilliant, but deep in feeling, frank in manner, with that touch of boyish directness that the responsibility of wealth gives to so many thoughtful and richly dowered girls. This indefinable suggestion of the matter-of-fact, the serious, in her, was balanced by the gracious refinement that permeated the entire portrayal—not alone refinement of manner and temperament, but a choice and jealous pride of name and birth. Under her treatment, the character passed from that of a prettily fresh and generous girl to that of the most highly developed and representative type of modern woman. Her very clothes suggested preoccupation and indifference to small things. They were not half as fine, or well-setting, or smooth-fitting as the clothes of Miss Dale and Miss Burton.

For the rest, I do not see why Mr. Miller does not play "Brother Officers" next week, instead of "Lady Ursula," "Heartsease," and "The Liars." Those people who did not go this week ought to have a chance. It is a good play for Americans to see, for it makes us realize what a fine thing it is to live in a country where there are no class distinctions, and where any man can aspire to any girl, and each of us is as good as his neighbor, if not a trifle better.

Like the lady in "The Moth and the Flame," I do not want to throw bouquets at myself, but a few years ago in this column I suggested that some of the comedies of Dumas père be adapted for the modern stage. Strange as it may seem, translators and adapters did not fall over each other in their efforts to follow the suggestion. Several weary years of beefy English comedies and scrawny American comedies passed by, and then, suddenly, some one realized the possibilities in old Dumas. "Mille de Belle Isle" appeared under another name—"The Silver Key," I think it was called—and then "Le Mariage Sous Louis XV." And now, "Les Demoiselles de St. Cyr" is added to the list. Presently, for aught I know, we may have "Le Tour de Nesle" and "Richard Darlington," but I do not suggest them.

The "Demoiselles de St. Cyr" is adapted to death, but it is impossible to kill the spirit of the elder Dumas. He had what he called "a gaiety of style," that outlives the flight of time, the change of fashion, the mutability of taste, and the blue pencil of the adapter. His work sparkles almost as brilliantly now as it did when Mlle. Mars and Mlle. Georges were its stars. Its wit is as piquant, its poise as sure, its wickedness as naively unconscious, its dialogue as crisp as it was when it crowded to the wall the mock-heroic drama of old Rome. Where it shows that decades have passed since it first saw the light is in the different tone it assumes toward questions of conduct. We are not the free and irresponsible children of nature that arose in France from the great moral license of the Revolution and the great military license of the Empire. We have been sternly trained to follow the beaten tracks, and we have learned to think that any deviation from the beaten tracks is not only unworthy but inartistic. If we have any heart, or blood, or nerves, we adore Dumas, but we never can forgive him for having made D'Artagnan take Bonacieux's money and treat Kitty the way he did. But that is another matter that there is not room for here.

The difficulty in presenting the Dumas comedies is in inculcating their spirit into modern American actors. The mannered elegance, the polish, the ornate gallantry of port and style, the veneer of courtly phrase, the baffling insouciance that covered the schemes of intrigue and the fires of passion, are not in the limits of their temperaments. A famous dancing-master once told me that the only people in the United States who could be taught to dance the minuet were the Baltimoreans. There alone lingered a remnant of Old-World grace and dignity. This being the case, a company formed entirely of citizens of Baltimore might give a Dumas comedy with the proper finish—otherwise we shall probably never see one. Even John Drew, who has some capacity for stepping outside this century without acting as if

he felt that he was making a fool of himself, could not give the real touch to the Duc de Richelieu.

This lack of atmosphere is the main defect of the Frawley Company's performance of "The Fairy Godmother." The adapter has helped them on the downward path by making the dialogue as colloquial as possible. They do not exactly use slang, but they come very near it. The players who have almost always been cast in modern pieces hardly attempt to divest themselves of the manners of the nineteenth century. The high-bred mischief, the studied stateliness, the elegance of coquetry and artifice which marked a society so close to the court are entirely ignored by each and every member of the company, unless, perhaps, one excepts Mr. Hickman and Miss Mould. This couple, who have the sentiment of the comedy to carry, are perforce somewhat subdued, and can not give way to the rollicking animal spirits which seem to possess every one else. Miss Mould suits the costume and the period better than any of the others. There is about her a suggestion of quiet grace and girlish stateliness which carries her little figure back to an older and more elaborate day. Is she, perhaps, from Baltimore?

Neither Miss Bates nor Mr. Frawley are at all in the spirit of the times. Perhaps their manner of playing suits the audiences better. They are both so animated that there is hardly a word I can think of to properly express their ebullient vivacity. Mr. Frawley has a humorous part, in which a thick-headed, good-natured, almost clownish *gaucherie* is permissible. He overdid it, and he had distinctly the appearance of a man in fancy dress who feels that he looks a perfect fool, and only wishes he could get home and get out of it. But he has some such extremely funny things to say—bits of that inimitable Dumas dialogue, short, pithy, excruciatingly absurd in its naive sobriety—that there were times when the house simply roared at the combination of his appearance and his speeches.

Miss Bates's part, however, was that of a brilliant, roguish, scintillating girl, alive with Gallic wit and mischief, and though portionless, a ward of the crown and clad in attendance on Mme. Maintenon. To make Yvonne Maclair a racketing, romping hoyden, boisterously Anglo-Saxon, a modern, high-spirited American school-girl, who has given her chaperon the slip and is managing every one about her in a good-natured, hectoring, high-handed way, is certainly not to play the part in the spirit of eighteenth-century comedy.

The more I see of Miss Bates this time the more I feel her forte is the fiery dramatic—in that she has strengthened, has come into an understanding of her own power, and is forced by the nature of the emotions she portrays into a suppression of her irritable restlessness. But in lighter vein she has still the same set of faults that she went away with. An almost rowdy playfulness, a lack of repose which becomes exhausting to the spectator, and that seems to animate her from crown to sole; her face, her hands, her shoulders, her feet are perpetually grimacing, gesticulating, shrugging, dancing. She seems to have no other idea of how to portray the vivacity of a merry young girl, the piquant coquetry of an attracting, brilliant woman, than by continual facial contortions and a waving play of gesture. The value of repose, the language of one glance, the witchery of a demure smile, all the armament of charm that lies in quietness, in mocking silences, in immobile expressiveness, seem beyond her powers of rendition, if not comprehension. It is singular that her sojourn in the Daly Company did not teach her more in this way. With the greatest of American managers to learn from, and the greatest of American comedienne to study, she seems to have acquired little in the science of high comedy.

GERALDINE BONNER.

"Breathes There the Man."

Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath never within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprang,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

—Sir Walter Scott.

An Italian statistician, Commendator Bodio, estimates the number of visiting strangers coming to Italy at not less than seventy thousand a year, and their expenditure at about two hundred thousand dollars a day, an annual income for the country of more than sixty millions of dollars.

Jabart

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Beginning Next Monday, August 14th, Farewell Week. Henry Miller and Special Company. Repertoire—Monday and Tuesday, "The Adventure of Lady Ursula." Special Matinee Tuesday—Double Bill, "Heartsease," and the One-Act Play, "Frederic Lemaitre." Wednesday and Thursday, "Heartsease." Friday and Saturday Evenings and Saturday Matinée "The Liars."

Monday, August 21st, Clay Clement.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.

Farewell Week. Your Last Chance to See Miss Blanche Bates and the Frawley Company. "London Assurance," Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday Nights. "As You Like It," Friday Night, Saturday Matinée, Saturday Night, and Sunday Night. Farewell Testimonial Tendered to Miss Blanche Bates, Wednesday Afternoon, August 16th. First Production Here of Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler."

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Week Commencing Sunday Matinée, August 13th. Gertrude Mansfield and Caryl Wilbur; Emerald; Caron & Herbert; Cardovine Troupe; Alexandra Dagmar; Linton & McIntyre; Deonzo Brothers; Alden & Hill; and the Biograph.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Blanche Bates's Farewell Week.

Blanche Bates will have an excellent opportunity to show her versatility next week at the California Theatre, when she will be seen here for the first time in three notable rôles. From Monday to Thursday evening Boucault's "London Assurance" is to be the bill, with Miss Bates as Lady Gay Spanker, Augustus Cook as Squire Harkaway, Charles King as Sir Harcourt, Harrington Reynolds as Dazzle, Mary Van Buren as Grace Harkaway, Manola Mould as Pert, J. R. Amory as "Dolly" Spanker, and T. Daniel Frawley as Charles Courtley. During the remainder of the week, including the Saturday matinee, "As You Like It" will be given, with Miss Bates as Rosalind. On Wednesday afternoon, August 16th, a farewell testimonial will be tendered to the popular California actress, when Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler" will be presented for the first time on this coast.

Warde and Hackett, the comedians, will follow the Frawley Company in Stapleton's successful farce, "A Bachelor's Honeymoon."

A Revival of "Dorothy."

"Falka," which has been drawing large and appreciative audiences at the Grand Opera House, will give way on Monday evening to an elaborate revival of the tuncful opera, "Dorothy," by Alfred Cellier and B. C. Stephenson, which has not been seen here for some time. The cast includes Arthur Wooley as Squire Bantam, Thomas Persse as Geoffrey Wilder, Winfred Goff as Harry Sherwood, William Wolff as Lurcher, Nace Bonville as Tom Strutt, Edith Mason as Dorothy, Hattie Belle Ladd as Lydia Hawthorne, Georgie Cooper as Phyllis, Bessie Fairbairn as Mrs. Privett, and Marguerite Lewis as Lady Betty.

Last Week of the Henry Miller Season.

During the last week of his engagement at the Columbia Theatre, Henry Miller will produce three of the most popular successes of his repertoire. On Monday and Tuesday evenings, Anthony Hope's romantic comedy, "The Adventure of Lady Ursula," will be given; at a special matinee on Tuesday afternoon, and Wednesday and Thursday evenings, "Heartsease" is to be the bill, while on Friday and Saturday evenings, and Saturday matinee, "The Liars," in which the Miller Company opened here, will be presented. Speculation is rife as to who will play the rôle of Falkner, the African explorer, in the latter play, in which Edward J. Morgan made such a pronounced hit.

Clay Clement will open at the Columbia Theatre in a new romantic comedy, "A Southern Gentleman," on Monday, August 21st.

Beethoven's "Fidelio" at the Tivoli.

The novelty of the bill at the Tivoli Opera House next week will be the presentation of the great classic opera, "Fidelio," the only one written by Beethoven. Many years ago, as an *Argonaut* reader pointed out to us last week, it was produced at Platt's Hall by the Fahri Opera Company, with Mrs. Inez Fahri, soprano; Miss Anna Elzer, contralto; Theo. Haveman, tenor; and Carl Fornes, basso, in the cast. Since then it has not been heard here, so that it is practically new to the present generation. Inasmuch as the scene of "Fidelio" is laid in Spain in the fifteenth century, there will be ample opportunity for picturesque scenery and pretty costumes.

The enormous success of Verdi's "Trovatore" has caused the management to keep it in the bill for next week, and it will be sung again on Tuesday, Thursday, and Sunday evenings, and at the Saturday matinee. On Sunday night the final rendition of Gounod's "Faust" is to be given.

At the Orpheum.

Most prominent among the new-comers at the Orpheum next week will be Gertrude Mansfield and Caryl Wilhur, who will appear in a clever little comedy entitled "Color Blind," which is said to abound in laughable situations and sparkling dialogue. Miss Mansfield is a great favorite on the vaudeville stage in the East, and made her name with May Irvin and in Weber and Field's hurlesque company. Wilhur is well known here, having recently appeared at the Orpheum as Lillian Burkhardt's leading man. The other new attractions are Esmeralda, who plays the violin and xylophone while performing on a tight wire; Caron and Herbert, acrobatic comedians; and the Cardownie troupe of vocalists and dancers.

Those retained from this week's bill are Alexandra Dagmar, the Russian singer; the Deonzo Brothers, who introduce some unique acrobatic feats with barrels; Linton and McIntyre, in their amusing sketch, "A Doctor's Patient"; Alden and Hill, in rag-time specialties; and new views by the Biograph.

Mme. Modjeska's Coming Season.

The feature of Modjeska's repertoire next season, and for which the most elaborate preparations are being made, will be her new play of "Marie Antoinette." Clinton Stuart, the author, is said to have made all the dramatic material possible out of the characters of Mirabeau, Murat, Robespierre, and King Louis, and in the character of Marie Antoinette, the noblest victim of the bloody revolution,

has furnished Modjeska with one of the best opportunities of her long and eventful career. John E. Keller, who is to be featured as Modjeska's leading support next season, is now in Europe for pleasure and study, and while abroad he is to get the designs for his many costumes. It is not yet known which character he will elect to play in "Marie Antoinette," but in other plays of the repertoire he will be seen as Macbeth, as Leicester in "Mary Stuart," as Benedict in "Much Ado About Nothing," and as Marc Antony in "Antony and Cleopatra." Charles D. Herman, who earned so much favorable comment with Modjeska last season, will continue as a member of the company, as will also George Spencer, Wadsworth Harris, and Lynn Pratt. The tour will embrace all the principal cities, including San Francisco, Chicago, and a long engagement in New York.

What Theatrical Success in London Means.

"I believe that I am happier now than I have ever been in my life," said Mrs. James Brown Potter recently, to Alan Dale, of the *New York Journal*. "I have worked hard for London, and I have got it at last. You don't realize what that means. I made a hit as Miladi, and now I can do no wrong over here. When I appeared in 'Carnac Sahib' I had very little to do. At the end of the performance they yelled for me. Why? Because they remembered me as Miladi and were grateful. In America—where, alas! I have always failed—it is so different. New Yorkers clamor for a new sensation each season. It is like beginning all over again. They never remember what you have done. Everything is forgotten for the sake of the latest novelty. In London, once make a hit and you can do no wrong. It is hard work getting there, but when you arrive the game is exquisitely worth the candle, and you nestle in comfortable sensations. I hope to try my native land again—but not next season—and perhaps I may win yet. The press has been very, very unkind to me in America. Positively if I were the sort of woman I have read in the American papers that I am, I should hate to meet myself. I should cut my own acquaintance."

"In London they treat theatrical people like heroes and heroines. Society quarrels over them. Society hankers to entertain them. If you have once succeeded you are taken up and petted. They can't do enough for you. And it seems to me that this is the right spirit. Actors and actresses are people of talent. Brains should be the key that opens drawing-rooms. Brain is a finer commodity than money any day. The successful actor, novelist, and journalist have the *entrée* everywhere in London. No drawing-room is considered complete without them. In New York they are looked down upon. I love London. Of course I am not a star, with Beerbohm Tree; but stars in London mean nothing at all. It is one's work that is started. It stands out so quickly. People speak of Mrs. Potter in 'The Musketeers,' or Irene Vanhugh in 'The Gay Lord Quex,' as though they were the most important features of those plays. You can start with your name in smallest type, and if they take you they will discuss you as though your pictures were plastered all over the highways and by-ways of the metropolis."

"A first-night audience in London is a remarkable thing. Perhaps you don't know that it is almost an invitation affair. There is rarely more than twenty pounds sterling (one hundred dollars) in the house. But the verdict of the first night is final. There is very seldom any appeal from it. You stand or fall by what that first-night crowd of friends and guests happen to say. And when they call you out and applaud you, you can consider yourself a lucky person. Every friend I have in the world I have made by my work. The stage in England holds a great many ladies and gentlemen—people of good families and gentle breeding. It is pleasant to meet them. The associations are most agreeable."

"I think that the life of an actress is one of the best and most profitable lines that a woman can select. It is all very well to say that very few succeed. Very few rise in any calling. How many journalists succeed? How many novelists succeed? Success is just as attainable on the stage as anywhere else. I speak and always shall speak most gratefully of it. I have been before the public now twelve years. And I am happier to-day than I have ever been. I work hard—everybody must work hard—and the results are charming."

Mrs. Potter is soon to appear in Chester Bailey Fernald's English version of Henry Heyerman's "The Ghetto" in London. She is also under contract with Mr. Musgrave for Australia, where she has always been received with enthusiasm, but, as she naively remarks: "I think he will let me off, for I want to stay as long as I can in London. He realizes that every day I stay here enhances my value for his part of the globe."

A Good-Luck Cross.

A cross recently discovered in the grave of the beautiful Queen Dagmar is supposed to keep away all evil influences. There is no more evil influence than ill health, and there is nothing which has so great a power to keep it away than Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It is worth a hundred good-luck crosses to the man or woman afflicted with dyspepsia and indigestion. A private Revenue Stamp should cover the neck of the bottle.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Burning Questions in Hawaii.

HONOLULU, July 31, 1899.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The well-deserved reputation of the *Argonaut* for love of fair play leads me to hope that you will find room for the following, even though at variance with recent editorial utterances.

In his articles in *Harper's Weekly* on the contract-labor system, Mr. Whitney said his objection was, "not that it violated the canons of free labor, or even permitted injustice or cruelty to be visited upon the laborers; nor that it failed in any particular to support the workman's individual rights," but that the importation of Asiatics is closing the islands to white immigration. The last assertion is as true as the former assertions are false; in support of which it is only necessary to state that Hawaiians invariably speak of "free labor"—meaning persons who hire for wages of their own volition as distinguished from persons who do not. It is remarkable that a man who arrogated to himself the right to throw discredit on the utterances of all other representatives of the American press, resident in Hawaii, could have been so blind as to what was going on around him.

So far from there being no diversity of views on politics in these islands, there is no State or Territory in the Union where public opinion is more agitated or divided over problems of the gravest import than in little Hawaii. Among these questions may be mentioned: Is or is not the constitution of the United States in force in these islands to-day? Is not the contract-labor system in direct violation of the provisions of the constitution, if in force? Does not the system too dangerously border on slavery to be in any event tolerated in a country over which floats the Stars and Stripes? Is the franchise to be restricted to the few who have the present necessary property qualifications, to the exclusion of a large number of intelligent, educated natives, as well as citizens of the United States? There are dozens of problems of only less importance, but these few must suffice. These burning questions have got to be answered, and can not be flippantly brushed aside by Mr. Whitney or any number of newspaper correspondents.

I feel that I have already unduly trespassed on your space, and will only say in conclusion that Mr. Whitney seems to have suffered from a twinge of conscience on the contract-labor question, for he concludes his series of articles with this significant language: "When the abolition of slavery was proposed, Southerners received it as the forerunner of complete ruin. Slavery was abolished, and to-day the South, with free labor and immigration, is richer and more prosperous than ever it was under the old system." If these words have any meaning at all, they are in direct rebuttal of everything Mr. Whitney had previously written on the infamous contract labor system. Possibly he heard of the thirty-six Galicians—contract laborers—who have been in the Honolulu prison for over a year, and declare they would sooner stay there until they die than return to the plantations and submit to the insults and indignities they were there subjected to.

Respectfully, T. D. BEASLEY.

A Tiny Brown Head from Peru.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 5, 1899.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: There are many of your readers, who, after reading the story written by Gwendolen Overton in your issue of July 31st, entitled "A Closed Incident" (which, by the way, was very enjoyable), naturally inferred that it was simply a story created in the mind of the writer; in fact, I will confess that it so appeared to me. However, while coming over from San Rafael this week with Mr. Hirsch, of the firm of Castle Brothers, he, knowing that I was interested in Indian curios, asked me if I had ever seen the Indian heads of Peru, and upon receiving a negative reply, took me into his office and showed me one. The strange part of the affair is that Mr. Hirsch did not know of the article written by your contributor, and gave me the same account of its history as that given in the "Closed Incident." I was so impressed by the coincidence that I took the head to your office, and showed it to your editorial staff, who will now vouch for the statement that Gwendolen Overton's story of "A Closed Incident" was really founded on fact. Mr. Hirsch has been the possessor of this head for the past ten years, and informs me that it took the sea-captain who gave it to him nearly five years to obtain it.

Very respectfully yours, MAURICE A. ROTHCHILD.

Reception of the Returning Volunteers.

SAN DIEGO, CAL., August 2, 1899.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The leading article in your issue of July 31st is worthy the highest commendation, and every true friend of the returning veterans will bless you for it. You state the facts clearly and concisely, and I trust your suggestions will be heeded.

Permit me to call your attention to the painful contrast between the grand reception accorded the Oregon Volunteers and the utter neglect of the poor fellows who arrived on the *Morgan City*. Such cruel indifference should be severely reuked.

Very respectfully, W. H. B.

A Search for a Poem.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 19th, 1899.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Some time ago I saw a poem entitled "The Pessimist"—"Nothing to wear but clothes, nothing to eat but food," etc. I have been trying to find the poem, but have been unable to do so. If you can give me any information that will enable me to locate it, I would appreciate it very much. Yours, F. E. VAN BUSKIRK.


[We are unable to give the desired information. Perhaps some of the readers of the *Argonaut* will.—Eds.]



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VANITY FAIR.

In her censure of modern society in the August *Cosmopolitan*, Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer, a representative of a family that has been prominent in New York in all the phases of its social history, is influenced by traditions that have been trampled relentlessly under foot by the rising fashionable generation. "The restless seeking for change," she says, "which is now the dominant characteristic of society, is due, first, to the women who, wishing to be leaders, are always on the lookout for novelties, in order to attract guests to their entertainments or to excite admiration for their own daring flights of fancy. This is generally obtained by laying out vast sums on a social function, which is not attractive from any point of view other than the amount of money that it has cost the hostess. The abandonment of the different forms of entertainment, one after the other, is owing to the disagreeable discovery that others, with equally well-filled purses, can do likewise, and therefore fashionable leaders of to-day tire rapidly of their own enterprises, and become completely disgusted with them when imitated on any large scale by persons whom, according to their own standards, they would describe, in language that is all their own, as 'not in the swim.' It is seldom that any one can remain what is termed 'the leader of society' more than ten years. Either health or money gives out during the incessant pursuit of pleasure, and one of the two, and for preference both, are needed to lead successfully the butterflies of modern days through the giddy mazes of fashionable life."

"Up to the middle of the century, the subject of wealth was one that was little considered or discussed," comments Mrs. Van Rensselaer. "Every one lived in about the same simple style; every one was supposed to have the same number of servants, that was increased only when one family was larger than another and required more service. It was considered the height of vulgarity to spend money lavishly on unnecessary luxuries, simply for the sake of making a display and thereby exciting the envy of others. Quiet, unostentatious hospitality marked the character of each household in which the wit and education of the hosts were the standard of excellence and not the size of their bank account. Families were well known in all their branches and ramifications, and there were but few persons in society who had not been born and bred in the city. The Civil War attracted many persons from all parts of the country to New York. Immense fortunes were made with astonishing facility, and these new-comers set up a standard of their own and a vanity of their own making, that fell like an avalanche on the original inhabitants of the place, and completely overwhelmed the sober-minded citizens, who up to that time had been contented with their quiet lives, had firmly believed that honesty was the best policy, and had encouraged no interlopers in their society who were not thoroughly correct in morals and manners. This mass of newcomers in the city speedily created a new order of things, and carried all things before it in the commercial, as well as the social, world. There was little place for intellectual people in a set composed entirely of self-made people, and the old-fashioned New Yorker at first stood on one side in great amazement at the new régime, and then with amusement realized that the army of new-rich people who were gathered in the city, from every State in the country and from every class of society, had taken possession of social life in New York, setting a fashion of lavish display, unwonted luxuries, and unbridled excesses that completely upset all previously conceived ideas of right and wrong."

Continuing, Mrs. Van Rensselaer scores the late Ward McAllister, "a self-elected dictator from a Southern State who for a time ruled social functions in the city. Under his direction the scale of social membership was regulated entirely by the extent of a bank account. Knowledge, education, good breeding, *et cetera*, being unappreciated, were relegated to the background. The hostess who could spend the most money on an entertainment was the one to be the most highly commended and flattered. All this was a most delightful standard for the newcomers. As they could well live up to it, and had no other claims to distinction, the god of Mammon was speedily erected in the city as its most popular deity, before whom all must cringe, and through whose portals only the qualified might enter, regardless of manners and morals, to find within a debatable arena on which each might fight for social distinction, armed with sinews of war made of gold and silver, and where the most heavily provided might slaughter all others by the sheer weight of their arms. That this state of things could long continue is hardly to be credited. The city, elevated into a metropolis by the vast accumulation of wealth, has attracted others besides rich people within its borders. Clever artists, scientists, actors, eminent literary men and women, have come to the great hive, a find found to their astonishment that there was no social life for them in the halls of Midas. With mind devoted to the accumulation of wealth, what could such persons have in common with intellectual beings who care little for Midas, and would not seek him, except to find a market for their wares? The

Midas of to-day is not inclined to encourage the arts and sciences, unless it adds in some particular way to his own glory. He finds no pleasure in the personality of the people, who by him are to be considered only in the light of so much machinery that produces articles for him to purchase, and while Midas pays for the wares offered to him, he does not condescend to associate with the creators."

One thing which particularly disgusts her is the marked difference in the marriage announcements in the social world at the beginning of the century and at its close. "In former days," she says, "the public announcement of the wedding was drawn up in a family conclave, and sent by the groom for insertion in the daily papers; it was brief, and the custom was inherited from early days and followed the rulings of an old Dutch law regarding marriage. This notice, short, business-like, and to the point, was the only public announcement of the marriage, and was quite different from the blatant descriptions that fill the papers of to-day when a wedding takes place in a family of more or less social distinction, gathered by persistent reporters who dog the footsteps of bride and groom, publish lists of the gifts received, the clothes worn by each member of the family, and pictures more or less flattering of many of them, with so many minute details that the account of a fashionable wedding takes as much space as that of a battle, a murder, or a railway accident. This wide-spread publicity is abhorrent to people of refined tastes, and it would have been frowned down a few years since, but to-day it is the fashion, and its usage sanctioned by the most *chic* leaders of the social world, although it would have shocked some of these same ladies some years ago had they seen these private details published in the daily papers."

In conclusion, Mrs. Van Rensselaer says that a new class, descendants of those who have invaded the city, is now growing up, and soon will have to be most seriously considered. "Their chief occupation is not that of their fathers, to accumulate wealth carefully, but is that of distributing it carelessly, and while so doing to kill the chief enemy of their class—old Father Time. These youngsters often receive a foreign education, or are brought up by the worst class of French or English nurses, their fashionable mothers having had no time to superintend their education, as old-fashioned mothers were wont to do. For this reason they imbibe in infancy a contempt for their fatherland and a longing to identify themselves with one of Europe, where they may, by purchasing a title or large estates, deceive themselves into believing that they in truth belong to the gentle classes of the place, and try to believe, and to make others do so, also, that they are 'to the manner born.'"

According to Anne Morton Lane, the *Chicago Times-Herald's* correspondent, the Thames as a place of pleasure is deteriorating. There is a great deal more boating than there was ten years ago, but the crowds have grown more coarse, and there is an element of vulgarity which reaches from Putney upward, and can not be excluded by all the locks between that well-known place and Maidenhead, or one of the other pretty spots still higher up. The Thames for twenty miles above Westminster has very few quiet spots, and old river bands declare that the real boating life has been driven higher upstream than the ordinary city man cares to go. Hampton Court on Sunday provides a scene of boisterous fun very similar to what you can see late in Bellevue Gardens, Manchester, which is about equivalent to the rougher parts of Coney Island, where the Lancashire "lads and lasses" frantically work their oars and roll head over heels when they succeed in bringing about a much-desired collision with another badly managed craft. When Lancashire people begin playing at a place like Bellevue, the game is not one of handshakes and polite bows. They go in for all the frivolity and fun they can get for their money. On the Thames people seek to spend quiet hours in beautiful spots, and have only during the last few years begun to find that they are in search of the unattainable. Good manners in boating crowds are as seldom seen as Thames trout, and if you go from Richmond to Maidenhead any Sunday you will find that the locks you pass through will outnumber any acts of true river courtesy which you may witness during the journey. You will come to a lock every three miles; you will go the whole way and not see a single act of genuine courtesy. It is all ruse and selfish jostle, with a great deal of the impolite thrown in to make river life less pleasant than it was ten years ago.

The most noticeable fad for women that the season has developed at the summer resorts and in suburban towns is that of discarding hats, with the result that the summer girl or woman, as the case may be, will come back to the city with a very decided tan (says the *New York Sun*). The sunshade, whether for use or ornament, has had a rest, and women who would not have dared to walk across the street a few years ago without some protection from the sun, have played golf, taken long bicycle rides, drives, or walks this summer with no other protection for their heads than such hair, natural or acquired, as they may happen to wear. This absence of hats was noticeable at several seaside resorts last

summer, but this season more women may be found outdoors on pleasant days without hats than with them. Thus far the fad of going without hats in New York has been confined to Italian women, who seldom wear them, summer or winter, but a New Yorker who has just returned from Boston was amused by the number of well-dressed hatless women whom he saw in the shopping districts there. "I thought at first," he said, "that the women on the streets without hats were probably employees of near-by stores, but I soon discovered that they were shoppers. When I came in from Cambridge in the morning I noticed that few of the women wore hats. They came into the city without hats for several hours' shopping, and this was so common a practice that it attracted no attention. Boston is really a big town rather than a city, and I must confess that its hatless women are one of its chief attractions this summer."

Mrs. Thomas Chase, of Bristol, Tenn., has received about five thousand dollars of the insurance on her late husband's life, it is stated, but the banks have just been enjoined from paying over the balance of the funds. In their application for an injunction, the attorneys for the insurance companies allege that fraud was perpetrated to obtain the insurance money, that the insured had probably been made the victim of scientific hypnotism on the part of some person or persons in collusion with the wife of Chase, that a wax figure was buried and pronounced to be the body of Chase, that the insurance had been obtained in the first place by misrepresentation, and that Chase had been seen alive in Knoxville, Tenn., two months after his reported death.

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THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The sales on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, August 9, 1899, were as follows, viz:

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U. S. Coup. 4% (new)	25,000 @ 129 1/2	129 3/4	
Contra C. Water 5%	20,000 @ 110 1/4	110 1/4	
Los An. Ry. 5%	4,000 @ 106 1/4-106 3/4	106 3/4	107
Market St. Ry. 5%	10,000 @ 116 1/2	116 1/2	116 3/4
N. R. of Cal. 5%	6,000 @ 114 1/2	114 1/2	
N. R. of Cal. 5%	4,000 @ 114 1/4	114	115
N. Pac. C. Ry. 5%	6,000 @ 106 3/4	106 3/4	107
S. F. & N. P. Ry. 5%	6,000 @ 113 1/2	113 1/2	114
S. F. & S. J. Ry. 5%	7,000 @ 115	115	
S. P. R. of Ariz. 6%	2,000 @ 112 1/2	112	
S. P. Branch 6%	31,000 @ 125	124 3/4	125 1/2
S. V. Water 4%	1,000 @ 104	104	

STOCKS.		Closed.	
Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Water.			
Contra Costa Water.	855 @ 75 1/2-77	76 1/2	76 3/4
Spring Valley Water.	410 @ 102-102 1/2	102 1/2	102 3/4
Gas and Electric.			
Equitable Gaslight	50 @ 4 1/2	3 3/4	4 1/2
Pacific Gas Imp. Co.	95 @ 71	70 1/2	71 1/4
S. F. Gas & Electric.	420 @ 70 1/2-71	70 3/4	70 1/2
S. F. Gas.	1,725 @ 3 1/2	3 1/2	3 3/4
Banks.			
Bank of Cal.	75 @ 275	266	275
Mutual Savings.	60 @ 40	39	
S. F. Savings Union.	35 @ 500-500 1/2	500	505
Street R. R.			
Market St.	380 @ 61 1/4-62		
Powders.			
Giant Con.	995 @ 72-73 1/2	73	73 1/2
Vigorit	100 @ 2 1/2	2 1/4	
Sugars.			
Hana P. Co.	1,535 @ 15 1/2-16 1/2	16 1/2	
Hawaiian	300 @ 95-98	95	
Hutchinson	1,960 @ 31 3/4-33 1/2	33	33 1/2
Makaweli S. Co.	630 @ 48	48	
Onomea S. Co.	625 @ 38 1/2-39	38 3/4	
Panahau S. P. Co.	1,520 @ 38 1/2-39 1/2	39 1/2	39 3/4
Miscellaneous.			
Alaska Packers.	270 @ 116 1/2-117	116 3/4	117
Oceanic Steam Co.	285 @ 88 1/2-89 3/4	88	88 3/4
Pac. C. Borax.	85 @ 132-132 1/2		135

The sugar stocks had an upward tendency, with the exception of Hawaiian, which sold down from 98 to 95 1/2.

Hutchinson advanced from 31 1/4 to 33 1/2, closing at 33 bid and 33 1/2 asked.

Onomea advanced from 38 1/2 to 39, closing at 38 1/2 bid.

Hana advanced from 15 1/2 to 16 1/2, but reacted at the close to 16 1/4 bid and 16 1/2 asked.

Giant Powder was steady between 72 to 73 1/2, and closed strong at 73 bid, 73 1/2 asked.

San Francisco Gas and Electric was quiet, selling down from 71 to 70 1/2.

Spring Valley Water continues strong at 102 1/4.

Contra Costa Water sold between 77 and 75 1/2, and closed at 76 1/2 bid, 76 3/4 asked.

INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

SIG B. SCHLOSS, A. W. BLOW, Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

A. W. BLOW & CO. Tel. Bush 24. 238 Montgomery Street, S. F.

WORTHINGTON AMES

Member Stock and Bond Exchange, Broker in Bonds and Stocks and Municipal Securities.

138 Montgomery St., San Francisco TELEPHONE BLACK 2026.



You Can Blame the Girl

when she breaks a dish; but is she to blame if your Silverware is not properly cleaned? The only proper material for cleaning Silver is

SILVER ELECTRO-SILICON POLISH

Give her that and she will save your Silver and her time. If she is using any other silver polish, the sooner she "drops it" the better for your Silverware.

At Grocers, or postpaid for 15 cts. in stamps.

The Electro Silicon Company, 30 Cliff Street, New York.

MT. VERNON COMPANY, BALTIMORE

The undersigned having been appointed AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST for the sale of the manufactures of above company, have now in store:

SAIL DUCK—ALL NUMBERS;
HYDRAULIC—ALL NUMBERS;
DRAPEL AND WAGON DUCK.

From 30 to 120 inches wide; and a complete assortment of all qualities. 28 1/2-inch Duck, from 7 Ounces to 15 Ounces, inclusive.

MURPHY, GRANT & CO.

"You ought to hear our new recitor read the service. He's right up to date." "How does he read it?" "In rag-time."—*Washington Star*.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.
Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,187,617.90
Capital actually paid up in cash.....1,000,000.00
Deposits June 30, 1899.....27,656,513.03

OFFICERS—President, B. A. BECKER; First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN; Cashier, A. H. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HEHRMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOWN; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODFELLOW.
Board of Directors—127, Steinbock, Emil Kohle, D. N. Walter, H. D. Ross, N. Ohlandt, and John Lloyd.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

532 California Street.

Deposits, July 1, 1899.....\$24,920,395
Paid-Up Capital.....1,000,000
Reserve Fund.....209,215
Contingent Fund.....442,763

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres.
LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH, Cashier.
Directors—George W. Beaver, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, Albert Miller, Geo. Tasheira, E. B. Pond.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL.....\$3,000,000
SURPLUS.....1,000,000
PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.....2,337,829
July 1, 1899.

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier
IRVING F. MOULTON.....2d Assistant Cashier
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary

CORRESPONDENTS:

New York.....Messrs. Laidlaw & Co.
Baltimore.....The Bank of New York, N. B. A.
Boston.....The National Exchange Bank
Chicago.....The National Shawmut Bank
Philadelphia.....The Philadelphia National Bank
St. Louis.....Boatmen's Bank
Virginia City, Nev.....Agency of the Bank of California
London.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons
Paris.....Messrs. de Rothschild Freres
Berlin.....Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft
China, Japan, and East Indies. Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China
Australia and New Zealand.....The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

WELLS FARGO & CO., BANK

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$6,250,000
Jno. J. VALENTINE, President; HOMER S. KING, Manager;
H. WADSWORTH, Cashier; F. L. LIPMAN, Asst-Cashier;
H. L. MILLER, Second Asst-Cashier.

Directors—John J. Valentine, Benj. P. Cheney, Oliver Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, Geo. E. Gray, John J. McCook, John Berningham, Dudley Evans.
Branches at New York, Salt Lake, and Portland.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$3,702,300; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$2,112,546.

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.
COLIN M. BOYD, Agent for San Francisco, 411 California Street.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Beecher and Ingersoll were always great friends. Mr. Beecher had a celestial globe in his study, a present from some manufacturer. On it was an excellent representation of the constellations and stars which compose them. Ingersoll was delighted with the globe. He examined it closely and turned it round and round. "It's just what I wanted," he said; "who made it?" "Who made it?" repeated Beecher; "who made this globe? Oh, nobody, colonel, it just happened!"

C. S. Batterman, one of the best-known mining men in the Rocky Mountain States, was on the stand as an expert in an important mining case in Nevada, and was under cross-examination by a rather young and "smart" attorney. The questions related to the form that the ore was found in, generally described as "kidney lumps." "Now, Mr. Batterman," said the attorney, "how large are these lumps—you say they are ohlong—are they as long as my head?" "Yes," replied Mr. Batterman, "but not as thick." The attorney subsided, and even the judge could not help smiling.

Judge Martin Grover, of Troy, N. Y., was at one time approached by a young citizen who wished to be nominated to the State assembly. The shrewd old judge had certain doubts about him, which he expressed somewhat freely, and yet he was willing to afford him a trial. He therefore addressed the aspirant in this way: "Young man, if you will give me your word that you won't steal when you get to Albany, I'll see what kin be done about sendin' you there." "Judge Grover," replied the young man, drawing himself up with great dignity, "I go to Albany unpledged, or I don't go at all."

An Australian, coming up on a recent steamer, fell in with two sharpers who led him into many wagers. They were so invariably successful that he became suspicious that they were "fixing" the bets, but each new proposition was so tempting that he could not resist it. At last, as they approached the Golden Gate, he counted up the remnants of his roll. "Gentlemen," he said to them, "I find I have just twenty-two dollars in American money left. Now, I will risk it all if you will let me name this last bet." The others were curious, and, knowing they could not lose much, consented, and asked what his proposition was. "It is this," he said; "I'll bet you twenty-two dollars that I can yell louder than the ship's steam-whistle. Of course, I'll lose," he added, "but, by jingo, I know the whistle can't be fixed."

Mr. D—, of Boston, visiting in one of the small towns of western Massachusetts, was taking a spin shortly after his arrival, when he was run down (as he claimed) by a negro and knocked off his bicycle. When he got on his feet again he was so angry that he picked up a stone and threw it with accurate aim at the colored man and brother. This resulted in his arrest and conviction in the local court of justice. "I will fine you five dollars," said the judge; "have you anything to say?" "Nothing," replied D—, unmollified, "except that I wish I had killed the fellow." "That remark will cost you five dollars more," rejoined his honor. D—'s temper was not improved by this fresh dispensation of justice. "Conversation seems to come high in this court," he observed. "Five dollars for contempt," promptly responded the bench; "have you anything more to say?" "I think not," answered the defendant; "you have the advantage of me in repartee." Payment of the fine closed the case.

The Hon. William Wortham, long State treasurer of Texas, was in a New York jewelry store one day, when he noticed a show-case filled with splendid jeweled revolvers with silver and gold grips and chased barrels, having precious stones set into the butts. "Lemme see one of those guns," he said to the clerk. "Which one, sir?" "The gold one with the big ruby in the handle." The clerk took it from the case. It was marked three hundred dollars, and it looked worth even more. The Texan took it tenderly in both hands and held it admiringly up to the light. Then drawing himself up to his full height, which was six feet and a half, he rested the revolver-barrel upon his left elbow, crooked for the purpose, and looked over the sights down the long store. Those persons who saw him involuntarily dodged. "Say," said Mr. Wortham, with quiet but intense enthusiasm, as he returned the weapon, "if I was to wear that gun down in my State the people would be falling down on their knees begging to be killed with it."

"When I was in Mexico last year," relates a consulting engineer, "I was one of a party of foreigners invited to take a trip at the company's expense over a certain railroad. The first day of the journey I was sitting smoking on the rear platform of the observation-car while we stopped to take water at a lonely station. Just as the train was pulling out, a disreputable individual swung on the hump and started to climb over the railing. In costume he resembled one of Buffalo Bill's 'greaser' cow-punchers, only he looked dirtier and was ragged.

I sized him up for a Mexican tramp, and I hocked his way. He hung on to the railing, swearing in Spanish at me, and, though I couldn't get the drift of his remarks, I used the worst Spanish words I knew in addressing him. The train kept gathering speed, and I don't know what would have happened if another man of the party hadn't come out on the platform and asked what was the trouble. 'I'm keeping this tramp from stealing a ride,' I explained. 'Stealing nothing,' said he; 'you're fighting with the brakeman.' Nowadays I don't judge a man by his uniform."

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Wishin'.

What's the use a-wishin',
A-wishin' every day;
A wishin' every minute
Yew'r golden time away?
Some folks are born a-wishin',
An' wish until they die;
An' die a-wishin', wishin'
They hed another try.

What's the use a-wishin',
A-wishin' any day?
Ef yew are goin' tur git it
Yew'll git it anyway.
So don't be wishin', wishin',
It won't do any good;
Wish I could stop a-wishin',
I really wish I could!

—Joe Cone in Puck.

Liberty of the Press.

He was a newspaper man,
And she a maiden fair;
Together they sat upon the beach,
Enjoying the fresh sea air.
Placing an arm about her waist,
He whispered, "Now confess
That you have no objections to
The 'liberty of the press.'"
"According to my belief," said she,
"It can not be so bad;
For I know the good book tells us,
To 'make waist places glad.'"

—Chicago News.

The Passing of the Pickaninny.

Unto a little nigger
A-swimming in the Nile,
Appeared quite unexpectedly
A hungry crocodile.
Who, with that fierce politeness
That makes the warm blood freeze,
Remarked, "I'll take a little dark meat,
Without dressing, if you please."—Ex.

Tails of Woe.

A hornet's nest small Willie found,
Then straightway did explore
The mysteries of the curious thing.
But he ne'er will do it more;
The dwellers in that quaint abode
Were anything but slow,
And Willie soon the victim was
Of a thousand tails of woe.

—Chicago News.

Moore's Poison Oak Remedy.

Cures poison oak and all skin diseases. Sold by all druggists.

COOK'S ROUND THE WORLD PARTIES.

THREE PARTIES LEAVE THE Pacific Coast during September, October, and November, spending from 4 to 6 months in a GRAND COMPREHENSIVE TOUR OF THE WORLD.

All accommodations of the highest class; prices extremely moderate. See Illustrated Programme.

THOS. COOK & SON, 621 Market St., S. F.



S. S. Anstralia, for Honolulu only, Wednesday, Aug 23, 2 p.m.
S. S. Alameda sails via Honolulu and Auckland for Sydney, Wednesday, September 6, 1899, at 10 p.m.

J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 114 Montgomery St. Freight Office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

WHITE STAR LINE.

AMERICAN SERVICE.

The New Twin Screw Steamship

OCEANIC

The Largest Vessel in the World.
17,040 tons, length 704 ft., width 68 ft. 4 1/2 in.

First sailing from New York, Wednesday, September 20th, noon, the Twin Screw Steamships,

TEUTONIC and MAJESTIC

10,000 tons. 582 feet long.

CYMRIC

Twin Screw, 12,552 tons, 600 feet long, one of the largest steamships afloat.

GERMANIC and BRITANNIC

(newly refitted)

Wednesday sailings from New York.

S. TENNEY FRENCH, G. W. A.,

94-96 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

For passage apply to G. W. FLETCHER, 613 Market Street, or to official railway and steamship offices on Pacific Coast.

COPPER SHARES

SAFEST INVESTMENT.

LARGEST DIVIDENDS

BOSTON and TEXAS COPPER CO.

Capital Stock, \$2,500,000

In 250,000 Shares, Full Paid and Non-Assessable

HON. E. M. LOW, President, Mayor of Brockton.

GEO. W. RUSSELL, 1st Vice Pres., MAJOR F. M. SPAULDING, Paper Manufacturer, 2d Vice Pres.

COL. E. B. ROBINS, Treasurer. COL. JAS. M. WHEATON, Secretary.

General Offices, Tremont Building, Boston

The company controls twelve thousand acres of rich copper land in North Texas which is also valuable for farming and town-site purposes. The tract is some ten miles long and about three miles wide. It is equivalent in size to five hundred ordinary mining claims.

The company is organized with substantial business men in the management. It has such extensive acreage of land, rich in copper, and so easily and cheaply mined and converted, that dividends can be paid during the current year.

The property has been developed sufficiently to begin producing at once, large amounts of the richest copper ore taken out and marketed, and inexhaustible quantities of copper marl and clay running from 3 to 15 per cent. copper found.

From Report of T. B. Everett, Mining Engineer and Expert.

ARCHER CITY, TEX., May 3, 1899.

HON. EMERY M. LOW, President, and others, Boston, Mass.: . . . Gentlemen: There is abundant evidence of rich copper deposits, not only at the mines already opened, but at various other parts of the property, and it is my opinion that this will prove to be one of the exceptionally rich copper-bearing fields of the United States.

The ores found in these deposits are immensely rich in copper values, and the cupriferous clays that are also found here in immense beds, while not as rich, will undoubtedly prove of great value on account of the cheapness with which they can be mined and reduced.

The mines are accessible at every point; the cost of mining will be very small, as the ore is not in hard formation.

I have examined the various reports made by others, and confirm them.

As far as I have been able to investigate, and I have done so carefully, I am of the opinion it is one of the richest copper fields in the country.

Very respectfully yours,

T. B. EVERETT, Mining Engineer.

This company can produce copper as cheaply as any in the world. It is capitalized the lowest of any in proportion to its acreage.

Receipts for ore and assays by the leading chemists and assayers in the country are on file in the company's offices.

Only a limited number of shares will be sold at \$5 per share.

Remit to EDW. B. ROBINS, Treasurer, Boston and Texas Copper Company, Tremont Building, Boston.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:
For Alaskan ports, 10 A. M., August 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, September 3, change to company's steamers at Seattle.
For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 10 A. M., August 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, September 3, and every fifth day thereafter.
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 2 P. M., August 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, September 1, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports, 9 A. M., August 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, September 1, and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 12 A. M., Aug. 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, September 3, and every 4th day thereafter. For further information see folder.

For Mexican ports, 10 A. M., seventh of each month. The company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates and hours of sailing. Ticket Office 4 New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel).

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., 10 Market St. S. F.

International Navigation Co.'s Lines

AMERICAN LINE.

New York and Southampton (London, Paris), from New York every Wednesday, 10 A. M.

St. Paul August 16 | St. Louis August 30

New York August 23 | St. Paul September 6

RED STAR LINE.

New York and Antwerp. From New York every Wednesday, 12 noon.

Kensington August 16 | Friesland August 30

Noordland August 23 | Southwark September 6

EMPIRE LINE.

To Alaska and Gold Fields.

For passage and freight apply to International Navigation Company, G. D. FAHNESTOCK, General Agent Pacific Coast, 30 Montgomery Street.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING!

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets,

at 1 P. M., for

YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG.

Calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with Steamers for India, etc.

No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1899.

Gaelic. (Via Honolulu) Wednesday, Aug. 9

Doric. (Via Honolulu) Saturday, Sept. 2

Coptic. (Via Honolulu) Friday, Sept. 29

Gaelic. (Via Honolulu) Tuesday, October 24

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

For freight and passage apply at company's office,

No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.

D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

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SOCIETY.

Coach Parade and Polo.

A pleasant afternoon was spent by the members of the Burlingame Country Club and their guests on Saturday, August 5th. A number of parties had luncheon on the club-house verandas, where a stringed orchestra played until three o'clock, when there was a parade of coaches and brakes to San Mateo and back to the polo-grounds. The whips were Mr. Walter Scott Hobart, Mr. Henry J. Crocker, Mr. Charles A. Baldwin, Mr. George F. Pope, Mr. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. Richard M. Tobin, Mr. Peter D. Martin, Mr. Francis J. Carolan, Mr. E. D. Beylard, and Prince André Poniatowski.

At the polo grounds a match was played between a team composed of graduates of the Georgetown University and a team made up of other members of the club. On the first were Mr. Joseph Sadoc Tobin, Mr. Thomas Driscoll, Mr. Peter D. Martin, and Mr. Oliver Tobin, and on the second Mr. Walter Scott Hobart, Mr. Richard M. Tobin, Mr. John Lawson, and Mr. Charles N. Dunphy. The match was well contested, the players being desirous of securing places on the team that is to compete with the Southern California Team at Del Monte on August 24th. It resulted in victory for the non-university team by a score of two to one.

The Menlo Park Races.

Menlo Park—or, to be more exact, Fair Oaks—will be the fashionable Mecca on Saturday afternoon, August 12th, the attraction being the first annual meeting of the Menlo Park Amateur Racing Association. The purpose of the organization is to promote gentlemanly sport, and to that end it will each year hold a race-meeting, where no professionals will ride and no pools be sold. Its stewards comprise the leading residents of Menlo and the vicinity, and their earnestness is evidenced by the liberal manner in which they have subscribed. The prizes for the seven races include six silver cups and a silver plate, the total value of which is nearly five hundred dollars, and each prize becomes the property of the rider who wins it once.

The programme of events for this afternoon, which has already been printed in these columns, includes five races and two steeple-chases, and it will be run off with Mr. Chris W. Smith as judge, Mr. Joseph A. Donohoe as clerk of the scales, Mr. John B. Casserly as official measurer, and Mr. Edward L. Eyre as starter. The first event is scheduled for half-past two o'clock. A special train will be run to Fair Oaks station to accommodate visitors from this city, leaving Fourth and Townsend Streets at one o'clock.

The Del Monte Week of Sports.

Society is vastly interested in the annual outing of the Pacific Coast Pony Racing and Steeplechase Association, which is to commence at Del Monte next Friday, August 18th. The outing has been an institution for several years, but never has it been so ambitious as now. The entire programme of sports extends over more than a week, and a band of forty pieces has been engaged for all that time. And never has interest in it been keener among the devotees of sport and the fashionable contingent.

The first event will be the Del Monte Handicap Doubles Tennis Tournament on Friday, August 18th, with consolation doubles following on Saturday. This latter day has also been chosen for the pigeon shoot at live birds from traps, which will be managed by Mr. Frederick R. Webster and Mr. Clinton E. Worden as a committee from the Country Club.

On Monday the golf will begin with the qualifying round of the ladies' open competition for the George Crocker Cup. Only those whose scores come under a certain figure will be admitted to the finals in this competition, which will be a handicap contest, medal play, over eighteen holes, to take place on Tuesday.

The first round of the men's contest for the Del Monte Cup, open to members of all golf clubs, will be played on Wednesday. It will be over eighteen holes, medal play, and the sixteen contestants having the lowest scores will be qualified for the final competition, on Thursday and Friday, which will be over thirty-six holes, medal play.

Still another golf competition is in view, a "booby" match for men who have never played the game. A handsome sum has been subscribed for a cup to be offered in this event, but the details of the match have not yet been fully determined.

The last of the golf events will be the team match between South and North, over thirty-six holes, medal play, on Saturday. The Southern California team comprises Mr. C. E. Maud, Mr. E. Conde Jones, Mr. W. H. Young, Mr. W. Cosby, Mr. E.

B. Tufts, and Mr. Joseph Sartori. The local team has not yet been definitely selected.

The polo match will take place on Thursday. The Burlingame team will comprise Mr. Walter Scott Hobart, Mr. Joseph Sadoc Tobin, Mr. Richard M. Tobin, and Mr. Charles N. Dunphy. The Southern California team consists of Mr. C. E. Maud and Mr. Robert Bettner, of Riverside, and Messrs. Ealand and Stillwell, of Santa Barbara.

On Friday morning there will be a five-mile handicap road race for bicyclists, and in the afternoon the Burlingame Club's base-ball team will play a nine to be selected from the alumni of colleges and universities. Those who will uphold the honor of Burlingame are Mr. Smith, Mr. Cunha, Mr. Ritchet, Mr. Joseph S. Tobin, Mr. Joseph Tobin, Jr., Mr. Cyril Tobin, Mr. Oliver Tobin, Mr. Dibblee, and Mr. Scott.

The pony-racing and steeple-chasing will occupy all Saturday, the programme including six pony races and one steeple-chase. The special match between Mr. Fithian's Finesse and Mr. Martin's unknown is said to be off, as Mr. Fithian expects to leave on a six months' yachting cruise among the South Sea Islands before the day of the race.

The final event on the programme is the yacht races, which are set for Sunday. Several entries are expected, but the chief interest centres in Mr. Harry Simpkins's *Duke* and Mr. E. A. Wiltsee's *Aggie*.

Notes and Gossip.

The marriage of Miss Mabel Gross to Mr. Leonard A. Crane took place in Portland, Or., last Wednesday, August 9th, at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. William Stewart Smith. After a wedding tour, Mr. and Mrs. Crane will reside on Mr. Crane's ranch, near Santa Cruz.

Invitations have been issued for the wedding of Miss Annie Crevot Barrington and Mr. John Norton Pomeroy, which will take place at St. John's Church, Oakland, on Thursday, August 17th.

Invitations have been received here, issued in the name of Miss Markham, for the marriage of her sister, Miss Helen Harrington Markham, to Mr. Charles Palache, which will take place at five o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, August 15th, at Christ Church, Cambridge, Mass. Mr. Palache is the youngest son of Mr. James Palache, of Berkeley, and is at present an instructor in Harvard University.

Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan J. Crooks gave a dinner-party on Friday, August 4th, at Fairfax to a number of their friends. After dinner the party enjoyed a drive, and then had supper at the Crooks cottage, in San Rafael. Among their guests were Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Runyon, Miss Alice Owen, Mr. Ashton Stevens, Mr. Carter P. Pomeroy, and Mr. E. M. Greenway.

Mr. Frederick H. Greenwood entertained Mr. and Mrs. Fred H. Green and Miss Eleanor Terry at his cottage at Belvedere on Sunday, August 6th.

Mr. and Mrs. McBean and Miss McBean entertained over Monday and Tuesday last, at the Hotel Rafael, Miss Caro Crockett and Miss Mary Scott. Among those invited to meet them at dinner on Monday were Miss Therèse Morgan, Mr. Willie O'Connor, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. Samuel G. Boardman, and Mr. Harry N. Stetson. On Wednesday they entertained Miss Helen Hopkins, Mr. Lawson S. Adams, and Mr. W. S. Page.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred H. Green entertained Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard at dinner at the Hotel Rafael on Friday, August 4th.

Art Notes.

The Hopkins School of Art began the fall term on Monday, with an attendance of ninety pupils. Classes in decorative art and carving are soon to be instituted.

Mr. Theodore Wores, the well-known artist, arrived last Thursday from New York. He is on his way to Honolulu, Japan, China, and Manila, on commission for one of the big Eastern publishing houses, but will remain in town for some weeks.

Mr. Fred Yates, the artist, is now in Singapore, where he had an amusing adventure with a Russian landlady. "Then you are English?" queried this lady, one day, in the course of a conversation. "Yes," replied Mr. Yates; "and my wife is an American." "Ah!" exclaimed the landlady, with scarce concealed commiseration; "then your child—she is a half-caste."

The rights of policemen and servant-maids are better defined in Washington than elsewhere, through a decision recently made in that city. According to the testimony given before the district commissioners, a Washington policeman from the Fifth Precinct was seated beside a nurse-maid on a bench near Graceland Cemetery one evening. Along came an inquisitive fireman, and whenever the blue-coat reached for the nurse-girl's waist the fireman's glance followed it with prying interest. The policeman and the maid changed benches, but the fireman followed. The maid's parasol was raised, but the fireman executed a flank movement and kept his eye on the policeman. The bluecoat then arrested the fireman, and when the latter was arraigned his captor accused him "of interfering with an officer while in the performance of his duty." The court dismissed the charge, and the commissioners dismissed the policeman.

THE LORE OF LOVE.

When do I love thee? When the brooklets run

Through dandelion meadows of the June;
When horns of huntsmen greet the harvest moon,
And mellow Autumn's vintaging is done;
When Spring's triumphant marches have begun,
When Winter winds through haggard branches
croon;

At solemn midnight and at silvery noon,
At blush of morning and at set of sun.
Thy youthful splendor unto me is dear,
But I shall love thee still when youth flits by;
I love thee when thine eyes know not a tear,
And love thee when disaster hovers nigh;
My soul shall crave thee when the Dark draws
near,
And still be loyal through eternity.

How do I love thee? As the slender lyre
Thrills with emotion when the breezes blow;
As roses love the morning's golden glow,
As dewy stars the dusky night desire;
As eagles to the heaven of heavens aspire,
As doves dream fondly, breast to breast below;
As Arctic pines love everlasting snow,
And tropic palms love everlasting fire.
I love thee as the victor loves his wreath,
The peasant loves his cottage, free from strife;
I love thee as mortality loves breath,
The shepherd boy his harp and flute and fife;
As disappointed Hope loves welcome Death,
As human souls love everlasting life.

Why do I love thee? Ask the artist there
Why does he love fair faces that he paints;
Ask of the poet why his spirit faints
Before his heroines of the golden hair;
Ask of the singer, why his sweet despair,
His glorious gladness, his melodious plaints;
Ask the young priest, before his haloed saints
To lay the secret of his worship bare.
I love thee; for I long to soar from sod,
And tread in glory of celestial grace;
To live beyond the time my grave is trod,
Proving a crown prince of immortal race;
To emulate beatitudes of God,
To reach His kingdom, and behold His face.
—Walter Malone in August Bookman.

Japan has its communities of silent female recluses, in common with European countries. There is such a community at a place called Yunakawa, about seven miles from Hakodate. A matron of some fifty years presides, and her instructions are implicitly obeyed. The women are all young, ranging from sixteen to twenty-seven, and some of them are described as very beautiful. The building stands in a farm of some two hundred and fifty acres. But the women do not engage in any agricultural work. They spend most of their time indoors reading the Bible, and they appear to observe a strict rule of silence.

Colonial Hotel.

The management wishes to inform its patrons of the completion of the new private bath-rooms in connection with suites of rooms. Reservation for the winter season should be made at once.



And now the sun never sets on
Columbia's domain—nor on the consumers of

The
Old Government
Whisky

who inhabit nearly all parts of the globe.

The highest grade, purest, wholesomest liquor ever put on the general market.

"Bottled in Bond"—100% proof.
"Special Reserve," Bottled at Distillery—90% proof.



NEWPORT 4-PASSENGER PONY CART.

Call and examine our stock before buying elsewhere.

HOOKE & CO.
16-18 DRUM STREET - SAN FRANCISCO

Pears'

Pretty boxes and odors are used to sell such soaps as no one would touch if he saw them undisguised. Beware of a soap that depends on something outside of it.

Pears', the finest soap in the world is scented or not, as you wish; and the money is in the merchandise, not in the box.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people are using it.

THE GREAT LEADER OF

CHAMPAGNES

G. H. Mumm & Co.'s Extra Dry

WHILE words tell, statistics prove. The importation of G. H. MUMM & Co.'s EXTRA DRY in 1898 aggregating 86,855 cases, or 52,649 cases more than of any other brand, is certainly the most striking evidence of the great popularity of this famous brand of champagne, and particular attention is called to the fine quality, purity, and natural dryness of the wine now coming to this market. Used at almost all notable banquets, balls, weddings, etc.

Dine above the Clouds

Above the noise, and dust, and flies. Perfect service in Spreckels Rotisserie, 15th Floor Call Building, 200 feet above Market Street.

SPRECKELS ROTISSERIE,

ALBERT WOLFF,

Proprietor.

BUSINESS CHANCE.

If you can invest \$15,000 in a Mexican manufactured new patented product, which has now unlimited sales with no competition in America, it will return to you 30 per cent interest first six months, with a permanent official position for a business man.

THE NATIONAL ORE & REDUCTION CO. Durango, Mexico.

Vendome—Country Home.

Surrounded by a 12-acre park, it resembles a country mansion—and only two blocks from the railroad station, where twenty-five daily trains connect it with the outside world. Over 250 rooms. Suites magnificently furnished with toilet and bath. Tourists' headquarters for Lick Observatory and all interesting points in Santa Clara County.

GEO. P. SNELL, Manager, San José, Cal.

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL

NEWLY REFITTED WITH ALL THE LATEST MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

MAJOR WILLIAM B. HOOPER, Lessee
San Francisco, Cal.

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1001 PINE STREET.

THE PIONEER FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL OF SAN FRANCISCO.

MRS. M. W. DENVER.

THE LENOX

628 SUTTER STREET.

First-class quiet Family Hotel.

D. W. JAMES, Proprietor,
Late of Paso Robles Hotel.

ROYAL Baking Powder
Absolutely Pure.
Made from Pure Grape Cream of Tartar.

SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett and Miss Caro Crockett leave early next week for a ten days' visit to Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mrs. Sperry, and Miss Sperry returned to New York from Liverpool on the White Star liner *Teutonic*. They are expected here next week.

General James Longstreet, United States Commissioner of Railroads, and Mrs. Longstreet, accompanied by Miss Youngblood and Miss Armstrong, of Alabama, and Mr. L. W. Haskell, arrived from the north on Sunday last, and put up at the Occidental Hotel. They have since gone up to Castle Crag.

Mrs. W. C. Peyton came up from Santa Cruz on Tuesday, and was a guest at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl, of Menlo Park, sailed for Liverpool on the White Star liner *Majestic* on July 26th.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Whittier came up from Del Monte on Monday for a few days' shopping and returned on Friday.

Mr. George Crocker left on Thursday for a brief business trip to Santa Barbara.

Miss Cora Smedberg left early in the week for Lake Tahoe, where she is the guest of Mrs. William Thomas and the Misses Mary and Helen Thomas at their camp.

Lieutenant - Colonel Kitson, R. A., and Mrs. Kitson, and Lieutenant-Colonel A. H. Lee, R. A., are guests at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Yerington, of Virginia City, Nev., were guests at the Palace Hotel in the early part of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. McBean and Miss McBean expect to go to Del Monte this week, and soon after their return will go East for a two months' visit.

Dr. Herbert E. Carolan is spending the summer at Saranac Lake, in the Adirondacks.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott and Miss Mary Scott leave early next week for a fortnight's visit to Del Monte.

Dr. and Mrs. William J. Younger, whose home is now in Chicago, have gone to Europe for a brief visit to their daughters and grandchildren.

The Count and Countess Festetics de Tolna, who are still cruising in their yacht *Tolna* in the Southern Seas, recently had a narrow escape from capture by a band of savages in the Solomon Islands.

Mrs. Emma Sbafter Howard and Miss Maud Howard were guests at the Hotel Cecil in London at latest accounts.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pease and Miss Mayhew Pease, who have been spending the summer in Portland, Or., are expected home next week.

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Thurston sailed for their home in Honolulu last Wednesday on the Oceanic liner *Moana*.

Mr. Sam Bell McKee and Mr. James C. McKee, of Oakland, are at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick S. Stratton, of Oakland, were in London, a fortnight ago, stopping at the Hotel Cecil.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs and Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Tubbs are spending a few weeks at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. Pelham W. Ames and Mr. Worthington Ames were guests at the Hotel Rafael early in the week.

Mr. L. W. Bond, of Santa Clara, is a guest at the California Hotel.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway will go to Del Monte next Thursday for the remainder of the season.

Mrs. Isaac Hecht and Miss Elsie Hecht have returned from a six weeks' stay at Lake Tahoe. They will spend the month of August at Del Monte.

Mrs. Stanley Stillman, who has been spending some months abroad, is expected to arrive home early next week.

Mr. J. Cuyler Smith is at the Hotel del Monte. Major and Mrs. J. L. Rathbone are at the Hotel del Monte for the remainder of the season.

Dr. W. F. McNutt is in New York, where he met Mrs. McNutt and the Misses Mamie and Ruth McNutt on Wednesday on their return from a two years' stay in Europe.

Captain and Mrs. A. H. Payson and Miss Payson are among the guests at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. Frederick A. Greenwood was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, at San Rafael, on Wednesday last.

Mrs. James G. Gould, of Portland, Or., is visiting her mother, Mrs. I. S. Van Winkle, at her cottage in San Rafael.

Dr. and Mrs. Grant Selfridge have returned from San Rafael, where they have been spending the past two months.

Mr. E. W. Tompkins was one of the passengers on the Toyo Kisen Kaisha liner *Hong Kong Maru*, which sailed for the Orient on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Avery McCarthy and Miss Helen Wagner have gone to San Rafael for the rest of the season.

Dr. J. A. Philips is down from Reno, Nev., and made a visit to the Tavern of Tamalpais during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Fisher and Miss Fisher, of Spokane, are at the California Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. McDonald were among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais.

Miss Jolliffe is visiting friends at the Tavern of Castle Crag.

Miss Lettie Brown, of Riverside, is visiting Mrs. William Sharp at her residence, 2628 Baker Street.

Mrs. C. C. Browning and Miss Helen Browning, of Los Angeles, are at the Tavern of Castle Crag.

Among the week's guests at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. William Ingraham Kip, Mrs. Guy L. Edie, Miss Mary Kip, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Miss J. D. Jolliffe, Lieutenant W. G.

Miller, U. S. N., and Mrs. Miller, Mr. Joseph Sadoc Tobin, and Mr. Frank L. Owen.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Morse, of Indianapolis, Mr. E. M. Bayliss, of St. Louis, Mr. and Mrs. J. Brooks, of Springfield, Mass., Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Mackenzie, of Portland, Or., Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Hoyt, of Fresno, and Mr. W. D. Haslam, of Santa Cruz.

Among the week's guests at the Hotel del Monte were Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker, Mrs. Edgar B. Carroll, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton E. Worden, Mrs. A. N. Towne, Miss Emily Hager, Miss Ethel Hager, Miss Laura Bates, Miss Ethel Keeney, Mr. Hermann Oelrichs, Mr. J. Athearn Folger, and Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Clark.

Among the week's guests at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. Lovell White, Mr. John McMullin, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Garratt, Mr. and Mrs. C. Mason Kinne, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Atkinson, of San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. William Chievers, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Scott, of Kansas City, and Mr. J. M. Gassaway and Mr. L. A. Crandell, of Washington, D. C.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Captain S. W. Terry, U. S. N., Mrs. Terry, and Miss Terry entertained at luncheon on Tuesday last on the *Iowa* several of their friends, among them being Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Bothin, Mrs. Fred H. Green, Mrs. E. W. Runyon, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. Willie O'Connor, and Mr. Frederick A. Greenwood. Mrs. Terry and Miss Terry leave on Saturday next for a week's visit to Del Monte.

Captain Edward O. C. Ord, Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., having reported at departmental headquarters from absence on sick leave, has been assigned to temporary command of Benicia Barracks.

The following officers have been ordered to this city: Captain Ira A. Haynes, Sixth Artillery, U. S. A., promoted from first lieutenant, Fourth Artillery; Captain Richard B. Paddock, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., promoted from first lieutenant, Sixth Cavalry; and First Lieutenant L. Roy Eltinge, Sixth Cavalry, U. S. A., promoted from second lieutenant, Fourth Cavalry.

The Navy Department has decided (according to the *Army and Navy Register*) to detail Captain C. H. Blackwell, U. S. N., as captain of the Norfolk Navy Yard, to succeed Captain Bowman H. McCalla, U. S. N., who on being relieved is assigned to command of the *Newark*. Captain Caspar F. Goodrich, U. S. N., on being relieved of the command of the *Newark*, will go to the *Iowa*, relieving Captain S. W. Terry, U. S. N.

Lieutenant-Commander T. S. Phelps, Jr., U. S. N., is a recent arrival at the Palace Hotel.

Lieutenant-Commander W. S. Hughes, U. S. N., is a guest at the California Hotel.

It has transpired from certain official sources in London that there was a small fire in Windsor Castle recently, which might have become a disastrous conflagration but for the prompt action of some of her majesty's household servants. The most valuable chambers in the castle have been shown to be in a deplorable state as regards protection against fire. There are no modern extinguishers or engines; nothing but a couple of antiquated hand-pumps and scores of leather buckets. It is a fact not generally known that the immense treasures of the castle are practically uninsured. The fire brigade at the castle is being increased to eighteen members from the departments of the office of works, from the lord chamberlain's department, and from the royal mews. The brigade is to be furnished with a new and serviceable uniform, and will be periodically and constantly drilled. As almost all the members of the brigade live outside the walls of the castle, electric fire alarms will be fitted to their lodgings connecting them with the fire station at Windsor Castle.

The language of the fashion plate and the woman's paper is sufficiently appalling to the mere man even in these days of emancipated, and, we may presume, more grammatical womanhood, but, according to an extract from a fashion journal of 1787, which is now going the rounds in Paris, the jargon of a century ago was even more astounding. This is how the paper described the dress of a certain Mlle. D— at the opera: She appeared in a dress of "stuffed sighs" ornamented with "superfluous regrets," the bodice cut in a "perfect candor" point, and trimmed with "indiscreet complaints." Her hair was dressed in "sustained sentiments," with a bead-dress of "assured conquest," ornamented with several "flyaways" and "downcast eye" ribbons, and her collar was "beggar-on-horseback" color. No doubt all these marvelous terms conveyed some meaning to the fashionable woman of the days when French society danced on the edge of the volcano of 1789, but to their descendants of a hundred years later they have absolutely no meaning.

Do not put off taking a trip to Mt. Tamalpais via the Sausalito Ferry and the Scenic Railway, for this is the most beautiful season of the year in Mill Valley. You witness a variety of picturesque scenery, enjoy excellent accommodations at the Tavern of Tamalpais, and will return to the turmoil and bustle of the city refreshed and delighted.

—A PLACE OF INTEREST FOR VISITORS IS THE Gump Art Gallery of Paintings, by European masters. No. 113 Geary Street.

BRILLIANT KATE CHASE SPRAGUE.

A career which promised at one time to gratify the highest ambition of a remarkably gifted woman, was closed a few days ago. From the editorial columns of the *Springfield Republican* are taken the following appreciative paragraphs concerning that career:

"Kate Chase Sprague, the most brilliant, intellectual, haughty, and ambitious woman who ever ruled the political society of Washington, has died at her home in Edgewood, near that city, at the age of fifty-four. The daughter of a public man so prominent as Salmon P. Chase, she was from a child accustomed to social importance, and at seventeen she had become a power to be reckoned with in our national capital, for her personal grace and dignity were matched with mental qualities of rare swiftness and comprehension, and if not a genius then a skillfully employed talent for society. Like her distinguished father, she just failed of greatness."

At the age of sixteen Katherine Chase went to Washington, the mistress of the household of her father, who had been United States Senator and governor of Ohio, and who then assumed the duties of Secretary of the Treasury.

"In a year, amid all the duties of her place, she mastered European languages to the admiration of the diplomats who met her there; and she might have had her choice among several of them for a husband. But she was devoted to her father, and it was his ambition for the Presidency which she served together with her own, if not before it. For this reason she married William Sprague, then senator from Rhode Island—a young man for the prominence he had attained. They were married in Washington, and the President was among the guests. But her great object of desire failed; and with the Republican convention of 1863, Kate Chase's political work was over.

"Not long after came the death of her father, and shortly followed the ruin of her husband's fortune. In the collapse of William Sprague everything went. The sensational event of Roscoe Conkling's visit to Canonchet, the fine residence of the Spragues on Narragansett Bay, in 1881, marked the culmination of Mrs. Sprague's marital unhappiness. Mr. Conkling was such a man as she should have mated with, but there was no element of disgrace in his relations with her. In the event, she obtained a divorce; but it was William Sprague who married again. When trouble fell on Mr. Sprague, his wife gave over to his estate the settlement which had been made upon her at their marriage. Her life since this painful occurrence had been spent at Edgewood, a farm of fifty acres which her father had bought in 1869. She was saved in the possession of this place by the gift of friends, and spent her recent years as manager of its large market-garden."

RECENT WILLS AND SUCCESSIONS.

The will of the late Lloyd Tevis was filed for probate on Monday, August 7th. By its terms the entire estate of the testator is declared to be community property and the sole legatee is the widow, Mrs. Susan Ganot Tevis, who is also made executrix. The document directs that no inventory or appraisement of the estate be made. To the children nothing is left, the testator stating:

"I hereby declare that in making this will I am fully mindful of my children, Margaret S. Blanding, wife of Gordon Blanding, Louise Tevis Sharon, wife of Frederick W. Sharon, Harry L. Tevis, Hugh Tevis, and William S. Tevis, and that my omission to make any provision for them by this will is intentional; and I commend my said children to the care and affection of my said wife, in whom I have full faith and confidence."

—NOTWITHSTANDING THE FACT THAT NEARLY all the stationery houses in the city have combined and raised prices for engraving and stationery nearly fifty per cent, Messrs. Cooper & Co., the Art Stationers, still retain their old prices and with every care taken to keep up their usual high standard of excellence.

—TRAVELING COMPANION REQUIRED FOR two or three months by young English gentleman. Must have good education and agreeable manners. References required. State age and full qualifications. Address Box 32, *Argonaut* office.

GOLF. POLO. RACES.

Amateur Sports will be held at Hotel del Monte under the auspices of the Pacific Coast Pony Racing and Steeplechase Association as follows:

AUGUST 18th
TENNIS.—Double Handicap Tournament.

AUGUST 19th
PIGEON SHOOT.—Shooting at live pigeons from traps.

TENNIS.—Consolation Doubles.

AUGUST 21st
GOLF.—Ladies' Handicap for Geo. Crocker Cup, qualifying round.

AUGUST 22d
GOLF.—Ladies' Handicap for Geo. Crocker Cup, final competition.

AUGUST 23d
GOLF.—Men's Contest for Del Monte Cup, qualifying round.

Entries should be forwarded to, and information desired obtained from,

MR. F. J. CAROLAN, Secretary,

3 California Street, San Francisco.

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All the latest Music-Books, etc., in our Sheet-Music Department.

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Rooms, \$1.00 and upward.

Room and meals, \$3.00 and upward.

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HAMMERED
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CLEARANCE SALE

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* FINE SHOES *

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Joseph Guarnerius
Violin

Magnificent instrument in perfect condition. Beautiful tone. Date 1666. Price, \$500.

Also Pair 2-Carat Solitaire Diamond Earrings. Cost \$350; sell \$100.

Address "J. G." Argonaut office.

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM
TOILET POWDER
A Positive Relief for
PRICKLY HEAT,
CHAFING and SUNBURN
and all afflictions of the skin.
A little higher in price than
worthless substitutes, but a reason
for it. Removes all odor of perspiration. Delightful after shaving. Sold
everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). Sample free. Gerhard Mennen Co., Newark, N. J.

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Or private lessons, quick, practical method; conversation; graduate Parisian teacher. 1509a Sacramento Street.

OGONTZ SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES. Twenty minutes from Philadelphia, two hours from New York. Mr. Jay Cooke's fine property; an ideal location for a school. Miss FRANCES E. BENNETT and Miss SYLVIA J. EASTMAN continue the educational supervision of the school. For circulars address Ogontz School, P. O., Pa.

LAKE TAHOE

The Most Picturesque Mountain Lake on the Continent

ITS ATTRACTIVE RESORTS

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McKinney's Lakeside House
Rubicon Park Glenbrook
Emerald Bay Deer Park Inn
Glen Alpine Springs

Afford fine hotels, home comforts, and all modern conveniences at reasonable rates. Endless opportunity for outdoor recreation, such as boating, bathing, steamer excursions around the lake, mountain climbing, sight-seeing, hunting, and fishing. The atmosphere is pure, dry, and health-giving. Absolutely no malaria and no insect pests. Nights cool and delightful. Holders of Ogden Route tickets with sufficient limit may be granted a stop-over at Truckee to visit the lake. Side trip including trip around the lake, \$6.00.

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY, (PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO. (Main Line, Foot of Market Street.)

LEAVE	From August 2, 1899.	ARRIVE
7.00 A	Benicia, Suisun, and Sacramento....	5.45 P
7.00 A	Marysville, Oroville, and Redding via Woodland.....	5.45 P
7.00 A	Elmira, Vacaville, and Rumsen....	8.50 P
7.30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	6.15 P
8.00 A	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East....	9.45 A
8.30 A	San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, and Red Bluff.....	4.15 P
8.30 A	*Milton, Oakdale, and Sonoma.....	4.15 P
8.30 A	Yosemite Valley via Oakdale and Chinese.....	4.15 P
9.00 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	11.45 A
9.00 A	Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.....	12.15 P
9.00 A	Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East....	6.45 P
10.00 A	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations.....	7.45 P
11.00 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	2.45 P
12.00 M	Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Sacramento, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville.....	4.15 P
*1.00 P	Sacramento River Steamers.....	8.00 P
3.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	5.45 P
4.00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	9.15 A
4.00 P	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Oroville.....	10.45 A
4.30 P	Niles, San Jose, and Stockton.....	7.15 P
4.30 P	Yosemite Sleeping Car for Raymond, The Owl, Tracy, Fresno, Bakersfield, Saugus for Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	9.45 A
5.30 P	Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.....	12.15 P
5.30 P	Martinez, Tracy, Mendota, Fresno, Mojave, and Los Angeles.....	8.45 A
5.30 P	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	6.45 P
6.00 P	Chicago—San Francisco Special, Ogden and East.....	8.50 P
6.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and San Jose.....	7.45 A
6.00 P	Vallejo.....	12.15 P
17.00 P	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Stations.....	19.55 P
8.05 P	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	8.15 A

COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge). (Foot of Market Street.)			
17.45 A	Santa Cruz Excursion to Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations.....	18.05 P	
8.15 A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	5.50 P	
*2.15 P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations.....	*10.50 A	
4.15 P	San Jose, Glenwood, and Way Stations.....	9.20 A	
6.15 P	Felton, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	9.20 A	
*9.20 P			

CREEK ROUTE FERRY. From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip B)—			
*7.15	9.00 A	11.00 A	*1.00
*7.45	9.30 A	11.30 A	*1.30
*8.15	10.00 A	12.00 P	*2.00
*8.45	10.30 A	12.30 P	*2.30
*9.15	11.00 A	1.00 P	*3.00
*9.45	11.30 A	1.30 P	*3.30
*10.15	12.00 P	2.00 P	*4.00
*10.45	12.30 P	2.30 P	*4.30
*11.15	1.00 P	3.00 P	*5.00
*11.45	1.30 P	3.30 P	*5.30

COAST DIVISION (Broad Gauge). (Third and Townsend Streets.)			
*6.10 A	Ocean View, South San Francisco, San Jose, and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only).....	*6.30 P	
*7.00 A	Sunday Excursion for Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations.....	*8.00 A	
17.30 A	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Surf, Lompoc, and Principal Way Stations.....	18.35 P	
9.00 A	San Jose and Way Stations.....	4.10 P	
10.40 A	San Jose and Way Stations.....	6.35 A	
11.30 A	San Jose and Way Stations.....	1.30 P	
*2.45 P	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San Jose, Hollister, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.....	*10.36 A	
*3.30 P	San Jose, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations.....	*7.30 P	
*4.15 P	San Jose and Principal Way Stations.....	*9.45 A	
*5.00 P	San Jose and Principal Way Stations.....	*8.35 A	
*5.30 P	San Jose and Principal Way Stations.....	*9.00 A	
*6.30 P	San Jose and Way Stations.....	5.30 P	
*11.45 P	San Jose and Way Stations.....	17.30 P	

A for Morning, P for Afternoon.
* Sunday excepted, † Sunday only, ‡ Saturday only.
§ Saturday and Sunday, ¶ Sunday and Monday.
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Look at Aunt Josephine—laughing while she's playing solitaire." "Ah, I bet she's cheating."—Chicago Record.

"Who was the greatest financier ever known?" "Noah; because he floated his stock when the world was in liquidation."—New York Press.

Couldn't keep a secret: Miss Slimleigh—"It's the little things that tell." Miss Rosebud—"Yes; your bathing-suit gives you away."—Town Topics.

Willy—"I see you wear an American flag in your button-hole, deah boy?" Gussie—"Yes, old chap; it's so deucedly English, doncherknow!"—Puck.

"What are you doing, doctor?" asked a man who entered as the physician was vaccinating a patient. "Scraping an acquaintance," was the reply.—Harlem Life.

Like father like son: "Well, Jeffries and his preacher father are much alike." "How so?" "Both make it their business to knock the devil out of people."—Town Topics.

"Woman, I told you before I married you I had a bad heart." "You did, George, you did; but as I hope for heaven, I thought you meant you had heart disease."—Sydney Bulletin.

Raisor—"Don't put too much water on my hair. My head might leak, and I'd have water on the brain." Barber—"Why don't you have your hair shingled, then?"—Princeton Tiger.

"She scorned all her wooers so long that now she is doomed to be an old maid for the rest of her life." "Well, that seems like a just sentence for such contempt of court."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"I expect I'll be frightfully tanned," she said; "I'm going to the sea-shore." "I was frightfully tanned yesterday," broke in her small brother; "I was out in the wood-shed with father."—Chicago Evening Post.

Cousin Nell (inculcating generosity)—"Supposing your chicken should lay a nice egg, Tommy; would you give it to me?" Tommy—"No; I'd sell it to Fitzgerald Bros.' Circus. That chicken's a rooster."—Brisbane Review.

Mrs. Kiddlet—"Why, children, what's all this noise about?" Little Jamie—"We've had gran'pa and Uncle Henry locked in the cupboard for an hour, an' when they get a little angrier I'm going to play 'going into the lions' cage.'"—Tid-Bits.

The beautiful girl turned upon her father almost savagely. "By what right," she hissed, "do you demand a share of my alimony?" "You got the disposition you were divorced for from me!" exclaimed the old man, with feeling; "everybody says so!"—Puck.

Uncle Sam—"Don't you think I'm getting more like you every day?" John Bull—"You are, my boy, and I am only afraid of one thing." Uncle Sam—"What's that?" John Bull—"We may grow so much alike that we will love the same things."—Life.

Miss Jackson—"So yo' don't fink Mistah Johnson will be a success behin' de bat?" Mr. Whitewash—"No; yo' see, a catcher am expected to run like de dickens an' catch a foul; but Johnson am in de habit ob catchin' de fowl first an' den runnin' like de dickens."—Judge.

A record-breaker: Miles—"There is a man over in that museum who has lived for forty days on water." Giles—"Pshaw! That's nothing. I have an uncle who has lived for nearly forty years on water." Miles—"Impossible!" Giles—"Not at all. He's a sea-captain."—Chicago News.

Beth (whose elder sisters have just returned from abroad, at her devotions)—"Please let papa and mamma live always—and, God, if you want to be happy you'll never have Minerva and Martha die, for they'd make you awfully ashamed in heaven, comparing things there with what they saw in Europe."—Judge.

Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, was a person of resource. Whenever she hired a new girl she took the latter at once to the nursery and showed her the Gracchi, saying: "These are my jewels!" In this way she avoided the embarrassment of having the hired girl all the time borrowing her jewels to wear to social functions.—Detroit Journal.

To prevent fits and convulsions during teething, mothers should always have on hand Steedman's Soothing Powders.

Tamas—"I saw you in church Sunday." Sandy—"Yes; my caddy was sick."—Chicago Times-Herald.

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ASSETS AND LIABILITIES—June 30, 1899.

ASSETS.	
Cash on hand.....	\$ 303.77
Mortgage Loans.....	1,131,232.00
Loans on Association Stock.....	59,225.50
Bank of California.....	2,246.53
Bills and Accounts Receivable.....	12,183.19
Furniture and Fixtures.....	1,600.00
Members' Accounts Due and Payable.....	20,445.43
Real Estate.....	56,325.28
Real Estate Sold on Contract.....	8,421.49
Sundry Advances Secured by Mortgages.....	29,861.95
	\$1,321,845.14
LIABILITIES.	
Dues Account Installment Stock.....	\$ 508,963.93
"A," "B," and "E".....	\$319,882.03
"F".....	132,533.90
"I".....	56,548.00
Earnings Apportioned to Installment Shares in Force.....	133,367.49
General Reserve Fund.....	10,474.49
Insurance Reserve Fund.....	25,927.95
Due Paid-up and Prepaid Stockholders.....	439,096.61
Class "D," Old.....	\$ 8,223.75
"C".....	1,801.00
"B".....	85,872.00
"A".....	293,308.00
"D," Deposit.....	49,891.86
Advanced Payments.....	15,085.06
"A," "E," "G," and "I".....	\$ 8,425.06
"F".....	6,660.00
Loans Due and Incomplete.....	98,555.60
Bills Payable.....	55,000.00
All Other Liabilities.....	35,374.01
Interest Due Paid-up Stockholders.....	\$ 7,118.58
Repayment Account Mortgage Loans.....	24,067.71
Received on Account Real Estate Sold under Contract.....	1,265.15
Sundry Accounts Payable.....	2,922.57
	\$1,321,845.14

HOME OFFICE:

222 Sansome Street, San Francisco, Cal.

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and General Manager.

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On the last day of last year, ex-Judge McConnell—a prominent Democrat of Chicago—addressed the Monticello Club of that city on the subject of the issues available for his party in the next campaign. He reviewed the evidences of peril which appear in recent phases of "monopolistic development," and announced his belief that there remained but one obstruction to the free union of anti-trust voters under the Democratic banner. "There is but one plank in the platform of 1896," said the judge, "which prevents thousands of those who voted for McKinley from being openly and aggressively with us. They do not believe in the remonetization of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1. There is nothing sacred in the platform of 1896. The 16 to 1

proposition has always savored of superstition. All the advantages could be secured by a ratio much nearer the commercial value."

In view of the continued differences among Democrats regarding the supremacy of the silver question, and taking Judge McConnell's views as a basis, the National Jeffersonian Democratic League of Chicago has directed letters of inquiry inviting numerous prominent Democrats of the Middle-West to express their opinions. From the replies received, which have been printed in pamphlet-form and widely circulated, we cull the following symposium of Democratic opinion on the coming platform. All of the writers were supporters of the Chicago platform in the contest of 1896.

We find these expressions in the letter of Judge M. F. Tuley, of Chicago:

"There is absolutely nothing in the platform [of 1896] to which any true Democrat can object except the so-called 16 to 1 coinage plank, which was the adoption of an arbitrary ratio of value founded on no principle. But 16 to 1 is not, and never was, Democratic doctrine. It is truly Republican, as it is class legislation, and an extension of the doctrine of protection to the silver industry. It carries with it a tinge of dishonesty, as enabling debtors to discharge their obligations in depreciated money. It was never a vital issue. It is no longer a live issue. Democrats who insist on retaining it must not overlook the conceded fact that the Silver Populistic Republicans have returned almost en masse to the Republican party. To adopt, unchanged, the 16 to 1 plank, means four years more of McKinley and Hannaism, as certain as that the sun shall set upon election day. The live issues are trusts, imperialism, colonization, and militarism, added to the ever-present issue of a protective tariff, which is by no means dead."

N. E. Worthington, of Peoria, Ill., points out in his letter that although the Chicago platform was applicable to the issues then before the people, it was defeated by a division in the Democratic ranks, and he deems it impolitic to invite next year a like division, to be followed by like results. He continues:

"The free coinage of both metals is equally an essential factor of bimetalism. But the ratio at which they shall be coined is not an essential factor. Is it not then unwise politics to insist upon a condition coupled to a principle that will be likely to defeat both principle and condition? Many friends of silver now believe that the free coinage of both metals must be based upon the commercial value of gold and silver bullion when tendered at the mint. The startling events of the last year demand a re-affirmance of fundamental principles. It is the peculiar duty of the Democratic party to assert the principles of the charters of our free institutions. As Democratic standards of right and justice, they would be indorsed by all who believe that just government is based upon the consent of the governed."

The next letter is that of ex-Governor Horace Boies, of Iowa. He says in part:

"Sixteen to one is no essential of Democratic faith. The party can never be united in its favor. So long as it is insisted on, the Democratic party will remain divided against itself and it can not endure. Democracy on this question with us is bimetalism—the equal and concurrent use of both metals. Paper is the favorite medium of exchange. Open the treasury for the free deposit of either metal, and issue to depositors a national currency expressing the market value on the day of deposit and redeemable on demand in bullion of either metal, at its market value on the day of redemption. Give the Democratic party power and it will crush the monster of imperialism. Give it power and it will never use it to murder those who sacrifice their lives in defense of their own liberties. Give it power and no moneyed aristocracy will dictate the policy of this nation. Let the issue be squarely made between a sound national paper currency and a national bank currency, and give the people one opportunity to determine which they prefer."

Fred A. Baker, of Detroit, Mich., begins by reviewing the causes of the hard times which began in 1893, among which is most prominent the shortage of gold from exportation, from hoarding, and from its enlarged use in the arts. Here are his conclusions:

"Under such circumstances it was wise and just to open the mints to the unlimited coinage of silver at 16 to 1. The hard times continued until there had been a substantial increase in gold production. With the gold standard declining in value, the fact which made that issue [silver] so prominent is wanting. The paramount issue of the campaign of 1900 will undoubtedly be whether the whole business of this country is to be controlled by combinations of capital, commonly known as trusts."

S. E. Morss, of Indianapolis, the editor and proprietor of a leading Democratic newspaper of Indiana, says:

"The demonetization of silver in 1873 was a frightful mistake. I believe, however, that much of the evil which it wrought is irreparable. Speaking as a pronounced bimetalist, I say deliberately that it would be folly for the Democracy to attempt to make the campaign of 1900 turn upon the issue of 16 to 1. No coterie of politicians can arbitrarily determine the issue. When I say that the commanding issue will be that of monopoly, I mean that the issue is here and must be met. If 16 to 1 be the feature of our programme, we can not carry twenty electoral votes in all the Northern and border States. The silver Western States have mostly reverted to the Republicans. The

only ones which would remain true to Democracy on the silver issue would furnish only sixteen electoral votes. This is the lesson of all the elections of 1896, 1897, and 1898. Let the Democrats proclaim war upon the trust and their parent, protection. Let them proclaim uncompromising hostility to the policy of imperialism and militarism. Let them arraign the corruption, extravagance, and general maladministration of the Republican party. On these issues they can surely win with the votes of those who supported Bryan, and those who have become alarmed by the growth of monopoly, McKinleyism, and Hannaism. As for bimetalism, it can wait a little longer."

W. L. Evans, of Green Bay, Wis., writes:

"The question of ratio is so largely theoretical that it would be wisdom to refrain from committing the party to that plank. It would drive from us a large wing of the party. Wisconsin can never be carried for Democracy on that issue."

James W. Moore, of Watertown, Wis., says:

"I live in a Democratic city of ten thousand inhabitants; McKinley carried it by 196. If 16 to 1 be adopted, the city will go even stronger Republican. A repetition of the Chicago platform would lead the party to slaughter. I want to see Bryan nominated and elected. He can not be if 16 to 1 prevails in the next Democratic convention."

All of which offers food for thought for all shades of politicians, Mr. Bryan not excluded.

To bribe a heathen sultan to a state of fealty ill becomes a great government, and adds nothing to the dignity of the United States. To raise above his territory the Stars and Stripes, a flag that has waved over the free alone, the visible token of their liberty, is to dim its glory, impair its prestige, and make of it the lie it has never been since shackles fell from the black man of the South.

The Sultan of Sulu has been purchased. His domain was not needed, nor was an alliance with him of any value, but he has been given gold to bring him to shadow himself and the iniquities of his distant realm under the folds of a banner for which brave men have died. And to-day beaten rites are performed where it unfolds in radiance on Sulu; it shelters the slave, without giving him the message of freedom; beneath it the orgies of the harem are unrestrained. The traditions of our fair land have been swept away.

It would strike the judgment that the last to defend so wanton a perversion of national principle would be the church, yet here comes the *Independent*—a sectarian organ, a paper whose business in life is to be good according to certain rules—and makes a plea for the action of the administration. So pitiful and specious a plea must excite contempt and yet alarm. The religious press, however lofty its aim, does not reason. It assumes conditions that suit itself, and never admits that these conditions may be in any measure the outgrowth of prejudice. Not openly asserting infallibility, it proceeds upon the basis of being infallible, and many there are to whom its canting word is law, and who in its attitude perceive the incarnation of righteousness.

In its labored article the *Independent* exposes that which in a concern not professionally bold would be termed the cloven foot. Selfishness is the real basis of its screech, for toward the close it says: "We must wait awhile before we can make Christians out of them, and that not by force." It may be the hope exists that in the fullness of time they will yield to the gentle missionary's persuasions, and, as the deluded Hawaiians, relinquish their land and substance, becoming at last veritable chattels all, in the place of their birth. The programme is not one appealing to a broad humanity nor to a healthy Americanism. We cheerfully leave it to the *Independent* to throw about an outrage the cloak of bogus charity. Sulu has not been taken for the benefit of the natives, but for the benefit of the takers. In one sense, every citizen is made a participant in the deed, although it violates all precedent, legend, constitutional restriction, and a moral law higher than any written of man, and in the end, is no benefit.

To quote from the remarkable article would effectually expose its weakness. For instance, it says:

"That forty-five hundred dollars which we pay to the little sultan and his cabinet, enough to keep them in gold braid and white tarbooshes, is denounced as a shameful tribute, paid by the American people to a polygamous, slave-holding barbarian. They do not remember their own words about self-government, nor the fact that, as successor of Spain, we hold what ports we please in half the islands and collect the duties, and that our flag floats everywhere."

And the writer failed to remember that the American

was not designed to "float everywhere." It was not to be borne at the head of looting expeditions. It was not meant to carry the bayonet to the Philippines, nor to sanction by its presence the unspeakable wantonness of a Sulu chief.

Proceeds this teacher: "It is true that this is an extreme case. The Sulu Islands are ruled by Mohammedan law, and there is doubtless both polygamy and slavery. One of these days we will doubtless get rid of both." . . . Then he closes—the one merit of his production: "Meanwhile we beg our anti-expansionist friends to be patient with us, and to allow us to bestow a bit of that independence on the Philippines for which they have been clamoring."

Nothing could be more frankly illogical. To get rid of slavery in our own country cost us dear. For fifty years the Mormons have been harassed, and polygamy still thrives in the heart of the Union. Nor courts, nor prayer, nor troops and rioting have been able to stamp it out. "To bestow a bit of that independence" upon people whom we kill because they ask independence, would from a source less obtuse seem a touch of sarcasm. It is the utterance not of veiled rebuke, but of intelligence marked by creed.

Abraham Lincoln set three million people free—the most benign achievement ever accomplished in the name of liberty. A few years have passed. The flag that floated so proudly then where slavery had been banished, has been sent afar to float over slavery anew, and show its colors to the tropic sun, where concubinage and polygamy thrive unchecked. Well may it droop, and those who love it mourn for evil days that have come.

During the past week France has certainly held the centre of the world's stage. The trial of Dreyfus, which has aroused almost as much attention outside of France as within the boundaries of that excitable country, has presented almost daily episodes that were more or less startling, while the insight into the French methods of legal procedure must have aroused the astonishment of those who were heretofore unfamiliar with them. The secret *dossier*, so far as its contents have leaked out, is largely composed of matter that can not be dignified by the name of evidence, and that, under the most favorable construction, has extremely remote connection with the case. The testimony presented was almost wholly confined to hearsay evidence that would not be admitted at a trial in this country, and of purely argumentative matter intended to defend the course of the witnesses. Witnesses, who were not testifying, have been allowed to dispute and to interrogate those who were, and the prisoner has been permitted to hold heated colloquy with those on the stand. It is as yet too early to form any opinion as to the case that will be made out, but so far the prosecution has proved absolutely nothing.

The most tragic event of the trial is the assassination of Maitre Labori, who was shot on Monday last, and who, at the present writing, still hovers between life and death. There is little evidence as yet to show that this cowardly attack was the result of a plot on the part of the anti-Dreyfusards. It is more probable that it was the work of some madman whose mind has given away under the strain of excitement that the French people are now laboring under. The people of Rennes are strong partisans of the army, and Labori's masterly handling of the case has roused them to a pitch of frenzy, where any act, however desperate, was possible. On the other hand, the leaders in the plot against Dreyfus have shown that they would be restrained from nothing by conscientious scruples, but they are too shrewd to enter into such a conspiracy. The loss of Labori from the case will weaken the conduct of the prisoner's defense to a certain extent, but it will create a mental attitude in the minds of those who are trying him that must necessarily be favorable to him. The practical breaking down of the police force in the pursuit of the assassin negatives the generally accepted idea of the efficiency of the French police system. Armed, as they were, with swords alone, the police might be very effective in dispersing a mob, but they were utterly powerless against a single desperate criminal. It is not to be thought that the government connived at the escape, but the individual police may have shared in the sympathy of the mob of Rennes for the assassin.

These events have held the attention of the world almost to the exclusion of other matters, yet events of far wider importance, and far more significant of the future of France, have been happening at Paris. General de Gallifet has broken down the tradition that no man can oppose the leaders in the French army and still retain his political existence. One after another he has disciplined the generals who considered their power unassailable. Now a more far-reaching move is being made by the government. A royalist plot to overthrow the government was discovered, and the leaders—some of the most prominent men in France—are being arrested. The semi-official note explaining the arrests declares that certain documents have been seized that leave no

doubt as to the fact that a fresh attempt to establish the monarchy was to be made in a very short time. The government has arrested the leaders, and, if its assertions are sustained, their conviction will follow.

There is nothing unusual in the discovery of a royalist plot in France. Since the establishment of the republic, thirty years ago, such conspiracies have followed each other in rapid succession, each partaking very largely of those opera-bouffe conspiracies that are taken very seriously by the conspirators, but appear very ridiculous to others. The new feature this time is the arrest of the conspirators. Never before has the government dared to join issue with them. This time it must be a fight to the finish—the government has gone too far to recede. The French duel is popular with a certain class in that country because it involves large quantities of glory and no bloodshed. The conspiracy has been popular from a similar cause; if in the future it is to involve punishment, its popularity is certain to wane.

To maintain prisoners in idleness is a double wrong. It forces the industry of free men to support the convict, eats up the taxes paid by honest citizens, and works upon the prisoners themselves a hardship not legitimately included in their sentences. The inmate of a penitentiary, with nothing to do but stare at the walls, becomes the victim of insanity, or falls prey to a state of moral degradation far lower than that made manifest by his original crime. Made more and more desperate by the unbroken opportunity for reflection, he is cut off from what might have been the chance to reform, and when at last turned loose it is to be to society a more dangerous character than before.

The outcry against permitting prisoners to be employed comes from a set of professional labor agitators, to whom discontent is capital and turmoil is bread and butter. These do not merit any consideration. Posing as friends of the toiler, in reality they represent nothing but their own selfish interests, and for the sake of appearing to be useful are willing to stir up a prejudice that rests on a misapprehension of facts. The convicts of this country are only one in a thousand of population, and by forcing them to become self-supporting there would be no appreciable effect upon the labor market, while the general economic effect would be good. In New York this subject is under earnest consideration. The agitators have spoken there, not appealing to reason nor basing their plea on truth, but regardless of consequences demanding that prison labor shall cease. They do not care though lunatic asylums be glutted. Ignorant alike of causes and results, they can not recognize the inhumanity of their contention.

Prison authorities are naturally much puzzled to find for the convicts some occupation that the agitators shall not be able to decry. The plan of putting prisoners at work on the highways is being considered, but there is no ground for believing that these same agitators would refrain from objecting, albeit the objection would be even more senseless than that to which they now give voice. However, the plan presents some difficulties. To carry it out, necessity would follow either for taking the prisoners some distance from the place of incarceration, or of giving to one community all the benefit of the improvements accomplished. There might be urged against this that as the State sustains the penal institutions, citizens of the State should share equally in any good accomplished by them. Work on the highways could in no way interfere with free labor, because if not done by felons, the task of building public roads will remain undone. There is no provision for setting aside any fund to pay for it. There is no charity great enough in resource to supply the money. There is no army of men seeking for this class of work with the wage naturally attaching to it. Yet let the convicts be sent out with pick and shovel, and the old, familiar protest would be heard in the land.

It is well that the problem should have reached an acute stage in so mature and advanced a State as New York, where the penologist has had long experience, and can bring to bear upon its solution, if nothing more, at least intelligent methods. The results there may be taken as a guide by other commonwealths. In this connection a system of classification is in vogue there demonstrating a humane and logical desire to care for convicts for their own best good as well as for the good of society. This system is worth a moment's study. Convicts are divided into four classes: A, B, C, and D. The first is made up of first-termers, the second of those who are in for a second term, the C men are in for a third term or more, and the D convicts are the incorrigibles. The first class wear a uniform of bars running in single stripes, the fourth have four stripes, and the others are correspondingly distinguished. The treatment is in accordance with the standing of each. A men have many privileges denied the others, and C men, instead of constituting a felon aristocracy, as is the rule elsewhere, are given hard tasks and no favors. The

effect has been so salutary that the scheme is to be carried to greater elaboration, and when perfected the first grade will be at Sing Sing, the second at Auburn, and the third and fourth at Clinton. When prison authorities devise and carry out a plan so commending itself to the judgment, it is fair to assume that they are as competent as any to meet the larger problem of convict labor, and the course they may pursue will be narrowly watched.

Attempting to advance somewhat the solution of the problem, the New York Times has collected the views of the governors of a number of Southern States on how lynching is to be prevented. It must be admitted that the result is not very satisfactory. All that is absolutely learned is that a governor is not *ex-officio* an authority upon the solution of any social problem. An election to the highest office in one of the great American commonwealths is necessarily an endorsement of the candidate's unusual ability, but that ability may be in the line of political management as often as in the line of attainments in more broadly useful directions. It should be said to the credit of some of these executives, however, that they were reluctant to express their views—or was it reluctance to expose their lack of views?—and would not do so until the application had been made more than once. On the other hand, some of them had opinions, and the expression of these was a contribution of some value.

Governor Atkinson was inclined to evade the question of a remedy by reference to the fact that lynchings are uncommon in West Virginia. Only a small portion of the population in that State is composed of negroes, and the race problem cuts a very small figure. Governor Jones, of Arkansas, "can suggest no remedy, because there is none except the cessation of the crime itself." That is, if the people receive no provocation to violate it, they will obey the law. He expresses the opinion, however, that in Arkansas the delays of justice have not been the cause of the lynchings. The governors of Virginia and Mississippi declined to reply, though the former agreed to take up the question in his next message to the legislature.

Governor Johnston, of Alabama, told of a law enacted at the last session of the general assembly authorizing the governor, whenever a serious crime was committed, to order a special term of the court for the immediate trial of the offender. "We have been almost free from mob law for two years," he adds. "I think the new law will tend to suppress the influence of the few who are ready to ignore the laws of the land." Governor McSweeney, of South Carolina, attributes the trouble to the law's delay and to the escape of the guilty through legal technicalities. They have three sessions of the court annually in each county, but the chief cause of delay lies in the hearing of appeals. As he points out, however, the mob seeks instant punishment, and a week's delay is as bad as that of a year. Governor Bloxham, of Florida, suggests an amendment to the law making not only assault but also "assault with intent" punishable by death. Sheriffs permitting fatal mob violence should be removed and punished. A circuit judge should be appointed for the whole State to hold court in any county where necessity existed. Finally, he proposes what would seem properly to come first—the education of the popular mind to the necessities of observing the law.

It is in Georgia that lynchings have been most frequent, and Governor Candler, of that State, gives the most elaborate answer to the query. He shows how the negroes, wholly unprepared, were given the franchise at the close of the war; how the carpet-baggers, bent only on plunder, flocked into the South and taught the negroes that their interest lay in opposing whatever the whites wanted. "They taught them that freedom meant immunity from toil, that liberty meant license." Thus the seeds of racial hatred were sown, and they have been fructified by the "fools and fanatics" in the North. The criminal blacks are no more representative of the colored race of the South than these "fools and fanatics" are of the people of the North; but these two classes are responsible for all of the trouble. In speaking of the remedy, he says: "Illiteracy has decreased among them—the negroes of Georgia—from 15 per cent. in 1870 to 40 per cent. in 1899, and yet it is a startling fact that crime has increased among them in about the same proportion." They should have moral education. And, as this is a remedy requiring time, for immediate effects he proposes that the ballot should be intrusted only to those virtuous and intelligent. "Restrict the suffrage to those having both these qualifications, and one of the greatest causes of irritation will be removed."

This symposium of Southern governors indicates a preponderance of opinion to the effect that the delays of the law are responsible for the extra-legal tenacity of the people. Were this the case, a remedy, or at least a palliative might be found in the adoption there of continuous session

of the courts such as are in vogue in this State. If California can maintain continuous sessions, surely these older States need find such a system no hardship when so much is to be gained. The difficulty lies far deeper, however, and none of these governors seem to have touched it. Jahart

M. Claretie, the great French novelist, historian, dramatist, dramatic critic, and manager of the Théâtre Français, has been amusing himself by comparing Shakespeare and Molière, and presenting something of an analysis of the two men's work in support of his belief in the kinship of their genius. He quotes a remark by John Kemble, who, while lauding Shakespeare above all distinctively French dramatists in a company of Frenchmen, was asked what he thought of Molière. "Ah," cried the great actor, "that is another matter. Molière is not a Frenchman; he is a man!" This doubtless was an odd way of saying that the genius of Shakespeare was not English, nor that of Molière French: but that the genius of both embraced universal humanity.

M. Claretie makes due allowance for the fact that Shakespeare was dramatic and Molière comic. His point is that with the same commanding and comprehensive genius they presented life from different points of view, one treating it seriously, the other amusedly, and both understandingly. Observant students of the two may even see a strong similarity in the ways in which they often presented kindred characters, emotions, and situations. M. Claretie resents the declaration that the French people can not grasp the subtler meanings of Shakespeare. It is just as natural for a Frenchman to take that position as it is for him to be unable to know that the finer shades of Shakespeare's meanings evade him, just as much that is finest in Molière must remain sealed to the Anglo-Saxon comprehension.

However near the truth M. Claretie may be in comparing the native genius of these two, the obvious difference in the present vitality of their work must have some explanation. Let us take the American preference, for instance, as the test. First we have to consider the fact that the American people are not nearly so Anglo-Saxon as the English, for the Gallic, Celtic, and Germanic admixture here is more pronounced—the national temperament is more comprehensive. Perhaps it is for this reason that the American literary taste is broader than the English. Possibly this accounts for the fact that novels written by such French masters as Hugo, Dumas the elder, Daudet, and the like have an enormous reading public in this country, appealing to the true American spirit much more strongly than the novels of some fashionable American writers, who model their stories on the English plan. But, while this is true, why are not Molière's comedies as popular in America as are Shakespeare's plays? One might think they ought to be more popular, if for no other reason than that they are comedies, and surpassingly brilliant ones. They are simple, easy of comprehension in a broad sense, and full of wit, spirit, and action. Still they are rarely played; and the inference is that the people do not want them. Why, then, do they read the great French romancists so extensively, and yet ignore Molière? Why do they enjoy Shakespeare and fail to appreciate Molière? And yet this is a cosmopolitan nation, and it is particularly able in finding merit that has a universal value.

As Molière evidently fails to stand this test, it is not fair to assume that he lacks the universality of Shakespeare, and that his point of humanity is distinctively French, as well as comic? The qualities of universal value that we find in Hugo, Dumas, and Shakespeare are pathos, sympathy for affliction, self-sacrifice for love or friendship, and loyalty to ideals rising above the meanness and sordidness of ordinary life. Can these universal and everlasting qualities be adequately handled in the sort of brilliant comedy that Molière wrote? Is not a finer and deeper humanity called into play by sympathizing with a man that has fallen in the street than by laughing at him for his awkwardness? That seems to us to illustrate the difference between Shakespeare and Molière.

The things that live forever in literature and the drama are not the things that mock and laugh. Comedy has its legitimate place; there must be some mockery and abundant laughter; but there is an instinctive resentment of their efforts to banish the tenderer and deeper things. They may be the sauce of life and art; they must not be the meat. Shakespeare well knew that secret. He wrote masterful comedies, but there was not a hurting jibe in them. For that matter, he wrote only one true comedy ("The Merry Wives of Windsor"), and its simplicity, its poetic beauty, its gentleness and sweetness entirely remove it from the category of Molière's comedies. Molière, under the shadow of Louis the Fourteenth, and doubtless dreading the sneers of the implacable and merciless Voltaire, labored under restrictions that the free-handed Shakespeare never knew, and doubtless never would have considered. To what extent Molière's splendid genius was thus hampered can be only guessed. That something did

hamper it, and that he was, after all, in spite of Kemble's dictum, very distinctively a Frenchman first and a genius next, there seems little room to doubt.

The only advantage to be derived from a comparison of any two authors is a more analytical examination of each, and this only leads to the final conviction that the comparison was futile and idle. As Corneille, Racine, and Molière are the standards of the French in drama, so Shakespeare is the standard of the English and kindred peoples. M. Claretie must be content to let the argument rest there. Jahart

In the will of a man who recently died in Hartford was a clause giving to the "Advent Christian Publication Society" responsibility for the following trust: "I charge them with the duty of employing the legacy, according to their wisdom and judgment, chiefly by publications, counteracting, as far as may be, that greatest of pagan delusions—the unscriptural, unreasonable, and pernicious doctrine of the immortality of the soul." The amount accompanying this expression of Sidney Hall's belief, that he was being snuffed out like a candle, was \$11,120, hardly enough to overthrow the cherished idea of life beyond the grave, yet enough, perhaps, to ease Hall's final hours on earth. The "Advent Christian Publication Society" is a Boston concern, of how wide a fame or great an influence exact knowledge is not abundant this far away from its home. Its title, however, is either a gross misnomer or its purpose not in consonance with the ardent desire of the late Mr. Hall.

Commenting upon this legacy, one Chicago paper uses it as a text for advocating the legal limitation of testamentary trusts. From other wills a much more potent text might have been chosen. The act of Mr. Hall can have no definite effect. It will neither advance nor retard truth, and it may have caused to the testator a degree of satisfaction cheap at the price. The money will be expended in printing, and the printing will be read by those who in advance have accepted its teaching. If read by others it will be of no effect. No man in whom there exists an aspiration for a higher life, who yearns for the future development of the soul he feels within himself, will be shaken in principle by \$11,120 worth of literature, even though it emanate from Boston, and appear with the sanction, on the fly-leaf, of one who was about to pass into the unknown, to become acquainted with his own error. There is no great wisdom in denying to the ruling passion the privilege of being strong in death.

If Mr. Hall accomplished anything it was to prove that he had a hobby, and that on the hed of dissolution he chose to ride it. He could bequeath his money, but to pass the hobby along, was beyond his power. Most men not only think they have a soul, but prefer to think so. They do not want their faith weakened, and there is no earthly power that is able to weaken it. Therefore the necessity of a law against the eccentricity of the occasional Hall does not appear. A man who has acquired money certainly has a right to dispose of it in any manner that does not work a hardship. He must provide for those dependent upon him. He would not be allowed to turn his children adrift and found a hospital for superannuated cats; but if he possess a fad and hope to perpetuate it, the good of the nation does not demand that the privilege be taken from him. Jahart

The official count of the votes cast at the primary election having now been completed, nothing remains but for the delegates to receive their commissions and for the conventions to organize and proceed to business. The Democrats propose to convene shortly for the purpose of organizing and appointing a committee to select candidates for supervisors. It is understood that Mayor Phelan, whose renomination is conceded, will be consulted, and in the end will practically have the naming of these candidates. No nominations will be made, however, for several weeks. The plans of the Republicans, so far as they have been announced, contemplate no official action until after the Democrats have acted. There will undoubtedly be consultations, however, and there is reason for confidence that the selections for candidates will be wisely made. When prominent merchants, like Henry T. Scott, chairman of the committee, give their time to the advancement of purity in politics, the cause of good government is secure. Mr. Scott has always been prominent in enterprises for civic advancement, and the thanks of the community are due to him and to his associates for their efforts in this campaign. Jahart

Mr. Hall Caine stolidly declines to say anything in answer to the charge that in "The Christian" he boldly used a paragraph written by Dean Swift; but a friend of his says that before the publication of this book, Mr. Caine, in an interview intended for publication, declared that he had in several places used the thoughts of other writers. Mr. William L. Alden,

writing in the *New York Times*, says it is inconceivable that Mr. Caine should have been guilty of conscious plagiarism, and suggests that an author may unconsciously use passages that have impressed themselves strongly upon him, and thus become a part of his habit of thought.

The Caine incident is trivial, because Mr. Caine can hardly be regarded as an author able to present great ideas without generous assistance from the masters. As he writes for the masses and not the critics, this exposure, if it he one, will not hurt his reputation, and his original guilt left no room for shame at its discovery. If he did say, in an interview, that in the hook he had used the thoughts of others, a lawyer would probably regard this as manufacturing evidence. His admission at that time makes his present silence inconsistent. Silence in such cases often implies disdain rather than dignity.

Accepting Mr. Alden's charitable view, we find that it makes out hardly a better case for Mr. Caine; for if Swift's thoughts so impressed him as to become a part of his thinking habit, then he lacked the inherent force sufficient for his own independent thinking. The real power of a person is that which proceeds from within, after originating there, and proceeded from other persons. There may be just as much originality in duplication as in singularity. But a thing must be original to indicate the power from which it proceeds; and no thinker, no creator, can have conspicuous force if the trend of his thoughts is guided by what he has absorbed of the thoughts of others.

The imitative faculty is one of the strongest with which nature has endowed us; and, as we are gregarious and social animals, it is one of the most essential and useful that we have. If Mr. Caine manifests it in himself, that shows merely that he is a normal unit of his species. It is a matter of endless wonder that there is ever any individual differentiation—that we all do not think and act alike. Nature resorts to curious ways at times for abridging her slow evolutionary processes. Those who have studied the history of the rose, for instance, are aware that some of our most brilliant varieties originated as distinct shoots appearing on sensible, sober hushes of established kinds. These shoots are called "sports." Dean Swift was a sport on the human rose-tree. Mr. Caine appears not to be one. But that is not his fault.

A man is the product of two forces—heredity and environment. In the ordinary scheme of things there is little to draw conscious attention to what is born in us. On the contrary, nearly every tendency is to suppress individuality and produce a harmonious average through the operation of extraneous forces. Nature seems to have excellent reasons for this. Now and then the scheme receives a violent wrench—a Dean Swift is born, to grow plumes of a new and brilliant sort, and to shed them. He comes forth with a distinct—a consciously distinct—individuality. He impresses himself. Imitators spring up, perhaps thinking themselves original, genuine. But they soon pass and are forgotten. Only the genuine, the original, endure.

Plagiarism is somewhat different from that. To say that Mr. Caine stole from Swift is not to state his offense; that may be done by saying that he used Swift's thoughts for the purpose of deceiving the people and making them think he was as great as Swift.

Another thing: If Mr. Caine should say anything about the matter, the incident would be dropped, and he would lose the benefit of the advertising that a keeping-up of the discussion brings his book. If he planned the whole incident to work out as it is doing, he could hardly have devised a more useful one, or one more strictly in accordance with the ways of up-to-date novelists. Authors are financially successful in proportion to the development of their business sense. Mr. Caine is not a Swift, but this does not imply that he is a fool. He is seemingly a gentleman of commercial ideas.

As for the ethics of plagiarism—but why discuss that? Its rewards are a more picturesque subject. The story of the ass in the lion's skin will have application so long as time endures. The one who plagiarizes shows by that act alone that he can not produce strong, original, and harmonious work. Whatever popularity he may enjoy is not worth having. Conscience is essential to enduring artistic fame. He who borrows the strength of others weakens his own; he who resorts to deception is a greater dupe than those whom he deceives; he who writes chiefly for popularity sinks steadily and irretrievably in the mire. If Mr. Caine is innocent of plagiarism, his innocence is as deplorable as his guilt would have been. The fact of plagiarism is always worse than its motive or its cause. Jahart

The signature of the editor is appended to every article in this issue written, dictated, or inspired by him, in accordance with the "signature law," enacted during the last session of the legislature.

THE KNIGHTS OF THE IMMACULATE.

A Florentine Guard of Honor.

She was an American, an archmillionaire, very beautiful, very eccentric. Her name was Edith Simpson. For the last five years she had lived in Florence with her mother, a Guatemalteca who a quarter-century before, as Señorita Mariquita Serenado y Fuentes, had married a gringo, Mr. Swallow, of Maine, a diplomat *in erbe*. Edith's husband—for there was a Mr. Simpson—had accompanied her to Florence, rented her a *palazzina* on the Viali and a villa at Fiesole, and then recrossed the ocean. The pair exchanged monthly letters, his containing a check for a thousand pounds and hers the acknowledgment of the same.

Although Doña Mariquita adored her Edith, she took good care not to interfere with her pursuits. Though mother and daughter received and paid a few calls together, their ways of spending the day differed materially. The elder woman had *devote* and aristocratic leanings, and belonged to several Catholic associations. Edith was too marked an individuality to be led; she wished to lead. Hence she counted no intimates among the list of her feminine acquaintances. What she wanted, and had without difficulty, was a handful of vassals that she ruled with a rod of iron; they hung on her words, they followed in her footsteps.

When a young, rich, and elegant woman shows that she is willing to accept homage, aspirants are not long in making their appearance. Barely had Mrs. Simpson risen on the Florentine horizon, when she found all the *jeunesse dorée* at her feet. Many were the called, few the chosen. Not that Edith repulsed them; the candidates retired of their own free will. Too many qualities were required of Mrs. Simpson's courtiers: first of all, an absolute disinterestedness, the renunciation of every audacious hope. The American was not a prude; ardent declarations, far from scandalizing her, were received by her as her due tribute. She was not sparing of smiles and hand-shakes; but she quickly let it be understood that it was vain to hope for anything further. Those who would not believe this were politely shown the door. All those of the genus passionate, romantic, brutal, had made an utter *fiasco*. They had created about the fair lady a legend of impregnability worthy of some mediæval fortress. Florentine wits had baptized her "the Immaculate."

With so little encouraging a prospect before them, many of Edith's adorners lost heart, others lacked the well-lined purse, the life of leisure, or the elastic fibre demanded by the worship of the capricious goddess. Those who clung to their post after so thorough a process of selection could with justice call themselves the fittest. Thus, exclusive of the varying flying squadron, Edith's *état major* consisted of seven or eight individuals—five regulars and two or three volunteers, the latter subalterns, of course. The five regulars were known as the "Knights of the Immaculate," a title given them by the very ones who had conferred the diploma of purity on the fair American. They had resisted all disappointments, all fatigue, abdicating their personality, changing their fierce rivalry into a close, suspicious league. Three were titled—Marchese Gino Cirie, Conte Alessandro Cerda, Barone de Passeri; the fourth and fifth, Federico Pescina and Ugo Lucignano, were wealthy *bourgeois*.

One evening, surrounded by her court, Edith let fall in the most natural way in the world: "My husband will be here in eight or ten days." The twilight dimness hid the play of expression; only a slight rattling of coffee-cups and saucers betrayed the sensations of the valiant knights. "He lands at Liverpool to-morrow," she went on.

"Mr. Simpson will remain some time in Florence?" some one insinuated, timidly.

"I hardly think so; he has no business interests here. He will be six months or more in Europe."

The five took their leave earlier than usual, and spent the night—luckily a balmy April one—accompanying each other home, utterly unable to part company. They were crushed. The husband! Of course they knew there was such a man—that his name was Morris, and that the couple exchanged a dozen letters a year—but since Edith spoke of him only incidentally, in the tone in which one speaks of a mere friend, it was not unnatural to suppose that a tacit separation—so frequent among the rich—had occurred. Could Mr. Simpson's visit be reconciled with this hypothesis? Friends exchange visits with friends. But what if he had other intentions? What if he wished to bring about a *rapprochement*? The position of the Knights of the Immaculate, that had already called out the jeers of the cynical, would become positively intolerable with a husband in the foreground.

And there was nothing to be done; no suggestions, no line of conduct could be laid down to a master of the household. If Edith would only invoke the support of her champions, how they would fly to her defense! But apparently she had no such intention. To be sure, she called for their opinion as to details in the furnishing of the three rooms she destined for Morris's room—for she called him Morris *tout court*. The five showed their usual docility. One of the two volunteers, fearing ridicule, abandoned the camp on the spot.

Edith did not require the attendance of her guard of honor the day she went to meet Mr. Simpson at the station; but all were asked to tea that evening. There was a crowd: the United States consul with his wife and daughter, several others of the American colony, and two traveling companions with Mr. Simpson. The latter was a man of thirty-five, tall, broad-shouldered, with a somewhat vulgar, high-colored face, reddish goatee and hair; a pure-blooded Yankee, convinced that English was a good enough language for himself and the rest of the world. Pescina, the only one of the five who had any acquaintance with that tongue, was put forward by the others to represent the corporation. Mr. Simpson treated him and his friends with the utmost cordiality, distributing vigorous, repeated hand-

shakes, accompanied by civilities and frank, spontaneous laughter.

Pescina was assailed by questions: "What did he say?" "I didn't understand much—he's got such an accent. I gathered that he thanks us all for the kindnesses shown his wife, and I tried to reply that it is an honor for us."

"But why does he laugh?"

"Because he's in a good humor."

"He has no education! Look at the way he is dressed! It was worth while getting into evening-dress for him!"

The Knights of the Immaculate were obliged to take their leave with the others at midnight. Edith asked them to luncheon the next day, and the husband confirmed the invitation. "Oh, yes!" he repeated; "very glad—very glad, indeed!"

Neither the next day, nor the following ones, disclosed anything new. Edith did the honors of her house to her husband as any well-bred hostess does to a guest; her manner toward her cavaliers had not altered.

Hide it however much they tried, Mr. Simpson's presence was an incubus. At the end of the week he left, but the incubus remained. The distant husband projected his shadow on the once animated household. They knew he would come back. Not a *bibetot* had been removed from his apartment; it seemed to wait for him. And Edith, too, was waiting for him. On Morris's arrival a large party was to make the expedition to Vallombrosa.

In the mild minds of the five there began to grow a deep-rooted hatred against the insolent scoundrel who could lay a claim to the fairest of womankind. At first they had only found him vulgar; now he was nothing less than venal, violent, hypocritical, abject. His fortune was the fruit of fraud and treachery. During the month that followed, nothing and yet everything was changed. Edith still ordered her vassals about, but without her customary energy; they obeyed without zeal. Each side found the other changed. "What grave-digger faces!" she sometimes exclaimed, in a pet.

The poor knights led an impossible life. Saturnine De' Passeri found he had lost six kilograms, and all the others to a greater or less degree noted the same phenomenon. And, to make matters worse, one day they dropped upon Mr. Simpson, lounging at full length on a *chaise longue* in his wife's drawing-room. He pulled himself together, and shook hands all round: "How do you do? Very glad to see you—very glad indeed!"

Edith explained that her husband had wished to give her the pleasure of a surprise; she thought he was to be some days longer in Paris. Mr. Simpson seemed delighted at his happy thought; he rubbed his hands and laughed repeatedly. Imagine the effect of his noisy joviality on Edith's adorners in the present state of their nerves. Worse still, when they learned the next day that Mr. Simpson had come to take his wife to Aix-les-Bains, whither his London doctors had ordered him for his dyspepsia. What an insane idea! As if he could not carry on his "cure" without her. And Edith had grown perfectly acclimated, not leaving Florence in five years, except for the bathing at Leghorn in summer and the autumn months at Fiesole; she would die of *ennui* at a great, gossiping "hydro."

At the departure of the Simpsons, the Knights of the Immaculate watched over the disposition of the luggage with a portentous and melancholy air, religiously placing her rugs and bags in the hammocks of the reserved *coupé*. Edith, radiantly lovely in a severe traveling costume, was courteous to all—for a large number of acquaintances were present—expansive only to her faithful ones. She left orders for each. Lucignano and De Passeri were to exercise her saddle-horses; Pescina was to return some books to Vieusseux and send others to Aix; Cirie to hurry the copy of an Andrea del Sarto she was having executed; Cerda was to send her Sgambati's last minuets; a recent volunteer, devoted to floriculture, was to oversee the roses at her Fiesole villa. She would be glad, she added, to hear from her friends, but said nothing about writing herself, they would get news through her mother. Besides, by the first of August she expected to be back at Leghorn for the bathing. At the last moment a *fattorino* rushed up with a magnificent bouquet offered by the knights and the volunteer, a bouquet so large that the door had to be opened to get it in; black frowns from the guard, soon for good reasons turned into smiles.

As the train moved out, Lanzini, a youth in his salad days, positively shed tears. The veterans, though they did not weep, were in a worse state. For them Edith was not only an object of worship, she was a habit. And habits, alas! are harder to eradicate than passions. No more going three or four times a day to Palazzina Simpson; no more ecstatic contemplation, no begging of orders; no seeing her nor hearing her voice. Tortures worthy of pity; not so bad as starvation or freezing to death, perhaps, but, after all, the suffering endured is the measure of pain.

At first it was not so bad. Her orders were to be executed, accompanied by a detailed, written account. In these epistles—the contents of which the five took good care not to communicate to one another—they poured out their woes in the most ardent words. She had never been offended at burning declarations before and would not be now—and her husband did not understand Italian. Each one secretly wondered if he would not be singled out for a special reply. But Edith did not respond to any of them, contenting herself by sending a general message of thanks for their letters, through her mother.

Doña Mariquita was sparing of her news: the cure was agreeing with her son-in-law, Aix was full, and Edith had met several English and American friends; no talk of their return. This silence suggested a bold plan that the five gravely talked over at one of their meetings: "What if one of us should go to Aix?" "Which one?" "Draw lots." "No, all go." "All five?" "There's room at Aix." "How will we be received?" "No matter, we must get out of this uncertainty." It was decided to go, first informing Doña Mariquita, but not breathing a word to Lanzini.

"By the way, did any of you see Lanzini yesterday?" "Not I," answered the chorus.

But the doña received the corporation with an enigmatic smile. "My dear friends, I am glad I can spare you at least the expense of the journey."

"How is that?"

"The Simpsons have gone to Scotland—it was a sudden decision. Edith sends you all her best regards."

"But isn't she coming back?"

"Oh, yes, later. I am sorry for poor Lanzini. He wanted to give my daughter a surprise, too—he must have started for Aix yesterday at daybreak. But they are across the Channel by this."

It was a veritable thunderbolt. Gone to Scotland without sending a word! After all their devotion, their disinterestedness? To be sure, she might be acting under her husband's coercion; yet, knowing her character, it was hard to believe her a victim. The knights turned their fury against Lanzini. How treacherous of him to try to supplant them in Edith's favor, he who had no claims at all, a mere newcomer! They soon learned that Lanzini was back in bed with rheumatic fever, contracted on his unfortunate expedition. Knowing his condition, the vindictive five abandoned their schemes of revenge, especially on learning that he had not seen Mrs. Simpson.

Edith had left Florence early in June. In September Doña Mariquita announced that she was leaving to join her in Scotland; perhaps her son-in-law would go soon to New York. She expected to return to Tuscany with her daughter in October. A new period of anxious waiting ensued. Would she come? And when? And how? What attitude should they assume toward her after these months with her husband? Could they show her the same deference, the same abnegation? Were not all the conditions altered?

Our valiant champions were cudgeling their brains over these grave matters, when one morning a letter in Mrs. Simpson's hand reached each of them. The few lines announced that she was about to sail for America with her husband and mother. She trusted her friends would remember her as she would remember them; she proposed returning to Italy within the coming year, and was therefore not giving up either her Florence or her Fiesole villa. She concluded with regards from Morris and her mother.

The five immediately rushed to find one another, their eyes starting out of their sockets. "She might as well have sent us a type-written circular!" they cried, in a chorus, as a comparison of the epistles proved them identical, down to the commas. Yet this identity of treatment contributed to the union of the five during the autumn and early winter. A sad autumn and winter. In society, at the theatre, everywhere, the Knights of the Immaculate sought distractions; they wandered taciturn and brooding through the crowd, finding no peace till they met together to pour out their grief, to bemoan the common offense. They were not openly ridiculed, as they were known to be suspicious, irritable, disposed to send their seconds on the slightest provocation. In one drawing-room they were baptized the "widowers"; the epithet enjoyed a huge success. Some one else compared them to the shareholders of a bankrupt company. "Let us say in *moratoria*," suggested a conciliating spirit. "Very good—the antechamber of bankruptcy."

Bankruptcy was declared at the end of January, when the post brought the knights a letter apiece, bearing the New York post-mark and containing a glossy visiting-card, engraved as follows: "Mr. and Mrs. Simpson have the honor of announcing the birth of their son, Percy, January 10, 1899."—Adapted for the Argonaut from the Italian of Enrico Castelnuovo.

Those who remember the Mikado's "object all sublime," will find evidence of continued study in the report that the Japanese Government is considering the advisability of inflicting capital punishment by means of suffocation—placing the subject in an air-tight chamber and then exhausting the air from the chamber by means of a pump. The "death" or "vacuum" chamber, as it is to be known, is to be an air-tight cell built in or adjoining the prison. It is to be eight feet in height, ten feet wide, and ten feet long. The four sides are to have each an air-tight window of three-quarter-inch plate glass, so that the operators, prison, and other officials may have an opportunity to witness the execution and determine the results. The cell will be connected with an air-pump which will have a power of causing the expulsion of the air in the cell in one minute and forty seconds, thus acting so quickly as not to allow the victim to become suffocated or distressed in even the slightest degree, but, instead, causing almost instant death. In fact, it was shown when the experiment was tried upon a large St. Bernard dog that the animal was dead a minute and a half after the vacuum was completed.

Still another socialistic colony has gone through the three usual stages—boundless enthusiasm and promise, progress while fraternal feeling lasts, clashing of individual views and disruption. The property of Ruskin, in Tennessee, has been sold by a receiver, the seventeen hundred acres of land and buildings bringing a total of twelve thousand dollars—about two-thirds of the original cost. The minority stockholders in the enterprise were the purchasers, and will continue the experiment on a somewhat different basis. The others will establish a colony elsewhere. It was a prosperous colony in a material way, but was broken up by differences on the subject of marriage, one party contending that a system of free love was essential to a successful socialism.

Emperor William has conferred upon Count von Munster-Ledenburg, the German ambassador at Paris, the title of prince, in recognition of his services as head of the German delegation to the Peace Conference at The Hague.

MR. ASTOR, EX-AMERICAN.

New York's Opinion of William Waldorf Astor's Expatriation—
Motives that Led to His Action—Flaws in His
Boasted Genealogy.

The next school-boy who mounts the rostrum and inquires in impassioned tones: "Breathes there the man with soul so dead?" will probably get a unanimous and vociferous reply from the entire class to the effect that there does, and that his name is William Waldorf Astor. The distinguished expatriate's naturalization in England has been very thoroughly advertised. The papers here have devoted columns to the affair, and I presume it is the same way all over the Union. People have talked the subject here from one end of the city to the other, and one fanatical old patriot hailed an effigy, labeled "Astor the Traitor," through the Tenderloin one night at the tail of an express-wagon, and burned it in Longacre Square, to the great edification of a mob of small boys and loiterers. Incidentally, the city, corporately and by an agent, is looking for the old gentleman with a bill: "To one hole burned in asphalt of Longacre Square, damages not estimated."

Really, there does not seem to be adequate occasion for all this hullabaloo. Mr. Astor has merely given the last proof—moral evidence has long not been wanting—that he is a very poor sort of American, and the country is well rid of him. Possessed of one of the largest fortunes in the world, he has sold his birthright for a few paltry thousands, and is now a man without a country, despised alike by the people to whom he has proved a renegade and those with whom he would ally himself. There are but three precedents for his change of allegiance. Benedict Arnold, the traitor, became an English soldier; Judah P. Benjamin, secretary of state in the Confederacy, was never reconstructed, but went to England and practiced law there; and A. Oakey Hall, mayor of New York in the days of the Tweed ring, also became a lawyer in London.

The immediate cause of Mr. Astor's naturalization was two-fold: he doubtless has aspirations to a peerage and he undoubtedly wished to escape paying personal property taxes in this country. As a resident in England he has to pay an income tax, and as a property owner here he has to pay taxes on his real and personal property. During the first few years after his father's death in 1890, when he came into a fortune estimated at from seventy-five to one hundred millions of dollars, Mr. Astor paid taxes annually on personal property assessed at five millions of dollars. Then he had the assessment reduced to two millions of dollars. This year, when he came over here in March, he declared that he was a non-resident citizen, having given up his residence in this country in 1895, and he let it be known that, if the assessment were not reduced, he would renounce his citizenship. The assessment was not reduced, and Mr. Astor has carried out his threat. It does seem something of a hardship that he should have been compelled to pay double taxes—here on his personal property, and in England on that portion of his income which is derived from it. But Mr. Astor could have avoided that by spending his money here or by investing it where he chose to spend it. And the amount he paid in double taxes is but a small portion of his income. His parsimony is in striking contrast to the patriotic liberality of John Jacob Astor, who has spent on the Astor Battery several times the amount his cousin is saving.

The other motive that led to Mr. Astor's step was social ambition. When he began his career he had a desire to shine in public life, and was actually elected to the State legislature. But his supercilious manner froze any political friendships that may have budded there, and he was snowed under when he ran for Congress against Roswell P. Flower. Then he was sent to Italy as United States minister by President Arthur, and wrote two books while in office there. But with the change of administration came an end of his ministry, and he retired into private life—or a life as nearly private as a man with so much money can live.

For some time he devoted himself to the management of his vast holdings. But he had had a taste of European aristocracy and he longed for more. The people here were too democratic, as he declared in his remarkable article in the *Pall Mall Magazine* for July last. He wanted more outward evidence of the respectful awe in which the common people should hold their betters, and he could get it in England. Accordingly he moved across the water in September, 1890, and since then he has only twice visited his native land—once to hurry his wife, who was a Miss Paul, of Philadelphia, and this year to swear off his taxes.

In England Mr. Astor has been endeavoring to make a great social splurge, as all the world knows. He bought the estate of Cliveden from the Duke of Westminster at a figure variously estimated at from two hundred and fifty to five hundred thousand pounds sterling, and made himself uncommonly disliked by the people thereabouts by fencing in roads and otherwise making the place extremely private. He also took a magnificent town house in Carleton Terrace—popularly known as "Nabob Row"—and acquired that other seemingly necessary appanage of a modern millionaire, a newspaper property. This included the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *Pall Mall Budget*—the latter has been allowed to die—and later he added to them the *Pall Mall Magazine*. This last was to be tremendously swell, with contributions by nobody under the rank of a haronet, but it has rather fallen away from that aristocratic ideal. Mr. Astor writes for it himself.

His bid for aristocratic consideration by publishing the alleged Astor lineage in the *Pall Mall Magazine* last June did him no good at the time, and has now laid him open to ridicule. According to that genealogical tree—which he doubtless printed in child-like good faith—he was descended in an unbroken line from Pedro d'Astorga of Castile, who followed Raymond, Count of Toulouse, to France in 1085, and took his name from his arms, a falcon, the Spanish word *azor* signifying a goshawk. Count R. d'Astorga, of Paul,

France, a representative of the French branch of the family, has written to a weekly paper here ridiculing Mr. Astor's claims, and declaring that in the family records there is no mention of a Jean Jacques d'Astorga, who, horn in France in 1664, alone of his house became a Huguenot and, going to Germany, cut off the head and tail of his name and became John Jacob Astor, as Mr. Astor's genealogy asserts. The genealogy has been investigated in Europe, too, by an archaeological authority, who also stumbles against the same break in the chain that should connect Mr. Astor and the Crusaders. These facts, coming out simultaneously with the announcement of Mr. Astor's naturalization, can not do him much good in England, where the feeling of goodwill toward America runs especially high just now, and there is little pity wasted on him here by people who no longer have to accord him the title of fellow-countryman. FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, August 9, 1899.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Ballad of Babie Bell.

Have you not heard the poets tell
How came the dainty Babie Bell
Into this world of ours?
The gates of heaven were left ajar;
With folded hands and dreamy eyes,
Wandering out of Paradise,
She saw this planet, like a star,
Hung in the glistening depths of even—
Its bridges running to and fro,
O'er which the white-winged angels go.
Bearing the holy dead to heaven.
She touched a bridge of flowers—those feet
So light they did not bend the bells
Of the celestial asphodels!
They fell like dew upon the flowers,
Then all the air grew strangely sweet—
And thus came dainty Babie Bell
Into this world of ours.
She came and brought delicious May.
The swallows built beneath the eaves;
Like sunlight in and out the leaves
The robins went the livelong day;
The lily swung its noiseless bell,
And o'er the porch the trembling vine
Seemed bursting with its veins of wine.
How sweetly, softly, twilight fell!
Oh, earth was full of singing birds,
And opening spring-tide flowers,
When the dainty Babie Bell
Came to this world of ours!
O Babie, dainty Babie Bell,
How fair she grew from day to day!
What woman-nature filled her eyes,
What poetry within them lay!
Those deep and tender twilight eyes,
So full of meaning, pure and bright,
As if she yet stood in the light
Of those oped gates of Paradise.
And so we loved her more and more;
Ah, never in our hearts before
Was love so lovely born:
We felt we had a link between
This real world and that unseen—
The land beyond the morn.
And for the love of those dear eyes,
For love of her whom God led forth
(The mother's being ceased on earth
When Babie came from Paradise)—
For love of Him who smote our lives,
And woke the chords of joy and pain
We said *Dear Christ*—our hearts bent down
Like violets after rain.
And now the orchards, which were white
And red with blossoms when she came,
Were rich in autumn's mellow prime.
The clustered apples burnt like flame,
The soft-checked peaches blushed and fell,
The ivory chestnut burst its shell,
The grapes hung purpling in the grange;
And time wrought just as rich a change
In little Babie Bell.
Her lissome form more perfect grew,
And in her features we could trace,
In softened curves, her mother's face!
Her angel-nature ripened, too.
We thought her lovely when she came,
But she was holy, saintly now:
Around her pale, angelic brow
We saw a slender ring of flame.
God's hand had taken away the seal
That held the portals of her speech;
And oft she said a few strange words
Whose meaning lay beyond our reach.
She never was a child to us,
We never held her being's key,
We could not teach her holy things;
She was Christ's self in purity.
It came upon us by degrees:
We saw its shadow ere it fell,
The knowledge that our God had sent
His messenger for Babie Bell.
We shuddered with unlanguage pain,
And all our hopes were changed to fears
And all our thoughts ran into tears
Like sunshine into rain.
We cried aloud in our belief,
"O smite us gently, gently, God!
Teach us to bend and kiss the rod,
And perfect grow through grief."
Ah, how we loved her, God can tell;
Her heart was folded deep in ours.
Our hearts are broken, Babie Bell!
At last he came, the messenger,
The messenger from unseen lands;
And what did dainty Babie Bell?
She only crossed her little hands,
She only looked more meek and fair!
We parted back her silken hair,
We wove the roses round her brow—
White buds, the summer's drifted snow—
Wrapt her from head to foot in flowers;
And then went dainty Babie Bell
Out of this world of ours!—T. B. Aldrich.

It is noted that the season of European travel from the United States began earlier and will end later this year than usual, and the transatlantic companies nearly all report an unusual business. In some cases it amounts to fifty or sixty per cent. more than the business of recent years. But next season's travel is expected to run far beyond present figures, on account of the Paris Exposition, and some of the companies are already beginning to book engagements of passage for next year.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Dr. Adler, the well-known Austrian labor leader, has been sentenced to one month's imprisonment for having taken part in the recent labor demonstrations in Vienna.

Queen Wilhelmina of Holland has received from the Dutch journalists five large bound volumes containing all the accounts of her coronation that were written by the foreign journalists who attended it.

Marconi, in recent experiments on the French cruiser *Vienne*, succeeded in sending messages by his wireless system to a distance of forty-two miles. They were sent from a point in the Channel fourteen miles from Boulogne to the South Foreland, which is twenty-eight miles from Boulogne. He was also successful in "cutting off" the messages from either station.

When Queen Victoria's statue in Albert Park was recently unveiled by Lord Ranfurly, none present were more pleased than the Maoris (says the *New Zealand Herald*). Their first exclamation was "Aue!" and, then, when they looked, critically, upon the ample bronze proportions of her gracious majesty, and noted her copper-colored features, they said: "All right; all the same as ourselves. She is one of us!"

Dr. Max Breuer, of Buffalo, has, according to the *Paris Figaro*, been nominated a chevalier of the Legion of Honor, in recognition of services rendered a French sailor at the risk of his own life. Dr. Breuer was the surgeon on a Hamburg-American line steamer, and in response to a call from a petroleum vessel, he braved a dangerous sea to attend an injured Frenchman aboard the latter steamer, saving the man's life by amputating his arm.

Colonel Charles E. Jones, the Georgia historian, has compiled a list of the surviving Confederate generals, which shows that out of the original nineteen lieutenant-generals seven survive; of the eighty-one major-generals, sixteen are living; and of three hundred and sixty-five brigadier-generals, ninety-two survive. The living lieutenant-generals are James Longstreet, Alexander P. Stewart, Stephen D. Lee, Simon B. Buckner, Wade Hampton, John B. Gordon, and Joseph Wheeler.

An important contract has been entered into in New York. Andrew Onderdonk has undertaken to dredge out the East Channel of the harbor until it shall be two thousand feet wide and forty feet deep, for six miles from the Narrows to the sea. He will have built by the Maryland Steel Company, of Sparrow's Point, Md., two great ocean dredges, at a cost of nine hundred thousand dollars; these dredges will take up the bottom of the bay by a suction-pipe, deposit it in their holds, steam out to far ocean depths, and empty the freight. These dredges will get to work early in the spring of next year.

Arthur J. Balfour, who celebrated his fifty-first birthday on July 25th, has held a seat in the House of Commons for a quarter of a century, having been first elected for Hertford in 1874. Since 1885 he has found a place in each of the three governments formed by Lord Salisbury, having held the posts of president of the local government board, secretary for Scotland, chief secretary for Ireland, and now first lord of the treasury. He has led the Conservative party in the House of Commons since the death of W. H. Smith. In the present cabinet three members are Mr. Balfour's juniors—Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Mr. W. Long, and Mr. Akers Douglas.

A reward of one thousand marks is offered for the capture of a German named Goenczi, who killed a widow and her step-daughter two years ago. He is wanted not merely for punishment, but in order that he may give information as to which woman he murdered first. Each had made a will leaving everything she owned to the other, and it turns out that the property amounts to more than a million marks, and should go to one of two unrelated sets of heirs. The German courts have been unwilling to solve the puzzle by any presumptions of law when the real facts may be ascertained at any time by the capture of the murderer, and are holding the money.

A dispatch from Vienna, dated August 7th, says that Herr Wolf, who made himself notorious as an obstructionist at the noisy session of the Reichsrath in November, 1897, and who has fought a number of political duels, including one with Count Badeni, who was then prime minister, has been severely gashed on the head in a duel with swords. His opponent was Herr Krzeppek, a Bohemian deputy, who taunted Wolf by declaring that he only challenged old and short-sighted men. This called forth a challenge from Wolf, with the result that he is now under a doctor's care. After Wolf had been severely wounded in the forehead the doctors attending the duelists declared that he was incapacitated for further fighting. He refused to stop, however, and continued, with blood covering his face, until another cut on his head compelled his removal.

A curious question of high etiquette has just come up in connection with the conferring upon the Duke of Orleans of the famous order of the Golden Fleece, which was given him on his marriage with the Austrian Archduchess Maria Dorothea. Soon afterward the grand herald discovered that the duke really could not wear the order, as he could not show eight generations of Catholic and legitimate ancestors, for his grandmother, a Princess of Mecklenburg, lived and died a good Protestant, while one of his ancestors, the great Regent, married Mlle. de Blois, the illegitimate daughter of Louis the Fourteenth and Mme. de Maintenon. The Austrian heralds, grand high ceremony masters, and chamberlains were in quite a state of mind as to how they should inform his royal highness that he was not quite good enough to wear the Golden Fleece; but of a sudden the whole matter was shelved, Emperor Francis Joseph having decided that the duke ought not to be made responsible for a slight indiscretion on the part of an ancestor in the year 1715.

THE CUP CHALLENGER.

Sir Thomas Lipton, the Owner of the *Shamrock*—A Merchant
Whose Goods Have Brought Fortune and Fame—His
Lavish Expenditure for Charity.

When Herbert Gladstone declared in his speech at the launching of the *Shamrock* that every man and woman in the country admired Sir Thomas Lipton's "generosity, pluck, and determination in his sportsman-like endeavor to win back the cup," he recognized the popular interest in the owner of the new yacht. His predecessors among the cup-challengers were not known as Sir Thomas is known. The people have read the Lipton advertisements for years, there are Lipton shops everywhere, and Lipton teas and Lipton jams are household words. These facts are intimately connected with the possibilities of the present, for they have given Sir Thomas a power which Sir Richard Sutton, Lieutenant Henn, or Lord Dunraven did not have—the possession of millions of pounds sterling.

Notwithstanding the general acquaintance with Sir Thomas Lipton's challenge, and his lavish expenditure of funds in preparation for the international contest, his project is not made much of by the journals. Indeed, it would seem that the sentiment of loyalty alone was responsible for what little is said of it. The launching was a private affair, but among the guests were the Earl of Clanwilliam, Countess Clanwilliam, Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, and the Right Hon. Herbert Gladstone. Lady Russell performed the ceremony of christening the vessel, and while the few words she said were reported in the London newspapers, there was no extended description of the great central figure of the event. At her trial before the breeze at Cowes, which is a yachting centre, there were not more than three-score spectators on the beach, and though the Prince of Wales visited the yacht—at some risk to his royal person, as the sea was rough—the initial races were not set down as scenes of excitement.

The owner of the *Shamrock* does not mind this evident coolness. He is able to measure the value of journalistic aid and to command it as occasion may seem to require. Thirty years ago he began in poverty the career which placed him at the head of the great tea-merchants of the world, with branch concerns and connections in all civilized countries. His name is, perhaps, as well known in America as here, for in your great Western centre of trade, Chicago, he owns immense packing-houses, and a line of refrigerator-cars is managed from his offices there. Yet Sir Thomas has earned his prominence fairly. His charities have been numerous, and in one instance—that of his magnificent subscription to the Princess of Wales's fund for the poor during the queen's jubilee—are almost unparalleled in the history of beneficence. His knighthood, bestowed upon him last year, was a reward for his business-like philanthropy.

Although Glasgow was Sir Thomas's birthplace, his parents were Irish, and that he has the pride of race is shown by his selection of the name *Shamrock* for his yacht, and the fact that she flies the flag of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club. His latest efforts to bring still greater honor to Ireland were recognized by a pretty gift recently sent him from Pontaferry, County Down, in the shape of a box of Irish linen handkerchiefs of delicately beautiful workmanship, embroidered in shamrocks surrounding the Celtic word signifying "good luck." These tokens of esteem came from a regatta committee of forty members from the district club at Belfast.

From the moment he decided to challenge the cup, Sir Thomas gave his orders without regard for expense, and now that the *Shamrock* is on her way across the ocean, the magnitude of his plans becomes apparent. Yachting has been his diversion for years, and even if he does not rank with the great experts in this line, he is able to engage the services of the best. The racing vessel is accompanied on her western voyage by the *Erin*, Sir Thomas's steam yacht, which he purchased from Count Florio, of Genoa. The *Shamrock* has two captains and a crew of twenty-seven men, and this force may be doubled at any time—and will be on racing days—by a draft on the crew of the *Erin*. Accompanying the sailors are some of the most skilled among the builders, polishers, and sailmakers of the great Thorneycroft yards. The route of the two yachts is the southerly one, by way of the Azores, that promising the most favorable weather and winds. The *Shamrock* was insured at Lloyd's for forty thousand pounds just before starting.

Sir Thomas will go to America on a steamer which he has chartered for the voyage, and will be accompanied by a large number of guests, who will be entertained by him during the entire stay. Mr. William Fife, Jr., the designer of the *Shamrock*, who goes to witness her contest with the *Columbia*, has been in America twice on occasions similar to the one now engaging his attention, as he saw the cup races in which the *Thistle*, and afterward the *Valkyrie*, took part. His interest in this event is second only to that of his patron. There are whisperings, as usual, that some new secret of especial value is hidden in the construction of the *Shamrock*, and her performance may demonstrate that his faith in his latest creation is fully warranted.

Some show of secrecy concerning the shape and appearance of the *Shamrock* has been attempted by correspondents, but her officers contend that this is entirely unnecessary. The points in her description which seem intelligible to those out of the nautical world may be stated in a brief paragraph. She is said to be one hundred and twenty-five feet long, her water-line eighty-five feet, beam twenty-five feet, and draft eighteen feet six inches. Her sail area is much greater than that of any previous challenger for the cup, and is not less than thirteen thousand feet. Unlike the *Valkyrie*, she is steered with a tiller instead of a wheel. She is very handsome in her coat of emerald-green, with highly polished bronze mountings. Her trials showed that she turns with extraordinary ease, and that she sails up to windward easily with remarkable speed.

Whatever may be the outcome of the races with America's cup-defender, Sir Thomas seems prepared to accept the result with good nature. In an address to his crew just before the *Shamrock* sailed, he told the men that he would appreciate their success in a way that would be satisfactory to all, and that they could depend upon it that they would get as fair play in New York as anywhere in the world. Should Sir Thomas be forced into the ranks of those who have challenged only to meet defeat, his striving will have been sportsman-like, even if spectacular. PICCADILLY.

LONDON, August 5, 1899.

MY FRIENDS.

I have some friends that I most fondly cherish—
Constant companions of my earthly way,
Whose forms from out my vision never perish,
Real to me as those of mortal clay.

Throughout my years have I had dear-loved brothers,
Sisters still dearer, that my eyes have seen;
And yet I know to me these airy others
Even as close a fellowship have been.

I've sat with Hamlet, wrestling sore in thought
With life's hard problems; have with him been sad
Under its burdens; felt the world was naught,
And in his heart-sick frenzy have been mad.

I've met with Rosalind within the forest;
Have laid my flowers upon Fidele's tomb;
Have wept with Juliet when her grief was sorest,
And watched beside her in the vaulted gloom.

I've heard the Chimes with Falstaff, and been merry;
Laughed with the Prince and Poins, too, at Gadshill.
How sombre were this earth—I sometimes query—
If these gay echoes rang not on it still?

And there are others: those with whom I rode
In budding April to A Becket's shrine;
And the brisk Trumpeter, who cheered my road
With joyous blasts along the banks of Rhine.

These are my friends, the poets' quick creations,
Peopling more finely this gross earth of ours;
Distant and dimly move the men and nations,
But these bright shapes are with me at all hours.

—T. P. Johnson in *Chambers's Journal*.

A curious episode of Parisian domestic life has just been revealed by the courts. Two families living in the Rue Rivoli determined to join forces and set up housekeeping, thus lessening expenses. The arrangement did not last long. There was a general grand break-up, and each husband went off to live in undisturbed felicity—with the other man's wife. Double divorces were soon obtained and two fresh marriages celebrated. Finally the children in the case constituted the element of dissension in the harmony of the new arrangement. One of the husbands, who had three of his own by his first wife, volunteered to take the two children of his second wife by her first husband also under his care. But before long the fond father and foster-father began to find that his household was rather expensive, and after trying in vain to have the other couple contribute their share for the support of the children, brought an action against his former wife and his wife's former husband for forty-five thousand francs, being half the amount expended by him on the children since the two divorces and subsequent weddings. About ten days ago the court dismissed the claim, on the ground that "the duty devolving on parents of bringing up their children is not a matter of solidarity." jahart

When the *Virginus* affair brought the United States and Spain to the verge of war, in 1873, Admiral Dewey, then a commander, was in command of the *Narragansett*, which was engaged in ocean survey work in the Pacific, and there is on file in the Navy Department a letter from him, dated on board the *Narragansett*, and asking to be assigned to the duty of taking Manila in the event of war with Spain. The *Virginus* controversy was settled without war, and the future admiral had to wait twenty-five years before he had an opportunity to annihilate the sea power of Spain in the Pacific and hold the capital of the Philippines under his guns. There is no doubt, however, that the study he then made of the character of the harbors in the islands and the approaches to the city were valuable to him when he set out to destroy the Spanish fleet last year. jahart

The grave of Captain John Paul Jones has not been located by the government through its inquiries of the embassy in the French capital. He died on July 18, 1781, in Paris, and was buried with highest honors by the French Government, but the place of his burial can not now be determined, although a thorough investigation of the records has been made. It was thought he was buried in Picpus Cemetery, Paris, where the remains of Lafayette lie, but it has been determined positively that such was not the case. jahart

A blue rose is described by the German gardeners in Slavonia, Chwojka and Bitz, who are cultivating it. Reports came of blue roses that grew wild in Serbia, and a specimen was sent to them two years ago with beautiful violet-blue flowers. They have been experimenting to see whether the color is retained under cultivation or whether it is due to the soil of the moors where it is found. If the roses retain their blue the plants will be for sale in 1901. jahart

At Thurso, in Caithness-shire, the extreme north-eastern part of Scotland, by what was considered a fortunate train of circumstances the people drove ashore at one time no less than one hundred and five bottlenose whales. After a week the people were glad to be rid of them at any price, and only one hundred and eighty dollars was realized for the lot. jahart

Lord Kelvin has resigned the professorship of natural philosophy in the University of Glasgow, which he had held for fifty-three years. He is now seventy-five years of age. jahart

CUBAN CHARACTER.

By Francis H. Nichols.

When, on last New-Year's Day, the flag of Castile and Aragon came down for the last time from the walls of Cabanas fortress, in Havana, the commandant turned to the American officer who had come to take possession and said: "I can not congratulate your country on its victory. You have come to rule over the basest, most despicable people on earth." And the commandant was not an "intransigent" either. A large part of the American people who watched the course of the last Cuban insurrection have come to look upon Cubans as martyrs, willing to die at any time, *machete* in hand, upon the altar of their country. Between these two estimates of Cuban character there is a wide gulf.

There have never been any manufactures in Cuba to amount to anything. The stores and warehouses in the cities have always been filled with Spaniards from Spain. So that there was nothing left to the great mass of the population but to plod along in the steps their fathers trod before them, spending their lives in the cane-fields with a vague, indefinable shadow clouding the blue of the Cuban sky that something was wrong. They could not tell what, but it was wrong.

Over all, pervading everything, was that dark, absolute something called "El gobierno"—the government. It was an inexplicable thing. It never condescended to give a reason for anything. If there was a wrong way of doing it, the government would do it that way, as a matter of course—"it was the government." Generation after generation of Cubans planted and harvested the sugar-cane, and lived and died and were buried in picturesque little Spanish cemeteries on the hillsides under this vague, indeterminate shadow, until the idea that "something was wrong" was inbred into the moral fibre of the people. It has developed in men's natures in Cuba until the shadow has broadened into a universal cynicism that everything is wrong, and the result is a universal mistrust.

Mistrust is the basis for all the strange contradictions and inconsistencies in the Cuban character. It is the reason why it is so difficult to get rich Cubans to contribute to the support of the starving, dying victims of the war. They are afraid that the funds will be misapplied or stolen by the men who have the distributing of them. It is the reason why Cubans so invariably impugn one another's motives.

It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the Cubans have no religion. Nominally the inhabitants of the island are Roman Catholics of the strictest sort, but in reality they believe in almost nothing. The Cuban of to-day has little more faith in God than he has in his fellow-men. "Religion," a fiery "Cuba libre" soldier said to me, "is good enough for Spaniards and for some women, but for patriots—never!" The Cuban is romantic; he comes by it naturally. He is a born idealist, even to the point of being theatrical.

With a people so imaginative and romantic, the absence of a religious sentiment is supplied by an idolatrous worship of their country. "Patria" is the shrine at which the Cuban worships, even to the point of fanaticism. Its future is just about the only thing he believes in. It is a purely abstract faith. Scarcely any two men agree on any concrete scheme for its development, but they revel in it just the same, like the devotee of some fantastic faith. It amounts almost to a theological creed. "El gobierno," that was always wrong, is the power of darkness. "Patria," the essence of light and goodness, is the counteracting influence that everybody quarrels about, but every true Cuban must adore.

Whatever American military government does for the improvement of the island in the way of better sanitary conditions, better tariff or telegraphs, the Cuban accepts as his natural right. He is even sometimes inclined to speak a bit patronizingly of "Los Yankees" as good-natured blunderers who mean well, but whose intelligence is far below the Cuban standard. From motives of policy and politeness Cuban assemblies and politicians often make a great show of publicly thanking American officials for their work in their behalf, but down in the bottom of their hearts there is no real gratitude, only a hope that Americans will soon receive enough thanks to leave them forever.

The two most glaring national sins with which Spaniards have always charged the Cubans are lying and laziness. The Cubans have implicit faith in the lies they tell. They have fought for them, and in many cases died for them. In matters where their prejudices are not called into play, Cubans are, as a rule, honest and truthful. They are not at all shrewd bargainers. The ease with which Spanish sugar and tobacco-buyers cheat the Cuban farmers is proverbial. When a Cuban makes an appointment with you, he invariably keeps it. He is likely to be angry if you do not do the same.

Innate cruelty of the Spanish variety, that enjoys the torture of animals, is no part of the Cuban character. It is the Gallejo teamsters from Spain who beat their poor little mules to death in the streets of Havana, not Cubans. The kind of crimes are of a very different sort from those with which Americans are familiar: Drunken rows and "disorderly" conduct are almost unknown; embezzlement, the more complicated forms of stealing, and even burglaries, are also rare. But, on the other hand, attempted assassination for personal or public revenge, and all kinds of secret conspiracy for causes which it is almost impossible for any Anglo-Saxon mind to grasp, are very common. When a Cuban countryman wants to have "a good time," he does not, in American style, come to the nearest city and proceed to drink until he can not stand up; but, instead, he attends a political meeting of some semi-secret organization, where he sits for hours applauding fiery orators whose eloquence consists very largely in denouncing somebody else.—*The Independent*.

THE MARTYRDOM OF DREYFUS.

Extracts from His Personal Letters to His Wife from Prison—His Degradation Before the French Army—Fifty Months of Suffering at the Ile du Diabie.

The universal interest in the new trial of Dreyfus, now proceeding at Rennes, makes especially timely L. G. Moreau's translation of "The Letters of Captain Dreyfus to His Wife," which has just been brought out. The reader who expects to find in the epistles arguments tending to prove the innocence of the writer will be disappointed, for even if he actually attempted defense it was not allowed to pass the censor. Only a persistent declaration of innocence will be found—a declaration that is repeated with awful and tragic monotony. When her husband was convicted, Mme. Dreyfus attempted to reply in *Le Figaro* to the many vicious calumnies which were heaped upon him, but Parisians laughed at her, declaring that she was not the only deceived wife in the world. Finally, wearied of the unequal combat—one woman against a horde of anti-Semitic vilifiers—she published this volume of his letters, which she called "Les Lettres d'un Innocent," to rehabilitate the prisoner as a husband and a father in the eyes of Frenchmen.

In his introduction, "Dreyfus, the Man," Walter Littlefield says:

In August, 1894, Commandant Comte Walsin-Esterhazy, who was carrying on treasonable negotiations with the German embassy in Paris, sent to Lieutenant-Colonel von Schwarzkoppen some notes of information, together with a memorandum. This memorandum, or *bordereau*, fell into the hands of a French spy. It was taken to the secret intelligence department. Its importance as revealing the presence of a traitor who had access to the secrets of the war office was at once recognized. General Mercier, then minister of war, placed the investigation in the hands of Commandant du Paty de Clam. Owing to the similarity between the handwriting in the *bordereau* and that of Dreyfus, this officer was suspected of being its author. He was arrested and taken to the military prison of Cherche Midi.

Commandant Forzinetti was in charge of Cherche Midi. His first impression of the prisoner as deposed before the court of cassation was as follows:

"I went to Captain Dreyfus. He was terribly excited. I had before me a man bereft of reason, with bloodshot eyes. He had upset everything in his room. I succeeded, after some trouble, in quieting him. I had an intuition that this officer was innocent. He begged me to allow him writing materials, so that he might ask the minister of war to be heard by him or by one of the general officers of the ministry. He described to me the details of his arrest, which were neither dignified nor soldierly." On October 24th Mercier asked Forzinetti what he thought of the prisoner's guilt. This was the reply: "They are evidently on a false scent. This officer is not guilty."

On December 5, 1894, Dreyfus wrote his first letter to his wife from the prison of Cherche Midi:

At last I can write a word to you; they have just told me that my trial is set for the nineteenth of this month. I am refused the right to see you. I will not tell you that I have suffered; there are not in the world words strong enough to express it. Do you remember when I used to tell you how happy we were? Everything in life smiled on us. Then all at once a fearful thunderbolt; my brain still is reeling with the shock. For me to be accused of the most monstrous crime that a soldier can commit! Even to-day I feel that I must be the victim of an awful nightmare. But I hope in God and in justice. In the end the truth must come to light. My conscience is calm and tranquil. It reproaches me with nothing. I have done my duty, never have I turned from it. I have been crushed to the earth, buried in my dark prison; alone with my reeling brain. There have been moments when I have been nearly crazed, ferocious, beside myself, but even in those moments my conscience was on guard. "Hold up thy head!" it said to me. "Look the world in the face! Strong in thy conscience, go straight onward! Rise! The trial is bitter, but it must be undergone!"

Two days later he wrote:

I am waiting with impatience for a letter from you. You are my hope; you are my consolation; were it not for you life would be a burden. At the bare thought that they could accuse me of a crime so frightful, so monstrous, my whole being trembles; my body revolts against it. To have worked all my life for one thing alone, to avenge my country, to struggle for her against the infamous ravisher who has snatched from us our dear Alsace, and then to be accused of treason against that country—no, my loved one, my mind refuses to comprehend it! Do you remember my telling you how, when I was in Mulhouse, ten years ago, in September, I heard a German band under our windows celebrating the anniversary of Sedan? My grief was such that I wept; I bit the sheets of my bed with rage, and I swore an oath to consecrate all my strength, all my intelligence, to the service of my country against those who thus offered insult to the grief of Alsace. No, no. I will not speak of it, for I shall go mad, and I must preserve my reason. Moreover, my life has henceforth but one aim: to find the wretch who has betrayed his country, to find the traitor, for whom no punishment could be too severe. . . . If I had not my honor to defend, I assure you that I should prefer death: at least, death would be forgetfulness.

On December 11th he supplicated his wife not to go to his trial:

It can do no good for you to impose new sufferings upon yourself; those that you have already borne, with a grandeur of soul and with a heroism of which I am proud, are more than sufficient. Save your strength for our children. We shall need all our united strength to care for each other, to help each other to forget this terrible trial.

That he expected to be acquitted is evident from the following extract from a letter dated December 14th:

I am convinced that eventually the truth will be known; that the assurance of my innocence will finally be borne in upon all minds. At my trial I shall be judged by soldiers as loyal and as honest as myself. They will recognize—I am sure of it—the error that has been committed. Error, unhappily, is a human thing.

Nearly every day Du Paty de Clam visited Dreyfus and tried in every way to force a confession. The position of Minister of War Mercier was this:

For months a campaign had been carried on against him in the radical press. One fortunate act would vindicate him—the conviction of a traitor. It is impossible that he could have long entertained a belief in the guilt of the prisoner. Yet, having in the first flush of seeming success publicly accused him, he dare not draw back. Thus his reputation, and very possibly the existence of the cabinet, became staked on the conviction. On the nineteenth of December the court-martial began. Forged evidence was introduced unknown to the prisoner or to his counsel, and the criminal code was grossly violated.

As a result, Dreyfus was convicted on the 23d. That evening he wrote:

To be innocent, to have lived a life without a stain, and to be condemned for the most monstrous crime that a soldier can commit! What could be more terrible? It seems to me at times that I am the victim of an awful nightmare. . . . No matter what may become of me, search for the truth; move earth and heaven to discover it; sink

in the effort, if need be, all our fortune, to rehabilitate my name, which now is dragged through the mud. No matter what may be the cost, we must wash out the unmerited stain.

Mme. Dreyfus's courage and devotion during these trying days led her husband to pay her this touching tribute:

You are sublime, my adored one, and I am amazed at your courage and your heroism. I loved you before. To-day I kneel before you, for you are a sublime woman. . . . It may be that in my desire to be worthy of you, to reach the heights on which you stand, I shall be able to hold out to the end. It is not physical suffering that I fear—that has never been strong enough to break me down; it is blows glance-off—the torture of soul; the knowledge that my name is dragged in the mire, the name of a man who is innocent, the name of a man of honor; cry it aloud, my darling, cry to every one that I am innocent—the victim of a terrible fatality.

And again he wrote:

Oh, my darling, had not I you, how gladly would I die! Your love holds me back; it is your love only that makes me strong enough to bear the hatred of a nation. And the people are right to hate me; they have been told that I am a traitor. Ah, traitor, the horrible word! It breaks my heart.

About this time Dreyfus thought of suicide, but was persuaded from such a step by a letter from his wife:

Your heroism has conquered me. Strong in your love, strong in my conscience and in the immovable support I find in our two families, I feel my courage born again. I shall struggle, therefore, to my last breath. I shall struggle to my last drop of blood. . . . I always loved you deeply; you know it. To-day I do more—I marvel at and venerate you. You are a holy, a noble woman. I am proud of you, and I will try to be worthy of you. Yes, it would be cowardice to desert life. It would be to taint my name—the name of my dear children—to sully that name forever. I realize that to-day; but how could it be otherwise? The blow was cruel; it broke down my courage; it is you who have lifted me up.

The day before his degradation Mme. Dreyfus's application to see her husband was granted. Of their meeting after three months of separation Dreyfus wrote:

Our conversation, even through the bars of the prison, has done me good. My limbs trembled under me when I went down to meet you, but I gathered all my strength, so that I should not fall from my emotion. Even now my hands are still trembling; our interview has violently shaken me. If I did not insist that you should stay still longer, it was because I was at an end of my strength to hide myself, so that I might weep a little; do not believe because I weep that my soul is less brave or less strong; but my body is somewhat weakened by three months of the prison, without a breath of the outer air. I must have had a robust constitution to have been able to resist these tortures. . . . As for me, you must have felt that I am decided to face everything. I want my honor, and I shall have it. No obstacle shall stop me.

On the 5th of January the unfortunate victim was humiliated in the court-yard of the Ecole Militaire, in Paris, before the troops which were drawn up in military array. A reporter of *L'Autorité* thus describes the scene:

Dreyfus listens in silence while a clerk reads the sentence. General Darras then says: "Dreyfus, you are unworthy to bear arms. In the name of the French people we degrade you."

Then Dreyfus is seen to raise both arms, and, head erect, he cries out in a strong voice, in which no tremor is noticed:

"I am innocent; I swear that I am innocent. *Vive la France!*"

And the vast crowd outside answers with a cry of "Death to him!" The adjutant then begins his work, first cutting from the condemned man's uniform his galleons, cuffs, buttons, all insignia of rank, ending by breaking his sword. During the ceremony Dreyfus several times raises his voice:

"On the heads of my wife and children I swear that I am innocent. I swear it. *Vive la France!*"

It is over at last, but the seconds have been as centuries. We had never before felt pangs of anguish so keen. And afresh, clear, and without any touch of emotion, is heard the voice of the condemned man in a loud tone, crying:

"You degrade an innocent man!"

The prisoner is then allowed to pass before the line of soldiers. As he approaches the railing the civilian crowd gets a better view of him and yells, "Death to him!"

When he arrives before a group of reporters he pauses and says, "Tell the people of France that I am innocent."

They mock him, however, crying, "Dastard! Traitor! Judas! Vile Jew!"

He passes on and comes to a group of officers of the general staff, his late colleagues. Here again he pauses, and says, "Gentlemen, you know I am innocent."

But they yell at him as did the reporters. He surveys them closely through his *pin-nez* and says calmly, "You're a set of cowards." There is utter contempt in his voice. At length the direful march is ended. Dreyfus enters a van and is driven to the Prison de la Santé.

That evening he wrote to his wife:

This day's emotions have broken my heart; my cell offers me no consolation. Picture a little room all bare—four yards and a half long, perhaps—closed by a grated garret window, a pallet standing against the wall—no, I will not tell your heart, my darling. I will tell you later, when we are happy again, what I have suffered to-day, in all my wanderings, surrounded by men who are truly guilty, how my heart has bled. I have asked myself why I was there, what I was doing there. I seem the victim of a hallucination; but, alas! my garments, torn, sullied, brought me back roughly to the truth. The looks of scorn they cast on me told me too well why I was there. Oh, why could not my heart have been opened by a surgeon's knife, so that they might read the truth!

On the seventeenth of January, 1895, he was transferred to the prison of Saint-Martin de Ré, from which two days later he wrote:

Thursday evening, toward ten o'clock, they came to wake me to bring me here, where I arrived only last night. I do not want to speak of my journey; it would break your heart. Know only that I have heard the legitimate cries of a brave and generous people against him whom they believe to be a traitor. . . . If there is a divine justice, we must hope that I shall be recompensed for this long and fearful torture, for this suffering of every minute and every instant. . . . I would rather, a hundred thousand times rather, be dead. But this right to die belongs to none; the more I suffer the more must it impel your courage and your resolution to find the truth. . . . As to my régime here, I am forbidden to speak to you of it.

At Saint-Martin de Ré he was permitted to write to his wife but twice a week. On January 28th he said:

This is one of the happy days of my sad existence, because I can come to pass half an hour with you, talking to you and telling you of my life. I have received your two letters of Friday and Saturday. Each time that they bring me a letter from you a ray of joy pierces my wounded heart. . . . I know that you all suffer as I do, that you partake of my anguish and my tortures, but you have your activity to distract you, a little, from this awful sorrow; while I am here, impatient, shut up alone night and day with my thoughts. I ask myself even now how my brain has been strong enough to resist so many and so oft-repeated blows; how is it that I have not gone mad? . . . And then think of the terrible way I have still to traverse before I shall arrive at the end of my journey—crossing the seas for sixty or eighty days under conditions so appalling. I do not seek you know it—of the material conditions of the passage; you know that my body has never worried me much; but the moral conditions! To be during all that time before sailors, the officers of the navy—that is, before honest and loyal soldiers—who will see in me a traitor, the most abject of criminals! At the bare thought of it my heart shrinks.

On the ninth day of February the Chamber passed a

law declaring his place of confinement to be French Guiana, in South America, and early in March he wrote from the Iles du Salut:

I shall not speak to you of my voyage; I was transported in the manner in which the vile scoundrel whom I represent deserved to be transported. It was only just. They could not accord any pity to a traitor, the lowest of blackguards; and as long as I represent this wretch I can only approve their conduct. . . . On the day of my departure you assured me that the truth would surely soon come to light. I have lived during that awful voyage, I am living now, only on that word of yours—remember it well. I have been disembarked but a few minutes, and I have obtained permission to send you a cablegram. There are two mails a month for France. . . . My nervous system is in a deplorable condition, and it is full time that this horrible tragedy should end. Now my spirit alone is above water. Oh, for God's sake, hurry; work with all your might! . . . When you have some good news to announce to me send me a dispatch. I am waiting for it day by day as for the Messiah.

To pass his time he jotted down his thoughts as they came to him, forwarding long letters by every mail, but receiving no word until June 11th, over three months after his departure from France. On September 27th he wrote:

If at times I have allowed you to catch a glimpse of how horrible is my life here, how this lot of infamy, whose effects continue day by day to harrow my being, to revolt my soul, it is not that I would complain; it is to tell you again that if I have lived, if I continue to live, it is because I desire my honor, yours, that of our children. . . . You have the right to present yourself everywhere with your head erect, for you have come not to beg for mercy, not to beg for favors, not even for moral convictions, however legitimate they may be. You have come to demand the search for the discovery of the wretches who have committed the infamous and cowardly crime. The government has all the means by which this may be done.

In a letter dated April 26, 1896, we get an idea of his mental sufferings in his lonely cabin:

My suffering is at times so strong that I would tear my skin from my flesh, to forget in physical pain this too violent torture of soul. I arise in the morning with the dread of the long hours of the day, alone, for so long, with the horrors of my brain; I lie down at night with the fear of the sleepless hours. . . . My body is broken, my nerves are sick, my brain is crushed; say simply that I still hold myself erect in the absolute sense of the word only because I resolved to, so as to see with you and our children the day when honor shall be returned to us. . . . Very often I have wished to speak to you at length of our children—I can not. A dull, bitter anger floods my heart at the thought of these dear little creatures, struck through their father, who is innocent of a crime so abominable. My throat contracts, my soles choke me, my hands are wrung with grief at not being able to do anything for them—for you.

Again he wrote:

You must expect that sufferings, the climate, the situation, have done their work. I have left only my skin, my bones, and my moral energy. I hope that this last will carry me through to the end of our trials.

But his strong will never deserted him. On November 24, 1897, he wrote:

Though my body, my brain, my heart, everything, is worn out, my soul remains intangible, ever ardent, its determination unshaken and strong in the right of every human being to have justice and truth for himself, for those who belong to him.

In the spring of 1898 he sent several personal appeals to the president of the republic, minister of war, and General de Boisdeffre for a new trial, and, receiving no answer, became a victim of the conditions of his solitary position. In September, 1898, he had a final adieu to his wife and children, and declared that he would write no more. He was hest with unconquerable sadness. He complained to his physician, Dr. Veugnon, of Cayenne, of mental exhaustion and insomnia. He was haunted by the "fixed idea" to exculpate himself from the charge of treason. Yet he could only deny and deny. His counsel, Maitres Lahori and Demange, give the following instance of the indignities and tortures that he suffered:

Once when it was reported that an attempt would be made to rescue him, this man, consumed with fever and almost bereft of reason, was, by the order of M. Lebon, minister of the colonies, chained to his cot while the lamp that was kept burning over his head attracted hordes of tropical insects. He was told that his wife sought to forget him and desired to marry again. In his despair his jailers thought he might say something that would incriminate him. They were mistaken. He made no confession. There was none to make. He could only yell in their ears, "I am innocent! I am innocent!"

On November 15, 1898, M. Darius, the procureur-general of Cayenne, entered the room occupied by the prisoner and said to him: "Dreyfus, the court of cassation has decided to revise your case. What have you to say?"

Dreyfus seemed like one dazed. The day for which he had so fervently prayed had come at last. Yet, according to his inquisitor, this is what he replied: "I shall say nothing until I am confronted by my accusers in Paris." No further facts were revealed to him; but, under the direction of the authorities in Paris, he was interrogated at given periods.

At length he was officially informed of the first decision of the court of cassation. Writing to his wife on December 26th, he explains that if he had for a moment closed his correspondence, this was because he was awaiting the reply to his petition for the revision of his judgment, and should only have repeated himself:

If my voice had ceased to make itself heard, this would have been because it had forever died away. If I have lived, it has been for my honor, which is my property and the patrimony of our children. . . . Let us, therefore, await with confidence the decision of the supreme court, as we await with confidence the decision of the new judges before whom this decision will send me.

Always confident in the eventual result, Dreyfus wrote on February 8, 1899:

Although I think, as I told you, that the end of our horrible martyrdom is nigh, what does it matter if there is a little delay? The object is everything, and until the day when I can clasp you in my arms I would have you know my thoughts, which never leave you, which have watched night and day over you and the children.

The correspondence ends with a letter dated February 25th, in which he sends his love to all his relatives, pending the receipt of the news of his rehabilitation, and a note soon after to his little son, Pierre, in which he says: "You wish me to write to you. I shall do better; I shall soon press you in my arms." Five months, however, passed before he reached France. For nearly four years the world was a blank to him. Of the efforts made to rehabilitate him, of the heroic Picquart's martyrdom in the cause of truth and justice, of Zola's melodramatic entrance upon the scene, and the crimes committed in the name of "l'honneur de l'armée," he knew nothing.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Near Views of Distant Lands.

Marrion Wilcox must have been hard put to it to select a name for her book before she chose "The Vengeance of the Female." That title is suggestive of the sex-novel, while the book is anything but that. "Foreign Sketches" would describe its contents as well as anything else, but to give spice to the descriptions of Spanish, English, and Italian scenes and customs there are several romantic stories told. In fact, "The Vengeance of the Female" is an entertaining but very haphazard record of the author's observations and impressions of foreign lands and peoples.

The opening chapters present a bright and pleasant picture of a Spanish-American family living in New York, where the older people preserve the traditions of their native land and are as perturbed over the Americanizing of their daughters as the traditional hen with her brood of ducklings. One of the daughters marries a physician of her own race, and it is on the foreign wanderings of these two that the disjointed narrative is hung.

Seville is the first stage on their pilgrimage, and a charming view of it they obtain. The "house of guests" in which they take up their abode is full of interesting people—a handsome old Spanish general, whose pretty daughters are martyrs to his comfort; the soft-voiced Dolores, who has had her romance; coquettish Anita and the earnest young Irish clergyman whom she bewilders and fascinates; Cristina, the maid, who flirts with the young man next door until he discovers her menial estate, and who dances the Sevillana for the handsome general's delectation; and Dr. Lejoro, a Sevillian gentleman who loves bull-fighting and infuriates an Englishman by following and paying compliments to the latter's pretty wife. This last the debonair physician does in the public street, whereupon the traveling Briton has him arrested; but the court holds his conduct excusable and even commendable, for such is the gallant custom of the country.

The English part of the narrative is a sprightly account of an American widow's adventures in a delightful old mansion in Warwickshire, a structure full of curious ups and downs and unexpected doors and passages. It is the home of two quaint old maids and the abiding-place of many ghosts, the spirits of departed monks, who revisit the pale glimpses of the moon, and so startle the American widow that she seeks protection once more in the bonds of matrimony.

For the third part of the book the scene shifts to Italy—to San Remo and Monte Carlo and other Riviera scenes. But it is not the surface life of the winter colony that is shown. Instead, we are told of the peasants and their ways, some that are pretty and some that are not, and of the *bourgeoisie*, among whom a picturesque figure is a retired opera singer, who possesses a handsome property but begs in disguise on the highway and who has a pathetic romance that comes to a most prosaic end.

Published by Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.50. Jahart

Tales of New Japan.

The manners, morals, ideals of a civilization like the Japanese are so fundamentally different from those of the West that it is not possible they should be comprehended in the West, any more than Western ideals can be understood in the East, wrote Lafcadio Hearn some years ago. The ideas as to what constitutes beauty—beauty in art, in literature, in the relations of life—have been too long divergent at this time to be seized as they are for what they are, the Eastern by the Western. If they be interpreted, it can be only as the interpreter is born anew into the life he would understand. And so Mr. Hearn in Japan became a Japanese, as far as he could, in order that he might understand the life.

Mrs. Hugh Fraser, in her latest studies of Japanese life, goes about the matter differently. She assumes that there are no fundamental divergences, but that human nature is what it is, universally understandable. She assumes that love is love, beauty beauty, in Japan as in England. She assumes that Japanese life can be interpreted in English terms. Whether her stories as they stand would be understood in Japan is beside the question. They may or they may not be true as they stand. In either case they may interpret somewhat of the spirit of the life in words that ring true to Western ears; and that must seem the main thing to most readers.

"The Custom of the Country," from which the volume takes its name, is the second of five stories. It tells of a young Englishman, in the consular service, who married a lovable Japanese girl, the ceremony being Japanese. A few days later he was told that there should have been a consul present, and so he had the ceremony repeated. The wife of his chief, however, would not receive his bride, on the ground that during the interval between the two ceremonies husband and wife had been living in sin. Under this persecution the wife faded away, until her husband resigned from the service, and a child was born. The wife dies; the child is stolen by Japanese relatives; and the husband spends some years searching for his daughter. He finds her at last by accident. The other stories are "In Tokyo," published in the *Lady's Realm*; "She Danced Be-

fore Him," published in the *Pall Mall Magazine*; "A Son of the Daimyos," in which the Battle of the Yalu is graphically retold; and "Sealskins," a tale of seal-poaching.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50. Jahart

Four English Poets in a New Light.

A volume of critical studies of distinct value is "The French Revolution and the English Poets," by Albert Elmer Hancock. The work is prefaced with "A Note on Historical Criticism," by Lewis E. Gates, and the introduction is notable for its clear statements and breadth of view.

Mr. Hancock discusses first the principles of the French Revolution, giving a chapter each to the significance of the movement, the three expositors of the philosophy—Helvetius, Holbach, and Rousseau—and to William Godwin, the English radical who attacked Rousseau's doctrine. The second part of the work takes up the Romantic Movement in literature, that historic commotion which began in 1765, and sets forth the part "the French Revolution, with its new ideas of man and society, played in the genesis of Romanticism." Shelley, Byron, Wordsworth, and Coleridge are in turn examined, their work reviewed and compared, and the inspiration and dominating impulses of each brought to light.

There are some conclusions which many readers will hesitate to accept, but as a whole the studies will charm. The author is a student whose eye is quick and whose ear is true. His style is direct, yet graceful, and there are no traces of dogmatism in his argument.

Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; price, \$1.25. Jahart

Tales of Vassar Life.

An interesting collection of Vassar stories comes to us in the late book, "Vassar Studies," by Julia Augusta Schwartz, A. M. The author has not been long enough away from college to lose the pet tricks of phrasing—every college has certain favorite phrases current—but that, perhaps, is an addition to the charm of the volume. She likes to say that "inasmuch as the important events of the college career are of an intellectual nature, stories treating with true perspective of that formative period must deal with character rather than with incident," and then goes on and disproves in the stories themselves her pretty generalization. The stories have much charm—a charm that is due to incident, to character-interest, to a careful handling of contrasts, and to the sincere exposition of all the mysterious life of a woman's college. The work rings true; the tales are simply told; and the reader will lay down the book with a clearer idea of Vassar, or with memory refreshed.

Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25. Jahart

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Mark Twain is taking a tour with his family in Sweden and Norway.

According to *L'Aurore*, the journal in which Emile Zola's new novel, "Fécondité," is to appear serially, the tale is "the history of the dissolution of the capitalistic industrial system, the history of fatal and deadly poverty; it is the picture of social hell, the result of social injustice, which inevitably entails the ruin of country and humanity."

It is said that Lieutenant Hjalmar Johansen, Nansen's only companion on his sledge journey, has written a narrative of the fifteen-month trip after leaving the *Fram*. "With Nansen in the North" is the title.

John Morley is working on the Gladstone biography at Hawarden, and is said to be keeping the work down to a reasonable size. One great difficulty arises from the mass of undated material, original letters, postal-cards, etc. Mr. Morley has given no intimation as to when the work will be completed.

Isobel Strong, the *Argonaut's* New York correspondent, is preparing to give a pair of lectures, entitled, respectively, "In Stevenson's Samoa" and "Stevenson in Samoa."

Lady Betty Balfour is bringing out a "History of Lord Lytton's Indian Administration, compiled from letters and official papers." Lady Betty is the late Lord Lytton's daughter.

Charles Neufeld, whose "Prisoner of the Khelefa" will be published next month, will arrive in this country in October, to deliver a series of lectures. His book, we are told, will contain the first authentic account of Gordon's death, told by an eye-witness.

Harold Frederic's posthumous novel, "The Market Place," is having a tremendous success in London. "It is an instance of the irony of fate," says W. L. Alden, in the *New York Times*. "For twenty years or so, poor Frederic labored to become a successful novelist, and when, after half a dozen failures—that is to say, financial failures—he finally made a brilliant success, he suddenly died. And now, after his death, comes the still greater success of 'The Market Place.'"

Still another novel is to be dramatized. This time it is James Lane Allen's "The Choir Invisible." It is to be brought out in New York in October, with Henry Jewett in the principal rôle of John Gray

and a carefully selected company of players to support him.

George W. Cable is hard at work upon his new "novel of the Southland," entitled "The Cavalier."

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett will return to this country in October to spend the winter. She is at present in Kent, at work on her new novel, which will be published about Christmas.

Richard Whiteing, the author of "No. 5 Jobn Street," is at work upon a new novel, and also upon a series of papers for an American magazine.

Professor E. K. Rawson, naval librarian at Washington, has written a volume entitled "Seventy Famous Naval Battles" (Salamis to Santiago) which will be published in the fall.

Mrs. Voynich, whose novel, "The Gadfly," is in its seventeenth edition, arrived in New York from England a fortnight ago. The dramatization of the novel will be given at Wallack's Theatre, New York, September 16th, with Stuart Robson as the Gadfly and Marie Burroughs as the Amazonian Gemma.

Felix Gras's latest work, "The White Terror," has just been translated from the Provençal by Mrs. Catharine Janvier. D. Appleton & Co. will shortly publish it in an issue uniform with "The Reds of the Midi" and the "Terror."

"On Trust," a new novel by "Zack," the greater portion of which was written in Rome, will be published in England in the autumn.

Georges Hugo, the grandson of the great French poet, has gone to Italy for rest, and at the same time to finish a book which will be his second literary venture. The first was the "Souvenirs d'un Maitre."

Frank R. Stockton's new fanciful story, "The Vizier of the Two-Horned Alexander," which has been running as a serial in an Eastern magazine, is to be published in book-form soon.

A new volume of poems by Louise Chandler Moulton will be published soon. It is entitled "At the Wind's Will," from a line in Rossetti's poem, "The Woodspurge." This is the first volume of poems from Mrs. Moulton's pen since "In a Garden of Dreams" was issued.

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, who for a long time has published nothing new, will bring out a novel this autumn. It is to be entitled "Square Pegs." Jahart

Books While You Wait.

"One of the developments of the demand by a certain grade of publishers for timely books," said a New York publisher, "is the man who will write books on any assigned subject almost while you wait, and necessarily the subject suffers." One of the objections raised by Kipling to the Putnam's edition of his works was based on a volume which was written by Will M. Clemens, a relative of Mark Twain, one of these ready bookmakers, and added to the set. It was largely biographical, and Kipling's objections to it seem to be reasonable. It is said that Mr. Clemens can turn out a book on any given subject in ten days. Such a work is, of course, largely a mere matter of copying or compiling material already gathered. When it was announced that Choate was going to England to represent us, a publishing firm hired one of these ready book writers to get together a lot of old jokes which might be credited to our ambassador, and it was published as the "Choate Jest Book," but fortunately the edition in England was withdrawn. "I know one such man," says a writer in the *New York Sun*, "who has written his personal experiences in Cuba, in Porto Rico, and in Manila in separate volumes, and the biographies of three well-known men thus far this year, though he never was in the countries described, nor had he ever met the men about whom he wrote. Governor Roosevelt has been the target of several of these ready book-makers, and Dewey will find more biographies of himself on sale when he arrives here this fall than he will ever have the leisure to read." Jahart

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LITERARY NOTES.

A Woman of Enthusiasms.

"And they lived happily ever after" does not apply to the hero and heroine of the modern novel. Formerly the writer of fiction left his lovers at the church door, whence they emerged upon a long life of hilling and cooing. But the modern novelist is not content with this ideal projection; he must follow his couple from the church out into middle age, and, as truth is his fetish, he finally reveals them, stripped of the glamour of romance, two very ordinary persons who have outlived their youthful enthusiasms and settled down to the realities of life.

So Alessandra Vivari, the new Italian novelist, has done in "Via Lucis," which has just been—rather poorly—translated into English. At her mother's death Arduina d'Erella returns to her father's house and lives a wretched life under the tutelage of a drunken governess. She inscribes in her diary each blow her father gives her, intending to confront him some day with the record of his cruelty. Her only friends are her English nurse—who is soon sent away, but visits her clandestinely—and a girl of her own age, Gabriella de Simone. In time she is sent to a convent, where her energetic nature finds an outlet. She feels that she has the religious vocation; but, not satisfied with the existing sisterhoods, she determines to found a new order of nuns who shall be of all creeds and not necessarily celibate, but united in their common wish to serve the Cross. The mother superior laughs at her plan, but her father confessor, recognizing the girl's fine qualities and knowing of the fortune she would bring to the church, temporizes with her and feeds her ambition.

Then love comes into her life. Gabriella takes her to the seashore for a season, and there she meets Prospero Sant' Onofrio. Gabriella has set her cap at this handsome naval captain, but Arduina unconsciously fascinates him, and herself falls in love. She struggles hard between her passion and the religious life, and writes to her confessor to decide for her. Before the answer comes she is precipitated into an engagement with Sant' Onofrio; but within the week the churchman so plays upon her religious feelings that she renounces earthly love, and enters on her novitiate as a nun.

The jilted lover yields to family pressure and marries Gabriella. Three years later the nun has found that her love is stronger than her religion, and being thrown into the man's presence, they see the terrible mistake they have made. Instead of returning to the convent, she hides with her old English nurse and is given up for dead. Then Gabriella dies, and at last Arduina is united to Sant' Onofrio. For two years she is absolutely happy. But she gives herself too absolutely, and the man's passion cools. He tires of her and seeks other women, and, though he is honest enough to confess, it kills her love. She obeys his call for her to come to him, but she lets his contrite letter, full of promises of love, flutter down from her hand into the sea.

Published by George H. Richmond & Co., New York; price, \$1.50. Jahart

A Ridiculous Rhapsody.

For the purpose of winning for the poet "more lovers and readers," William P. Trent has written a book of nearly three hundred pages, and given it the title "John Milton: A Short Study of His Life and Works." Mr. Trent's qualifications for the work he has undertaken are questionable. It is not enough to accumulate such phrases as "the greatest artist, man of letters, and ideal patriot"; "the sublimest, though not the most universal of poets"; "our most learned poet and cultured artist"; and, "as noble a deed of patriotic self-sacrifice as has yet been recorded to the credit of his race"; all of which are used in the first half-dozen pages of his volume. His praise is not tempered with discrimination. His quotations from the poems are neither sublime nor characteristic. His indifference to exact statement is noticeable throughout; in one sentence he uses "probably" twice, "in all likelihood" and "doubtless" once each, and throws in a "certainly" to strengthen the only unimportant clause in the statement. It is hard to credit with critical ability a writer who would introduce such a sentence as this: "We are told now that people do not read 'Paradise Lost,' and that its subject is antiquated and a little absurd, especially since the theory of evolution has thrown grave doubts upon the lion's ever having pawed to extricate his hinder parts." Mr. Trent is impossible.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 75 cents. Jahart

A Summer Story by Miss Wilkins.

Without the author's name on the title-page few would ascribe "The Jamesons" to Mary E. Wilkins. It is a New England story, but there is little of the angular, the austere kindness of her earlier studies. There is more humor in the book than is usual with Miss Wilkins, and though this element seems hardly spontaneous it is not dispiriting. The pathos, too, is premeditated, but there is not much of this.

Mrs. Jameson is the head of a city family in the country for the summer, and the disposition that impels her to rule her own people is responsible for her efforts to change the order of events in her new home. From the boarding-house her sway ex-

tends to the domestic concerns of her neighbors, to the church, and finally the whole village acknowledges her dominion. Her success is won at the expense of her dignity on some occasions, and at the end there is a joyous defeat; but on the whole her energy and ingenuity bring good results. There are three or four other characters quite as well drawn as the social leader, though their influence is not as weighty. The little romance of the country lover and the city maid ends happily, and the story, if slight, is of even interest from the beginning.

Published by the Doubleday & McClure Company, New York; price, \$1.00. Jahart

From a London Art Exhibition.

Under the title "Royal Academy Pictures—1899," the one hundred and thirty-first exhibition has been handsomely illustrated in a quarto cloth-bound supplement to the *Magazine of Art*. There are two hundred and forty-one photo-engravings in the book, successful reproductions, well printed. The selections represent all styles of work and include many portraits.

Among the pictures that are most attractive in this presentation the following may be mentioned: "The Day of the Dead," Horace Fisher; "A Passage Perilous Maketh a Port Pleasant," Edward S. Harper; "Elaine," E. Blair Leighton; "The Tambour-Frame," S. Melton Fisher; "The Drone," Arthur Hacker; "Smugglers," C. Napier Henry; "The Flute of Pan," Arthur Wardle; "Wintry Spring," George H. Boughton; "Trailing Clouds of Glory," Herbert J. Draper; "Joan of Arc," Fred Roe; "Crusoe," J. C. Dollman; "The Lonely Life," Hugh G. Riviere. Each engraving bears a note giving the size of the original picture, a detail of value.

Published by Cassell & Company, New York; price, \$3.00. Jahart

The Harrowing of Wales.

"Pabo, the Priest," by S. Baring-Gould, is a semi-historical novel of the time of Henry Beaucherc of England, in which is told the story of the oppression of Wales by the Normans, and the sinking of the "Blanche Nef," or White Ship. Pabo was the head of the church in Wales, but was superseded by a Norman, and sent to a dungeon. His life was saved by Nest (Matilda), a beautiful Welsh princess in Henry's court, kept there against her will. Pabo, in his escape through a subterranean passage-way, finds a store of ancient gold, of use to the cause. There is an uprising throughout the land, and at the news of the death of his children on the ill-fated White Ship, Henry promises a more liberal government to Wales.

Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; price 50 cents. Jahart

New Publications.

"Child Life in Tale and Fable" is a second reader for schools by Etta Austin Blaisdell and Mary Frances Blaisdell. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 35 cents.

Among the latest issues of text-books are three by William J. Milne, president of the New York State Normal College—"Grammar School Algebra" (60 cents); "Plane Geometry" (75 cents), and "Plane and Solid Geometry" (\$1.25). Published by the American Book Company, New York.

"The Gospel of Buddha," by Paul Carus, is an attempt to arrange the best thoughts of the great Oriental faith in a readable and comprehensible form. The author's effort has been more than moderately successful, and the volume is of value. Published by the Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago; price, \$1.00.

A series of distinct value was begun last year with "Don't Worry Nuggets," and the second volume, "Patriotic Nuggets," is now offered. The little book contains selections from Franklin, Washington, Jefferson, Webster, Lincoln, and Beecher, and they should be familiar in every household. Published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York; price, 40 cents.

The short stories in the collection entitled "Mr. Miss, and Mrs.," by Charles Bloomingdale, Jr., are twenty-three in number, all fairly well done. They include sketches of society and of bohemian life, and some episodes that border on the tragic. There is a bitter flavor in two or three of them that does not pass away with the reading. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.25.

The poems by Grace Ellery Channing, published in the volume entitled "Sea Drift," are of unequal merit, though there are none that are unworthy. Between "Pity, O God," and "To a Twilight Breeze" the range of thought and melody is wide, but there is beauty in all and strength in many of the verses. There are some happy fancies in the poems of places, and little that is not bright and cheering in the collection. Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

"Harper's Pictorial History of the War with Spain," issued in weekly parts, is nearing completion, parts 17 to 24, inclusive, having been delivered. As was to be expected, the work is as complete and graphic as the pencils of thoroughly efficient artists and the ready pens of actual participants can make it. The colored illustrations are attractive,

and the numerous reproductions of photographs leave no points of especial interest uncovered. The descriptive letter-press reflects credit upon the editors as well as upon the contributors. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, 25 cents each.

In the Foreign Statesmen Series the latest issue is "Cosimo de' Medici," by K. Dorothea Ewart. The book is a study of one of the most interesting characters of the fifteenth century, an age that produced a long list of important figures in the world's history. Florence was then not only a city, but a state; a republic in some respects, an empire in others—for while her citizens were supposed to be equal, the city ruled over several subject towns. Her artists and her thinkers led the modern world, while England was but just emerging from the Middle Ages. To the study of politics Cosimo de' Medici contributed the theory of "the balance of power among states." Although a private citizen, by his own brains and wealth he established almost kingly power in his city, and left that power firmly grounded for his son, and on to the third generation. And yet Cosimo never held a higher office than head of the treasury. He established the first public library, bestowed inestimable services on art and public instruction, and tributes to his ability, his generosity, and his power are still among the chief attractions of Florence. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 75 cents. Jahart

LATE VERSE.

The Curé of St. Cyr's.

The tangled roses twist and bloom
Against the garden wall,
So thick, they leave hut scanty room
For the ripened peach to fall.
Among the stately hollyhocks
The wild bee drones and veers,
And here at eve he always walks,
The Curé of St. Cyr's.

The village knows the kindly face,
The old hat's broken rim;
The veriest baby in the place
Flings out a smile to him.
The gentle hand, the silvered hair,
The look that chides or cheers;
He always has a laugh to spare,
The Curé of St. Cyr's.

His house is small and dismal, yet
His treasures are not few;
An old flute and a silhouette,
A cherished book or two.
Still, rumor says that long ago,
In dim, forgotten years,
His life had other gifts to show,
The Curé of St. Cyr's.

He was a soldier of the king—
A courtier learned in bliss;
No man can say what made him fling
The old life by for this.
He bears, instead of love and mirth,
The parish hopes and fears—
The little burdens of the earth—
The Curé of St. Cyr's.

The sunshine floods his garden ways,
The rose nods to the wind.
Who knows if he regrets the days
He left so long behind?
Perhaps the silhouette could tell—
Whose face has felt his tears—
Methinks she knows them over-well,
Oh, Curé of St. Cyr's!
—Theodosia Pickering Garrison in Life.

The Modern Saint.

No monkish garb he wears, no beads he tells,
Nor is immersed in walls remote from strife;
But from his heart deep mercy ever wells;
He looks humanely forth on human life.

In place of missals or of altar dreams,
He cons the passionate book of deeds and days;
Striving to cast the comforting, sweet beams
Of charity on dark and noisome ways.

Not hedged about by sacerdotal rule,
He walks a fellow of the scarred and weak;
Liberal and wise his gifts: he goes to school
To justice; and he turns the other cheek.

He looks not holy; simple is his belief;
His creed, for mystic visions, do not scan;
His face shows lines out there by others' grief,
And in his eyes is love of brother-man.

Not self nor self-salvation is his care;
He yearns to make the world a sunnier clime
To live in; and his mission everywhere
Is strangely like to Christ's in olden time.

No medieval mystery, no crowned,
Dim figure haloed-ring, uncanny bright;
A modern saint! A man who treads earth's ground
And ministers to men with all his might.
—Richard Burton in the Independent.

Rudyard Kipling's grandfather, Macdonald, who was a Methodist preacher and the son of a Methodist preacher, must have had some good blood in his veins. At any rate, the family turned out well. The latest member of it to achieve distinction is the Rev. F. W. Macdonald, Rudyard Kipling's uncle, who has just been chosen to be the head of the Methodist Church in Great Britain, to succeed the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes. One of Mr. Macdonald's sisters married Sir Edward Burne-Jones, and the other Sir Edward Poynter, who is president of the Royal Academy, and the third married John Lockwood Kipling, who is also an artist, and became the mother of Rudyard Kipling. Jahart

WOMANLY BEAUTY.

How to Gain It. How to Retain It.

JOHN V. SHOEMAKER, A. M., M. D.,

Professor of Materia Medica, Therapeutics, Clinical Medicine and Diseases of the Skin in the Medico-Chirurgical College of Philadelphia; Physician to the Hospital; Member of the American and British Medical Associations; Fellow of the Medical Society of London, etc.

Is the author of a comprehensive new book entitled:

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The General Laws of Health; Physical beauty dependent on their observance—The spendthrift tendency as to health—Imprudence in exercise—City-bred and country-bred—The secret of enjoyable life.

The Source of Beauty in the Fair Sex—Causes chiefly concerned in producing the relative beauty of the fair sex—Men choose the best-favored—Women the sedulous care of enlightened nations—Beauty-producing prevalence of romantic love—The influence of sexual selection.

The Regulative Law of Life and Growth—Evolution—Comparison of theories—History of the discussion.

The Evolution of the American Girl—Dressing for adornment—Dressing of American women—Of foreign women—Modifying fashions to suit forms—Beauty of American women compared with French—Fifty years of fashion—From simplicity to luxury—The Countess of Jersey on improvement in hygienic practices—The female form—Its proportions—Points of elegance—Beauty of the bosom—Warning against quacks—Tight shoes and gloves—Tight-lacing—Blonde and brunette types—The grace of Spanish women—Conditions tending to make American women the handsomest type of the world.

Nature's Evidence of the Law of Life and Growth—The relation between species—Effects of sexual selection upon animals—The courting of birds—Rare case of the female courting the male—Nature's relinquishment of unused organs.

Man's Physical Place in Nature—Educated man and the savage—Likeness to the anthropoid apes—Types of brain conformation.

Food for Health and Beauty—Tastes of nations—Acquirement of taste—Plain cooking—English and French cooking—The palate and digestion—Pleasures of the table contributory to health and beauty.

Clothing in its Relation to Health—Protective, healthful, and agreeable aspects of clothing—The uses of linen—Of wool and cotton—Silk underwear—The climate and the almanac.

Ventilation—Cool Air and Pure Air Distinguished—Natural and mechanical ventilation contrasted—How to ventilate for sick and well—Night air—The cellar air—House-tops as resorts.

The Circulation and Digestion—Respiration of the lungs and skin—The higher modes of circulation.

Cosmetic Treatment and Articles—Elegant preparations for the toilet—Recipes for cologne, hand-lotion, jelly of roses, Japanese potpourri—Recipes for dandruff, hair-dyes, face-powders, hair- tonic, toilet vinegar, and pomades—Five recipes for Florida water—Four for brillianine.

Medicated Soaps—A list of Twenty-Nine varieties—Purposes for which they are used.

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246 Sutter St., San Francisco.

Andrew Lang and A. E. W. Mason are collaborating on a work of fiction, which will be published in the fall under the title of "Parson Kelly, an Historical Study." Jahart



One hearing of the Frawley Company in old comedy is enough to bring conviction even to their most fervent admirers of their thorough unfitness for that line. In the first place, there are no real comedians there. They all are general utility people, waiting their turn to fill the rôles assigned them. There is no one person in the company whose ability is sufficiently great to carry the burden of comedy. Blanche Bates has been shooting up so rapidly to her place as star that she has all run to stalk, and the potentialities that are within her have not yet leafed and flowered out to any very high achievement. She is beautifully unconscious of this fact, however; it takes a calmer head than that of bright-eyed, gay-spirited, self-confident youth to keep cool, and realize, in spite of floods of newspaper flattery and the great to-do that has been made over her at the two extremes of this continent that there are mountains yet to climb.

Blanche Bates has been very lucky in one way, and very unlucky in another. The hit she made in New York has given her an immense vogue. Theatre-goers felt, when she came out this summer, that it was their bounden duty to see her; everybody was talking about her, and he who remained away and had no opinion to offer as to her powers of acting stamped himself as a stay-at-home and behind the times. All this is very pleasant, and very convincing to the heroine of the sensation, but the element ill-luck comes in for the reason that Miss Bates's powers have not had time to expand and ripen. She is filling important parts, without a real understanding of the minutiae of her calling, necessary in expressing the conception of a character. She has the intelligence to comprehend, but not the skill or subtlety to render. Strip her of her beauty, her unflinching high spirits, her physical energy—for these have been important elements in her success—and her lack of real training would become painfully evident.

In "London Assurance" the character of Lady Gay Spanker has nothing complex or subtle to it, and one might think that Miss Bates would do very well in representing her merry ladyship; but although she uttered her lines with a vast amount of go, although she threw herself into countless attitudes to illustrate her sentiments, although she burst into peal after peal of laughter, and her vivacity never ceased for a moment, yet her gayety, instead of being infectious, was unreal and string. She keeps herself keyed up at too high a pitch all the time, and will probably wake up some day to a realization of how much vitality is being needlessly expended. I think, too, that she will mar her beauty if she does not cultivate more facial repose. The continual and restless play of expression on her face will leave dreaded and ineradicable footprints there, and not all the beauty-doctors in the world can remove in the future what a little moderation now might keep at a safe distance.

"London Assurance" was a downright poor performance, and Frawley, in the general atmosphere of crude incompetence, was conspicuous by his absence; there really was no rôle for him, as broad comedy is not his forte, but he is one of the quietly reliable kind, and I had a vague feeling that if he had appeared he might have saved the situation in some way. He certainly can not be a very terrible martinet as a manager, however; innumerable were the slips, the inaccuracies, the bits of careless acting, the slipshod pronunciation during the performance. I think it would pay Frawley to take a leaf out of Daly's managerial book, for at least half a dozen of the players were in need of being soundly disciplined for their carelessness. As often happens in a theatrical company, the members have picked up some of the mannerisms of the star, and they all race through their parts with something of the breathless speed and determined energy which are characteristics of Miss Bates.

In spite of the characters of the play being the most broadly marked of types, the players showed a lack of comprehension of the special types they were supposed to represent, so that the performance was at times amateurish in the extreme. Manola Mould, who runs to the gentle and sentimental in style, with her pretty, little weak voice and large, languishing eyes, was a Pert without pertness. Richard Dazzle was very dull company, and Sir Harcourt Courty's manners were not Chesterfieldian. When the Diana-like beauty of his fiancée burst up on him, he cast the briefest of glances, turned his back full, and was far more deliberate in confiding to himself his sentiments of admiration than in admitting. Miss Van Buren was very lovely, very picturesque, very incompetent. Both she and Miss Mould seemed more like a pair of pretty, inexperienced

school-girls than members of a stock company, although they carried the old-fashioned quaintness of their gowns very gracefully. All three of the ladies in the play had their huge crinolines very much on their minds, and kept the audience in a state of delighted and feverish expectation during the entire evening by dazzling them with continual lightning flashes of white stockings.

The company is not so strong a one as that of last year, and I think they will all go to pieces in "As You Like It." It is, in fact, a great mistake for them to attempt it. But Shakespearean revivals seem to be the thing now, and all of the three stock companies in San Francisco at present are taking turns in dusting off the old bard's works and giving him a smart, new, modern representation. For none have rendered him with the classic or poetical spirit that fittingly goes with such high company.

One of the most noticeable things in the Henry Miller engagement has been the contrast between the perfect fitness of the people to the parts, and the delightful and graceful realism of their acting as shown in "Brother Officers," and the sense of unsuitability and general misfit with which some of these same people affected many of their warmest appreciators in "Hamlet." In "Brother Officers" Guy Standing as Launcelot Pleydell was a gentleman to the finger-tips, easy, nonchalant, genial. As Laertes he looked like a man of the people, and we realized for the first time that his voice is decidedly unmusical. Margaret Dale was a most taking, natural, little piquant piece of prettiness as Kate; as the player-queen she was commonplace. Louise Boucault did not appear in "Brother Officers," but in "The Liars" she was graceful and at ease in a drawing-room (which is no small art in itself), and acceptable in her rôle; as Gertrude, the Queen of Denmark, she was uninteresting, and was such a very clinging vine when her two-months' husband was present, that it would have been a relief to have the court chamberlain remonstrate with her for her breach of royal decorum.

Miss Anglin is too discerning and sympathetic an actress to stray very far from the truth in any rôle, but the new business she introduced in Ophelia's part rather grated on one, and lessened the real excellence of her portrayal. What a rare moment she gave us in "Brother Officers," when she proposed the toast to John Hinds! Was ever a thing more simply and beautifully done? And how instantaneous was the flash of gratitude and appreciation in Henry Miller's face. Between them, they managed to restore to us the long-lost thrill.

Henry Miller never seemed to be in more complete sympathy with any rôle than with that of John Hinds, for he slipped into the part with perfect comprehension and rare and surprising art. But he was miles and leagues away from any conception whatever of the character of Hamlet. One had to get all one's enjoyment out of the part by looking at him. He made a sweetly pretty Hamlet, "a dear, cute little Hamlet," said one of his admirers affectionately, and her comment was the key-note to the attitude of the discriminating. One found one's self looking at and listening to him with an indulgent smile. His make-up was very fetching—dark hair, beautifully curled and arranged in most admired disorder upon a marble-pale forehead; mourning millinery gracefully designed, picturesque, worn with grace, and immensely becoming; tears in his eyes, distraction not in his aspect, but in his reading, which took the bit in its own teeth and ran away with him. Periods were kicked aside; meaning, and consequently rhythm, were left high and dry; conflicting emotions collided in the same breath, and all was turbulence. Only in brief glimpses did he seem to feel or render the beautiful rhythm, the solemn, majestic music of Hamlet's lines, whose sonorous ebb and flow, like "the league-long roller thundering on the reef," the ear quite ached to hear, but ached in vain. There was a marked lack of intellectual comprehension in his acting; it was as if he, generally the most conscientious and earnest of actors, had taken up the part hastily, without proper study. He seemed absorbed in externals only, and even failed there, for his inability to approach the tragic in his facial play, notably in his scene with the Ghost, was very evident.

Edwin Stevens was a surprise to many in both plays. As Hutton, he hit off the villain of modern drama in a way that proved him to be a valuable acquisition to a stock company. In Hamlet, his reading in the rôle of Claudius, the king, was, although almost too measured, thoroughly intelligent; and in his hands the king was no longer the usual royal dummy, but became human.

"Of all the operas that Verdi wrote
The best, to my taste, is the 'Trovatore,'" says Owen Meredith, in one of the few poems in which he got safely away from his usual tone of artificial sentiment. Time has seemed to blend his "Aux Italiens" more and more with the associations roused by the popular old opera, for when we hear it ever and anon, the familiar, romantic, melodious charm revives, and, like him, we smell again the jasmine flower of youth and early sentiment. For Verdi is always Verdi, and although his modern muse has adapted herself to the new order of things, and undergone a "change into something rich and strange," "Trovatore" belongs to the season of ineffaceable first impressions. Not all the street-organ grindings of its "Miserere" and "Anvil

Chorus," nor all the broad, rich flow of the Wagnerian harmonies can quite drive away the tenacity of our early affections, and when the old-fashioned, out-of-date opera, with its rum-tum melodies and thin orchestration, is resurrected, there are always plenty of people that seem to share Meredith's sentiments, and say with him:

"But O, the smell of that jasmine flower!
And O, that music! and O, the way
That voice rang out from the donjon tower,
Non ti scordar di me,
Non ti scordar di me!"

For many come to the Tivoli to hear and enjoy it, although the applause has lost something of its vigorous thunder noticeable at the first night of "Aida."

The cast includes all the principals who sang in that opera, save that Lichter takes the part of Leonora; pretty, plump, sweet-singing, soulless song-sparrow, she is alike in everything, whether it be "tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical," or all the rest. She always sings well, save for that slight nasal tone in her middle notes, and, really, we are so accustomed to a musical automaton for a Leonora that the house as one man would probably have an apoplectic stroke in pure amazement, should we ever have an impassioned and human characterization of the part.

Salassa appeared as quite a personable Count di Luna, in spite of the flamboyant blue scarf that pertinaciously tickled his mustache during the entire evening. He sang "Il Balen" with such sweetness, power, and ardor that it was a wonder the rocky-hearted Leonora did not resolve to commit bigamy on the spot. He even roused a neighboring youth from his state of literary absorption in the libretto—a condition into which he was plunged during the entire evening—the only time, in fact, when this feat was accomplished, save when Avedano hurled forth his silver-clear "ut de poitrine," when my neighbor looked up for a moment, and cast a lack-lustre and abstracted eye upon him.

Linck made herself up to look a handsome though faded Azucena, and showed her usual happy faculty of introducing a dramatic and picturesque element in all her scenes. JOSEFITA.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

A Tale of Warm Affection.

To wed the girl who was his flame
Was what the spark desired;
He told about his burning love,
And then got promptly fired.—Puck.

Baffled.

The play began; I heard the words,
But little could I see,
Except the roses on the hat
Which loomed in front of me,
Despite the programme's kind request,
Which none could fail to see.

One act I suffered silently,
And then made up my mind:
I holdly asked that girl in front
To be exceeding kind
And move her hat, so those could see
Whose seats were placed behind.

With deftest touch she quick removed
The awful hat she wore.
But I, alas, could see the stage
No better than before;
The lady had removed her hat
But not her pompadour.

—Charles M. Bryan in New York Sun.

A Jumping Jack.

Jack jumped aboard the fast express
And jumped into a seat,
And when he heard the whistle blow
He jumped up on his feet;
He jumped from off the Pullman step
Right on the station floor,
And when he reached the farm-house white
He jumped within the door.
And after he had spent a week
Another jump was scored,
For when the shade of night was deep
He quickly jumped his board.

—Chicago News.

Ernest McGaffey, poet and Benedick, is accredited with a fairly good *bon-mot*. A lady said to him: "Ob, Mr. McGaffey, I have just seen your wife for the first time since your marriage. But I had supposed that she was a taller woman. She seems shorter than when I saw her last." "Certainly," replied the poet, solemnly, "she has married and settled down, you know." JABART

The Teething Period

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THE AMERICAN STAGE OF TO-DAY.

The Conduct of Our Theatre as a Commercial Speculation—Influence of the Theatrical Trust with the New York Press.

The remark is often heard that our theatre has withdrawn from art and become a mere commercial speculation (says Robert Stodart in a recent issue of the *Independent*). The reason for this remark will be apparent at once when it is clearly understood by the general public that the theatrical situation is virtually in the hands of a moneyed and powerful combination, syndicate, or trust of six theatre managers, having head offices in New York and Philadelphia, who lease, own or otherwise control no fewer than sixty theatres scattered over the country. These theatres are, speaking generally, of the best grade—that is to say, they are the most luxurious in their appointments, and the most centrally situated, and they entertain the amusement-loving population of many of our largest cities. The people must go to them or to gin-crack, uncomfortable, out-of-the-way houses, or, as a final alternative, remain at home. Bearing in mind these simple, easily remembered facts, noting that "business methods," so called, prevail in our theatre, let us see what commercialism is doing for it.

What is the condition of the American stage to-day? Is it playing to comfort, to industry, to sufficiency, to normal, wholesome feeling? No. Very largely it is, as Mr. Howells had occasion to point out some years ago, "to luxury, to idleness, to surfeit, to ennui, that the stage plays now and strives to impart a new sensation." The jaded palate must be burned to feeling, the languid fancy whipped to life. Hence the production in New York—the heart from which blood pure or impure is pumped into every avenue of theatrical activity throughout the country—of dragged-out inanities that do not commence until the second act and then provide a "sensational scene" for the special delectation of the over-dressed, over-refined men and women who rustle in late, gorged with rich food and heavy wines, to find in the theatre, which once was a temple, the idle amusement of an empty hour. And these peep-shows are called plays, and their "art" is gravely criticised!

During the last three seasons, particularly, so many foul things have been dumped upon the local boards that merely to list their titles would pass the bounds of patience, while no one of them could be described without offense. It is a fact of considerable significance in this connection that the association of theatre managers to which reference has been made was formed on the 31st day of August, 1896. Decent, conservative admirers of the art of acting—surely a beautiful and, in its best estate, an ennobling art—want something more than froth, fine settings, suggestiveness, and smut; their eyes are not to be dazzled by the glitter of tinsel show. Lewdness in our "high-class" play-houses no longer occasions comment; paradoxically, it is propriety that startles. Unspeakable performances are tolerated here, in ever-increasing numbers, which should land their managers in jail, and these promoters of impurity have their prints—certain newspapers of sensational methods which publish in one column a salaciously descriptive denunciation of some silly, sensual show of women, and, in the section devoted to their overt advertising, keep on calling attention to the fact that it is "funny, fantastic, and French."

Are these journals forbidden sheets, made up in fear of the law, sold furtively, their contents consumed in secret? By no means. They are printed in the light, they sell by day along our avenues, they go into hundreds of thousands of homes. The combination, trust, syndicate—call it what you will—which is engaged in wholesaling theatrical amusement in this city and elsewhere has a very strong influence with the majority of the metropolitan newspapers of large circulation, the exact nature of this influence being thoroughly understood by those who are "in the know" theatrically; and, if only it be proffered by the men in whose interests they are working, no indecency is so gross, no violence so glaring, but the vest-pocket "critics" will praise it. Their editorial comments furnish the honest stage reviewer a certain grim amusement. Is "Camille" presented by a leading actress who stands without the charmed circle—technically, an "independent star"? It is a play of "positive immoral tendencies," and can not be too strongly reprehended. Does the syndicate exploit "Zaza," a lurid fable of vice, in which the scarlet woman, an aureole placed about her head and much sympathy cunningly contrived for her, is apotheosized as *Camille* never was? The "heroine," it is announced, with delightful ambiguity, "will give you an excellent lesson in social ethics, if you will take it from her."

An imported farce of doubtful humor which has been censured by the London licenser of plays, and which deals broadly with the mutual delinquencies of a delectable married pair, is produced at a Broadway house bearing a name honored, almost revered by every lover of high comedy. In order to draw the two mobs to which the New York stage now appeals—the "swell" mob and the "tenderloin"—the manager of the farce, with a fine frankness, advertises it in the Sunday blanket sheets as being "wicked," and, further, he prints an open letter addressed to him by a brother manager certifying that it is a great "artistic success" and that the receipts

run very large. Thus art and commercialism are made to walk hand in hand, and "business methods" are applied as a lever for the elevation of the drama.

It is urged by the friends of the dealers in nasty shows that the public supports them and

"The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,
And we, who live to please, must please—to live" is an oft-quoted couplet, from which one is asked to draw the inference that there is an overwhelming popular demand for lubricity in our play-houses. "The managers," say these cold-blooded quidnuncs, "know what they are about; they are giving the people what they want." Now what do the American people want? Passionately, they want clean, well-acted drama, and the writer, for one, believes they will go on wanting it till the last day dawns and the stars fade out forever.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Clay Clement in "A Southern Gentleman."

Henry Miller will close his remarkably successful season at the Columbia Theatre this (Saturday) evening in Henry Arthur Jones's brilliant comedy, "The Liars." The regular combination season at this theatre will have a most auspicious inaugural next week, when Clay Clement and his company will make their first appearance here in the romantic comedy, "A Southern Gentleman." Like his charming play, "The New Dominion," in which Mr. Clement scored a deserved success as Von Hohenstauffen, the German botanist, "A Southern Gentleman" is a pleasing succession of character studies, brightened with touches of humor, bits of mild philosophy, and gleams of dramatic fire. It is the simple story of General Carroll, a middle-aged Southerner, who has served with distinction in the Confederate army, and who, twenty years after the war, loved and won the daughter of the woman he had worshiped in his youth. Mr. Durand, the villain, is a man who killed the father of the heroine in a duel, after his honorable antagonist had fired in the air. Twenty-two years later this man is a suitor for the daughter's hand. General Carroll, however, persuades Mr. Durand to withdraw his suit, for, when a young lieutenant, he acted as a second of his unfortunate fellow-officer.

Mr. Clement's company this season includes, among others, Augustus Cook—who has seceded from the Frawley Company—H. S. Duffield, Jeffrey D. Williams, T. F. O'Malley, Oscar Norfleet, N. S. Northrup, W. B. Mack, W. H. Bairstow, Charles Young, Phosa McAllister—a former member of the Frawley Company—Nell MacEwen, Gertrude O'Malley, Helen Broderick, and Mrs. Clay Clement.

Von Suppe's "Clover."

Alfred Cellier's comic-opera, "Dorothy," with Bessie Fairbairn, a clever new-comer, in the cast, has proved a strong attraction at the Grand Opera House during the week. On Monday evening, Von Suppe's tuneful comic-opera, "Clover," is to be presented, with Edith Mason as Stella, Hattie Belle Ladd as Fanny, Georgie Cooper as Florine, Bessie Fairbairn as Signora Petronella, Thomas H. Persse as Rudolph, William Wolff as Cassimir, Nace Bonville as Dr. Track, Arthur Wooley as Don Cristoval, Winfred Goff as Kilborg and Count Wilfred, and Arthur Wooley as the Duke. Some beautiful stage-pictures are promised, one of the most striking being Venice in the mad whirl of a carnival. In this scene a beautiful ballet will be an attractive feature, and also during the performance a corps of *chic* damsels, uniformed as soldiers, will execute a number of military tactics.

"A Bachelor's Honeymoon" at the California.

On Sunday evening Blanche Bates and the Frawley Company will close their season at the California Theatre in Shakespeare's "As You Like It." They are to be followed by those dull comedians, Warde and Hackett, who will be seen in John Stapleton's new farce-comedy, "A Bachelor's Honeymoon." The piece is said to be the greatest laugh-producer that has been written for many a day, and, above all, is devoid of offensiveness and vulgarity. It enjoyed a prosperous run at Hoyt's New York Theatre.

"A Bachelor's Honeymoon" will run but one week, when the California Theatre will be closed to undergo a complete renovation.

The Tivoli's Double Bill.

At the Tivoli Opera House Beethoven's "Fidelio" will be given for the last time this (Saturday) evening, and on Sunday evening Verdi's "Trovatore" will be the bill. Next week an excellent double bill will be offered nightly, including Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana" and Leoncavallo's "I Pagliacci."

Fraulein Ella Prosnitz and Mary Linck will alternate as Santuzza in "Cavalleria Rusticana"; Anna Lichter will be heard as Nedda in "I Pagliacci"; Signor Avedano and Barron Berthold will alternate as Turiddu in "Cavalleria Rusticana" and Canio in "I Pagliacci"; Signor Salassa, who on the opening night of the Lambardi Company at the California Theatre, a few months ago, set musical circles talking by his masterly rendition of Tonio in "I Pagliacci," will be heard again in this rôle; William Mertens is also to sing Tonio, and with Signor Wanrell will alternate as Alfio in "Cavalleria Rusticana"; Schuster and Zarni will be heard

as Silvio in "I Pagliacci." With such excellent casts the double bill is bound to be a treat.

The Orpheum's Excellent Bill.

The principal new-comers at the Orpheum next week will be Frank Hall and Cass Staley, who call themselves the "Twentieth-Century Burglars." They will present an original sketch which is said to have a laugh in every line. Among the other new entertainers are Freeze Brothers, who perform some novel juggling feats with tambourines and are excellent clog-dancers, and McMahon and King, black-face artists, who are well known in San Francisco.

Those retained from this week's bill are Mansfield and Wilbur, who have made a hit in their droll little comedy, "Color Blind"; Alexandra Dagmar, who will sing some new songs and wear some gorgeous new costumes; Caron and Herbert, acrobatic comedians; the Cardownie Troupe of vocalists and dancers; Esmeralda, who plays the violin and xylophone while performing on a tight-wire; and new views by the American Biograph.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Alaska Boundary.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 9, 1899.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: In your issue of August 7th you have a leader entitled "Only a Just Boundary Desired," in which you have been imposed on by somebody who has forged a false treaty. I have given the original text of the treaty. The true text says: "Line . . . upon the coast of the continent and islands." The forgery says: "Line . . . upon the coast and the continent and the islands." The treaty puts the line upon the coast of the continent from the one hundred and forty-first meridian to Cross Sound, and thence upon coast of the islands to the point of the continent at fifty-six degrees north latitude. The forgery puts the line on the continent, but not on the islands at all, which, as you properly say, is robbery by the forger of your treaty. The true text says: "The line shall ascend north from (Cape Chacon) along the channel, called Portland Channel, as far as the point of the continent where it (the channel) strikes fifty-six degrees north." The forgery says: "Portland Canal," which is not a channel at all, but is an inlet that does not reach the fifty-sixth parallel, nor strike the point of the continent at all, but only the inside of it. Instead of line going north between one hundred and thirty-first and one hundred and thirty-third west, the line to the canal in the forgery goes east along parallel fifty-four-forty and breaks over the one hundred and thirty-first meridian to one hundred and thirtieth, and so breaks every point of the treaty. The true text fixes the line along the summit of the mountains from the fifty-sixth degree to the one hundred and forty-first meridian west at distance of ten marine leagues from the ocean . . . and shall never exceed the distance of ten marine leagues therefrom (the ocean). The forgery inserts the words "more than" ten marine leagues. The Washington government put the line one hundred and twenty miles from the ocean by following the forgery (more than ten leagues) in place of the treaty. You have fallen into the mistake of misquoting a false version. Yours faithfully,
J. W. TREADWELL.

Contract Labor in Hawaii.

NEW YORK, August 6, 1899.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: Your correspondent, "Punahou," on July 31st had a very sensible note about "Hawaii." In 1893 I was at Hilo, and I grew heart-sick at the brutal manner of treating the Japanese laborers. Being in the court-house there to watch the farce of trying labor-contract cases, I saw no sign of any regard for the rights of the laborer. For the first time in my life I realized what slavery is like. To-day we have the same system; for I fancy the contract-labor law is yet in force in Hawaii, at least as to present contracts. It will be a lasting shame to our people that we took in Hawaii as we did. A policy of honesty in the days of Harrison and McKinley might have given us Hawaii in a manly fashion. Had it not been for the plotting in Honolulu and Washington between 1885 and 1893, we should have seen the growth of a desire for annexation well nigh unanimous. I am sure that such would have been Hawaiian sentiment.

For the "missionary" and the "adventurer" parties in the islands I have no respect at all. What puzzles me is that people here do not realize that planters, merchants, and lawyers there are an aristocracy, a plutocracy, an oligarchy, and, in short, all but a democracy. It is strange that visitors to the islands do not seem to note the arrogance of wealth and caste there; I never saw the like here, and I do not know where else it is more pronounced. My views are colored by a hearty liking for the Hawaiians; I have seen the side of matters which the "haole malihini" never seems to observe. Take the South in our own land and the ruffian element everywhere; how much we need missionaries! Respectfully,
HENRY C. CARTER.

Want of Discrimination at the Play.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 12, 1899.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: While reading Miss Bonner's able review of "Brother Officers," in this week's *Argonaut*, I noted the following lines: "His portrayal never once jarred nor ever once made a bid for the laugh that lies so ready to respond to the actor's drop into buffoonery." This is every word true, but nevertheless the laughs *did* come, and this leads me to unburden my mind in regard to a condition of which I have for some time been a close observer. I can recall innumerable instances during the past several years where these untimely laughs have occurred, in scenes where tears would have been infinitely more appropriate, and I must confess

that I am unable to find any satisfactory solution to the problem.

Pathos and comedy lie very close to one another, and sobs, tears, and wringing hands are oftentimes absent in scenes that are most truly pathetic. It is in these, rather than in scenes involving great stress of emotion, that audiences have invariably invaded with untimely laughs. Sometimes an actor's presentation of such scenes will warrant a laugh, but in the many cases I have in mind this was not so. I have arrived at the conclusion that those whose laughs have marred many a pathetic scene must either be utterly lacking in feeling, delicacy, and discrimination, or the victims of a form of hysterical emotion which finds its escape in that way. I should like to hear what others may have to say on the subject.

H. E. M.

The Inspiration of a Poem.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., August 2, 1899.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In your issue of the thirty-first ult., following the obituary notice of Mrs. Mace is her noted poem, "Only Waiting." It adds very much to the beauty of the verse to know the source of its inspiration. At the time it was written (1851), she was at Waterville, Me., and visited the "poor farm" of the town. She found among others there a very worthy man, deeply religious and beloved by all who knew him—a Mr. Kimball. He had lost the use of either hand, and could not walk without assistance; he was brought to this condition by a severe sickness in youth, and all through his life was "only waiting"—a daily expression of his. Late in life he married a worthy woman, who, owing to being totally blind, had been thrown upon public charity. He had the eyes, she the hands; she was indeed a helpmeet. Both have finished "waiting," as has Mrs. Mace. The poem was first published in the *Waterville (Me.) Mail*. You will see by reference to Bryant's "Poetry and Song" that the poem is credited to a lady in Ohio. Having been personally acquainted with Mr. Kimball, I thought I would give you the facts as above narrated.

Very respectfully yours, HENRY HATCH.

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VANITY FAIR.

The Casino dance gives the one opportunity to the townspeople of Newport and the visitors from Jamestown, Providence, and Narragansett Pier, who may not have friends in the swim, to see the much-talked-of belles and beaux, maids and matrons, of Newport fashionable society *en grande tenue*, and at close range (says the *New York Times*). As a result the small galleries which surround the ugly ball-room of the Casino are crowded on the nights of the dance with spectators at one dollar a head, who bring needed revenues to the Casino coffers, who study with curious interest the personalities and particularly the gowns of the women, and who are not sparing in their comments upon the dancers and their costumes. The dance also affords an opportunity for the members of the different sets—for be it known there are no less than six well-defined sets among the well-placed people of Newport this summer—to meet on common ground. There gather the young and old unattached men, bachelors, widowers, and divorcees, who come to Newport every summer for a round of dinners and luncheons, to devote themselves to those who they think will be most likely to entertain them, and especially to those whose cards are out for some coming function. There assemble the older matrons, armed with lognettes, to sit along the walls and discuss the qualifications of the younger men for matrimony and dinners. There go the younger girls to enjoy the dance and to meet the younger men, and thither repair the younger matrons to vie with each other in their gowns and jewels. It is a curious and almost unique event, and were its atmosphere and opportunities thoroughly understood a Newport Casino dance in the season would attract visitors from all over the country.

One of the most remarkable features of our American golf is the wide-spread and steadily increasing interest taken in the game by women. Nearly all the clubs admit women to membership on virtually equal terms with the men, and in many cases the latter are outnumbered. Quite as many women as men are represented from week to week in the various club tournaments, and the average feminine enthusiast probably spends more time in practice upon the links than does her masculine rival. It is no longer a question of whether or not a woman may play golf; she does, and we have only to consider the fashion in which she goes about it. It is only within the past few years that women have been accorded any particular consideration among Scottish and English golfers. The ladies were not supposed to want anything more exciting than a round of putting holes, and these "short courses" were generally tucked away in an obscure corner of the links, and given little or no care to keep them in playing condition. No wonder (says *Harper's Bazar*) that the women rebelled, and demanded something better. Accordingly, at some of the clubs, "ladies' courses" were laid out, and these generally consisted of a series of very short holes, ranging anywhere from one hundred and fifty yards down to sixty or seventy yards, and entirely innocent of hazards. Such a course might be negotiated in creditable figures with nothing more in hand than a wooden putter, and the brassy shot through the green was unknown. Finally the women took matters into their own hands, and began to organize clubs and lay out courses for themselves. According to a recent authority there are over fifty clubs in the United Kingdom whose membership and management are entirely feminine.

Count and Countess Boni de Castellane and their party on board the steam-yacht *Valhalla* were certainly the social success of Cowes week. Their triumph culminated in the dinner they gave on their vessel, a fortnight ago, to the Prince of Wales. Everything connected with the yacht and the French people aboard was the smartest possible. The Countess de Castellane and the French women accompanying her completely eclipsed the English women. They were perfectly dressed on every occasion, while the majority of the English beauties appeared in most inappropriate, flashy costumes. The arrival of the *Valhalla*'s gig at the Royal Yacht Squadron landing-stage was always the feature of the afternoons to the on-lookers. It is a six-oared gig, and the sailors wear the ordinary French sailor's costume—little round white caps with red tassels, white jumpers over blue-and-white striped jerseys, and white duck trousers. The count's appearance excited almost as great interest as the women's. He wears generally a white linen yachting-suit, and his hair is always so beautifully arranged that it is said his hair-dresser "undulates" it daily. He wears the daintiest white shoes, and carries a walking-stick with a massive gold handle. The guests on the *Valhalla* included Lord Villetort, Mrs. George Keppel, and nearly all the smart French people at Cowes.

The revival of the hare and hounds, or paper-chase, as a sporting novelty by the younger element recalls an interesting bit of history to the *New York Tribune*, regarding the rise and decline of the fox-hunt in and about Newport. These hunts started nearly a score of years ago, took society fairly by storm, and were decidedly the most popular feature of several successive seasons, until the Society for the

Prevention of Cruelty to Animals interfered and compelled the withdrawal of the Hamlet from the play. With the real, live fox thus interdicted, hunts after the anise-seed bag were substituted for a time, the release of a fox at the end of the trail serving in a measure to maintain the appearance and excitement of the genuine hunt. Then these contests became practically only cross-country runs, without even the subterfuge of a fox at the finish; and now, after an entire disappearance for several years, they spring up again in the guise of paper-chases, without even the name of fox or hunt to connect them with the contests of long ago. Under their new title they sound much more tame, but give equally good opportunities for hard riding and high-jumping as they did under their old-time appellation, and with veritable foxes or convenient anise-bags to show the way.

The fascinating subject of heirlooms has been more than once before the English courts lately. There was the futile appeal of Lord Francis Hope to be allowed to dispose of the famous blue diamond which belonged to his house, also the strange case of Sir Robert Peel, which resulted in Mr. Justice Bryce directing a sale of the silver plate and of two Van Dyke pictures, which sale, he thought, would not hurt the Drayton Manor collection. After that came the even more curious problem of the diamond tiara. In the latter case, a husband had given his wife a very valuable diamond tiara as a wedding present. Unfortunately, the union, in spite of this auspicious start, did not turn out a success, and divorce proceedings were instituted. Meantime, the husband sought to recover the tiara, pleading that it had been given as an heirloom. Pending the result of the divorce proceedings, Mr. Justice Ridley, determined to please everybody, gave to the husband the ownership of the ornament and to the wife the possession of it; and, at the same time, decreed that it should remain in the custody of a certain bank until further orders. The disunited couple, therefore, did not gain very much by going to law—except the privilege of paying their own costs, which amounted to a good part of the value of the tiara. I fancy few people are aware of how much property Queen Victoria enjoys merely the use of during her life-time (says a writer in the *London Critic*). This, I suppose, could never be sold except by act of Parliament, which we may be certain will never be passed. It may be argued, perhaps, that such an improbability of sale robs the property of almost all its value. That, however, is rather a dangerous sobriety; and if it were sound, a very slight development of the idea would justify the disposal of, say, the crown jewels and the substitution of clever imitations, which would please the holiday crowds at the Tower of London just as well, provided they knew nothing of the change. I believe that the fondness for heirlooms is growing, and that there is an increasing disposition to create them even in families whose income and position in the world would not have been thought to justify it a comparatively short time ago. Which is, of course, a very good thing for the jewelers and the men of law.

According to Captain H. L. Wells, of the Second Oregon Volunteers, "the better class of Filipinos are royal hosts and the personification of courtesy and genuine kindness." Writing of a *fiesta* ball and banquet which he attended at San Fernando, the home of many of the wealthiest sugar-plantation owners of Luzon, he says: "In every respect the ball was such as would be given at the home of a wealthy and refined American family. Aguinaldo and his staff and the American officers were in uniform. Other gentlemen were in black evening dress. The ladies were attired in costumes of embroidered silk and pina cloth, made in Filipino style and decorated with diamonds. There were finger-rings, brooches, pins, hair ornaments, and watches studded with them, solitaires and clusters. But there was no vulgar ostentation. The taste for bright colors was evident, but harmony of color and artistic effect were characteristic of every costume. There was nothing except the style of furniture, the architecture, and the color of the dancers to distinguish this from a ball in my native land. The Filipino plays the host and the guest with equal courtesy. He is refined in sentiment. He is spotlessly clean in person and raiment, and a thorough gentleman. Nothing but an unreasoning prejudice against color would prevent him from being a welcome guest in any American home. Of course as one progresses downward in the social scale he encounters less refinement and intelligence, and comes in contact with customs that do not charm; and in the main he finds personal cleanliness everywhere associated, strangely, with an indifference to cleanliness of surroundings that it is difficult to comprehend. Let no one imagine that the banquet was a feast of rice and garlic. On the contrary, away out here in an interior province of Luzon, with no one present but a few American guests and the natives, I sat down to as fine a banquet as it was ever my good fortune to attend. There were spotless linen, fine crockery, tableware in abundance, cut glass, and silver, while the menu embraced a multitude of finely cooked dishes, with champagne and other wines. Fish, flesh, fowl, and fruit, with innumerable delicacies, served promptly and in

good style, kept us busy for more than an hour, and then came the toasts both in Spanish and Tagalo."

Perhaps at no other American resort is the crowd so varied or cosmopolitan as one may see on an August morning along the promenade in front of the bath-houses at Narragansett Pier. Here gather gay New Yorkers and social lights from all parts of the United States. Unwritten, but as rigid as the laws of the Medes and Persians, are the rules regarding the bathing hour on the beach (says a *New York Herald* correspondent). Not so long ago it was proper to bathe at eleven or half-past, but gradually the dictates of fashion have advanced the hour at Narragansett, until now if you are seen in the water before twelve o'clock noon you are open to criticism for breaking a rule of beach etiquette. After this hour it is perfectly proper to take your mid-day dip. But if you remain in the surf much after one o'clock you are overstepping the bounds again, for then you are liable to mix with the lesser genteele, and thus break a fixed rule of fashion. By common consent, the beach is given up in the afternoon to servants and to local visitors, who care little for the customs set by fashionable approval. The bathing fad introduced early in the season of riding in on the breakers on a strip of pine-board has been improved on by the Harrison Dulleses, of Philadelphia, and Dr. Frederick Danne, of New York. Their innovation is that of riding on the surf as it rolls in, or sailing, in a canoe. The difficult part of the operation is in launching the canoe. They have been assisted in the pastime by young Master Hitchcock, son of Dr. Charles Hitchcock, of New York. Young Hitchcock has helped the canoeists off in the surf by giving them a vigorous push, clad in his bathing-suit, and the two bathers with paddles in hand would go a-sailing among the breakers—and the breakers are of no small dimensions at Narragansett Pier. *Jahart*

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The sales on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, August 16, 1899, were as follows:

	Shares.	BONDS.		Closed.	
				Bid.	Asked.
U. S. Coup. 3%.....	2,000	@ 108 1/2		108 1/2	108 3/4
S. F. & S. J. Ry. 5%.....	1,000	@ 115		115	
S. P. Branch 6%.....	20,000	@ 125-125 1/2		125 1/2	
S. V. Water 4%.....	12,000	@ 104		104	
	Shares.	STOCKS.		Closed.	
				Bid.	Asked.
Contra Costa Water.....	875	@ 75 1/2-76 1/4		76	76 1/4
Spring Valley Water.....	540	@ 102-102 1/4			
Gas and Electric.					
Mutual Electric.....	1,000	@ 14-16 1/2		16 1/2	
Oakland G. L. & H.	45	@ 48-48 1/2		48	49
S. F. Gas & Electric.....	575	@ 68 1/2-70 1/2		69 1/2	
S. F. Gas.....	250	@ 3 1/2		3 1/2	3 3/4
Banks.					
Anglo-California.....	10	@ 68		70	
Bank of Cal.....	80	@ 270		270	
Nevada National.....	25	@ 182 1/2-184		184 1/2	
Street R. R.					
Market St.....	50	@ 61 1/4-62		61 1/2	62
Powders.					
Giant Con.....	425	@ 72 1/2-73		72 1/2	73 1/4
Sugars.					
Hana P. Co.....	405	@ 16-16 1/4		15 1/2	16 1/4
Hawaiian.....	75	@ 95 1/2-96 1/2		98	101
Hutchinson.....	1,280	@ 32 1/2-33 1/2		32 1/2	32 3/4
Makaweli S. Co.....	6,225	@ 48-50 1/4		49 1/4	50 1/4
Onoinea S. Co.....	365	@ 38-38 1/2		38 1/2	39
Paauhau S. P. Co.....	1,870	@ 38 1/2-40		39 1/2	40
Miscellaneous.					
Alaska Packers.....	195	@ 116-117		115 1/2	
Oceanic Steam, Co.....	265	@ 87 1/2-89 1/4		89 1/4	90
Pac. C. Borax.....	100	@ 132			135

Makaweli sugar advanced during the week from 48 to 50 1/4 on rumors that the monthly dividend will be increased in September from 40 cents to 50 cents per share; considerable stock changed hands. It is also rumored that Paauhau will increase its monthly dividend from 30 to 35 cents per share in September; the company is in a very flourishing condition, having some \$270,000 cash on hand. Hutchinson was quiet, selling between 33 1/2 to 32 1/2. Hana is firmly held at 15 1/2 bid.

Giant Powder was steady at 72 1/2 to 73, and it is rumored that large buying orders are out at around 73, but the stock is very firmly held.

San Francisco Gas and Electric was weak during the week, selling down from 70 1/2 to 68 1/2, and closed at 69 1/2 asked. Mutual Electric advanced to 16 1/2 on rumors that this company would get a part of the city contract for electric lighting.

Spring Valley Water continues strong at 102 1/2. Contra Costa Water was steady at 75 1/2 to 76 1/2 ex-dividend of 40 cents per share, closing at 76 bid.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Sometimes it is a pleasure to answer questions, even if the questioner may put them in an unpleasant way: "What do you do for a living?" asked a lawyer, frowning horribly at a hatchet-faced young man who was undergoing cross-examination. "I, sir," answered the witness, hastily diving into his side-pocket, "am the agent for Dr. Korker's Celebrated Corn and Bunion Destroyer. Greatest remedy of the age; used by all the crowned heads of Europe; never known to fail to remove the most obstinate corn in less than twenty-four hours or money cheerfully refund—" Here the court interfered.

A Philadelphia wheelwoman gave a bicycle-party the other day. There were over fifty guests, and as the hostess knew the trouble that might arise if the wheels should get mixed, she instructed the servant to cover them by the check system, the same that is used to keep track of hats, coats, and umbrellas at a ball. When "good-night" was reached, the wheels were all restored to their owners without the least confusion. But there followed a painful scene of suppressed profanity. The servant, it was discovered, had pinned the checks to the tires, and, where the pins would not penetrate the rubber easily, had driven them home with a hammer.

The London papers are telling the story that a well-known American jockey was dining a few nights ago, with kindred spirits, at a hotel in the Strand. "Let me introduce these lads to you," presently remarked a passing acquaintance. "Say, you fellows, this is Mr. Bland, manager of the Frisk Variety Theatre." "Pleased to meet you," Bland observed, affably, shaking hands with the well-known jockey, "and all of you. I hope some night to see you at the theatre. I'll send you stalls some day." The jockeys remained dumb. "I can send you stalls some night," Bland repeated, "almost any night; what night shall it be?" The popular jockey glanced up at him, carelessly. Then, "What's the matter with the boxes?" he asked, dryly.

Señor Miguel Sanchez, now in this country in the interest of the Porto Rican public-school system, was at one time on the staff of General Gomez in Cuba. "I was skimming one of the New York Sunday newspapers while I was in the general's head-quarters in Cuba," said the señor the other day, "and it was the first to reach us for several months. I noticed an article on the newly discovered movements of the earth's surface. Now, you know the general liked to be consulted—to be asked questions—no matter how unimportant they might be, so in reading the article I stopped and asked: 'General, how do you account for the daily revolution of the earth, anyhow?' 'That's easy to answer,' he replied instantly, 'so long as Hayti, Porto Rico, and Cuba are parts of it.'"

The late Colonel Ingersoll was riding in a street-car one day, when the Rev. DeWitt Talmage got in, and they presently fell into an argument. Finally Ingersoll said: "Then you would like to live in a place, Brother Talmage, where every one had to be good by law?" "Certainly," said Talmage. "You would like to live where every one had to go to church regularly every Sunday?" "Yes, that would suit me." "Where no man could get a drink and swearing was not permitted?" "Yes, that's the place for me." "And where every man would have to keep regular hours?" "That would be heaven on earth," said Talmage, smiling and striking his knee with his open palm. "Well," said Bob, looking over his glasses, "you'd better go up to Sing Sing. That's the way they do there."

On the evening of the first representation of the late M. Pailleron's play, "Le Monde où l'on s'Ennuie," Mme. Madeleine Brohan, the distinguished actress, was in the foyer preparing to go on, and in the same place was the late Marshal Canrobert. Mme. Brohan was nervous, and her usual charming smile was conspicuous by its absence. "What is the matter, my dear?" asked the marshal, who noticed her uneasiness. "What ails me?" replied Mme. Brohan; "mon Dieu, it is very simple. I have the trac." "The trac!" exclaimed the veteran, with an air of astonishment; "what is that?" "It is fear, my dear marshal." "What, fear?" "Fear?" "It is quite true," said the actress, with a return of her smile; "but you do not know anything about that." And turning to Picard, the old *hussier*, she said: "Picard, fetch me the dictionary to teach French to Marshal Canrobert, who does not know what fear is."

Philip Collins, who had made money in railroads, supplied the funds with which he, Mr. McLaughlin, and Mr. McClure started the Philadelphia *Times*. The day before the newly organized journal was to make its appearance, Collins came into the editorial room. The editor was writing an article that subsequently led to the downfall of the highway ring that had the municipal life of Philadelphia in its clutch. Collins walked up and down the dingy, dirty room for awhile, and suddenly said: "McClure, excuse me one moment. This is a great en-

terprise that we've gone into. I have put more money into it than any other man, and whatever the outcome may be I will not squeal; but in conducting this newspaper I would simply like to address to you one suggestion." The editor looked up inquiringly, poised his pen, and said: "What's that?" "Why, run it as you damn please" jabat.

CHIMMIE FADDEN AT SARATOGA.

His Talk with Bath-House John—What Mr. Paul and His Whiskers Thought of the Chicago Visitor.

Listen. Miss Fannie and her husband, Mr. Burton, was down to Newport breaking dere blessed legs and necks every odder day at dat new game of automobile.

Well, Mr. Paul come to our house one night, and him and His Whiskers was drinking small hots, when His Whiskers says: "Going to Newport, Paul?" says he.

"No," says Mr. Paul, solemn as a setter pup de first time he sees a turtle; "no, I loves me life too much to trun it away to make a gasoline holiday," says he. "I'm willing to go to Manila," he says, "or even to stop to home and eat com'sary heef," says he, "but I objects to risking me precious life in de very toistiest time of de year, in de time of de year when a nian can drink a small bot every half-hour if he exercises. I object," he says, "to going to Newport to be made into Hamburger steak by every young man and woman what has de automobile habit so had dat doctors is in vain."

"Dere is much sense in your observations, which is more dan I can say for most of your talk," says His Whiskers. "But where shall we go—how does Saratoga strike you?" says His Whiskers, and when he says it I knowed what he had fetched me for.

Say, was you ever up to dat place—Saratoga? My word for it, it's de limit for joy, for it's a dead game sporty proposition from de harrier to de wire.

But what I wanted to tell you about was meeting me old friend Bat-house John, which his name is de Hon'able John Coughlan, Esquire, and he's de mug what runs Chicago and keeps it from getting too stale and too fresh.

Say, when I met him foist I taut I'd trun a fit, for, on de level, he was all harnessed up in an evening dress-suit what was made of billiard-table cloth.

"John," I says, "I'm glad to see you; but before I die of apoplexy," I says, "tell me, where did you get it?"

"Meaning me harness?" he says.

"De same," says I.

"It's Chicago made, Chinnie," says he, "and me own composition. It's a graft I'm running here," says he, "to show de mugs in de East dat Chaffield-Chaffield-Chaffield ain't de only lily in de pond," says he.

"Lily!" says I. "Why, John," I says, "you are a green carnation, and Chaffield-come-again-Chaffield would be a selling plater on any track where you started. You'd be odds-on to win."

Well, de jolly I was giving him was doing him no harm, and he says would I split a pint wid him for old times' sake, and I told him to make no apologies for de suggestion, but pull his freight for de *café* and I would folley.

Dis was on de verandy of de hotel, and every one was dead on to us, me being so well known, and him being so green. Just as we started I seen Mr. Paul, and when he seen John, he come to a dead point. I seen him give me de wink for a knockdown, so I says, "Alderman," I says, "shake hands wid Mr. Paul," says I, and dey shuck.

I was for stepping back when Mr. Paul started off wid me friend John, but Mr. Paul gives me de wink and I chases along and we goes to de *café*, and dere you'd tink Mr. Paul was talking wid Senator Dewey or Jim Jeffries, or any odder real ting swell.

"I has often taut," says Mr. Paul, "dat I'd try to reform men's close, was I not such a conservative."

"You can't dope no long green rake-off outer conservatism," says me friend de Chicago alderman. "I'd radder be a gay cat on de line touching Willies for meal-tickets," says John, "dan be a conservative."

"So would I," says Mr. Paul, which I knowed he only copped about every odder woid of John's talk—"so would I. And speaking of betting, can you give me a good ting for to-morrow?"

"Yes," says John, "I can put you wise on de foist race—stay off."

Just den His Whiskers comes along and Mr. Paul tells him to shake hands wid de alderman, and dey shuck.

"I was saying"—me friend John says—"I was saying de easiest way to make good money outer dat race is to stay off. Wise money is pouring in on a horse dat couldn't head a fat Cook County steer up a narrow lane."

"What horse is dat?" says His Whiskers.

"De colt Skater," says John. Say, I seen by His Whiskers's look he'd played Skater.

"Some'ing is doing in dat race, sure," says John. "Pluggar should win on dope if de trick don't turn into a merry-go-round."

His Whiskers chases off, and in a little while he comes back and whispers to Paul dat he'd played Pluggar.

"To win or lose?" says John, who heard him. "Cause when t'ings is doing in a race dope don't

count. Dere's a good boy up on De Roarer, and stable money is going in on him like it was bad."

His Whiskers gives me a twenty to play Roarer, and I sunk it in me jeans. "But me own choice," John was saying when I gets back, "is eider Pulled Up or Halter," and His Whiskers gives me a couple more twenties.

Well, de next day de only horse in de hunch what His Whiskers hadn't a het on wins in a walk, and I was sixty cases on velvet.

John was a dream on de track dat day; he had on a white silk pajama jacket, a yachting cap, and a waistcoat what looked like de Stars and Stripes what had been in a scrap wid a auction flag and a plate of huckleberries.

"Does de State Insane Asylum have a tailoring shop?" says Mr. Paul to him, when we was dividing a quart into tree parts.

Bat-house John looks to see was he getting it on de jolly line or straight, but Mr. Paul was putting a glass in his face and looked level.

"How do you like de East," Mr. Paul says.

"This is as far as I has got," says John. "Saratoga would be all right, all right enough, if dere was trolley lines. Is dere much doing in trolley franchises in New York?" he says to Mr. Paul.

"I tink dey has all been done," Mr. Paul says.

"Dat's funny," says Bat-house John. "I don't understand dat, for every Tammany man I has seen up here seems to have money to monkey wid. What can it be?" he says.

Mr. Paul taut a while and den says dat he taut it was partly Metropolitan and partly Brooklyn Rapid Transit, but being a Tammany man himself he couldn't say too much on de subject or else he'd have to join Sheehan.

Well, dat day His Whiskers guessed every loser dat ran, and some what didn't, for he gave me a little bunch of twenties to bet on horses what had been scratched, so I done pretty well, and dat night me and John took a spin down de line.

Foist we went to de spring, and I says, "What t'ell!" I says. "I has money to pull a peck of plugs outer pints," and John says dat was de very ting.

John had on his golden goods, and when we waltzes in de club we was "it" more dan de little lawyer what had just put a hundred on de ace open, and let it lie dere while it win four times straight.

His Whiskers was at de roulette-wheel hetting on de red and black, and de odd and even at de same time, and dead stuck on himself 'cause he couldn't lose.

"If we had His Whiskers in Chicago," says John to me, "we'd make him mayor when Carter Harrison is elected President, because what Chicago needs more dan it does clean streets or a restaurant is a mayor what don't know no more about playing races or games dan His Whiskers does."

Dat's what he said, and I stand for it.—Edward W. Townsend in *New York World*.

The Pessimist.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 13, 1899.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In your issue of the fourteenth inst., Mr. F. E. Van Buskirk makes inquiry for a poem entitled "The Pessimist," and I herewith inclose copy of same. Trusting this is the one he is in search of, I am, Yours very truly, JAMES W. TINDAL.

Nothing to do but work,
Nothing to eat but food,
Nothing to wear but clothes
To keep one from going nude.

Nothing to breathe but air,
Quick as a flash 'tis gone;
Nowhere to fall but off,
Nowhere to stand but on.

Nothing to comb but hair,
Nowhere to sleep but in bed,
Nothing to weep but tears,
Nothing to bury but dead.

Nothing to sing but songs,
Ah, well, alas! I lack!
Nowhere to go but out,
Nowhere to come but back.

Nothing to see but sights,
Nothing to quench but thirst,
Nothing to have but what we've got;
Thus thro' life we are cursed.

Nothing to strike but a gait;
Everything moves that goes.
Nothing at all but common sense
Can ever withstand these woes.

—Ben King.

A mind reader: *Willie Washington*—"Those clouds are beautiful, aren't they? So soft and fleecy white, resting on that pinkish western sky." *Clorinda Wildhopes*—"Oh, how lovely! For all the world like a lot of vanilla ice-cream on pink saucers." *Willie*—"Um—er—um—er—um, think you'd like some ice-cream, Miss Wildhopes?" *Clorinda*—"How nice of you to suggest it. What-ever put such a delightful idea in your head?" —Chicago News.

Brain Work and Exercise.

It has been declared that three hours of brain work will destroy more brain tissue than a whole day of physical exercise. America is filled with men and women who earn their living by their brains. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters makes the mind active and vigorous. This medicine is a tonic, an appetizer, and a sure cure for dyspepsia. It has a fifty years' record of cures. See that a private Revenue Stamp covers the neck of the bottle.

COOK'S ROUND THE WORLD PARTIES.

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All accommodations of the highest class; prices extremely moderate. See Illustrated Programme.

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FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING: Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M. for YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG, calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with Steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing. Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong. 1899. *Doric* (Via Honolulu).....Saturday, Sept. 2. *Coptic* (Via Honolulu).....Friday, Sept. 29. *Gaelic* (Via Honolulu).....Tuesday, October 24. *Doric* (Via Honolulu).....Friday, November 17. Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street. D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

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Nippon Maru.....Tuesday, September 12. *America Maru*.....Friday, October 6. *Hongkong Maru*.....Wednesday, November 1.

Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market Street, cor. First. W. B. CURTIS, General Agent.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.: For Alaskan ports, 10 A. M., August 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, September 3, change to company's steamers at Seattle. For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 10 A. M., August 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, September 3, and every fifth day thereafter. For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 2 P. M., August 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, September 1, and every fifth day thereafter. For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports, 9 A. M., August 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, September 1, and every fourth day thereafter. For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 A. M., Aug. 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, September 3, and every 4th day thereafter. For further information see folder. For Mexican ports, 10 A. M., seventh of each month. The company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates and hours of sailing. Ticket Office, 2 New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel). GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., 10 Market St., S. F.



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AMERICAN LINE.

New York and Southampton (London, Paris), from New York every Wednesday, 10 A. M. New York.....August 23 | St. Paul.....September 6. St. Louis.....August 30 | New York.....September 13.

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First sailing from New York, Wednesday, September 20th, noon, the Twin Screw Steamships,

TEUTONIC and MAJESTIC

10,000 tons. 582 feet long.

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Twin Screw, 12,552 tons, 600 feet long, one of the largest steamships afloat.

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For passage apply to G. W. FLETCHER, 613 Market Street, or to official railway and steamship offices on Pacific Coast.

SOCIETY.

The Pomeroy-Barrington Wedding.

The marriage of Miss Annie Crévôt Barrington to Mr. John Norton Pomeroy took place at St. John's Episcopal Church, in Oakland, on Thursday evening, August 17th. The bride is the daughter of Mrs. Mary H. Barrington, of 1336 Adeline Street. Mr. Pomeroy, who is a son of the late Professor John Norton Pomeroy, of the Hastings College of the Law, is a graduate of Yale and a member of the University Club and is a practicing attorney in this city.

The ceremony was performed by the Rt. Rev. William Ford Nichols, bishop of California, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Maynard, rector of St. John's. The bride was given into the groom's keeping by her brother, Mr. George F. Barrington. The maid of honor was the bride's sister, Miss May E. Barrington, and the bridesmaids were Miss Dorothy Whelan, Miss Belle Owen, Miss Nita Seymour, and Miss Clare Wagner. The groom was supported by Mr. William Kent, of Chicago, as best man, and the ushers were Professor Thomas F. Sanford, of the University of California; Mr. Frank L. Owen, Dr. William Whelan, and Mr. Frank A. Seymour.

After a reception at the home of the bride's mother, to which only a few intimate friends had been invited, the happy couple left for a tour of the southern part of the State.

Amateur Sports at Del Monte.

The ten days' outing of the Pacific Coast Pony-Racing and Steeple-Chase Association at Del Monte, which began with the tennis games of Friday, has been eagerly looked forward to for some weeks, and is evidently to be a memorable occasion. In addition to the usual summer guests of the hotel, many residents of Burlingame, San Mateo, Menlo Park, San Rafael, and other suburban places will congregate there, and, what with the sports by day and dancing to a band of forty pieces at night, a jolly time should be had.

The programme of events has already been printed here, and need not be repeated. The lists of entries are not yet completed, but so far as made at present they are as follows:

HANDICAP DOUBLES TENNIS TOURNAMENT.—Mr. L. Warburton and Mr. R. Fatjo, of Santa Clara; the Messrs. Harper, of Pacific Grove; Dr. J. W. Phillips, of Reno, and Mr. Grant Smith, of San Francisco; Mr. Harry Weihe and Mr. Ray Cornell, of San Francisco; Mr. W. Pyburn and Mr. A. Jones, Jr., of Salinas; Mr. Earl Stone and Mr. R. G. Hunt, of Alameda; Mr. Samuel Hardy, of Oakland, and Mr. James A. Code, of San Francisco; Dr. C. B. Root and Mr. George Bradshaw, of San Francisco; Mr. L. L. Arguello and Mr. G. A. Howling, of Salinas; Mr. Robert N. Whitney and Mr. George F. Whitney, of San Francisco; and Mr. Merle Johnson and Dr. H. L. Seager, of San Francisco.

PIGEON SHOOT.—Under the direction of Mr. Clinton E. Worden and Mr. Frederick R. Webster. Entries not announced.

GOLF.—Ladies' Handicap for the George Crocker Cup: Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. T. D. Connelly, Mrs. Ed D. Silent, Mrs. Charles Monroe, Mrs. W. Lovett, Miss M. L. Rowe, Miss Lillian O'Connor, Miss Ethel Dorothy Patton, Miss Edith McBean, Miss Carolan, Miss Genevieve Carolan, Miss Maud C. Mullins, Miss Mary Scott, Miss Caro Crockett, Miss Carrie Taylor, Miss Belle Mhoon, Miss Duff, Miss Norah Wilshire, and Miss Morgan.

Men's Contest for the Del Monte Cup: Mr. C. E. Maud, Mr. E. Conde Jones, Mr. J. F. Sartori, Mr. E. B. Tufts, Mr. J. E. Cook, Mr. Walter Cosby, Mr. W. H. Young, Mr. Charles P. Hubbard, Mr. W. Pierce Johnson, Mr. Walter Crowell, Mr. R. H. Carroll, Mr. S. L. Abbot, Mr. Douglas Grant, Mr. Leon L. Roos, Mr. Harry B. Goodwin, Mr. Harry J. Knowles, Mr. H. M. A. Miller, Mr. Ernest R. Folger, Mr. J. Athearn Folger, Mr. G. D. Greenwood, Mr. Orestes Pierce, Mr. Frederick Magee, Mr. James C. McKee, Mr. M. E. Flowers, Mr. T. L. Craig, Mr. R. D. Osburn, Mr. W. W. Lovett, Mr. T. D. Connelly, Mr. E. D. Silent, Mr. Hugh May, Mr. M. C. Burmaster, Mr. H. Gaylord Wilshire, Mr. Chauncey R. Winslow, Mr. Charles Monroe, Mr. Joseph D. Grant, and Mr. J. Gaines Roberts.

Team Match, North versus South. Southern California team: Mr. C. E. Maud, Mr. E. Conde Jones, Mr. J. F. Sartori, Mr. E. B. Tufts, Mr. J. E. Cook, Mr. Walter Cosby, and Mr. W. H. Young. Northern California team not yet selected.

POLO.—Burlingame Country Club team: Mr. Joseph Sadoc Tobin, Mr. Richard M. Tobin, Mr. Walter Scott Hobart, and Mr. Charles N. Dunphy—versus Southern California team: Mr. C. E. Maud, Mr. Robert Bettner, Mr. Ealand, and Mr. Stillwell.

PONY RACING.—First race, over-night entries. Three-sixteenths mile: Mr. C. E. Maud's Nancy Lee, Mr. Peter D. Martin's Lady Reach, Mr. Joseph Sadoc Tobin's Ginger and Peanuts, Mr. Charles N. Dunphy's Spice, Mr. R. M. Tobin's Duke,

Rosena, and Sitka, Mr. Walter Scott Hobart's Hobart, Brandy, and Gazebo, and Mr. Thomas Driscoll's Killarney and Apache.

One mile: Mr. J. J. Moore's Peaceman, Mr. Walter Scott Hobart's Hobart and an unknown, Mr. Thomas Driscoll's Driscoll, Mr. C. F. Buckley's Daisy Bell, and Monterey Stables.

One and one-quarter miles, over hurdles: Mr. J. J. Moore's Mollie, Mr. Peter D. Martin's Six Bits, Mr. Walter Scott Hobart's Hobart, Gazebo, Brandy, and Tigress, Mr. Charles N. Dunphy's Blucher, Mr. Joseph Sadoc Tobin's Jubilee, and Mr. Thomas Driscoll's Moneybags.

Five-eighths mile: Mr. C. E. Maud's Nell Gwynne, Mr. R. M. Schwartz's Viola, Mr. Peter D. Martin's Lady Grey, Mr. Walter Scott Hobart's Hobart and Comanche, Mr. Charles N. Dunphy's Mamie G., Mr. Thomas Driscoll's Driscoll, Mr. C. F. Buckley's Miss Flitter, and Dr. R. A. Ferguson's Jay Vee.

One-half mile: Mr. C. E. Maud's Nancy Lee, Mr. Peter D. Martin's Lady Reach, Mr. Joseph Sadoc Tobin's Ginger and Peanuts, Mr. Richard M. Tobin's Duke, Sitka, and Rosena, Mr. Edward Tobin's Frolic, Mr. Thomas Driscoll's Killarney, and Mr. Walter Scott Hobart's Brandy and Gazebo.

Del Monte Cup, one mile: Mr. J. J. Moore's Mollie, Mr. C. E. Maud's Nell Gwynne, Mr. R. M. Schwartz's Viola, Mr. Peter D. Martin's Six Bits, Mr. Charles N. Dunphy's Mamie G., Mr. Walter Scott Hobart's Comanche and Hobart, Mr. Thomas Driscoll's Driscoll, Mr. C. F. Buckley's Miss Flitter, and Dr. R. A. Ferguson's Jay Vee.

San Mateo Hunt Club Cup, two and one-half miles, steeple-chase course: Mr. J. J. Moore's Huntsman, Mr. H. F. Anderson's Joe Cotton and Silverado, Mr. Peter D. Martin's Deadwood, Mr. Walter Scott Hobart's Hobart, Ali Baba, Nestor, and Ferrier.

BASE-BALL.—Burlingame Country Club Nine: Mr. Joseph Sadoc Tobin, Mr. Joseph Tobin, Jr., Mr. Cyril Tobin, Mr. Oliver Tobin, Mr. Dibble, Mr. Scott, Mr. Smith, Mr. Cunha, and Mr. Ritchet. **BICYCLING AND YACHTING.**—Entries not announced.

A Long Yachting Cruise.

Mr. R. B. Fitbain will sail from this port on Sunday, August 20th, on his yacht *Rover*, for Los Angeles, having as his guests Mrs. Fithian's mother, Mrs. W. W. Stowe, Miss Kate Clement, and Mr. George A. Loughborough. Mrs. Stowe will remain in Los Angeles, while Mrs. Fithian will join the party on board, and after giving a farewell tea on the yacht, they will start on an eighteen-thousand-mile yachting trip.

From Los Angeles the *Rover* will go to the Marquesas Islands, thence to Tahiti, thence to the Fiji Islands, thence to the New Hebrides, thence to the Solomon Islands, thence to Samoa, and finally home again, making a visit to Honolulu on the way. The party expect to be away some six or eight months, but they are well prepared for their long cruise. The *Rover* is sumptuously fitted up, and she carries a crew of captain, mate, steward, cook, and four seamen.

Pony Races at Menlo Park.

The first annual race-meeting of the Menlo Park Amateur Racing Association, held on the track at Fair Oaks, on Saturday afternoon, August 12th, was eminently successful as a social affair. Many of the residents of Menlo, San Mateo, Burlingame, and thereabouts, had made up house-parties for the occasion, and they attended in full force in coaches, breaks, and all kinds of vehicles. The affair was also successful from the sporting standpoint, though there was some confusion in consequence of the lateness of some of the entries. Doubtless the post-entry system will be abandoned hereafter.

There were so many entries for the first event—a three-sixteenths dash for ponies, riders to be less than fifteen years of age—that the race had to be split. In the first division, Mr. Vernon Ford on Mr. Hobart's Tigress won, with Mr. Eyre Pinkard on Finny, second. Mr. Sidney Ford on Biddy and Mr. Richard Dyer on Spice also ran. In the second division Mr. Robert Dunphy on Mr. Hobart's Brandy beat Mr. Burke on Mr. J. J. Moore's Flint. But Mr. Dunphy was over the age limit, and the silver cup therefore went to Mr. Vernon Ford.

The second event was a quarter-mile dash for ponies, mounts being determined by lot. Mr. Walter Scott Hobart won on Gazebo, with Mr. Hugh Hume on Spice, second. The other riders were Mr. Oliver Tobin, on Ned; Mr. Charles N. Dunphy, on Ginger; and Mr. A. Spivalo, on Edna.

There were eight entries in the half-mile open race, which was won by Mr. Poorman on Flushing, with Mr. Oliver Tobin on Pecksniff, second. The other contestants were Mr. C. H. Buckley, on Flitters; Mr. Joseph Tobin, on Vanity Fair; Mr. W. Page, on Montebello; Mr. A. Page, on Peaceman; Mr. Spivalo, on Flood; and Mr. Dunphy, on Blucher.

The Pony Steeple-Chase, one mile and a quarter over four jumps, was won by Mr. Dunphy on Brandy, with Mr. J. J. Moore on Mollie a close second. Mr. Buckley on Prunella also ran.

Mr. Walter Scott Hobart on Ali Baba won the Menlo Park Plate, one mile on the flat, open to all, with Flushing second and Bragg an indifferent third.

The Visitors' Steeple-Chase, one mile and three-quarters, over five hurdles, was won by Mr. W. Page on Huntsman, with Meteor second; but Meteor lost

weight, and the second prize accordingly went to Mr. Hugh Hume on Harry Lewis.

In the last race, a half-mile for ponies, there were six starters. The winner was Mr. C. H. Buckley on Flitters, with Mr. Hobart on Comanche, second.

Fully one thousand persons attended the races.

Notes and Gossip.

The marriage of Miss Gertrude Leland Smith, daughter of the late G. Frank Smith, of Oakland, and sister-in-law of Mr. Charlemagne Tower, United States Ambassador to Russia, to Mr. Frederick C. Garrick, formerly of this city, but now of New York, was celebrated in London on Thursday, August 17th. Mr. and Mrs. Garrick will spend some months traveling in Europe, and then make their home in New York city.

The wedding of Miss Marie Robbins, of Suisun, and Mr. John G. Sutton will take place on Thursday, September 14th.

Mr. E. M. Greenway entertained at dinner at Fairfax on Saturday evening last Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Gerstle, Mrs. William Gerstle, Mrs. A. F. Fechteler, Mrs. Bert Morrow, Miss Morgan, Baron Alex von Schröder, and Mr. Leon Boqueraz.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Johnson gave a dinner-party at Fairfax on Saturday evening last, having as their guests Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Runyon, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick H. Green, Miss Gussie Alvord, Miss Alice Owen, Mr. C. P. Pomeroy, and Mr. William O'Connor.

Mrs. George C. Boardman, Jr., entertained a number of ladies at tea, on Tuesday last, at her home in San Rafael.

In these clear, brilliant days there is no more beautiful view than that to be obtained from the top of Mount Tamalpais. The railway takes you there at small cost, and there is an excellent tavern at the summit.

Colonial Hotel.

The management wishes to inform its patrons of the completion of the new private bath-rooms in connection with suites of rooms. Reservation for the winter season should be made at once.

A YOUNG LADY, OF REFINED FAMILY, A university student, wishes position as traveling companion or as private teacher. References exchanged. Box 30, this office.

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are never drunkards.

Its good old age, absolute
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system and the power of self
control.

"Bottled in Bond"—100%
proof.

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Distillery—90% proof.

Vendome—
Country Home.

Surrounded by a 12-acre park, it resembles a country mansion—and only two blocks from the railroad station, where twenty-five daily trains connect it with the outside world. Over 250 rooms. Suites magnificently furnished with toilet and bath. Tourists' headquarters for Lick Observatory and all interesting points in Santa Clara County.

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IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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It is a wonderful soap
that takes hold quick and
does no harm.

No harm! It leaves the
skin soft like a baby's; no
alkali in it, nothing but
soap. The harm is done by
alkali. Still more harm is
done by not washing. So,
bad soap is better than
none.

What is bad soap? Im-
perfectly made; the fat
and alkali not well bal-
anced or not combined.

What is good soap?
Pears'.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists;
all sorts of people use it.

THE GREAT LEADER OF
CHAMPAGNES

G. H. Mumm & Co.'s Extra Dry

WHILE words tell, statistics prove.

The importation of G. H. MUMM & Co.'s EXTRA DRY in 1898 aggregating 85,855 cases, or 52,649 cases more than of any other brand, is certainly the most striking evidence of the great popularity of this famous brand of champagne, and particular attention is called to the fine quality, purity, and natural dryness of the wine now coming to this market.

Used at almost all notable banquets, balls, weddings, etc.

Dine above the Clouds

Above the noise, and dust, and flies. Perfect
service in Spreckels Rotisserie, 15th Floor Call
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ALBERT WOLFF, Proprietor.

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O. M. BRENNAN, Proprietor.

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First-class quiet Family Hotel.
D. W. JAMES, Proprietor,
Late of Paso Robles Hotel.

ROYAL Baking Powder
Absolutely Pure.
Made from Pure Grape Cream
of Tartar.

SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements of and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. John Hays Hammond are at the Château Bec de la Vallée, Dinard, in Brittany. Mr. Hammond has been ill ever since his return from South Africa, and a recent dispatch states that he has taken a turn for the worse. He and Mrs. Hammond will go to Carlsbad as soon as he can stand the journey.

Mr. and Mrs. William Ingraham Kip, Mrs. Guy L. Edie, and Miss Mary Kip will return from the Hotel Rafael early next month and go to the Hotel Richelieu for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mrs. Sperry, and Miss Sperry returned on Saturday, August 12th, from a visit of several weeks to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Bulter and Miss Emma Bulter are at Arkansas Hot Springs. They expect to return in the latter part of next month and he at the Hotel Richelieu this winter.

Miss Alice Hoffman and Miss Carrie Taylor were the guests of Miss McBean on Saturday at the Hotel Rafael.

Miss Emily Carolan has returned from a visit to Mrs. Edward G. Schmiedell at her home in Ross Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander left for Del Monte on Thursday.

Miss Lillie O'Connor left yesterday for a week's visit to Del Monte, after which she will return to the Hotel Rafael for the remainder of the season.

Mrs. Carter P. Pomeroy returned from the East, where she has been for the past three months, to her home in San Rafael on Tuesday last.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mahl and Miss Mahl have returned from their Alaskan trip, and are at Del Monte. They will reside at the Hotel Richelieu this winter.

Mr. and Mrs. George R. Shreve arrived in New York last Tuesday.

Lieutenant-Colonel Kitson, R. A., and Mrs. Kitson, and Lieutenant-Colonel A. H. Lee, R. A., have gone to Del Monte, to remain through the week of outdoor sports.

Mr. Charles Fox Tay returned from a trip to Honolulu on Monday last.

Mr. William M. Woodsworth, of Cambridge, Mass., arrived in town last Sunday and is a guest at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Hopkins, of Menlo Park, and Miss Alice Colden Hoffman have been visiting friends at the Hotel Rafael.

Mrs. W. S. Biddle, Jr., sailed for China on the Toyo Kisen Kaisha liner *Hong Kong Maru* on Thursday last.

Mr. F. H. Bailly-Johnson, of London, is a guest at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Bissell are guests at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. A. Blair Thaw came up from Santa Barbara early in the week, and is at the California Hotel.

Miss Eleanor Terry has returned from a visit to Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tohin at her cottage at Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. George Greenwood have been the guests of Mr. Fred A. Greenwood at his cottage at Belvedere.

Professor and Mrs. George T. Ladd sailed on Thursday last on the Toyo Kisen Kaisha liner *Hong Kong Maru* for Tokio, where Professor Ladd is to deliver a series of lectures at the Imperial University.

Mrs. Remi Chabot and Miss Chabot, of Oakland, are among the guests at Del Monte.

Mr. Frank B. King and his sister, Miss Genevieve King, are at Tallac, Lake Tahoe.

Dr. and Mrs. W. A. Thorne enjoyed a trip up to the Tavern of Tamalpais during the week.

Mrs. E. A. Halstead and Miss Halstead are here from Honolulu, and are at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Keeney and Miss Ethel Keeney have returned from Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel G. Buckbee left yesterday for the Hotel Rafael, where they will spend the remainder of the season.

Mr. and Mrs. William Alvord have returned from their visit to Del Monte.

Mr. A. W. Foster, of San Rafael, was a guest at the California Hotel in the early part of the week.

Miss Leontine Blakeman has returned from Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kohler are in town for the winter, and are guests at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Cressey, of San José, are at the California Hotel.

Mrs. Sidney M. Smith was a guest at the Tavern of Tamalpais during the week.

Mr. Lawson S. Adams has been a guest at the Hotel Rafael during the past week.

Mrs. Margaret Irvine and her son, Mr. J. W. Byrne, arrived in Paris on Friday, August 11th.

Mr. Mark L. McDonald, of Santa Rosa, was a guest at the Occidental Hotel in the early part of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt returned on Saturday, August 12th, from a trip to Alaska.

Lady Bache Cunard, formerly Miss Maud Burke, is at Newport for the season.

The Rev. Henry Cook, late rector of Trinity Episcopal Church in this city, has accepted a call to Christ Church, in Warren, O.

Mrs. Anson Hotelling will leave for New York early next month, en route to Europe, where she will remain two years.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Case Bull returned last week to New York, after a visit of some months to Mrs. Bull's mother, Mrs. Jarboe.

Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Michaels will remain at Del Monte through the week of outdoor sports, and return on Monday, August 28th, to the Hotel Richelieu for the winter.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. Adolf Mehlich, of Berlin, Mr.

and Mrs. G. Arnold, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. George Ross, of Honolulu, Mr. G. Knauth, Jr., of New York, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Mitchell, of Sacramento, and Mr. R. C. Hall, of Pittsburg, Pa.

Among the week's guests at the Hotel Rafael were Mrs. W. H. McKittrick, Mr. W. D. Page, Mr. C. G. Follis, Dr. Henry M. Sherman, and Mr. Adolf Sutor, of San Francisco, Mrs. L. R. Rogers and Miss Rogers, of Ogden, and Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Snow, of Palo Alto.

Among the guests at the Tavern of Tamalpais during the week were Mr. and Mrs. Aylett R. Cotton, Mr. D. J. Staples, Mr. George Pope, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Caldwell, Mrs. Thomas Houseworth, the Misses Damon, of Honolulu, Mr. and Mrs. G. E. de Golia, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Lukens, of Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Mansfield, of Los Angeles, and Mr. Lewis G. Salton, of Philadelphia.

Army and Navy Notes.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Brigadier-General Charles A. Woodruff, commissary-general of subsistence, U. S. A., arrived from Washington, D. C., on Monday last.

Colonel C. R. Greenleaf, assistant surgeon-general, U. S. A., and Mrs. Greenleaf, are at the Hotel Pleasanton for the winter.

Lieutenant-Colonel E. M. Hayes, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., arrived in town on Saturday, August 12th, and registered at the Occidental Hotel. He is on his way to the Philippines.

Lieutenant-Colonel J. B. Bahcock, Assistant Adjutant-General, U. S. A., is residing at the Hotel Richelieu.

Major Stephen W. Groesbeck, judge advocate, U. S. A., and Mrs. Groesbeck, have taken an apartment at the Hotel Pleasanton for the winter.

Lieutenant-Colonel Marion P. Maus, First Infantry, U. S. A., and Mrs. Maus, are at the Hotel Richelieu for the winter.

Major B. C. Lockwood, Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., and Mrs. Lockwood, Major W. H. Kell, Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., and Mrs. Kell, and Major J. W. Hannay, Third Infantry, U. S. A., Mrs. Hannay, Miss Elizabeth Hannay, and Mr. Allan Hannay, came up from Manila on the *Centennial* on Sunday, August 13th, and are at the Occidental Hotel.

Commander Gottfried Blockinger, U. S. N., formerly in command of the *Charleston*, arrived here from the Orient on Monday last.

Paymaster W. W. Barry, U. S. N., has been relieved from duty at Mare Island, and will be retired with the rank of commander on September 15th. He and Mrs. Barry will remain in California, probably in San Mateo, for six months before going to their home in the East.

Captain Sylvanus Coho, Assistant-Quartermaster, U. S. A., has been ordered from Newnan, Ga., to this city, to take charge of a cavalry transport to Manila.

Among those who arrived from Manila on Sunday, August 13th, on the transport *Centennial* were First-Lieutenant F. M. Kemp, Assistant-Surgeon, U. S. A., Lieutenant J. P. Harbeson, Twelfth Infantry, U. S. A., Lieutenant Arthur W. Yates, Ninth Infantry, U. S. A., Lieutenant W. S. Overton, Third Artillery, U. S. A., Second-Lieutenant James S. Parker, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., who has been promoted to a first-lieutenancy in the Sixth Cavalry—and Mrs. Franklin, wife of Lieutenant Thomas Franklin, Twenty-Third Infantry, U. S. A.

President McKinley has mitigated the sentence of dismissal pronounced against Paymaster W. B. Wilcox, U. S. N., by the court-martial convened at Mare Island to try him on a charge of drunkenness. His name goes to the foot of the list of paymasters in the navy-yard, a loss of fourteen numbers, and he is put on half-pay for one year.

Second-Lieutenant Henry M. Merriam, Third Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence.

Paper-Chase in San Rafael.

The San Rafael Hunt Club had its third paper-chase of the season on Saturday afternoon, August 12th. The hare started from the Hotel Rafael at 3:45 o'clock, and twenty minutes later the hunters followed. The course lay from the hotel grounds to Grant Avenue, thence through the Port Cuello as far as the Foster place, thence to the Freitas ranch, and so to the golf-club grounds, a distance of eight miles, which was covered in about fifty minutes.

Baron Alex von Schröder was first in, heating Dr. H. O. Howitt by only a neck. Miss Mary Kip was third, with Mr. Frank S. Johnson close behind her. The others who ran were Miss Morgan, Miss Hairfield, Miss Marie Oge, Mr. S. H. Boardman, Mr. Andrew Query, Mr. L. Fisher, Mr. William O'Connor, and Mr. Charles de Young.

Baron J. H. von Schröder was master of the hounds, and the judges were Mr. Jonathan J. Crooks and General R. H. Warfield.

The will of the late Mrs. Fanny Easton Taylor was filed for probate at Redwood City last week. It states that the estate consists of real estate in San Mateo and San Francisco Counties and other property "exceeding \$50,000 in value," and disposes the property as follows:

To her son, Henry H. Taylor, one-third; to her daughter, Frances Easton Taylor, one-third; and to her daughter, Mrs. Fred Paxson Howard, and her children, one-third, to be held in trust by Henry H. Taylor and Henry T. Scott, the trust to expire in ten years should the trustees so determine.

The executors are Henry H. Taylor and Frances Easton Taylor.

Golf and Tennis Notes.

The Oakland Golf Club has issued the following schedule of proposed events for the coming season:

September 2d.—Tournament for Macdonald Cup, men's eighteen-hole handicap game; cup to be awarded the winner of two match games.

September 5th, Labor Day.—Mixed foursome, handicap, match play, eighteen holes, for silver medals.

September 9th, Admission Day.—Tournament for Captain's Cup; third contest. Reception and music at club-house.

September 16th.—Putting and approaching contests for ladies and gentlemen; prizes to be silver trophies.

September 23d.—Men's foursome, handicap, match play for cups; entrance fee, \$1.

September 30th.—Ladies' handicap, eighteen-holes, match play, for silver trophies. Tournament for Tibbets Cup.

October 7th.—Open competition, handicap, eighteen-holes, medal play; entrance fee, \$1.

October 14th.—Mixed foursome, handicap, eighteen holes, match play, for silver trophies.

October 21st.—Tournament for Ladies' Cup, handicap, eighteen holes, match play; no entrance fee.

October 28th.—Open competition, scratch, eighteen holes, medal play, for silver trophies; no entrance fee.

November 4th.—Tournament for Macdonald Cup; second contest.

November 11th.—Men's foursome, handicap, match play, for club medals.

November 18th.—Tournament for Captain's Cup; fourth contest.

November 23d.—Thanksgiving Day, reception and music at club house.

November 25th.—Tournament for Ladies' Cup, handicap, match play, eighteen holes; no entrance fee; second contest.

A club tournament will be held by the San Rafael Golf Club on September 9th for the Council's Cup. This is a handsome silver trophy for men, offered by the council, and a project is on foot among the members to secure by subscription a similar cup for the lady players to compete for. It is to be held permanently by the club, the winner's name and score being inscribed on it and he receiving a smaller copy of the cup, which becomes his property.

The tenth annual tennis tournament for the Pacific States double championship will be held on the courts of the Hotel Del Monte on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, September 7th, 8th, and 9th. The winners of the all-comers will be called upon to play Messrs. Samuel and Sumner Hardy, the present champions. Handsome cups will be given by the Hotel Del Monte to the double champions of the coast. First and second prizes will be awarded to the winners of the all-comers. A consolation tournament will also be held, for which two suitable prizes will be offered.

The ladies' single tournament for the championship of the Pacific States will also be held at the Hotel Del Monte, on Friday and Saturday, September 8th and 9th. The winner will be called upon to play Miss Marion Jones, the present champion, for the championship of the Pacific States.

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—ALFRED E. BLAKE M. D. DISEASES OF THE mouth and teeth. Telephone R. 586. 28 Geary.

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GOLF. POLO. RACES.

Amateur Sports will be held at Hotel Del Monte under the auspices of the Pacific Coast Pony Racing and Steeplechase Association as follows:

AUGUST 18th

TENNIS.—Double Handicap Tournament.

AUGUST 19th

PIGEON SHOOT.—Shooting at live pigeons from traps.

TENNIS.—Consolation Doubles.

AUGUST 21st

GOLF.—Ladies' Handicap for Geo. Crocker Cup, qualifying round.

AUGUST 22d

GOLF.—Ladies' Handicap for Geo. Crocker Cup, final competition.

AUGUST 23d

GOLF.—Men's Contest for Del Monte Cup, qualifying round.

Entries should be forwarded to, and information desired obtained from,

MR. F. J. CAROLAN, Secretary,
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LEAVE	From August 2, 1899.	ARRIVE
7:00 A	Benicia, Suisun, and Sacramento.....	5:45 P
7:00 A	Marysville, Oroville, and Redding via Woodland.....	5:45 P
7:30 A	Elmira, Vacaville, and Rumsey.....	8:50 P
7:30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	6:15 P
8:00 A	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.....	9:45 A
8:30 A	San José, Livermore, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Placerville, Marys- ville, Chico, and Red Bluff.....	4:15 P
8:30 A	*Milton, Oakdale, and Sonoma.....	4:15 P
8:30 A	Yosemite Valley via Oakdale and Chico.....	4:15 P
9:00 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	11:45 A
9:00 A	Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.....	12:15 P
9:00 A	Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Bar- bara, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	6:45 P
10:00 A	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations.....	7:45 P
11:00 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	2:45 P
12:00 M	Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Sacra- mento, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville.....	4:15 P
*1:00 P	Sacramento River Steamers.....	*8:00 P
2:00 P	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	5:45 P
4:00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	9:15 A
4:00 P	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Oroville.....	10:45 A
4:30 P	Niles, San José, and Stockton.....	7:15 P
4:30 P	Yosemite Sleeping Car for Raymond.....	12:15 P
5:00 P	The Owl, Tracy, Fresno, Bakersfield, Saugus for Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	9:45 A
5:30 P	Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.....	12:15 P
5:30 P	Martinez, Tracy, Mendota, Fresno, Mojave, and Los Angeles.....	8:45 A
5:30 P	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	6:45 P
6:00 P	Chicago-San Francisco Special, Og- den and East.....	8:50 P
6:00 P	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	7:45 A
*6:00 P	Vallejo.....	12:15 P
7:00 P	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Sta- tions.....	19:55 P
8:05 P	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marys- ville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	8:15 A

COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge). (Foot of Market Street.)

17:45 A	Santa Cruz Excursion for Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations.....	18:05 P
8:15 A	Newark, Centerville, San José, Fel- ton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	5:50 P
*2:15 P	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations.....	*10:50 A
4:15 P	San José, Glenwood, and Way Sta- tions.....	9:20 A
6:15 P	Felton, Santa Cruz, and Way Sta- tions.....	9:20 A

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—
7:15 9:00 11:00 A. M., 1:00 2:00 3:00 P. M.
7:40 15:00 6:00 P. M.
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway— 7:00 8:00
10:00 A. M., 12:00 2:00 3:00 4:00 5:00 P. M.

COAST DIVISION (Broad Gauge). (Third and Townsend Streets.)

*6:10 A	Ocean View, South San Francisco.....	*6:30 P
7:00 A	San José and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only).....	*8:00 A
17:30 A	Sunday Excursion for Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations.....	18:35 P
9:00 A	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Surf, Lompoc, and Principal Way Stations.....	4:10 P
10:40 A	San José and Way Stations.....	6:35 A
11:30 A	San José and Way Stations.....	1:30 P
*2:45 P	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Hollister, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Mon- terey, and Pacific Grove.....	*10:36 A
*3:30 P	San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations.....	*7:30 P
4:15 P	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	9:45 A
5:00 P	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	8:35 A
5:30 P	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	9:00 A
6:30 P	San José and Way Stations.....	5:30 P
11:45 P	San José and Way Stations.....	17:30 P

A for Morning. P for Afternoon.
* Sunday excepted. † Sunday only. ‡ Saturday and Sunday.
§ Sunday and Monday.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Jogging Jim—"Ello, Slumppy! Wot's de matter
wid yer face an' han's—got de hives?" Slumppy—
"No; I got de bees."—Judge.

A reactionist: Weary Willy—"Dey say action
and reaction are always equal." Frayed Fagin—
"Yes; I tink one uv my ancestors must have
worked himself to death and I'm am de reaction."—
Puck.

"That man called me a liar, a cad, a scoundrel,
and a puppy. Would you advise me to fight for
that?" "By all means. There's nothing nobler in
this world, young man, than fighting for the truth."
—Tit-Bits.

Hotel-keeper—"My rates for rooms are two dollars
up." Actor—"But how much for the 'profess'?"
I am Hamfatter Hamlet, the tragedian." Hotel-
keeper—"Oh, in that case it will have to be two dol-
lars down."—Ex.

"This milk," said Mr. Oakum, as he looked into
the pitcher and began fishing for something with a
fork, "reminds me of the quality of mercy."
"What do you mean?" his wife demanded. "It
is not strained."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Mr. Henpeck—"I wish sometimes I had the
knowledge of the ancient Egyptians." Friend—
"In regard to what, old man?" Mr. Henpeck—
"Perhaps you've seen some of their mummies;
they understood how to make a woman dry up and
remain so."—Life.

Patient—"I say, doctor, just what is this 'grip'
anyway?" Doctor—"Why, my good fellow, that's
the name we doctors have for everything nowadays
but appendicitis." Patient—"Ah! And what is
appendicitis?" Doctor—"Why, that's the name we
have for everything but the 'grip.'"—Judge.

Mrs. Stubb—"John, is that you coming home
at such an unearthly hour?" Mr. Stubb—"Yes,
M-Maria; the club had a little D-Dewey toast to-
night." Mrs. Stubb—"Well, you remind me of
Dewey." Mr. Stubb—"In w-what way, M-Maria?"
Mrs. Stubb—"A long time coming home."—Chicago
News.

Dr. Quack—"You seem to be much better this
morning. Of course you followed the prescription I
gave you?" Patient—"Indeed I didn't. If I had,
the chances are I would have broken my neck."
Dr. Quack—"Why, what do you mean?" Patient—
"I threw the prescription out of the third-story
window."—Chicago News.

City editor—"Mr. Strong has been in to-day, and
he had murder in his eye. How in time did you
come to speak of Mrs. Strong's 'alleged husband'
in that paragraph about her accident?" J. Fresh—
"I did it to steer clear of a libel suit. You know
you told me always to say 'alleged thief,' 'alleged
murderer,' and that sort of thing."—Boston Tran-
script.

An Irishman who had taken a seat in a theatre
other than the one his reserved check called for was
remonstrated with by the usher, who insisted on his
getting up and giving his seat to the rightful pur-
chaser. "G'wan wid ye," excitedly retorted the
Celt; "the sate is moine, an' O'll shand up for me
roights ef I hev to sit here all noight."—Richmond
Dispatch.

A little Rutland, Pa., girl is very much up to the
times. At her prayers, the other night, after the
usual appeal for her loved ones, she added: "And
please, Lord, take care of yourself, too, for if any-
thing should happen to you we couldn't have any
one but Mr. McKinley to depend upon, and he isn't
doing as well as papa expected."—Springfield Re-
publican.

"Phalim," wearily said Mrs. McGorry, with some
difficulty making herself heard above the lusty howls
of her leather-lunged offspring, "yez will howl
howld dhe baby for a while. Try to git him quieted
ay yean. Sure O'im ahl worn out wid his yells."
"O'il not howld him!" indifferently replied her
husband, who was luxuriating with his pipe and
newspaper; "ut's your duty, not moine. Av yez
can't keep dhe little monkey still, lave him yell, for
ahl O' care." "Ut's yure duty as much as ut is
moine! Half av him belongs to ye, anyhow."
"Wull, thin, do phwt yez plaze wid yure half, an'
lave my half holler ahl ut wants to. O'im busy!"—
Bazar.

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Apologists for the administration in its conduct of the war have pointed to the fact that President McKinley and his advisers have been called upon to meet and to solve problems such as have been presented to none of his predecessors. At the outbreak of the war this country had a standing army barely sufficient to garrison the frontier posts within its own territory. In the brief space of a few weeks it was necessary to enlist, arm, equip, provision, and transport an armed force of nearly a quarter of a million men. It was necessary to provide for their transportation to foreign lands and for their safety under unaccustomed climatic and sanitary conditions. The vast machinery necessary for the accomplishment of this work was not in existence; had not even been contemplated.

That mistakes, and even serious mistakes, should have been committed was inevitable, and these should be passed over with the utmost charity. The circumstances that have made these mistakes inevitable, however, do not excuse unnecessary mistakes. The order providing for the mustering out of the volunteer troops in this city was a mistake; its continuance in force is more than a mistake—it is a crime.

The successful conduct of the war and its speedy termination were rendered possible by the magnificent patriotic enthusiasm of the American people. From every section of this broad land the response to the call to arms was spontaneous and generous. From the workshop and the counting-house the youth of the country flocked to give their strength, and, if need be, their lives in defense of the nation's honor; the plow was abandoned in the field, the quirt and the reata of the range were laid aside. The volunteer army was a temporary expedient, and, now that the emergency that called it into existence is at an end, it is being disbanded. The problem now presented is to enable these volunteer soldiers to return to the ranks of industry with as little delay and as little friction as is possible. The sudden enlistment of so large an army is necessarily a disturbance of industry; it is the part of broad statesmanship to minimize the harmful results of that disturbance.

The bare statement of the problem suggests what should have been done. The troops should have been transported to the points nearest to where they enlisted, and there should have been disbanded. They would then have been ready to resume their old positions, or among their friends and former neighbors to have found new ones. Instead of following this obviously correct course, the administration has ordered that they be mustered out in San Francisco. The only reason why this city has been singled out is because it is the first point on the American continent that the troops reach in their return from the war. There is no force in this reason. If the object was to release them as soon as possible after they had completed their tasks, Manila, which is now American territory, would have been the proper place for mustering out; if the object was to consider the interests of the volunteers, there is no point on the route short of the States of enlistment where mustering out was proper.

The selection of San Francisco was in response to two influences. Certain interested residents in this city, who hoped that the discharged soldiers might leave a considerable part of the money they received for their services here, urged such a course, and the soldiers themselves expressed their preference for it. Neither influence should have been allowed to control. The generous patriotism of San Francisco repudiates the sordid selfishness of these petty financiers. It is natural that the soldiers should desire to secure their release at the earliest possible date. Military discipline is always irksome for those who have been accustomed to the comparative freedom of civil life, and, their duty having been done, they wish to secure their freedom from restraint. The Argonaut would be the last to oppose the granting of a request to these men who have voluntarily endured hardships and risked their lives in the service of their country. They have unflinchingly faced the bullets of the enemy and the more deadly perils of disease, and gratitude dictates that their wishes should be treated with every consideration. Their own more sober second thought would lead them to realize the unwisdom of this mustering out thousands of miles from their homes. It was weakness on the part of the administration to yield to the pressure in this case; it was nothing but an exhibition of cheap politics, designed to curry favor with the mustered-out soldiers—a purpose that in the end will prove a failure. It is a proceeding without precedent, and one that is already beginning to prove its folly.

The Pennsylvania and Nebraska troops are being taken home in special trains at the expense of the citizens of those States. Mayor Phelan has been compelled to telegraph to the governor of South Dakota regarding the sick and wounded soldiers who need transportation to that State. The Red Cross Society is raising funds for the

transportation of others who may be left here destitute. The mustered-out volunteers would be more than human if, upon their release from the severe discipline of the military camps and the hardships upon the field of battle that they have endured for twelve months, they should not indulge in unwise excesses. The unaccustomed liberty will lead many of them into pleasures that will exhaust their funds and leave them a charge upon the community. There will be no places for them to find employment here. The returning California troops must be provided for, and there will be many thrown out of positions they have filled temporarily while the former incumbents were absent in the Philippines. Poverty and suffering are in store for those who are stranded here.

This is the unfortunate situation that has been created by the penny politics of President McKinley. It is an injustice to the people of those States that are compelled to bring their troops home at their own expense; it is an injustice to the people of California who have an undeserved burden thrust upon them; it is a most serious injustice to those brave volunteers whose devotion and self-sacrifice are requited by exposing them to temptation and misery. Some of the dailies in this city have supported this mistaken policy, or have maintained a cowardly silence, fearing to offend the harpies that hope to profit by the presence of these soldiers with their money. The Argonaut has no such fear. It believes that whatever pay these soldiers may receive will be but inadequate recognition of their services; it believes that they should be protected in its possession and not encouraged in squandering it; it believes that the administration has been guilty of bad faith to the volunteers who rushed to its support in the hour of need in the issuance of this order. It is not yet too late to remedy the mistake: the highest courage lies in the confession of error and its rectification. J. H. B.

Two of the great newspaper men of London are Sir Edward Lawton and Alfred C. Harmsworth. The former is proprietor of the *Daily Telegraph*, the latter of the *Daily Mail*. Both are millionaires several times over, and each is ambitious to accomplish all that journalism can do in acquiring circulation and income, and in wielding influence. Recently they broke an honored routine and issued seven times a week, instead of the six to which London had been accustomed, and with which it had been satisfied; how well satisfied they never understood until the turmoil caused by the innovation thundered about their ears. The seven-day plan was dropped after a brief trial. London did not approve of it, English sentiment would have none of it. The experiment was an abject and instructive failure. A futile essay in the same direction had previously been made by James Gordon Bennett, finding disaster after a brief course. Why the London editors chose to follow his example, with the result of it still remembered, has not been explained, and why they should have sought to imitate a scheme that, while unhappily prevalent in this country, is rapidly coming under the disfavor of the intelligent, is also a matter on which no light has been shed. There are in reality no Sunday papers in London. In all probability there never will be. Those purporting to be Sunday papers are printed Saturday, and not so much as distributed on the next day.

Had the *Telegraph* and *Mail* succeeded, the other dailies could not long have held back, and the fear that England would soon stand in this respect as America already stands took strong hold upon the English mind and heart. Almost instantly the better elements were in battle-array against a change recognized as an evil, and the pressure brought to bear could not be withstood. Why has not a similar belief in this country crystallized into action? The belief exists here and is even habitually voiced in the pulpit, but protest dies, weakly and ineffective. It not only exists, but is accentuated every time there comes from the press one of those monstrosities of journalism, reeking with senseless freaks, stupid to all who think, nauseating to all who are refined; containing nothing of value, nothing appealing to culture, nothing to uplift; degeneracy reduced to pro-

food for the depraved, an incentive to the criminal—the modern Sunday paper.

If, with something akin to the zest displayed in London, a fight were to be inaugurated in this country against seven-day journalism, there would be results similarly benign. It would be crushed out, as were the Sunday editions of the *Telegraph* and *Mail*, appearing first in April of this year, and already memories. The agitation, instant in becoming manifest, took form without delay. This can not be better shown than by quoting from an able account written by Henry I. Lunn, M. D., who says:

"But seldom, if ever, has public feeling declared itself so swiftly or so unmistakably as it has done on this question. Two religious journals, the *British Weekly*, edited by Dr. Robertson Nicoll, and the *Methodist Times*, edited by the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, together with the *Echo*, which published an able article by Sir Hugh Gilzean Reid, president of the National Institute of Journalists, were the first to give expression to the general indignation. The News Vendors' Trade Union next took up the matter, and the press generally throughout the country condemned the movement as likely to add to the burdens of the already overtaxed working journalist, and to deprive of their day of rest an army of newspaper distributors amounting to over one hundred thousand."

From this start the agitation spread, and gained in intensity. Energy was not all expended in rebuke, as, continuing, Dr. Lunn shows:

"About the third week of the agitation, inspired by a remarkable article of Dr. Robertson Nicoll's, in which he pointed out that the advertisers in these papers held the key to the situation, I decided not only to withdraw my own advertisements from the papers concerned, but to bring what influence I had to bear upon other advertisers. I therefore wrote to all the large advertisers in these journals, urging them to write directly to the proprietors and generally to use their influence to stop the Sunday issues."

The National Council of Evangelical Free Churches adopted strong resolutions, and appointed a committee to wait upon the proprietors and in the name of seven million members enter a remonstrance. Lord Rosebery sided with the council, and suggested to the editors that seven-day journalism be at an end in England. They were restrained from immediate compliance by a pride which forbade either first to take the step. The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and Lord Kinnaird all consented to accept places on the protest committee. Members of the House of Commons proffered their services. Jewish and Catholic prelates were equally in touch with the movement. Merchants and manufacturers joined, "and within twenty-four hours a committee was formed representing all the great interests of the nation—a fact which in itself showed the strength and unanimity of public feeling on the matter."

This was the beginning of the desired finish. With such grace as they might, the editors announced their abandonment of seven-day journalism. Is the American church—the term meaning the Protestant church in this country—weaker than its prototype across the sea? Surely, the journalism which England declined to tolerate thrives in America more perniciously than it could ever have thriven in England. The plea for a change is not based on sectarian prejudice. It is based on recognition of the scientific truth that to all the week should afford one day of rest. There is no excuse for the continued, unremittent strain, and no good to come of it—quite apart from the circumstance that the seven-day papers are in themselves an evil, degrading to morals, a travesty on art, and a mock to letters.

Ordinarily, a lynching in this country is recorded by the press, duly deplored, as becomes a law-abiding people, and, although perhaps attended by the collateral horror of the fagot, forgotten until a new lynching recalls the black and bitter memory of the old. Statutes designed to check the rule of the mob have as yet proved ineffective. More men are lynched than are hanged by legal process, and often the pretext is so flimsy and the method so wantonly brutal that the punishment is far more dastardly than the original crime. In many instances, after the rage of the executioners has subsided, the fact develops that the victim had been innocent. Even this circumstance has no potency as a deterrent. Daily are new chapters added to a history of shame.

People who come from other lands to live in this, no matter if representatives of nations supposed to be in a measure benighted, grew up in an environment where lynching is virtually unknown. There are murders in all lands, but in all but ours there are laws not only designed to check homicidal tendencies, but these laws are enforced. The people of Europe do not understand why lynching is tolerated in the United States, and when the subjects of England or a Continental government are led to the slaughter for real or fancied offenses, they naturally and rightfully demand explanation. Measured in dollars, lynchings have cost dear. In discredit they have cost much more, and wonder grows that they have not before now involved the government in intentions not to be adjusted by diplomacy and on a cash basis. Unless restrained they may lead to war—indeed, have already led to the border of it. Whenever apology and coin fail to keep peace unbroken, the United States will be helpless to make a decent showing before the world. For

the unlawful slaying of foreigners living where the starry flag should be their protection, the national treasury has paid several items, reaching a total of nearly half a million, and had pressure been brought in relation to other outrages this total might have been greatly enhanced. The following are the principal payments:

Paid China for Rock Springs (Wyo.) massacre	\$147,748.74
Paid China for outrages on Pacific Coast	276,619.75
Paid Italy for massacre of Italian prisoners at New Orleans	24,330.00
Paid Italy for lynchings at Walsenburg, Col.	10,000.00
Paid Great Britain for outrages on James Bain and Frederick Dawson	2,800.00

Now arises the Tallulah quintuple murder of Italians, and more complications and costs must be regarded as inevitable. Italy resents the view that to be a native of her sunny clime and to emigrate to America is a capital transgression. A notable feature of all these outbreaks has been that they were baseless. To say that for the most part they were conducted by people themselves not citizens is to give an excuse so poor that silence would be better. When in Wyoming and on the Pacific Coast the Chinese were hunted like wild beasts, a thrill of shame and indignation was felt throughout the land. The people knew they had been disgraced, that the spirit of assassination had been loosed, and that in the eyes of civilization the violence would be reckoned against them all. They were willing that all reparation possible should be rendered, but after monetary demands had been paid they still were conscious that a stain remained. The Chinese had not been accused of anything except an insistent and unwelcome presence.

When New Orleans turned its prison into a slaughter-pen there was an equal lack of reason, as blind a madness, as rabid a thirst for blood. The men were where the law could have given them their dues. The guilty among them would have been punished, the innocent set free. In their ravaging the members of the mob sought to draw no distinction. Suspected of being allied to the Mafia, a swarthy face sealed the doom of any prisoner that dreadful night. It was this affair that so nearly caused embroilment with Italy, and left there a lingering hatred which was manifest during the war with Spain. Nevertheless, race prejudice in Colorado caused the murder of three Italian miners in 1895, and two more narrowly escaped by flight. This time there was a bare suspicion that the Italians had committed a murder, and if they had, they were, when waylaid, in the custody of officers and on the road to a judicial hearing. Louisiana lynched three Italians in 1896, and now swells the list.

There must be a remedy. The government, in respect of power to protect aliens and citizens from the fury of lynchers, is strangely lacking. It is really invested with no authority, and when it pays a demand, does so arbitrarily. The time for it to acquire that which it so sadly needs is before a war has been caused, or relations with some friendly peoples across the sea strained to a danger point. There is pressing occasion for a uniform law, holding the States responsible. That the South kills Italians does not constitute ground for making the North pay. That in the West the Chinese are chosen subjects for the mob, should be no burden to sections not concerned. As States can have no direct dealings with a foreign government, their responsibility is to the federal government. In protection, they might rigidly hold counties responsible. Or, if this course fail, far better to make lynching a crime under federal jurisdiction, and then sympathy and fraternity will less often block justice. Nothing could be plainer than that the United States must find a basis to enable them to meet with dignity the overtures for damages arising from lynchings, and also to prevent the prevalence of these tragedies.

The lines upon the issue of expansion are being more clearly drawn. Some days ago it was reported that the Republicans in the Eastern States who are opposed to imperialism were considering the nomination of a ticket opposed to President McKinley on that issue. On the other side of the political fence, Bryan—the "logical candidate" according to many prominent Democrats—has been growing more and more outspoken in his opposition to the jingo policy. His present occupation enables him to feel the pulse of the people in all sections of the country, and his observations are leading him to the conclusion that "anti-expansion" is a winning cry.

For a time the effect of Bryan's opposition to expansion was minimized by the fact that Tammany held the opposite view. Just prior to his departure for Europe, Richard Croker gave out an interview which was as strongly expansionist as the most ardent advocate of that policy could wish. His European trip seems to have given him time for reflection, however, and now he comes out just as strongly on the other side. A few extracts from his latest interview may give an idea of his opinions. He says:

"While I was in Europe I talked with some of the best-informed men there or anywhere else on the subject of colonial conquest. I reached the conclusion that we have no right to keep all the Philip-

pines. We were wrong in the first place to pay twenty millions of dollars for them.

"On a question like this there should be no dividing line between Democrats and Republicans. Humanity, not politics, is involved, and I am convinced that humanity, as represented by the votes of American citizens at the next Presidential election, will record its horror and execration of the men and the party who are for private gain putting bloody pages into history."

There is no equivocation about this. Richard Croker, and therefore Tammany, is opposed to expansion. That is equivalent to saying that the entire Democratic party is opposed to it, and that it will be made the central issue in the next campaign. With the Democrats united, and a defection from their own party, can the Republicans hope to win on the expansion issue?

Does this mean a danger to McKinleyism?

Robert

The August *Forum* contains a remarkable article on American architecture, written by Mr. Leopold Gruelin, a German architect of distinction. Beginning with the declaration that the strikingly artistic effects in architecture that Americans secured in the exposition buildings at Chicago have caused German architects to keep a close watch upon American pictorial papers for new architectural ideas, and then regretting that our "sky-scrapers" do not permit our architects to display the taste that distinguishes their other work, he speaks in generous praise of the government buildings at Washington, the university buildings at Ithaca and New Haven, and "notably the newly planned university at San Francisco, which, in point of grandeur and completeness, will certainly rank with any similar architectural group in the world."

In the mastery of freestone and in the technical manipulation and adaptation of ornamental brick, he declares that American architects excel their European colleagues, and that the development of ceramic architecture is phenomenal. In consequence, he says: "We find in the United States to-day buildings whose imposing proportions may well invite comparison with the celebrated Florentine palaces and the monumental structures of ancient Rome." He declares that the American architect is inspired from within, and "is endeavoring to give a fitting and harmonious outward expression to well-defined artistic ideas." He speaks of the "enterprising spirit and boldness of plan that distinguish the American architect"; but Americans would be surprised not to find these evidences in architecture, when they are so abundant in all the other activities of the country.

Architecture is the one great art that stands in immediate touch with the practical needs of a people. Two powerful forces are in operation to advance American architecture with great rapidity. One is the enterprise, independence, and artistic sense of the architects, and the other, the growing artistic sense of the people. Our architects are no longer, as of old, kept down by the ignorance and stupidity of the wealthy classes, and compelled to design structures to meet the tastes of the uncultured. On the contrary, the wealthy themselves now enter into the spirit of the matter with the greatest zest. Usually they have traveled extensively, and if they contemplated building they have made a very careful study of the masterpieces of European architecture. They not only encourage the architects to do their best, but in their shrewd, clear-headed, American way, often make suggestions of the greatest value. It is not to the American architects, therefore, that all the credit belongs; American builders themselves deserve a generous share.

In architecture, as in the other arts, most of the European countries are decadent—their glories lie in the past. The energies and aspirations of the people have lagged. Not so in America. Without an artistic history, but with vast and rich material resources, it enjoys every stimulus that Europe lacks. It is young, vigorous, hopeful, and aspiring. More, it is shrewd, intelligent, and intensely ambitious. It has all the historic art of Europe from which to draw, all the vigor and aspiration needed to achieve, and all the intelligence and originality requisite to improve upon the best that Europe has. It has even the daring to make independent flights of its own. The tremendous strides that it is making in architecture are not isolated; in the rank with architecture, marching shoulder to shoulder with it, are many other graces of national life that proclaim a people of wonderful vigor and enterprise.

San Francisco is behind the other newer American cities in architecture. That is because it was not evolved; it sprang up in a night, and one dreary gnome of architecture directed its shaping. A grotesque fear of earthquakes led its builders to attempt the impossible and ludicrous feat of building palaces of boards and scantlings. The prevalence of sand blown by the wind caused the universal adoption of a sand-hued paint that made the city dull and colorless. The slow discovery of the marvelously varied stores of building stones within the State enforced the use of common brick where wood was not used.

But endless quarries of beautiful marbles and sandstone have been opened; modern steel frames satisfy the most

INTERNATIONAL
ASPECT OF
MOB LAW.

squeamish on the score of earthquakes; a more extensive covering of the sandy areas has permitted the employment of bright and refreshing colors in paint; extensive factories are producing Roman brick, glazed brick, terra cotta, and other ceramic architectural materials; and there are masters in the use of such plastic material as concrete. As a result, the city is rapidly taking on a new and artistic appearance. In doing so, it presents the most incongruous juxtapositions imaginable. Market Street, the city's main thoroughfare, would, for that reason, be so monstrously ugly as to draw tears were not its ludicrous features so prominent. It has even been suggested that it will be unwise to light it so brilliantly at the celebration of the volunteers' return, but we think that as we can not blot out the sun's light in the daytime, and thus hide the street's deformities, we should convince ourselves that its appearance under artificial light will only add to the hilarity of the occasion.

JULIUS

Whether Thomas B. Reed remains a member of the Fifty-Sixth Congress is no longer a matter of speculation, and that he will not occupy the Speaker's chair seems as well assured as anything in the future can well be. This fact has seemed to make necessary, in the view of the majority party, some changes in the methods of legislation which have prevailed for some years. Mr. Reed presided over the deliberations of the House of Representatives in the Fifty-First, Fifty-Fourth, and Fifty-Fifth Congresses. Supported by his impressive personality, his supreme self-confidence, his natural parliamentary instinct, and his autocratic disposition, he achieved not only absolute leadership of his party in the House, but as Speaker he was enabled to build up a system of control which placed the whole machinery of legislation in the lower branch of Congress in his own hands. The concentration of power which resulted inaugurated a new era of legislation. The individual obstructor became practically a relic of the past, and organized filibustering might be annoying, but was impotent under his sway.

The instrument of power which Mr. Reed molded to his own use was the Committee on Rules. Theoretically, the programme of business and the methods by which it was to be transacted were both formulated by that committee, but practically everything emanated from the Speaker himself. The Committee on Rules, consisting of three Republicans and two Democrats, owed its appointment in the first instance to the Speaker. The two members of the minority party had absolutely no influence in shaping the conclusions of the committee, and as the majority members were selected by the Speaker because of their entire subjection to his dominance, the full control rested with Mr. Reed, and the Committee on Rules perfunctorily met and registered his will and carried out his plans.

Such a system may have its uses in the control and expedition of business, but it created a legislative autocracy not safe to be left in the hands of any man less honest, less patriotic, or less forceful than Mr. Reed. Whatever may be said of its merits or demerits—and the latter have been perennially exploited by the Democrats—it is due to the originator of the system to remember that when the opposing party came to power in the Fifty-Second and Fifty-Third Congresses, the Democratic Speaker, Mr. Crisp, ruled the proceedings of the House as nearly as possible upon the lines laid down by his predecessor.

There are reasons, however, for the belief that the coming session of the Fifty-Sixth Congress will witness a change in rules and methods which will curb the power of the Speaker and throw the responsibility of legislation upon the shoulders of the majority party in the House. The Republican majority has already indicated its intention to select David B. Henderson, of Iowa, as Speaker. Mr. Henderson has not in ambition to succeed to the czarship of Mr. Reed, nor a desire to wield a responsibility which does not necessarily belong to his office. He is understood to be willing that the office shall be relegated to its old place, when the Speaker officiated merely as a presiding officer, and not as a dictator of legislation, and he is, therefore, in harmony with the movements that are said to be at work to bring about the change.

These reformatory movements are being conducted, according to report, by a coterie of Republican members, consisting of Corliss of Michigan, Cannon of Illinois, Mercer of Nebraska, Sherman of New York, Babcock of Wisconsin, Grosvenor of Ohio, Bingham of Pennsylvania, and Tawney of Minnesota, who, through their delegations represent ninety-six Republican votes—a majority of the Republican caucus of one hundred and eighty-four members in the House—and who are preparing to manage the details of the organization. In effect the proposition is to replace the Committee on Rules with another committee, which shall be practically one of procedure, or a "steering" committee. This committee is to be in no manner the creature of or under the domination of the Speaker. It will

consist of seven members. They will not receive their appointment from the Speaker, but will be elected by the House, and in consequence will be wholly chosen from the majority representation, which in the next Congress is Republican.

Besides the determination which has been formed to abridge the power of the Speaker, the managers of the movement propose to control the general appointments of the House and see that the plums are equitably distributed among the Republican delegations according to their respective strength. It is already tacitly proclaimed that the clerk of the House will be awarded to Pennsylvania, the sergeant-at-arms to Wisconsin, the doorkeeper to New York, and the postmaster to Ohio.

A new committee will also be created, which will have the duty of reporting on all matters regarding questions that are certain to arise in relation to the destiny of Porto Rico and the control of the Philippines. The advantages expected to accrue from this arrangement are that, without such a committee, the legislation affecting the nation's new possessions would naturally fall to the charge of various standing committees which, as now constituted, have jurisdiction over different subjects. To bring all the legislation for the islands under the review of one committee, it is thought, will bring greater concentration upon the various important questions which must arise as the aftermath of war, avoid a great amount of confusion otherwise liable to creep in, and save much time which such confusion would cause to be expended in wearisome and unnecessary debates upon the floor of the House.

Among the changes contemplated the supremely interesting fact is the one that a coterie of the most influential members of the Republican majority in the House has reached the determination that the powers of the Speaker, conceded more or less grudgingly for nearly ten years past, must be finally curbed, and that the next Speaker is in apparent harmony with the proposition. Time will demonstrate the wisdom or unwisdom of the change. The country has become accustomed to place the blame or bestow the praise for legislative action upon the broad personality of Mr. Reed; it must now learn to visit its judgments upon that impersonal and unindividually irresponsible thing—the majority of the House.

JULIUS

Miss Ruth Hall, in a contribution to a New York paper, revives the old question of the difficulty of new writers getting into the magazines. In support of her contention she cites the contents of two of the leading magazines for February: *Harper's* has twenty-three articles; of these, one short story, one essay, and three poems are by unknown writers. The *Century* has twenty-seven articles, seven of which are by unknown writers. Sir Walter Besant declares that this proves exactly the reverse of the proposition. The appearance of twelve new writers in only two magazines in one month indicates that the army of writers is likely soon to outnumber the army of the United States.

With regard to Miss Hall's contention, let it be asked: Why should it be deemed either a distinction or a triumph to have a contribution accepted by a magazine? And with regard to Sir Walter's rejoinder, let it be asked: How does the appearance of a new writer's contribution in a magazine establish him as a writer? These questions are important because new writers, as a rule, labor under the delusion that to appear in a magazine is a special distinction of great value and exceedingly difficult to secure, and that when secured the highway to fame and prosperity has been entered. This misconception has done more to repress, to stifle, to divert, and cripple the native literary genius of this country than can possibly be imagined.

It should be reflected that magazines of the popular sort aim first of all to secure a large circulation, because that is essential to heavy charges for advertisements, which yield the principal income. In order to secure a large circulation the magazines must of necessity cater to the great masses of imperfectly developed intellects that constitute the overwhelming majority of the casual reading population. These readers can not tolerate anything profound, anything strong, anything free, bold, aspiring, or startling. They can accept but one standard, and that is the commonplace, however refined. That standard is enforced solely by the weight of numbers, not by the weight of intellect or culture. Hence it is foreign to that true, native American taste of the aristocratic intellectual minority. A writer aiming for recognition in the magazines places his mark far below the true standard, and in trying to adapt himself to the popular standard stifles and diverts the very genius within him that might give him real standing and fame were he to find other and freer ways of reaching the public.

To illustrate the point: For years a Californian published in the local papers a number of strong, daring, and altogether unconventional stories. No magazine in this country would have published them, and there was no other com-

munity so well fitted by freedom from convention to receive them so widely. Their publication here gave their author no standing whatever in any other part of the country. At last he gathered a few of them together and offered them to an old Eastern publishing house to issue in book-form. They were accepted. By reason of their strength and novelty they attracted considerable attention. Then they were taken up by a London publisher and issued in England. As a result, the publishers both in this country and England demanded more of his work. In short, he suddenly found himself famous in a measure, and his work in demand.

No demand whatever outside of California had been created by the transient publication of the stories in the local press. Here is a curious and instructive sequel: Some of the popular magazines, supposing that the stories as published in covers had attracted considerable popular attention, wrote to the author asking him for contributions, but begging him to refrain from murder, suicide, blood, mutilation, devastating insanity, and the like. In other words, they wanted merely his name, for they desired him to eliminate from his work the very things that had given him a reputation. To such requests he made reply that the editors must have felt a grievous humiliation in announcing that they had any standard other than one of excellence, and that he could not afford to sacrifice the very qualities upon which his reputation rested. He knew that the moment he altered his standard to meet the tastes of the great undeveloped majority, as represented by the magazines, he would lose all that he valued—his individuality, his specialty, his distinctive power. He knew that there was a way of reaching the bigger, finer, more peculiarly American taste by avoiding the magazines and confining himself to books, and that by doing so he could reach not only the best American readers, but the best English also.

It seems needless to analyze this experience. It shows that transient publication brings little helpful fame; that the popular magazines will not, dare not, publish strong, hard-hitting contributions; that the only way to reach the true representative American public is by putting the work into books. The beauty of this, from a financial point of view, is that a good deal more money may be made by following this course than by depending upon the magazines, and at the same time no sacrifices need be made; and yet, in spite of this, the new aspirant for literary honors almost invariably thinks that to secure recognition by the magazines is the *sine qua non* of recognition and success.

There are American writers who enjoy a far greater popularity in Europe than in their own country. Indeed, the best market for the strongest, most representative American work is England. The American magazines are exercising an enormous power for evil in standing, whether deliberately or not, as censors over native American genius. Miss Hall may well spare herself all anxiety on the score of any possible difficulties in gaining access to the magazines.

JULIUS

In certain directions San Francisco is being left behind in the march of modern progress. In recent years, it is true, there has been an awakening of civic interest. The mercantile community has shown increasing interest in public affairs; the purse-strings have been loosened somewhat in response to municipal demands, and as a result public improvements have been advanced. There remain, however, many improvements to be made. A complete and scientific system of sewers is a pressing necessity, and there is a wide field for municipal enterprise in the city ownership of general utilities. It is a notable fact that San Francisco is almost the only large city in the country that does not own a city water system. Many of these enterprises will be inaugurated under the new charter which will go into effect in a few months now, and which provides special machinery for the acquisition of public utilities. Until that time plans of general improvement must wait.

In the meantime, Los Angeles, the enterprising little city of Southern California, is forging ahead. A few days ago the people voted in the ratio of eight to one in favor of issuing bonds for the purchase of the private water-works that supply that city. The newspapers were either silent or openly opposed to the issue, but the people were thoroughly aroused, and the result is that they will soon own the water-works, and reap the benefit in lower rates. It is sometimes urged against public ownership of such utilities that management by public officials is generally more extravagant and more corrupt than by private corporations. This may be true, but it is offset by the fact that public ownership eliminates the far more serious corruption of public officials by these same private corporations.

JULIUS

The signature of the editor is appended to every article in this issue written, dictated, or inspired by him, in accordance with the "signature law," enacted during the last session of the legislature.

THE IRON OF REMORSE.

A Story of the Trail.

It is never well to be too sure what you would do under given circumstances, until you have tried and found out. A course of action which you know to be absolutely foreign to every instinct within you—when you sit down to reason about it, after the manner of the age—may be the very one you will follow when there is no time for reason. If any one had told Mackworth that under fire he would be a coward, Mackworth would have knocked the informant down then and there, and have reflected upon the danger to his commission afterward.

Mackworth had been graduated, too, but being a right-minded boy, he remembered that it was to Horatius that the molten image was made, and not to the fellow who built the bridge; so he very properly chose the cavalry, and heaven rewarded him by sending him straight to the frontier. And this was in the days when there was a frontier; when men endured discomforts that they sigh to know again, as none ever sigh for the luxuries of the past; when the Apache and the Chiricahua were in the land, and still struggling to be masters of it; and when a woman was truly a blessing of the gods, and might, even under disadvantages, have her pick of the department. But as there is no woman in all this, that is irrelevant.

Except after the manner of cadets—which is not to be taken seriously—Mackworth had not let woman enter into his scheme of existence. His ideals were of another sort, just then. He was young and full of belief and things, and he thought that the way to win the approval of the War Department and the gratitude of his country was to avoid wire-pulling, and to kill Indians. Therefore he rejoiced greatly when, after only six weeks of his thoroughly undesirable garrison, Chatto took the Chiricahuas on the war-path, and he was ordered out in the field. He had had his kit all rolled in a rubber poncho, and his mess-chest pretty well stocked for the whole of the six weeks. He believed that a soldier should be always in readiness. He believed so many things then—though before long the bottom fell out of his universe, and he was filled with an enduring skepticism. And this was how it came about:

The first time he was under fire was when they were caught at rather a disadvantage among the pines in the Mogollons. The fight began about dusk and lasted well into the night. It may have been the result of some bugaboo stories of his babyhood, which had fostered an unconquerable fear of the dark; it may have been some lurking instinct, or it may have been just blue funk which overcame him. Anyway, he hid behind a boulder, crouched and cowered there, trembling so that his carbine fell from his hands.

And Morley, his captain, found him so. "What are you doing?" he demanded. He was an Irishman and a soldier of the old school, but he did not swear. Mackworth knew, from that, how bad it was. He scrambled up and babbled. "Get out of there," the captain said. He would have used a better tone to one of the troop curs.

Mackworth felt for his carbine and got out, staggering, but no longer afraid, only ashamed—sickeningly ashamed—beyond all endurance. He tried hard to get himself killed after that. He walked up and down in front of his men, giving orders and smoking cigarettes, and doing his best to serve as a target. The captain watched him and began to understand. His frown relaxed. "You'd better get under cover," he suggested; "you are taking needless risks." Mackworth looked at him with wide, blank eyes, and did not answer. His face was not only white now, it was gray and set, like the face of a corpse.

Morley's heart softened. "It's only a baby, anyway," he said to himself, "and it is unhappy out of all proportion." And presently he went to him again. "Will you get under cover, Mackworth?" he insisted.

"No," said the lieutenant, "I won't."

The captain swore now, fierce oaths and loud. "I order you back under cover, sir."

Mackworth glanced at him and went on smoking. Morley did not fancy his own position, arguing with a green boy, fully exposed to an invisible enemy. He knew that wasting officers is pretty, but is not war. "I shall order you to the rear under arrest, unless you get back there with the men immediately."

Mackworth retired, with a look at his superior for which he should have been court-martialed. After that the scout went the way of most scouts, being a chase of the intangible, up mountain ranges, when you pulled your horse after you; down them, when he slid atop of you; across *malpais* and desert, from the level of the mesquite and the greasewood to that of the pine and the manzanita. Chatto's band was at the north, to the south, to the east and west; but when the troops got to the spot, after forced marching, there was nothing.

It went on for two months; and all the while Mackworth's despondency grew. The weight of years was upon his yet barely squared shoulders, the troubles of a life-time were writ upon his face. And it was a pitifully young face, despite the growth of yellow beard. He would not be comforted. He was silent and morose. He would not lift up his beautiful baritone in song, be the camp never so dull. Only his captain knew why, of course—and he didn't tell. Neither did he attempt consolation. He thought the remorse healthful, and he knew, besides, that in such cases a man has to work out his own conclusions and salvation. This is the way Mackworth eventually tried to work out his.

There came one day a runner from the hostiles—a dish-faced, straight-locked creature of sinews—who spoke through the White Mountain interpreter of the troops and said that the chief was ready to go back to the reservation, but that he must go upon his own terms. And the chief stipulated, moreover, that one white man—one, alone and unguarded—should go to the hostile camp and discuss those terms. If

a force attempted to come he would retreat with his braves and stay out all winter.

Morley made answer that he had no fear of the chief staying out all winter among the mountains when the agency was so comfortable, but that if he did the white man could stand it as long as could he. Moreover, he said that none of his soldiers had any intention whatever of walking into a death-trap of the sort.

Then Mackworth spoke up. "I have," he said.

"Get out," said the captain, incredulously.

"I mean what I say," said Mackworth, "and I shall consider your permission to go the greatest and the only favor you can do me. Something may be effected by it."

"Your death, that's all; and a little preliminary torture."

The lieutenant shrugged his shoulders. "Shall you let me go?" he insisted.

"Not by a long sight."

"I wish to go, Captain Morley."

Morley considered, and he decided that it might not be wise to refuse. There was no knowing just what the set-faced boy might do. So they parleyed together for a time, then Mackworth mounted his horse and went. He did not expect to come back, and the officers and men did not expect to see him again. They watched him go off into the distance of the plain, toward the mountains, following the hostile, who swung on at the long, untiring dog-trot.

After four hours they came to the mouth of a narrow cañon. The runner had given no sign or sound, and the fixed look had not gone from Mackworth's face. Well within the cañon the hostiles were in camp. They had hobbled their lean little ponies, the squaws were gathering wood, and the bucks were squatting upon the ground or playing *monte* with cards of painted hide, around a cow-skin spread under a cedar-tree. Four of them rose and slouched forward. There was a prolonged scrutiny upon both sides.

The chief waited for Mackworth to begin; but the white man's instincts were good. He beat the sullenly silent red-skin at his own game, and in the end the chief spoke. The runner displayed for the first time his understanding, and interpreted. Mackworth made answer with decision, offsetting his own terms. The bucks scowled, and the chief began to argue. The white man, with the unflinching eyes, would not compromise. "Tell him," Mackworth said, "that this is my will. If he will not do this, I go back to the soldiers and we follow you and kill you all, man and woman." The face of the chief grew black, a growl rose from the crowding bucks, and the watching squaws began to chatter in voices sweet as the tinkle of glass bells.

The chief stepped suddenly forward and caught the bridle above the curb-shanks. Not so much as an eyelash of the stern, white, young face quivered, and the heart of the red man was filled with admiration. One movement of fear would have cost Mackworth his life then; but he was not afraid, not though he knew that torture might await him. He sat looking coolly down at the lowering, cruel faces. The chief turned and spoke to the bucks, and there was a growl of protest; the squaws joined with a shrill little chorus scream. But the chief flung away the bridle, with a force which made the horse back.

"He do same you say. He go back to reservation to-day. He say you *ukishee* quick," said the interpreter. Mackworth turned deliberately and *ukisheed*, with no show of haste and without a backward look.

He reported his success and went to his tent. His look of stolid wretchedness was unchanged. Morley began to be nervous. He went to the tent himself and found the lieutenant writing a letter by lantern-light. It was not a normal opportunity to take for that, so the captain, being filled with misgivings, trumped up an errand and sent him off on it. Then he looked at the letter. It was to Mackworth's mother. Morley did not read it, but he guessed the whole thing in a flash. He took up Mackworth's carbine and slid it under the tent-flaps into the outer darkness. Also he broke the Colt's, which had been thrown down upon the bedding, and put the cartridges in his pocket. Then he replaced it in the holster, and going out picked up the carbine and hid it in the brush.

After the camp was all asleep and Morley snoring loudly across the tent, Mackworth groped under his pillow and brought out the revolver. He cocked it and waited a moment; then he placed the barrel well in his mouth and pulled the trigger once—and then again and again.

* * * * *

At first call for reveille Morley awoke. Mackworth was already up, and turning he studied his captain's face with the faintest and most unwilling of smiles twitching the corners of his mouth under the beard. It was the most natural and healthy look his face had worn in weeks.

"Well?" said Morley.

"Well," answered Mackworth, "I should like my carbine and the loads of my Colt's, please."

Morley's face broke into a broad grin. "Will you be good if I let you have them?" he asked.

"I'll be good," promised the lieutenant.

GWENDOLEN OVERTON.

SAN FRANCISCO, August, 1899.

A couple of years ago bicycle-riding was made responsible for the falling off of so many persons (no pun intended) in literary enthusiasm. The wheel took them away from books, and overcame the allurement of the library. Now, however (according to the New York *Evening Post*), one publisher has discovered that the bicycle has at least been the means of awakening an interest in natural history, and reports as a direct result an increased demand for books on that subject.

At the Windsor flower show in London, sweet-pea vines were exhibited which were grown from seed taken from the tomb of an Egyptian mummy buried two thousand years ago. The blossom is of a delicate pink-and-white in color, and is less than the ordinary size.

James

James

OLD FAVORITES.

[James Russell Lowell wrote these verses about the Mexican War. Was he a traitor to write them then? Is he a traitor *nunc pro tunc* if they be published now?]

The Pious Editor's Creed.

I du believe in Freedom's cause,
Ez fur away ez Payris is;
I love to see her stick her claws
In them infarnal Phayrisees;
It's wal enough agin a king
To dror resolves an' triggers,—
But libbatsy's a kind o' thing
Thet don't agree with niggers. . . .

I du believe in prayer an' praise
To him thet hez the grantin'
O' jobs,—in every thin' thet pays,
But most of all in Cantin';
This doth my cup with marcies fill,
This lays all thought o' sin to rest,—
I don't believe in principle,
But oh, I du in interest.

I du believe in hein' this
Or thet, ez it may happen
One way or t'other hendicist is
To ketch the people nappin';
It aint by principles nor men
My preudent course is steadied,—
I scent wich pays the best, an' then
Go into it baldheaded. . . .

I du believe wutever trash
"I'll keep the people in blindness,—
Thet we the Mexicans can thrash
Right inter brotherly kindness,
Thet hobbshells, grape, an' powder 'n' ball
Air good-will's strongest magnets,
Thet peace, to make it stick at all,
Must be druv in with hagnets.

I du believe thet holdin' slaves
Comes nat'ral to a Presidint,
Let lone the rowdowd it saves
To hev a wal-broke precedunt;
In short, I firmly du believe
In Humberg generally,
Fer it's a thing thet I perceive
To hev a solid vally.—James Russell Lowell.

Letter from B. Sawin, Esq.

I spose you wonder ware I be; I can't tell, fer the soul o' me, Exactly ware I be myself,—meanin' by thet thet thet thet. When I left him, I had two legs, an' they wotn't bad ones neither. (The scalliest trick they ever played wuz bringin' on me hither.) Now one on em's I dunno ware;—they thought I wuz a-dyin'. An' sawed it off because they said 'twuz kin' o' mortifyin'; I'm willin' to believe it wuz, an' yit I don't see, nuther, Why one should take to feelin' cheap a minnit sooner'n t'other. Sence both wuz equilly to blame; but things is ez they be; It took on so they took it off, an' thet's enough fer me: It's true a chap's in want of two fer follerin' a drum, But all the march I'm up to now is jest to Kingdom Come. I've lost one eye, but thet's a loss it's easy to supply Out of the glory thet I've got, fer that is all my eye; An' one is big enough, I guess, hy diligently usin' it. To see all I shall ever git by way o' pay fer losin' it; O'ffers I notice, who git paid fer all our thumps an' kickins, Du wal by keepin' single eyes arter the fattest pickins; So, ez the eye's put fairly out, I'll larn to go without it, An' not allow myself to be no gret put out about it. Now, le' me see, thet isn't all; I used, 'fore leavin' Jaalam, To count things on my finger-ends, but suttin' seems to ail'em; Ware's my left hand? Oh, darn it, yes, I recollect wut's come on't; I haint no left arm but my right, an' that's gret just a thumb on't; It aint so hendy ez it wuz to callate a sun on't. I've hed some ribs broke,—six (I h'lieve),—I haint kep' no account on'em;

Wen pensions git to be the talk, I'll settle the amount on 'em. An' now I'm speakin' about ribs, it kin' o' brings to mind One thet I couldn't never break,—the one I le' behind; Ef you should see her, jest clear out the spout o' your invention An' pour the longest sweetnin' in about an annool pension, An' kin' o' hint (in case, you know, the critter should refuse to be Consoled) I aint so 'xpensive now to keep ez wut I used to be; There's one arm less, ditto one eye, an' then the leg thet's wooden Can be took off an' sot away wenever thet's a puddin'. I spose you think I'm comin' hack ez oppertunt ez thunder, With shiploads o' gold images an' varus sorts o' plunder; Wal, 'fore I vullintiered, I thought this country wuz a sort o' Canaan, a reg'lar Promised Land flowin' with rum an' water; Ware propaty growed up like time, without no cultivation, An' gold wuz dug ez taters be among our Yankee nation, Ware nat'ral advantages were puffily amazin', Ware every rock there wuz about with precious stuns wuz blazin', Ware mill-sites filled thet country up ez thick ez you could cram 'em, An' deepest rivers run about a heggin' folks to dam 'em; Then there were meetin'houses, tu, chockful o' gold an' silver Thet you could take, an' no one couldn't hand ye in no bill fer; Thet's wut I thought afore I went, thet's wut them fellers told us Thet stayed to hum an' speecified and to the buzzards sold us; I thought thet gold-mines could be gret cheaper than Chinny asters, An' see myself a-comin' hack like sixty Jacob Astors; But sech ideas soon melted down an' didn't leave a greese-spot; I vow my holl sheer o' the spiles wouldn't come nigh a V spot; I 'xpect I mentioned in my last some o' the nat'ral feeturs O' this all-fired huggy hole in thet way o' awful creeturs, But I fergut to name (new things to speak on so abound) How one day you'll most die o' thust, an' 'fore the next git drowned. The clymit seems to me jest like a teapot made o' pewter Our Preudence hed, thet wouldn't pour (all she could du) to suit her; Fust place the leaves 'ould choke the spout, so's not a drop 'ould dreem out.

Then Prude 'ould tip an' tip an' tip, till the holl kit bust clean out. The kiver-hinge-pin hein' lost, tea-leaves an' tea an' kiver 'Ould all come down *kerswoosh!* ez though the dam thust in a river, Jest so 'tis here; holl motions there aint a day o' rainy weather, An' jest ez 'th officers 'ould be a-layin heads together Ez 't how they'd mix their drink at sech a milit'ary deopot,— 'Twould pour ez though the lid wuz off the everlastin' teapot. Thet's confu'sion is, thet I shall take, wen I'm allowed to leave here, One piece o' propaty along, an' thet's the shakin' fever; It's reg'lar employment, though, an' thet aint thought to harm one, Nor 'tain't so tiresome ez it wuz with t'other leg an' arm on; An' it's a consolation, tu, although it doesn't pay. To hev it said you're some gret shakes in any kin' o' way. But then, thinks I, at any rate there's glory to be hed,— Thet's an' investment, arter all, thet mayn't turn out so bad; But somehow, wen we'd fit an' licked, I ollers found the thanks Gut kin' o' lodged afore they come ez low down ez the ranks; Thet's the Gint'als got the biggest share, thet's the Cannies next, an' so on,— I've never gut a blasted mite o' glory ez I know on. An' spose we hed, I wonder how you're goin' to contrive its Division so's to give a piece to twenty thousand privits; Ef you should multiply by ten the portion o' the brav'st one, You wouldn't git more'n half enough to speak of on a gravestun; We git the ticks,—wer'e jest the grist thet's put into war's hoppers Leftenants is the lowest grade thet helps pick up the coppers. It may suit folks thet go agin a body with a soul in't, An' aint contented with a hide without a bagnet hole in't; But glory is a kin' o' thing / sha'n't pursue no fuder, Coz thet's the officers parquisite,—yourn's on'y jest the murder.

—James Russell Lowell.

AFOOT IN THE TYROL.

Elizabeth Miller Writes of Alpine Heights and Valleys—Varied and Picturesque Costumes—Appetizing Bills of Fare and Attractive Waiters.

We cooked up the walking-tour one afternoon as the four of us strolled up the steep path to the Belvedere. "Why in the world are you going by coach to Schludersbach when there is the beautiful path over the Three Crosses Pass? We will spend the night at Misurina Lake, and walk down the next day to Landro. And then, if you are *very* good, and promise not to tell, we will take you to our very own little Tyrolean village. But mind, you are not to give the address of our inn to any consumptives; Meran and Botzen and all the Riviera have become quite out of the question—we must have our Gasthaus zum Plankensteiner left us." We swore the required secrecy, and down the mountain-side and over the flowery meadows we tramped back to Cortina to settle the question of foot-gear.

"Come to our inn and you shall try on mine," cried impetuous Mrs. Chemineau. But getting five-foot-eight women into a five-foot-three woman's English boots—broad as they were—was a *fiasco*. The Cinderella-test failing so lamentably, the Cortina shoemaker was interviewed, and, in an extraordinary Italo-Germanic jargon, praised the workmanship of his five-gulden wares. We, poor victims, shortly tramped off in calfskin monstrosities, studded with nails as big as the end of your little finger, warranted bog and glacier-proof.

Leaving the English inhabitants of the "Golden Star"—a rosy British admiral, with a stalwart daughter, and half a dozen *guindé* Bostonians—arguing over altitudes, the "bloom," and the "atmosphere" of the dolomites, and other local questions at the next morning's *café au lait*, we raised a wail of regret from the sturdy housemaids: "Partono già?" The bonny old landlady rolled up her eyes: "What! only one night in Cortina? I do not permit it! It is a heresy!"

We saw our bags conveyed in a hand-cart by the *femme de chambre* to the post-office, and turned our backs on the favorite spot of the Ampezzo Valley. A great convenience in Austria—especially to bicyclists and pedestrians—is this system of forwarding smaller articles of luggage by the post, not by *diligence*—that is expensive and troublesome. The post-office authorities dispatch and store packages up to a considerable weight promptly and cheaply. You address your portmanteau *poste restante*, as you would a letter. Our hand-luggage—literally such—since it was not out of the clutch of our ten fingers during our walk, unless it was slung over the end of our umbrellas on our shoulders, emigrant fashion—was reduced to the absolutely indispensable. Yet it is wonderful how much a half-dozen handkerchiefs and collars, a comb and brush, a vaseline-bottle, and a tooth-brush will manage to weigh when carried for fifteen or twenty miles at a stretch. The walk to Lake Misurina was enlivened by various encounters with Austrian bicyclists showing their wheels over the pass. It was amusing to wager who would "All Heil!" to us and who would not. Innsbruck *loden* is the only wear for both pedestrians and cyclists in this country—an admirable fabric, generally olive-green or gray, light, warm, water-proof, and cheap. A Munich firm supplies the public with ready-made tailor gowns of it for twenty-five marks. Harris tweed, hand-woven as it is, can not compete with this *spot-billig* Tyrolean goods. With the *loden* suit goes a droll, bowl-shaped soft hat, felt or beaver, with a tuft of hawk's feathers and a sprig of Alpine rose or edelweiss.

But the smartest *Sommerfrischler* costume I have seen in many a long day is the one worn by a Viennese court opera-singer stopping at our inn. It is the Styrian dress: loose *joppe* of the universal Lincoln-green, closed with stag-horn buttons, short, tight, doeskin leather breeches, tanned a greenish-brown and heavily embroidered about the belt and sides. Between the stockings and the breeches there is a gap over the knees of a good eight inches filled in—rather startlingly, at first glance—by wrinkly, white-drilling drawers. They give the impression of having dressed in a hurry. The stockings are hand-knit of the heaviest wool and of the prevailing hue, and the *berg schuhe* have soles an inch thick, studded with a *chevaux de frise* of nails around the edge. The tenor lets himself loose on his cravats and shirts—a pardonable weakness when the whole effect is so picturesque. So we watch his changes with interest. The shirts vary from striped pongee to embroidered flannel and the cravats are *gigerthaft* to a degree! The chamois beard that bristles at the back of his huntsman's hat, and that reminds one of a high-priced shaving brush, is fastened on with a pale-blue enamel clasp.

At the summit of the pass, six thousand feet or so up, we stopped at the inn, drank excellent Viennese coffee, ate crisp *semmeln*, and waited for a very wet cloud to blow over. The usual German "foot tourists" were eating and drinking, writing illustrated postal-cards between mouthfuls—quite what we were doing, as a matter of fact, only it looked more prosaic as they did it. Our short, Paris bicycle-skirts and *boleros* made the Teutonic *hausfrau* sit up a bit. She still clings to her voluminous walking-skirt, hitched up baggily around her circumference here and there by straps and buttons. It is not so much modesty as thick ankles that make her do it, I believe. The Austrian girl pedestrians we met were, on the contrary, very smart. One wore a peasant costume, from down Meran way, we decided; fetching but rather "arranged," not genuine—a short, full, bright-blue skirt; a longish, sleeveless, black cloth jacket, heavily embroidered on edges and seams with red-and-yellow wool. Her mamma was in holland skirt, coat, and gaiters, giving the effect of a hen feathered to the toes—and a plump hen, too!

At Tre Croci we reached the ridge, the backbone. We bade good-by to lovely Val d'Ampezzo, that we had followed all the way from Cadore; good-by to Monte Tofana,

Sorapis, and the Marmarole. We had before this seen the last of Antelao and Pelnio, two of the most satisfactory peaks I know anywhere. It is not that they are so high, only about ten thousand feet, but they rise sheer from the valley, and are so remarkable in outline and color that they print themselves indelibly on one's retina. Monte Pelnio had first burst upon us as a great pink throne when we set foot on the larch-clad summit of Monte Zucco, near Tai di Cadore. Antelao—translated "before the people"—is on one's right all the way up the Ampezzo road. As we reached Misurina Lake the sunset lighted up the pale-green water and the back of the Drei Zinnen, making a still finer picture. We ignored the monstrous hotel that has the impertinence to plant itself *breitspurig* across the narrow valley, ruining the view, and betook ourselves to rusticity at the old-fashioned Albergo Misurina; white-scrubbed deal floors, rope banisters, and a copper-hung kitchen, where you go in and pick out your fish for dinner. We were in time to secure half a chicken, half a duck, and a dish of *gulyas*—and that with a terminal *gefüllter Pfannkuchen* is not bad for four people and a cat. Mrs. Chemineau insisted in bargaining for the *mezzo ente* and the *halbes Pollo* in a jargon that would have driven anybody but a bilingual Tyrolean waitress mad. Does it interest you to know that this repast cost us one franc fifty centesimi apiece? The same sum paid for our single rooms. Not exorbitant, is it?—at that altitude especially.

The nipping mountain air that blew across the snow-peaks of Sorapis and Cristallo drove us bright and early out of our blankets—not feather beds, I am glad to say; we were out of Austrian territory for a few hours. At eleven we halted to eat some butter-heads. A certain light must be secured on the Hohe Gaisl, Mrs. Chemineau assured us, and as it was getting late, with great presence of mind she hailed a carriage going back empty to Schludersbach, and we all piled in to get our gulden's worth—back in Austria again, you see. But the road proved so steep that Alois ordered two out.

At the foot of the Val Popena, with its rusbing glacier stream, the Hohe Gaisl—the Italians call it "Croda Rossa," the Red Peak—lived up to its reputation. It rose in a huge cube, splashed with brilliant vermillion, like some Aztec sacrificial stone. At Landro, a little further on, a still more striking scene revealed itself. Piz Popena, a rough-hewn copy of the exquisite Gothic Sainte Chapelle in Paris, occupied the right while the Drei Zinnen rise in three huge jagged teeth; at the base lies the shallow Dürrensee.

Eleven o'clock at night saw us routing out the hostess of the Gasthaus zum Plankensteiner. A maid, with a skin of milk and blood, bonny brown eyes and a girth around the hips that was only partially due to much gathered skirt and apron, smilingly served us hot milk. Die Lise! is the daily joy of my eyes, as she would be of Defregger's. Her hair is braided in two tight braids that encircle her head behind a black velvet ribbon. Her hands are plump and red. She serves your morning coffee with many "Bittes" and "Küss die Hand," and wishes for a good appetite. Her gurgle of laughter ripples as spontaneously as the Ahrnthal springs of her home. May it some day be your good fortune to lay eyes on her!

ELIZABETH MILLER.

SAND IN TAUFERS, TIROL, August 2, 1899.

Four English firms and two American firms were asked to bid on the construction of the Atbara bridge in the Sudan. One English and one American firm submitted bids. The Yankee bid was supplemented by an agreement to deliver a suitable bridge in six weeks. Time was precious, and price not to be considered, and the six weeks' offer floored the English bidder. At the same time the latter, to make the Yankee supremacy still more apparent, claimed that his corporation had facilities for getting out rapid work that were unequaled by any bridge-building concern in all England. So the Yankee firm received the contract. The fifth span of the bridge was in place on July 17th, and in a very brief time that far-away land will be graced with this new monument to Yankee skill and Yankee push.

A new remedy for tuberculosis, developed in France, has been reported to the State Department by United States Commercial Agent Atwell at Roubaix. It is a treatment called to the attention of the academy of medicine by Dr. Mendel, and consists of the daily injection into the bronchial tubes of essence of eucalyptus, thyme, and cinnamon, held in solution in olive oil. The oil in descending slowly comes into contact with the walls of the tube and upper lungs. The gas set free saturates the air in the lungs, and acts on the mucous membrane. In sixteen cases treated, after one or two weeks there was in all a lessening or complete cessation of the cough and expectoration, as well as a return of sleep, appetite, and strength.

The account of a recent railway catastrophe, given in the Sydney *Bulletin*, will not be available as a temperance story: "In the Rakiaia, New Zealand, railway smash, drink was the direct means of saving the lives of about sixty excursionists who, as the night was cold and wet and the train was waiting, left the rear carriages and trooped into the railway hotel a few yards off. While they were drinking the smash took place. The carriages—which sixty of the beer-thirsty crowd had quitted—were reduced to matchwood.

One branch of the governing class has been found out in its recreation. The manager of the employment department of the Swedish National Association at Chicago says that three thousand servant girls of that nationality in the city are visiting home this summer. Complaints there are more than usually loud of the scarcity of domestic help and its unsatisfactory character.

President Diaz of Mexico will visit the United States in October, and some of the large cities of the East are already making preparations to entertain him.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Helen Gould has given Maury Sutton, of Baltimore, a law scholarship, which includes books and board in the University of New York. Mr. Sutton, who served in the Cuban war, attracted Miss Gould's favorable attention when in the hospital at Montauk Point.

M. Decombe, of the Rue Jean-Rousseau, in Paris, is the last of the family which, since the founding of the order, have made their living solely by manufacturing for the government the plain jewels of the Legion of Honor. His establishment turns out at least two thousand crosses a year.

Two representatives of England's colonial governments now visiting Europe—John Mackenzie, minister of lands for New Zealand, and J. W. Taverner, minister of agriculture and commissioner of public works in Victoria—have had adventurous lives. The former emigrated to New Zealand in 1838 from Ardross, and was at first a shepherd, while Mr. Taverner was once a coach-driver.

The youngest royal grandmother in Europe at the present time is the Grand Duchess Anastasie of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, whose eldest daughter was married a little more than a year ago to Prince Christian of Denmark and who is now the proud mother of a son. The grand duchess was thirty-eight at the time of her grandson's birth, and on the twenty-eighth inst. she will complete her thirty-ninth year.

Señor Pi y Margal, who recently surprised the Spanish Cortez by holding up the United States as an example to be followed by Spain, is, strangely enough, one of the leading authorities on United States history. He has written a history of the United States in two large volumes, and his library, which is perhaps the finest in Madrid, consists largely of works on the same subject. It is his ambition to write the standard work on this subject.

Captain E. Ross Smith, of the One Hundred and Fifty-Ninth Indiana Volunteers, who, it is said, had the distinction of being the youngest captain in the United States service during the Spanish-American War, has again been honored with a captaincy in the United States service. He was only nineteen years old when he took his company to the field. He is the only son of Captain S. M. Smith, a veteran of the Civil War, and his home is in Washington, Ind.

Mascagni has had a signal honor paid to him by the German emperor. He has decided to have every year in Berlin a series of concerts, directed by the most celebrated "bâtons" in the world. The concerts will begin in 1900, and among those chosen for the first series is Mascagni. The Italian composer's hymn in honor of Admiral Dewey and the victories of the American nation, when performed at Pesaro for the first time in the presence of two thousand people, was declared to be one of the best things he has written.

Theobald Chartrain, the artist, is building a beautiful home at Neuilly, in Paris, which is said to be the handsomest in a region of elaborate residences. He has shown his appreciation of American institutions principally by the number of bath-rooms with which he has supplied the house. Their number is unprecedented in Paris, and is said to be causing great astonishment to those of the artist's friends who have seen the designs for his residence. M. Chartrain will return to New York again next winter. His earnings last season are said to have been larger than in any previous year, and the Paris establishment is largely from his American profits.

Dr. August Ravogli, the Italian consul at Cincinnati, has been knighted by his sovereign, King Humbert, in recognition of his eminent services in the profession of medicine. Dr. Ravogli was graduated in Rome, and subsequently received another diploma from the Royal College of Medicine of Vienna. He came to this country eighteen years ago, and has been Italian consul at Cincinnati for about half that time. He is accredited as being one of the foremost dermatologists in America. He has held the professorship of dermatology in Miami College and the Cincinnati College of Medicine and Surgery, and holds the chair of that branch of medical science in the medical department of the university to-day.

An accomplished young Russian, Anna Evremoff, is now in this country. She was at first an editor in her own country, but committing the fatal mistake of having original opinions her paper was suppressed and she betook herself to the university of Heidelberg, and was the first woman ever granted a diploma in law at Leipsic. The story of her degree is that she was refused for the sufficient reason that she was a woman. One day the King of Saxony visited the university, and noticing this one woman among the many men, accosted her, and finding that she was a Russian, asked her if she was happy in his country, on which she told her story with the effect that the king ordered that she immediately have her examination; she was able to prove her right to a diploma and received it.

Maitre Labori, who almost lost his life at the hands of an assassin at Rennes a fortnight ago, was until recently editor of the professional newspaper *La Gazette du Palais*. He is compiling and editing a comprehensive treatise on French jurisprudence entitled "The Encyclopedia of French Law," of which nine solid quarto volumes have already appeared. He made his reputation as a remarkably clever criminal lawyer in the case of the anarchist, Duval, and in the defense of the Niort brothers, accused of parricide. Among the best-known cases with which he has been connected may be cited that of M. Prieu against the minister of foreign affairs; the eccentric case of the comic actor, Chirac; several lawsuits against *Gil Blas*; and the Vaillant anarchist trial in 1894. His pleadings in the Zola trial have since greatly enhanced his professional reputation, not only for forensic eloquence, but for adroit and skillful handling of his case.

GOSSIP OF THE YACHTS.

Annual Cruise of the New York Yacht Club—The New Defender of the America's Cup—Sir Thomas Lipton's Shamrock.

Talk of yachts and yachting fills the air just now, and the man or woman who can not converse fluently, if not sensibly, of spinnakers and balloon jib topsails in stays is distinctly out of it. The primary cause of this is that the New York Yacht Club is now indulging in its annual summer cruise, in the course of which the defender of the America's Cup against Sir Thomas Lipton's challenge has been selected, and the secondary cause is the arrival in port, early this morning, of the tea-merchant-prince's racing yacht *Shamrock*.

This year's cruise is the most notable the New York Yacht Club has had since it came into existence more than fifty years ago. It was on July 30th, 1844, that the father of yachting in this country, Commodore John G. Stevens, called together eight choice spirits and organized the club. Commodore Stevens owned the *Gimcrack*, a schooner famous in her day, and six of the others owned pleasure craft of various rigs and sizes. The fleet of seven yachts began the club's first annual cruise three days after the formation of the club, starting from the Battery on August 2d, reaching Newport on August 5th, and returning to New York on August 12th. The nine members of the original club have now grown to fourteen hundred, and whereas old Commodore Stevens commanded but seven vessels, almost the entire fleet of the club, more than four hundred craft gathered at New London a week ago last Monday for the cruise of 1899. It was the largest fleet of yachts that has ever been gathered together at one time.

Commodore J. Pierpont Morgan's eleven-hundred-ton steamer *Corsair* was on hand at noon and came to anchor off the Pequot House. She saluted the fleet already assembled, and fully one hundred and fifty guns boomed in reply, and later, as each yacht entered the harbor, she saluted before dropping anchor, the courtesy being returned from the commodore's guns. The biggest vessel in the fleet was William K. Vanderbilt's *Valiant*, of 1,823 tons, with Eugene C. Higgins' *Veruna*, 1,573 tons, second, and Commodore Morgan's *Corsair*, 1,136 tons, third. The steamers alone numbered fully a score, among them being John Nicholson Brown's *Ballymena*, A. Van Santvoord's *Clermont*, Mrs. Lucy C. Carnegie's *Dungeness*, Commodore Elbridge T. Gerry's *Electra*, Pliny Fisk's *Elsa*, E. W. Bliss's *Felicia*, J. C. Rhodes's *Indolent*, Lloyd Phoenix's *Intrepid*, John P. Duncan's *Kanawha*, Henry F. Noyes's *Katrina*, Harrison B. Moore's *Marietta*, C. H. Osgood's *Narwhal*, Colonel John Jacob Astor's *Nourmahal*, Harrison J. Drummond's *Sapphire*, Miss Susan de Forest Day's *Scythian*, and F. T. Morrill's *Vamoose*. The schooners were legion, and occupying a place of honor among them was the stanch old *America*. She has been through many vicissitudes since that August day in 1851 when she led a fleet of fifteen yachts around the Isle of Wight and won for America the unlucky cup whose possession means international supremacy in yacht racing. Twice has she been sold to the federal government, the last time for service in Cuban waters during the Spanish-American war. Once she was sunk and abandoned, and again she was given up as worthless. But now, in the hands of Butler Ames, she is restored to her rank and rides the waters proudly beside *Vigilant*, *Volunteer*, and other defenders of the trophy which she won and which has never since left our shores.

Among the sloops the greatest interest centred in W. Butler Duncan's *Defender* and C. Oliver Iselin's *Columbia*, rivals for the honor of defending the America's Cup against Sir Thomas Lipton's challenge. While all the other vessels were in cruiser rig, these two were stripped down to racing form, and in all the squadron runs and in the races for the Astor Cup and other trophies they were pitted one against the other. In heavy weather *Columbia* held her own against *Defender*, and in light air she walked right away from Mr. Duncan's sloop. Finally, *Columbia* again defeated *Defender* thirteen minutes seven seconds over a thirty-eight-mile course, and won the Astor Cup, one of two handsome trophies, valued at one thousand dollars and five hundred dollars each, which Colonel John Jacob Astor has offered in place of those formerly provided by the late Robert Golet.

This last race took place on Monday last, and all Newport—whither the squadron had returned—was there to see. Every yacht and other available craft had its load of sightseers. On *Corsair*, Commodore Morgan had a big party of guests. Ex-Commodore Gerry was entertaining a stag-party of thirty men on the *Electra*. The *Nourmahal* had the largest crowd of all, and among them were some very handsome women, including the hostess, Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont, Mrs. Adolf Ladenburg, Miss Willing, Mrs. William R. Travers, and Miss Burden. The day was a perfect one, and everybody—even unfortunate Butler Duncan—seemed satisfied with the result, for Mr. Iselin has twice expressed his determination to make this his last race for the America's Cup. For years he has contributed large sums toward cup-defenders—he is the head of the syndicate that has paid out two hundred thousand dollars for *Columbia*—and now he wishes to retire, perhaps to race *Columbia* in English waters. Mrs. Iselin, by the way, is as enthusiastic for the sport as her husband, and was on board *Columbia* during the Astor Cup race.

Scarcely was the cruise formally disbanded—on Wednesday—when yachting circles were thrown into a fresh commotion by the arrival, early this morning, of Sir Thomas Lipton's racing yacht *Shamrock*. She was not expected for several days yet, and in truth her run was a remarkably quick one, being only twelve days and twenty hours. Part of the time she was towed by *Erin*, which might account for her quick passage, for the steamer can make about twenty knots an hour, and the officers say *Shamrock* was towed two-thirds of the voyage. But the sailors indis-

creetly confided to the reporters that she had not been towed more than twenty-four hours on the entire trip—which would indicate a sailing speed for her that may do wonders in the big race in October.

Shamrock came over yawl-rigged, but her spars and steel mast arrived a few days ago on the *Furnessia*, and she will be sent at once to dry-dock and prepared for her preliminary work in American waters. *Erin* is to remain in commission here and serve as a residence for her owner. He is coming on *Campania* early next month, bringing with him Lord Russell of Killowen, Chief Justice of England, and Lady Russell, who baptized *Shamrock*, and several other guests. They will take up their quarters on *Erin* for their entire stay.

NEW YORK, August 18, 1899.

FLANEUR.

THE TRYST OF QUEEN HYNDE.

Queen Hynde was in the rowan-wood with scarlet fruit aflame, Her face was as the berries were, one sun-hot wave of shame. With scythes of fire the August sun mowed down vast swathes of shade;

With blazing eyes the waiting Queen stared on her steel-blue blade.

"What, thirsty hound," she muttered low, "with thirst you flash and gleam;

Bide, bide a wee, my bonnie hound, I'll show ye soon a stream!" The sun had tossed against the West his broken scythes of fire When Lord Gillanders bowed before his Queen and Sweet Desire. She did not give him smile or kiss; her hand she did not give: "But are ye come for death," she said, "or are ye come to live?" Gillanders reined and looked at her: "Hynde, Queen and Love," he said.

"I wooed in love, I come in love, to this the tryst we made. Why are your eyes so fierce and wild? why is your face so white?"

"I love you with all my love," he said, "by day and by night." "What o' the word that's come to me, of how my lord's to wed. The lily-white maid o' one that has a gold crown on his head? What o' the word that yesternight ye wanted with my name, And on a windy scorn let loose the blown leaf o' my shame?" The Lord Gillanders looked at her, and never a word said he, But sprang from off his black horse and sank upon his knee. "This is my love," said white Queen Hynde, "and this, and this, and this."

Four times she stabbed him to the heart while she his lips did kiss.

She left him in the darkling wood; and as she rose she sang (The little notes swirled out in air amid the horse-hoof clang):

"My love was sweet, was sweet, was sweet, but not so sweet as now. A deep long sleep my sweet love has beneath the rowan-bough." They let her in, they lifted swords, his head each one did bare; Slowly she bowed, slowly she passed, slowly she clomb the stair. Her little son she lifted up, and whispered 'neath his cries: "The old King's son, they say; mayhap: he has Gillander's eyes."

—Fiona Macleod in Literature.

A circular has just been issued by the Omnibus Company, of Paris, which explains its scheme for dealing with the extra traffic it expects on the occasion of the exposition next year. There are to be 92 lines and 1,500 vehicles, performing 25,000 journeys a day and capable of transporting 1,028,000 passengers. There will be an electric railway of ingenious construction, running sometimes in the air, sometimes on the surface, sometimes underground. It will be supplemented with a double moving platform, one-half of which will move in one, and the other in the opposite direction. The most thorough precautions are taken to guard against fire. All buildings have been subjected to the most stringent examination, with a view to insure their ready evacuation in case of a panic. Every building, too, is to be "ignifuged," or rendered chemically incombustible. In addition to these defenses against fire, there will be two large central fire stations and nearly fifty smaller posts, all provided with the most approved fire-extinguishing apparatus.

A colossal statue of "Our Lady of Snow" has been erected on the Roc cia melo Mountain, the peak most visible to travelers journeying from France to Italy, and which has been designated the "Vidette of Italy." The statue was carved by the Piedmontese sculptor, Stuardi, and cast in bronze by G. Strada, in Milan. It is divided into eight sections, and weighs six hundred kilogrammes. The pedestal weighs eight hundred kilogrammes. After two days of very hard work forty Alpine soldiers and twenty sappers of the Regiment "Susa" succeeded in carrying it to the top of the mountain, a height of fourteen thousand feet.

The first Australian newspaper, the *Sydney Gazette*, was published on March 5, 1803, fifteen years after the rise of the colony. The delay was caused through there being no printers among the convicts, who represented every profession, including the legal. The plant was brought out in the first fleet, but it could not be used until the authorities caught a compositor. It has been suggested, by a writer who has suffered at the hands of compositors, that they keep all their crimes for the composing-room.

Italy is protecting herself systematically against hailstorms by firing cannon. Several hundred villages on the slopes of the Alps and of the Apennines have established firing stations, where two or three cannons are kept which are fired at a signal from the weather observer. The results are said to be astonishing. In none of these villages did hail fall this summer, while neighboring districts have suffered from the usual number of storms.

Kansas is promised the greatest yield of corn ever known in the history of the State, with an estimated total of three hundred and sixty million bushels, or three times the yield of last year, and almost a hundred million bushels greater than the banner crop of 1889.

Natural gas found at Heathfield, Sussex, is being used to light the railroad-station there. This is said to be the first practical use to which natural gas has been put in Europe.

THE ETIOLOGY OF BALDNESS.

A Study of Diverse Opinions.

One of the most interestingly tantalizing affections of the outer surface of the human body is that form of baldness to which Celsus gave his name so many years ago. Effort upon effort has been expended in attempts to demonstrate the etiology, not alone that the rational treatment might follow, since in time in the majority of instances recovery ensues under one or another of the thousands of hair tonics recommended, but from a scientific desire to do away with the uncertainty surrounding the matter and establish definitely the belief of one investigator in the neurotic, or that of another in the parasitic theory. When authorities disagree (says the *Medical Review*), it is the privilege of the outsider to form his own conclusions, and thus there have arisen several rather widely differing beliefs in regard to the matter.

Both the subject of alopecia who finds himself gradually losing hair until his surface comes to resemble that of the hairless Mexican dog, and the physician who is intrusted with the problem of how to readorn the sufferer with a presentable hirsute covering, know, as none other can, the serious side of the question. Despair may drive the patient into insanity and the doctor almost to suicide. For a long time French dermatologists have maintained that *la pelade* belongs in the group of contagious diseases, and in England this view has had among its strongest supporters Hutchinson and Crocker, while Aldersmith, the appearance of whose recent work on ringworm and alopecia has been widely noted, remains a firm opponent.

In this country opinion has been divided, and many have clung to the nerve-origin theory, finding it impossible to reconcile instances of rapid loss of hair from the entire body, or universal alopecia, with the invasion of the skin by a micro-organism; the inability to discover a parasite similar to that producing ringworm baldness; and the fact that certain supposed instances of contagion and epidemic prevalence of alopecia have been found to depend in reality upon the ringworm fungus itself, which had caused a misleading form of ringworm. While it is not beyond the realms of possibility, one hesitates to accept a single micro-organism as the cause of two so clinically dissimilar processes. It is naturally asked why the one is so common while the other is relatively rare, and as Aldersmith says, seborrhea is rarely seen in ordinary alopecia areata, and he puts the question: Why should the patches so often be symmetrical?

The simple way of looking at the matter would seem to be to accept two forms—one depending upon nerve-changes and including those instances which follow injury to definite nerves and general shocks; the other due to a parasite, whose identity is as yet not positively proven. Then one must bear in mind that there is a form of trichophyton disease which is capable of producing rounded areas of smooth baldness not to be distinguished by the eye from alopecia, and that this form occurs more commonly on the adult scalp than has been supposed. Sabouraud makes one therapeutic suggestion as the result of his very extensive and remarkable investigations—the employment of sulphur, incorporated with such fatty substances as will mix readily with the fats of the skin.

Indeed, parasitides have always, we might say, seemed to produce better results than applications having no anti-septic properties. Just as is the case in ringworm, chrysarobin has been for a long time a useful remedy. Corrosive sublimate has been recommended as an injection, five drops of a two or five-per-cent. solution at a time (Moty); and recently Panichi, of Florence, has advocated making isolated punctures about the circumference of the patch, every four or six days, with a hypodermic needle steeped in a mixture of carbolic acid and tincture of cantharides, while the same mixture (one part of carbolic and two parts of cantharides) is to be painted over the bald surfaces on the intervening days. Formic aldehyde, in forty-per-cent. solution, or formaldehyde, likewise called by the trade names of formalin and formol, which has been successfully used by some in the treatment of ringworm of the scalp, has also been tested—as it naturally would come to be in this affection—and some patients have recovered under its employment in a comparatively brief time. Unless suitably diluted, it is too irritating for the skin of most persons; but in the proportion of one to four it may be used in the form of a liquid application or as an ointment, especially one made with lanolin. Whenever practicable, the application of such powerful remedies should be made by the physician himself.

In one of the most recent skin publications, the last edition of Hyde's work, considerable stress is laid upon general hygienic management and internal therapy. Among other good suggestions is one that the patient should wear a wig for its moral effect when the hypochondriasis peculiar to the involvement of extended areas on the scalp begins to be manifest. We spoke above of the affection driving the patient to the verge of insanity, and this feature gives to it the importance of being a much more grave disorder than many might accord it. Though the hair of the insane is popularly supposed to be abundant, coarse, and wiry, no doubt asylum physicians are familiar with those instances in which there is almost constant dread that the hair, though perhaps only somewhat thinned, will be entirely lost.

Holland is to have a new coinage, as Queen Wilhelmina wishes her head to be represented as it is and not as that of a child. Officially the change is said to be in honor of the Peace Congress at The Hague. No effigy of the queen could be more charming than that of the little girl with hair flowing loosely that has hitherto appeared on Dutch coins and postage-stamps, but queens are like other young women, and feel the dignity of doing up their hair (says the *New York Star*). The late King Alfonso of Spain used to have a new issue of postage-stamps struck off whenever he detected a perceptible growth in his whiskers.

MASTERS OF MUSIC.

Gluck, the First Reformer in the Operatic Field—The Career of Handel—Beethoven and His Ninth Symphony—Weber, Wagner, and Verdi.

The history of music and its monarchs is full of romance and strange contrasts. Some of the rulers in this realm of art came into their kingdom in the first flush of youth, and all honor and loyalty were given them from the beginning; others studied, dreamed, and aspired for years, writing their hearts out, neglected and alone, to win the crown at last, but only as their life ended. There have been other battles besides those against poverty. Factions have followed pretenders to the throne, and many of the struggles for royalty have been prolonged and desperate. Among the records of these successions Louis C. Elson has gleaned well. His book, "Great Composers and Their Work," does not pretend to be a complete presentation of musical biography, but all the ruling influences have been sketched. The work is rich in anecdote, and the stories are authentic and concisely told.

The author describes the early growth of music, notes the tendencies of the old Flemish school, and passes on to the development of the opera under the Italian composers, who found in tinkling melodies their highest aims. After Italian opera had ruled the world for more than a century and a half, the reformer came:

Christoph Willibald Gluck was born July 2, 1714, at Weidenwang, in Bohemia. As a boy he studied at the Jesuit college in Kommtau, and finally at Prague, where he also taught violin, violoncello, and singing. Now our rolling-stone passes to Milan, where he had the benefit of Sammartini's instruction, and then goes to London, where he writes his first opera. This opera could not have been a very brilliant one, for Handel, then in England, said of his composer, "He knows no more of counterpoint than my cook!" Hamburg, Dresden, and Vienna next saw the young musician, the last-named city, where he had dwelt before, witnessing the evolution of his first theories of operatic reform. These reforms can be summed up in two chief demands: first, that music in opera should always represent the ideas expressed by the poet; and second, that the orchestral accompaniment should be more than merely a support to the voices, and should add its colors to the picture which poet and musician were portraying. Naturally this involved a higher species of libretto than had been in vogue before, and operatic poetry became much more powerful because of the reforms of Gluck.

In spite of the genius of the composer, his ideas made their way slowly:

There were plenty of attacks on the new school, and this eighteenth-century Wagner was obliged to defend and explain by pamphlet after pamphlet, very much as the Bayreuth reformer did in our own time. Fortune, however, seemed always to favor him, for when he subsequently went to Paris the queen herself (Marie Antoinette) became his pupil, and, naturally, one of the loyal supporters of the new school. Jean Jacques Rousseau also became an early convert, and fought for the operatic reform; but there were still enemies enough to make the battle an interesting one. There were plenty who believed that if music were melodic and pleasing, it had fulfilled its entire function, and not only was there a war of squib, caricature, and pamphlet, but there were numerous duels fought between the adherents of the old school and the new.

At last the combat took on a practical phase:

There was an Italian, Nicolo Piccini, in Paris, who was a perfect representative of the school of mellifluous (and dramatically meaningless) Italian tune-writing, and it was suggested that the two composers prove the merits of their respective systems by setting the same subject to music. "Iphigenia in Tauris" was the topic selected, and, in 1781, in Paris, this opera, as set by Gluck and by Piccini, was performed on alternate nights. The triumph of the dramatic school was immediate and overwhelming; the very singers became ashamed of the merely melodic setting, and, finally, the prima donna appearing upon the stage evidently under the influence of copious libations, a Parisian wit cried out, "This is not 'Iphigenia in Tauris,' it is Iphigenia in Champagne!" and the shaft of sarcasm gave the finishing blow to the school of mere melody in opera.

There were two men born in the same year in Germany who were to lift the sacred school of music to its highest possible expression:

Bach and Handel are too often spoken of in musical history as if they were the Siamese twins of music. In many respects they were opposites. The points of resemblance are only these: Handel was born February 23d, Bach, March 21st, both in 1685; both were German; both left great religious works to the musical world; both were fine organists; and both were stricken blind in their later years. Here, however, resemblance ends, for Bach was not a dramatic composer, while Handel was the most dramatic musician of his time; Bach leaned toward the old intellectual school, while Handel was essentially modern in his effects. Bach was twice married, and had an enormous family, while Handel remained a bachelor all his days; Bach was poor, Handel became rich; Bach was retiring and lived a sequestered life, while Handel loved publicity; and one might carry this list of contraries much further. It is also a mistake to consider these composers as peers, for Handel's reputation rests chiefly upon his "Messiah," while one might obliterate the great "Passion Music," and Bach would still remain the leading composer of the world in contrapuntal forms.

There are many good stories of Handel. While a youth he formed a close companionship with a young musician named Mattheson, and the two were in a Hamburg orchestra together for years:

In 1703 the friends went together to Lubeck, to compete in generous rivalry for the post of city organist, which the eminent Buxtehude was about to vacate. They were amazed, however, to learn that the old organist made one primary condition—the successful contestant was to marry his daughter. After looking at the lady, they decided not to enter into the contest.

After some years spent in Italy, Handel returned to Germany and entered the service of George, Elector of Hanover, but subsequently applied for a furlough in order to pay a visit to England, and, meeting with appreciation, decided not to return to his Hanoverian master:

One can imagine his dismay when, on the death of Queen Anne, the Hanoverian succession was effected, and his master from across seas became King of England. Handel thought his career was ruined, but an ingenious expedient of Baron Kilmanseck brought about a reconciliation. The king was to have a water-party upon the Thames, and the composer was informed of it. During the procession of the barges up the river, a barge drew near the royal boat and discoursed most beautiful music. After a time George the First asked the name of the composer of the music which so charmed him, whereupon they told him that it was written by his old servant, Handel, who had composed it especially for the occasion. Handel was admitted to the royal barge and again taken into favor. The so-called "Water-Music," which gained his pardon, is still occasionally played in our concerts.

Handel was a most rapid worker:

His masterpiece was written in about three weeks, and some of his other oratorios were also produced with astonishing rapidity. When

his inventive genius did not produce melodies quickly enough for his purpose, he would boldly steal any beautiful tune that suited him, without going through the slight formality of giving its composer credit for it. He has been called "the grand old robber," but it must be confessed that, when he stole a melody, he enriched it so with his contrapuntal genius that the crime carried its own extenuation with it. "That pig don't know what to do with such a tune!" he cried, when they reproached him with stealing the melody of another composer.

Among his less delightful qualities were his imperious ways and his irascibility of temper:

He needed those qualities in managing the spoiled darlings of the public who sang in some of his operas. Cuzzoni, for example, was a most capricious prima donna; after Handel had altered a certain aria for her a half-dozen times, she suddenly declined to sing in the opera altogether. They were rehearsing in the third story of the opera-house; suddenly seizing her the composer dragged her to the window and held her out. "You will sing, or I shall drop you!" he cried; she sang thereafter with more ready obedience for Handel than for any other man in London.

The most important events in his life came later:

After his fiftieth birthday, Handel suddenly took a resolution to leave operatic composition, and to devote himself entirely to the sacred side of music—"as becomes a man descending the vale of years." Julius Caesar won all his great victories after his fiftieth year; Handel won his immortal crown as a composer during the same late epoch. "The Messiah" crowned his career and left him the most popular composer of his time, although he never reached the great heights of Bach. His conduct became much more exemplary in his later years, for he then grew more charitable and less irascible. When blindness came upon him he bore it with fortitude, although the musical picture which he had composed, of Samson's blindness ("Total Eclipse"), caused him to weep. He died April 14, 1759, appreciated by England as no composer had ever been before.

Franz Josef Haydn was born in the little Austrian village of Rohrau in 1732. He is called "the father of instrumental form," and to him we owe the classical symphony, the sonata, and the string quartet. The first twenty years of his life were full of hardships, but from that time his success was assured, and in his latest days came his greatest triumphs:

The pinnacle of his fame was reached with the oratorio "The Creation" and the great cantata "The Seasons." The latter work killed its composer, for the frenzy of composition was too much for his now enfeebled frame. In his seventy-sixth year a great performance of "The Creation" was given in his honor in Vienna, and it is possible that the excitement attendant upon this gave him his death-blow. In the oratorio, at the words "Let there be light—and there was light, there is a thrilling change from minor to major; the day had been overcast and the skies were lowering and threatening; just as the final words were reached the sun burst forth in full splendor and flooded the hall with light; a strange thrill went through the audience and all eyes were turned toward the old composer, who arose in great excitement and, pointing toward heaven, cried out, "It came from there!" This expressed the devout belief in the divine origin of his gifts that had been characteristic of Haydn from the very beginning. The excitement, however, was too intense for him, and he soon lay on his death-bed.

His relief in his guidance and protection by supernatural powers remained to the last:

During his final illness the French were bombarding Vienna. His servants were terrified; but, with amusing conceit, he assured them: "You are safe with Haydn!" He caused them to carry him to the piano, where he played the "Austrian Hymn," his own, three times. During this same bombardment there was another composer in Vienna who sat in perturbation within a cellar, with cotton wool stuffed in his ears, fearing that the sound of the explosions would ruin his already weakened hearing; this was Ludwig von Beethoven.

The career of Mozart is one of the pathetic stories of musical literature. At five years of age his genius was displayed in a "minuet and trio" which he composed and which has been preserved. Before he was twelve he, with his sister, was taken by their father on a concert tour to Vienna, Paris, and London, and the two gifted children appeared before royalty and were showered with gold and honors. But these experiences were in strong contrast to those of his later years:

In 1782, when he was twenty-six, Mozart married Constance Weber. It was an ill-considered match, although they loved each other tenderly; the wife was as helpless in household thrift as Mozart was impractical, and so these babes in the woods went gayly into a married state that promised privation in all abundance, but not much of anything else. After the marriage the fight with poverty was constant in the Mozart household, yet there was no despondency. Joseph Deiner has left an account of his coming suddenly into their room and finding the pair waltzing around the apartment. "We were cold," said they, "and we have no wood."

Yet there were moments of triumph, too, although these never by any chance turned into cash:

"The Marriage of Figaro" made a great success at Vienna, and in Prague caused a veritable furore. The composer was called to Prague, was the guest of a nobleman there, was honored by the entire city, and the orchestra rose and blew a "Tusch" (a fanfare of homage) whenever he came to the theatre. Mozart's was undoubtedly a Bohemian career, in which poverty itself was treated with insouciance. He thought once of going again to London. Had he gone there in his adult years he might have repeated the experience of Haydn (he died in the same year that Haydn was being feted in London), and his loftiest works might have proceeded from English encouragement; had he stayed in Paris, he would also have eventually become well-to-do. This is one of the "ifs" of musical history.

Fate did not end its persecutions with his life:

Mozart died in December, 1791, and on the day of his funeral a great storm arose, and the few friends who made up the cortege turned back at the gate of the cemetery. The body was laid in one of the common tombs in which many other coffins were placed. When at last the world awoke to the fact that a great master had died, there was no one who could identify his resting-place. As the burial had taken place some years before, it is probable that the tomb had been emptied, and a new set of occupants interred. Therefore the monument to Mozart, in the great central cemetery of Vienna, stands over an empty grave, and no one knows where the dust of this composer has its sepulture.

There is a pathetic picture of Beethoven at the first performance of his "Ninth Symphony" at Vienna, in May, 1824, where it was given in response to an address sent him by the leading noblemen of the city:

It had been preceded by the usual annoyances; the vocalists were earnest remonstrants, since the finale of the work, although most lofty in its musical ideas, is very unsingable. The emperor was absent from the performance, but all the nobility of the capital were present and the house was crowded. Beethoven was at this time totally deaf; when the symphony was ended he did not hear the wild applause of the great audience, but stood gazing at the orchestra; one of the soloists was obliged to take him by the shoulders and turn him around, that he might acknowledge the enthusiasm; in that instant it came home to every auditor that the creator of the great tonal work had not heard a note of its performance, and by waving of hats and handkerchiefs they caused him at least to see their appreciation.

Beethoven was not alone in being peculiar in his mode of composition:

Mozart often thought out his compositions while playing billiards, Gluck with a particular ring on his finger, Scarlatti with his cat on

his shoulder, Wagner with his surroundings upholstered to fit his subject, but Beethoven loved to think out his compositions in God's open air; he took long walks into the country, carrying his memorandum-book with him, and as the ideas came to him he would jot them down in a hideos and hasty scrawl.

Schubert, the most poetic and the most spontaneous creator among the composers, suffered for his rapidity of work. He wrote the "Erl-king," when he was eighteen, in a single day, Goethe, the author of the words, never appreciated the glorious setting. If a thought came to Schubert at night he would spring up and at once write it out:

One night he thus spontaneously composed "Die Forelle" ("The Trout"), and reached sleepily for the sand-bottle, then used instead of blotting-paper, to strew sand over the copy, but grasped the ink-bottle instead; the result was that a tremendous blot was made over half of the completed manuscript; he was, however, too drowsy to rewrite the work at the time, and the next day, as was his wont, he cared too little about a completed song to take further pains with it. He sometimes forgot his own compositions; once, for example, he sent Vogl one of his songs, which the baritone found too high for his voice; Vogl, therefore, sent it to a copyist to have it transposed. A short time afterward Schubert saw the work, written in a strange hand, and ran it over. "Look here, Vogl," he cried; "this is a very good song. Who wrote it?"

Liszt, the Hungarian, wished to be considered as a composer rather than a pianist, but this will probably be denied:

He also deserves commendation for his bold assertion of the dignity of musicianship. We have seen, in the lives of Mozart, Haydn, and Schubert, how low the caste of the musician was held to be less than a century ago. Liszt aided greatly to break these fetters. The Princess Metternich, after one of his concert tours, ventured to ask him whether he had done good business. "I am in music, your highness, not in business," was the crushing reply, which first gave voice to the dignity of our art.

Cheruhini, who was long at the head of the Paris Conservatory, refused admission to Liszt, and afterward to Rubinstein, the Russian pianist and composer, whom Liszt pronounced his true successor. The careers of these great musicians may have been changed, but they were not injured by the Frenchman's hatred of prodigies. The Russian gained the larger circle of personal admirers:

Rubinstein was the first who brought the height of modern virtuosity to America, for he made a tour of our country in 1872. The national character of Rubinstein's music is not so marked as is the case with Liszt; not so thoroughly Russian as the operas of Glinka, or the orchestral works of the great Tschaiakowsky. He himself used playfully to remark that he could not tell where he stood: "The Russians call me a German, the Germans call me a Russian; the Jews call me a Christian, the Christians call me a Jew. What am I?"

The death of Weber, the operatic liberator of Germany, was a heroic one:

He was very ill when the munificent patron-city of art, London, sent for him to conduct one of his operas in England. Covent Garden Theatre offered one thousand pounds for the privilege of hearing "Oberon" for the first time, under the direction of the composer. Weber knew that he was near his end, but he wished to provide for his family, and therefore, invalid as he was, he fed the first performance in London, in April, 1826. Other English concerts followed. It was his last triumph. On June 5th he was found dead in his bed in London. He had won the prize for his wife, but had given up his life in the effort.

The sad story connected with Wagner's career, which is notable for its display of ingratitude, is briefly told:

In Riga, in 1837, he married a beautiful actress, Wilhelmina Planer, whom he had followed from Magdeburg. This marriage led to no happy results, for Wagner demanded absolute homage from those around him, and a full belief in his powers, and this unhappy woman could not comprehend his genius; but poor Minna Planer was an uncomplaining wife to him through all the dark days which followed—through the dismal voyages, through the semi-starvation in Paris. She sacrificed her own career without a murmur (she had been a very promising actress and singer) and became a household drudge amid the gloomiest surroundings. This counted for nothing with Wagner, who generally looked only at his own side of a question. He separated from his faithful helpmate in 1861, and Minna Planer died, isolated, in 1866.

The later marriage was a happier one for the composer:

Cosima Wagner worshipped her husband, and understood him; she became his inspiration, his true helpmate, and he gave to her as much affection as his art-love had left in his being. One may study the perfection of this pair in the "Siegfried Idyll," a lightly scored but beautiful composition, in which Wagner celebrates his wife and son (Siegfried), and which was written secretly and performed as a birthday surprise to his wife, early one morning, on the staircase of the little villa of Lake Luzerne.

It was at the darkest time in Wagner's career when a king came to his aid:

Ludwig the Second mounted the throne of Bavaria, and one of his first acts was to invite the composer to come to him that he might finish the great German art-work [the trilogy] in comfort. It was Liszt and Ludwig the Second of Bavaria who saved Wagner to the world. All was changed in an instant. Not only comfort but luxury surrounded the composer henceforth. "Tristan and Isolde" was performed under the best conditions June 10, 1895, and the same year he set about completing "Die Meistersinger," probably his best opera; in the mind of the author the best opera of the entire repertoire of the world.

Hector Berlioz, the French composer, whose great "Symphonie Fantastique" won his hride, the beautiful Irish actress, Harriet Smithson, was a horn fighter. After four unsuccessful trials he won the great prize of the Paris Conservatoire. He brought his enemies to shame in an ingenious way:

Berlioz was denounced by all the musical critics of his day in Paris; he himself was a musical critic and reviewer, and this added fuel to the flame, for brotherly love is seldom found among reviewers in the musical field. In his delvings among old libraries he came across an old work, probably of the seventeenth century, "L'Enfance du Christ," by an unknown composer—Père Ducrè. He caused this to be performed; all the critics of Paris hurst forth in eulogy of the composition, and some ventured to tell Berlioz that he had better leave his sensationalism and study the pages of this same Père Ducrè. Then came the bombshell! Berlioz suddenly retorted with the statement that there was no Père Ducrè. He proved that he himself had written the work in question, and had turned the tables upon his adversaries by one of the neatest of practical jokes.

Verdi's "La Traviata" began with a semi-failure from a physical cause:

It may be borne in mind that here the heroine (actually Dumas's Camille) dies of consumption. It is rather difficult to obtain an opera singer who looks near to death from this cause. Verdi had proceeded with his usual carelessness in the matter, and when the doctor, in the last act, said of the prima donna of two hundred and fifty pounds, "In a few short hours she will be dead of consumption!" the house began to reecho with shouts of laughter, and the performance ended in hilarity.

Twelve finely engraved portraits illustrate the work, and there are no uninteresting paragraphs in all the three hundred pages of the volume. A complete index is one of its valuable features.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Recent Verse.

"For the King, and Other Poems," by Robert Cameron Rogers; G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1899.

A few years ago Putnam's published a little volume of verse called "The Wind in the Clearing, and Other Poems," of which the *Atlantic* had very good things to say. In the volume "For the King, and Other Poems," Mr. Rogers, now a resident of Santa Barbara, continues the graces of his earlier work, adds to their number, and develops the strength that comes of maturity. There is the same delicacy of touch, but a surer confidence; the classic spirit and tone as before, but fuller and deeper. I notice, also, in the present volume a larger proportion of what is commonly called the "realistic" in subject. The treatment, while dignified and appropriate, displays a happier freedom and variety. This widening of the technical horizon is especially evident when one considers the portions of the book entitled "Lyrics of the Great Divide," and "Lyric Odes."

The initial poem, "For the King," rehearses an obscure passage in King David's career, but with fine imaginative setting makes of it a vivid romance of devotion, adventure, and abnegation. The force and style are of Biblical severity; the rhythm has the vigorous clank and swing of the man in mail. This poem is good, very good of its kind; but its successor, "Charon," is the jewel of the collection. Unless I am seriously in error this is as purely poetic a handling in verse of a classical theme as any that has yet proceeded from an American writer. I do not say that it is the best, nor do I place it in impudent comparison with the others of its class; nor do I forget the solemn dignity of "Prometheus," or the grace of "Rheucus." Suffice it to say that "Charon" has, as have only two or three other American poems of the kind, the quality of excellence in the peculiar class to which it belongs.

Death's ferryman has heard "the cry of passion, quivering through the dusk to lost Eurydice," and having heard, has "found the source of tears."

"—On the wings of one of those shrew winds That wail incessant down the coasts of Dis, Came by a voice—a song, a rhapsody— Sweet, wild, beseeching, desolate, divine, As though all music of the overworld were dead And this, its soul, swept sobbing to the fields Where one sad flower thrives uncultured and lone."

Suddenly the turmoil of hell is still, Death's valleys mute,

"And I could hear what I ne'er heard before, The beating of a heart within my breast."

Immortal music, of which the burden is love, fills with its shifting phases the soul of the ferryman; first "the single grief that mourns divided love," and then—

"To me it seemed as if some wandering wind Wet with the tears caught up in passing o'er A deep, unfathomable, eternal grief Had veered, and in its place had swept the breath Of perfect gladness and of pure delight."

Then, presently, Charon thinks he hears a plover call from sandy sea-crofts, and "about his feet the lesser symphony of humbler minstrels" rises. And—

"I heard a boy's voice and a pipe that made Cool interludes of sound 'tween song and song— And all at once I seemed myself the boy, . . . The great deliberate pines bent to the speech Of winds that urged in solemn monotonies. . . . And from the niggard fountain of a heart That only beat the undertones of life, I felt the sudden leap of blinding tears And flung me down upon the thwarts and wept."

The blank verse of this poem is of exquisite harmony and variety; the imagery flashes upon one in lines and phrases which the rhetorician will strive in vain to make, but which the poet makes unconsciously, though with a sweet labor. The significance of "Charon" is as sure as death and as abiding as love; the translation of musical effects into the rhythm and trope of verse is one of the immemorial problems of poets. Mr. Rogers succeeds to such degree that we renew the pleasure awakened by "Saul."

There is little space in which to discuss the "Lyrics from the Great Divide." They are genuine of motif, romantic or pathetic in sentiment, free of movement. The Prospector—

"His feet have trod a thousand trails That thread the gulch, that climb the slope, That lead to hope that always fails, And yet, gray-haired he follows Hope;—"

The Maverick—

"Life is living when the living is our own, Death is better in the wild-bunch than a life With a cowboy set astraddle Of a heavy Spanish saddle, And a bit and spur that mangle like a knife."

These are good pictures of Western life, and they have caught the Western atmosphere.

The two lyric odes, "To Spain" and "To Great Britain," also call for careful perusal. The former, on a text drawn from a Spanish journal of April, 1898—"The Americans Are a Cowardly Race"—is altogether the best poem, that I know of, called into existence by the late war. It leaps straight from the shoulder. The latter, celebrating the things that Anglo-Saxons "dare not do," strikes a fresh chord of international sympathy and pride.

Mr. Rogers's poems are worthy of high esteem; they have the genuine ring in a day productive of

little poetry that is true, and they have that inspiration of which the proof is the responsive thrill in the reader's heart.

CHARLES MILLS GAYLEY.

A New Book by Robert Barr.

In point of workmanship and interest Robert Barr's latest book, "The Strong Arm," stands out distinctly from the mass of romantic adventure with which the modern book-table is loaded. The volume is made up of a number of adventure units, the first six—one-half of three hundred pages—being grouped together in a single story, while the remaining ten are more or less isolated short tales. All of them have to do with action in feudal Germany about the time of the Crusades.

In the first chapter, Count Herbert von Schonburg, who has been captured by the Saracens, is released on condition that he return to his castle on the Rhine. This he does, dispatching a messenger in advance to apprise his home people of his coming. It chances at the time that the castle Schonburg is besieged by the legions of the neighboring but unfriendly Countess von Falkenstein, who intercept the messenger and capture the young count. The affair ends in a love-match between the count and the countess.

Beginning with the next chapter, the four-year-old heir of the Von Schonburgs is stolen by an outlaw, and not recovered for seventeen years. The young man, when he comes to his own, is the well-loved leader of a famous outlaw band. He goes to Frankfurt for a pardon for these men, learns of a plot against the emperor, frustrates it by the aid of his followers, and incurs the enmity of a secret organization—the Fehngerichte. He is trapped, thrown into a dungeon—where he finds the emperor—is brought before the Hooded Court, and there condemned to death. The head of the conspiracy soon visits him in his cell; whereupon the young man stabs him, himself donning hood and cloak. He assumes the part of a judge during the trial of the emperor, and manages later to tie up another conspirator, whose habiliments contribute to the emperor's disguise. The two then make their escape unnoticed, return with troops, let in the river, and drown the conspiracy in its hole.

The remaining tales are related to one another in a general way as to time and place, but not in plot. They are all of them stories of action, as the title implies. Some of them have had previous publication. All of them are worthy to be preserved in a collection of their kind.

Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

"The Grandissimes," by George W. Cable, will shortly be published in a uniform edition to correspond with his "Old Creole Days."

Charles Major, author of "When Knighthood Was in Flower," is putting the finishing touches to a new historical novel dealing with the period of Charles the Second, and introducing some of the more famous characters of the time. Nell Gwynne plays a prominent part in the tale.

Augustus Thomas's new American play, "Arizona," now being presented in Chicago at the Grand Opera House, is in the hands of the printer, and will soon be issued in book-form.

Walter H. Page has resigned the editorship of the *Atlantic Monthly*. His successor is Bliss Perry, known in literature as the author of two novels and a number of essays and stories. Since his graduation from Williams College in 1881, Mr. Perry has been in the department of English, first at Williams, and afterward at Princeton University, where he was lately appointed to the Holmes Professorship of English Literature.

Among the volumes of fiction which the Messrs. Appleton promise for early publication is a new story by Clark Russell, called "A Voyage at Anchor."

Lafcadio Hearn's new volume entitled, "In Ghostly Japan," is announced for early publication.

Sir Walter Scott's "Waverley," first edition, three volumes, 1814, brought \$545 in London lately, a record price. The manuscript log-book of Captain Cook, on his first voyage in the *Endeavour*, was sold at the same time for \$375.

Paul Leicester Ford's series of papers on "The Many-Sided Franklin," and his new novel "Janice Meredith," which have been appearing serially during the past year, will be brought out in book-form soon.

A new novel to be published by D. Appleton & Co. will be entitled "The Heiress of the Season," by Sir William Maguay, author of "The Pride of Life."

Among the table decorations at a recent dinner given to Ambassador Choate in London were four books which the host said "had done more to bring England and America together than a century of literature." The titles of the volumes were Brice's "American Commonwealth," Captain Mahan's "Sea Power," Henderson's "Stonewall Jackson," and Trevelyan's "American Revolution."

Oliver Wendell Holmes, who has just been nominated by Governor Wolcott to be chief justice of the

supreme court of Massachusetts, is a son of the late poet, is fifty-eight years old, and was graduated at Harvard in the class of '61. He served in the Civil War and was mustered out on account of wounds, having attained the rank of brevet-colonel. He is married, but has no children.

Sayings of the Author of "David Harum."

From an interesting article in the September number of *Ainslee's Magazine*, we quote the following characteristic sayings of the late Edward Noyes Westcott, whose posthumous novel, "David Harum," has been the great literary success this year. Of a mother he said: "She has a baby, a most persuasive one, which permeates and colors her conversation so that she sees all things through a baby daskly."

At one time he wrote: "I have come to think that the thing I most desire I shall never have, so now, with superstitious dread, I try to cheat fate by refraining from setting my heart on anything, lest it escape me."

Again he writes: "If I were ten years younger,"—that phrase was almost habitual with him—"I might find an interest in flowers here," Asheville, April, 1894; "but all the flowers that I have cared for, or ever shall, bloomed long ago. If there be one immortal among the lot, I am glad and thankful—and God bless the person who keeps it for my sake."

"But what is consistency? It is merely living up to others' conception of our natural course of conduct. We say of one, 'Well, he is the last person I should ever have thought would do that!' whereas the mental and moral progress or retrogression of that man, going on within himself, has led most logically to the sequence so unexpected to others. Now what could you expect of me?" he supplemented, whimsically, "a man whose name is No—Yes," and then he laughed in the self-humorous way of one who repeats a joke oft told before. "Look at my hands, too," he added, holding them out frankly for inspection. "One is strong, well-developed, capable; the other is almost effeminate. Could anything be more inconsistent?"

"Heaven is full of days, all coming this way!" He wrote this once in a birthday book opposite his own date, September 24th, with an air of victory and defiance of the future—although such moods were rare.

He was more prone to say, "Let us enjoy ourselves, and let nothing good get away, for when we are dead, we are so very dead," and then would follow a gentle laugh at his own philosophy.

"You are old enough to know better," is the way a friend once reproached him.

"Old enough to know better," he repeated; "are we ever old enough for that?"

Of death:

"Death is a hard fact to face and does never look like our imaginings. Tears will overflow philosophy. All love involves and ends in them; but we weep for the most part, and, in one view of it, always for ourselves."

In April, 1898, four of the steamers of the International Navigation Company—the *St. Paul*, *St. Louis*, *Paris*, and *New York*, of the American Line between New York and Antwerp—were turned over to the United States Government for use as auxiliary cruisers in the navy. The *Paris* and *New York* were given new names, the former being called the *Yale* and the latter the *Harvard*. In less than five months the vessels were returned to their owners without a scar of battle, though all had seen serious service in actual warfare. A brochure containing an account of the career of these steamers has been made, and its many fine engravings entitle it to regard as a work of art. It contains, in addition to the history of the vessels, a list of the loyal officers and men who remained with the steamers when they entered the service of the country, a veritable roll of honor. Published by the International Navigation Company, New York.

The opening, a few years ago, of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts to women has resulted in the experience that co-education is, for the time being, impracticable in Parisian art circles. The young men did not extend a decent welcome to the students of the other sex. From rudeness they passed to flirtation, or, as "a grumbler" expresses it in a recent number of *La France de Demain*, "the growls of wild animals were succeeded by sweet murmurs behind the canvases or at the foot of white statues." In consequence, it has been necessary to open special courses for young women, and of these the one in architecture was attended by only one student, and she a foreigner. Hence, complaints are being heard at the "scandalous" waste of money, and fault is found, not with the ill-behaving youths whose ungentlemanly conduct has brought about the present condition, but with the authorities who, from "ignorance" and "sentimentality," opened the portals of the Ecole to women.

In France, advertising-posters must bear revenue stamps varying in value according to the size of the poster. A man who affixed a fifteen-centime stamp on a poster which should have had only a six-centime stamp has just been fined one hundred and twenty-five francs, or twenty-five dollars, for the offense.

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LITERARY NOTES.

A Bright Reporter's Dull Fiction.

Julian Ralph makes a mistake when he attempts fiction. As a reporter he has not, perhaps, a superior in the profession. He can get the news, he grasps a complex situation readily and presents its salient features clearly, and his descriptions of scenes and events are fluent and graphic. But his writing is as colorless and unemotional as the photographs printed in the newspapers. He is unable to treat his topics artistically, to bring out the soul of things, and this is the art of fiction.

His latest book of short stories, "A Prince of Georgia, and Other Tales," is evidence of this. The reader is not for an instant led to believe that the Georgian prince whose title dazzles a middle-class young person from Cincinnati is anything better than the lackey the girl's shrewd old aunt proves him to be. The only value that the tale can have comes from its pictures of Caucasian scenes and peoples, and these are distinctly "gude-booky." The hackneyed old London fog gives local color and its only quickening impulse to "When the Clouds Fell Down," in which a young Englishman returns in the nick of time to rescue his boyhood's sweetheart from an importunate suitor. Inasmuch as the maiden has only reached her eighteenth year at the time of the rescue and the lover has been away seven years, he must have made a deep impression on the eleven-year-old child.

"A Dandy at His Best" is in another vein. The dandy is a globe-trotting Briton, but such a Briton! He is a Phineas Fogg fresh from his barber's hands, his sense of humor is of the obtuse kind ascribed to Englishmen by the comic papers of twenty years ago, and his adventures among the robbers of the Caucasian Mountains are dime-novelly in the extreme. So, too, are the adventures of the American in "My Borrowed Torpedo Boat." He gets mixed up with a lot of Nihilists in St. Petersburg, and, in escaping from a member of the secret police, he performs adventures such as the late "Ned Buntline" or "Old Sleuth" would not have dared to imagine.

"Bruce's Mighty Weakness" has the making of a good story in it—and Mr. Ralph has spoiled it in the telling. Instead of analyzing the emotions of the young man whose passion for gambling drives him to crime, Mr. Ralph fills up his space with newspaper descriptions of metropolitan gambling-hells, and leaves his two chief actors as wooden as marionettes.

The best thing in the book is "Mrs. Ruppert's Christmas," and that is good only because it is unpretentious. It is an account of a tragedy among the poor of a great city, and was printed in the *New York Sun* many years ago. As a reporter's article it is away above the average, or was at that time; but as fiction it is unworthy of serious consideration.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25.

Stories by Clara Morris.

"A Silent Singer," being a collection of short stories by Clara Morris (Harriott), is chiefly notable by reason that it is the work of a woman who was once prominent in other than literary circles. The stories can not be said to have great dramatic interest; but they are interesting character studies, as showing the more or less ordinary people Miss Morris knew in private life. Evidently their author has been at some pains to break altogether with the stage, even in her literary work. The life that she knew so well, and that ordinary people know very little of, she has quite ignored, preferring to tell of her gardener, and her watchman, and the people she remembers knowing as a little girl. The best story in the book is not the title story, Miss Morris's selection; perhaps it is quite another and less pretentious sketch, "The Gentleman who was Going to Die," in which a jailer's little daughter becomes interested in a condemned murderer until some one tells her of his crime.

Published by Brentano's, New York; price, \$1.25.

Poetry in Animal Stories.

In "Wild Animals I Have Known," which has had a great vogue this year, the author, Ernest Seton Thompson, like Charles Dickens and Colonel Ingersoll, occasionally falls into blank verse. His stories are full of truth and keen observation, and when he is narrating the tragedies of the forest they contain much pathos. But, as in Dickens's case, the pathos is much weakened when the author allows the vigorous simplicity of his style to fall into a pose. A few specimens, arrayed in metrical form, are appended. The first two are extracts from "The Pacing Mustang," one telling of the strait of the pursuing cowboy, and the other that of the wild, black stallion who saves himself from capture by a dramatic and suicidal leap from a cliff, rather too human to be quite credible: "The sun was hot, the scorching plain Was dim in shimmering heat, His eyes and lips were burnt with sand and salt, And yet the chase sped on—"

"... Up, up, and on, Above the sheerest cliff he dashed Then sprang away into the vacant air, Down—down—two hundred downward feet to fall, And land upon the rocks below, A lifeless wreck—hark free."

The third extract is taken from "The Springfield Fox," wherein is related a tale of a wild fox-mother

whose litter of young ones were all killed, save one who was captured. The mother visited him nightly, trying by every means, but unsuccessfully, to free him; finally she brought him poisoned bait—which her trained instincts bad always taught her to avoid—as the only means to set him free:

"The wildwood mother's heart and hate were true. Her only thought had been to set him free. All means she knew she tried, and every danger braved To tend him well and help him to be free."

"She knew right well the poison's power; she knew the poison bait, And would have taught him, had he lived, to know and shun it too."

But now, at last, when she must choose for him A wretched prisoner's life or sudden death, She quenched the mother in her breast And freed him by the one remaining door."

Oddly enough, the recounting of these two improbable events is the only part in the book which is thus marred by a literary affectation, and also the only part which strikes a false note. All else is simple, strong, natural, and true.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$2.00.

A History of Criticism.

"A History of Literary Criticism in the Renaissance," by Joel Elias Spingarn, "with special reference to the influence of Italy in the formation and development of modern classicism," comes to us from the Columbia University Press. The work is divided primarily into three sections—Italian criticism from Dante to Tasso, French criticism from Du Bellay to Boileau, and English criticism from Ascham to Milton—but the critical activity of the sixteenth century has been the main theme. This activity has been inquired into particularly for the purpose of tracing the origin and causes of the classic spirit in modern letters; and as the book is a history, not of critical literature, but of literary criticism, it is confined almost exclusively to the origin of principles, theories, and rules, and to the general temper of classicism. The author has had the assistance and advice of Professor George E. Woodberry in his work.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

A Beautiful Indian Maiden.

A novel that might have been written fifty years ago, when the Indian was something "strange and wild," an ideal denizen of the forest, is "The Lady of the Flag-Flowers," by Florence Wilkinson. A college graduate, while on a hunting expedition in the Huron forests, runs across a modern Pocahontas named Yvonne and loves her; but there is a certain lady of the flag-flowers—"La Dame aux Glaieus"—a mysterious ghost apparition, who comes between them and keeps coming between them. Yvonne is discovered by a society woman and adopted into the most exclusive New York set, in the course of years. Being under obligations to an Indian youth of her tribe (indeed, she has promised also to marry him), when he comes for her she runs away to London, and goes on the stage. Her first lover, her second lover, and her other lovers, collect at the theatre upon the occasion of her greatest success, and one of them shoots her. The book closes with a "little stone sunk slantwise in the straggling grass and wild flowers."

Published by Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.50.

New Publications.

A youthful, yet pessimistic novel is "The Wandering Romanoff," by Bart Kennedy. Published by Thomas Burleigh, London.

"Songs of Two Peoples" is a volume by James Riley. The author of the "songs" should not be confounded with the Hoosier poet. Published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston; price, \$1.25.

In the Home and School Library Series the latest issue is that inimitable story by Adelbert von Chamisso, "The Wonderful History of Peter Schlemihl, the Man Who Lost His Shadow." Published by Ginn & Co., Boston; price, 35 cents.

A selection of the poems of James Thomas, the Scottish poet who died in 1882, has been brought out under the title "The City of Dreadful Night," the name of the first poem in the book. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.25.

"By the Western Sea," by Marshall Isley, is a volume of poems that holds more of promise than achievement. There are many beautiful lines and many poetic fancies. Best of all, there is little of imitation in the book. Published by Elder & Shepard, San Francisco; price, \$1.50.

A volume of rhymes which will have a particular interest for many is "Yale Verse," made up from undergraduate contributions to the periodicals of Yale University. There are some eighty selections in the book, and a number of the poems are of more than ordinary merit. Published by Maynard, Merrill & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

In the Cambridge Edition of the Poets, edited by Horace E. Scudder, the latest volume is "The Complete Poetical Works of John Milton." It is a work of high excellence. The biographical, critical, and explanatory notes are full and valuable, and the

book is well printed and well bound. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$2.00.

The American Historical Association three years ago appointed a committee to consider the subject of history in secondary schools and draw up a scheme of college entrance requirements in history. Their report is given in "The Study of History in Schools," and the conclusions are of value to all interested in educational work. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

The whimsical cover-design and the title, "Ickery Ann and Other Girls and Boys," are the least attractive features of Ella W. Peattie's book of stories. Some of the tales have been printed in publications for youth, and all are worthy of a wide acquaintance. Mrs. Peattie can give real interest to the slightest of plots, and there is a peculiar grace in her manner. Published by Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.25.

"Martyrs of Empire," by Herbert C. McIlwaine, is a story of Australian life which does not justify the title, but it has some strong situations and occasional bits of good description. There is an affected smartness in the opening chapter, and at intervals, which is repelling, and the end is vague and unsatisfactory. The author can write a much better novel. Published by R. F. Fenno & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

Twelve studies in biography are given in "Men and Movements in the English Church," by Arthur Rogers. Among those treated are such eminent figures as John Henry Newman, Dr. Pusey, John Keble, Arnold of Rugby, Dean Stanley, Samuel Wilberforce, and Charles Kingsley. The author has made a book worthy of its subject. His view is discriminating, his literary art of a high order. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

The third and fourth volumes of the Centenary Edition of "The Works of Balzac," translated by Katharine Prescott Wormeley, contain twelve of the great author's short stories, several of which have become famous. Among those in the first of these volumes are "Fame and Sorrow," "The Atheist's Mass," "The Rural Ball," and "The Deserted Woman"; the other book contains "Modeste Mignon," "Peace of a Home," and "A Daughter of Eve." Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

William Elliot Griffis, who writes after his name, "formerly of the Imperial University of Japan," has given the world a volume with the comprehensive title "America in the East—A Glance at Our History, Prospects, Problems, and Duties in the Pacific Ocean." His book is more argumentative than historical, more reminiscent than freshly descriptive. It is hardly up to the grade of average newspaper work, though a great part of it was first printed in an Eastern weekly. Published by A. S. Barnes & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

The beauties and the wonders of familiar plant-life are shown in "Field, Forest, and Wayside Flowers" by one who possesses thorough knowledge of the subject, an interest that is not feigned, and the gift of simple, direct, and graceful language. The author is "Maud Going" (E. M. Harding), who won high favor with her earlier volume on a kindred theme. The present work may be commended unreservedly. Its sub-title, "untechnical studies for unlearned lovers of nature," suggests its scope, but no brief notice can do justice to the harmony of its arrangement or the charm of its style. It has over one hundred illustrations and a complete index. Published by the Baker & Taylor Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

Kipling's Latest Poem.

The London *Morning Post* of August 14th, publishes a poem by Rudyard Kipling, entitled "Cruisers," describing them as daughters of the frigate, which "made play for her bully, the ship of the line." The following three stanzas are typical: "And when we have wakened the lust of the foe, To draw him by flight to our bulwarks we go, Yet never so hasty that he is outrun, And never so balting that we are undone."

"Then lurching and lunging he followeth far, With hail of long pieces our beauty to mar, Till, 'ware of fresh smoke stealing nearer he flies, And our bulwarks close in to make him good prize."

"When we return, being gathered again, Across the gray ridges all dabbled with rain, Across the keen ridges all crisped and curled, To join the long dance round the curve of the world."

A funny story about Marie Corelli comes from Stratford-on-Avon, where that mystic novelist has been living opposite a young ladies' school. It appears that in this school are many pianos, daily practice upon which by the pupils has been excessively damaging to Miss Corelli's nerves. Driven by desperation, she wrote to the principal of the school, asking that when pianoforte practice was going forward the windows might be kept closed, as the noise interfered with the progress of literary composition. To which the school-mistress replied that if the noise would prevent the composition of another book like the "Sorrow of Satan" she would order a half-dozen more pianos.

WOMANLY BEAUTY.

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JOHN V. SHOEMAKER, A. M., M. D.,

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The Evolution of the American Girl—Dressing for adornment—Dressing of American women—Of foreign women—Modifying fashions to suit forms—Beauty of American women compared with French—Fifty years of fashion—From simplicity to luxury—The Countess of Jersey on improvement in hygienic practices—The female form—Its proportions—Points of elegance—Beauty of the bosom—Warning against quacks—Tight shoes and gloves—Tight-lacing—Blonde and brunette types—The grace of Spanish women—Conditions tending to make American women the handsomest type of the world.

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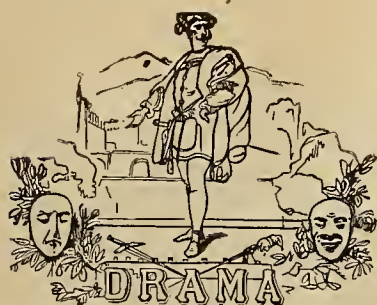
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Prince Kropotkin, the Russian revolutionist, has completed a work, biographic, political, and social in character, which he entitles "Reminiscences of My Life."



The large, well-dressed, and frivolously inclined audience which gathered to see the Frawley Company in "Hedda Gabler" left the theatre in a state of mind divided between utter bewilderment and prostrated depression. It was mostly composed of women, and they were sadder if not wiser women at the end of that three hours of "Ibsen's masterpiece," as the advertisement called it. Nobody said much on the way out. We hung our heads, for we felt that whether we understood ourselves or not we had certainly been shown up in a most painful light. A few bold spirits gave their views in the foyer, but for the most part we maintained a crushed and flattened silence.

The audience had at first been inclined to take things in a spirit of reckless mirth. It was, as I said, mostly composed of women. Here and there in the back rows a few men lurked guiltily, having a shamed, hang-dog air, as though they had intruded upon one of Mme. Yale's beauty-lectures or a Jenness-Miller stance on the hygienic secrets of leglettes. The body of the theatre was packed with women, and women who evidently were determined to be amused. For two acts they fought bravely against the growing conviction that they were not at a farical comedy. I doubt if three-fourths of the assembled company had read the play or knew anything of its character. I have a fancy that the name had suggested comedy—"Gabbler—one who gabbles." You can imagine that Blanche Bates in the part of a woman who gabbles might be immensely amusing. I may be doing my fellow-creatures an injustice, but it was hard to credit them with any other reason for their persistent mirth.

Once you get an audience in this frame of mind it is most difficult to get them out of it. Joyous titters interrupted the progress of the first two acts with steady determination. Then a frosty uncertainty began to chill the cheerful atmosphere. The titters abated or diminished in enthusiasm. Anxious questions began to be circulated from row to row. The damning thought that this was something rather serious, if not actually greswome, disturbed the confident hilarity of the occasion. To be sure, when Hedda began to talk of Lovborg having vine-leaves in his hair, things began to brighten up once more, and the third or fourth repetition of this humorous sentiment was greeted with the welcoming glee of those who feel themselves on familiar ground. But the horizon darkened when Hedda burned the papers to the accompaniment of maniac laughter, and it was only her wild shout of horror upon hearing that Lovborg had shot himself in the bowels that restored matters to the old footing of thoroughly bewildered amusement.

I have seen "Hedda Gabler" twice and read it several times, and am free to confess that what Ibsen's particular message was in this particular play I have never been able satisfactorily to decide. That one upon whom the position of leader, guide, and teacher has sat so seriously for so long should write a four-act tragedy for no other purpose than to show the peculiarities of a jealous, cold, and mean-natured woman seems impossible. The Shakespeare of the North had the sense of his responsibilities to the debased and groveling herds of mankind too heavily at heart to make so terrible a study in morbid psychology for no aim but art for its own sake. Even in so utterly morose a play as "John Gabriel Borkman" he has cried out his warning from the top of his pillar, and that in his most elaborate presentation of feminine nature he should depart from his invariable custom is not to be believed.

There are many things that "Hedda Gabler" might be construed into saying. Ibsen has a low opinion of women; not as raw material left to the beneficent influences of nature and truth, but as civilization with its hypocrisies, false modesties, and stifling conventions have made her. She was a more normal and healthy product when she was wooed by pursuit and subdued by a club than she is now, when she rises by craft and gains her ends by wiles against which the wisest of men have been powerless. She is to the melancholy Northman the same as she was to Diderot, an interesting but dangerous combination of savage and child. When she is most amiable and winning, she is Nora of "The Doll's House," the little, sprightly squirrel who lies by instinct and has drunk in the principles of deception with her mother's milk. When she is clever and poor, she is Regina, destined to pay back society for its wrongs to her in thousand-fold evils and miseries. When she has talent and courage she is a dangerous, volcanic force, recognizing no law but that of her own passions, like Rebecca West.

The best woman, the highest and most harmless,

is she who is without distinction of intellect. Not that intellect is not a good thing, but it is not a good thing for woman in her present stone-age state of development. Give it to her and she is like a playful child with a loaded pistol. When Ibsen writes of a clever heroine, trouble is certain to follow. Even Mrs. Alving—really his best type of an intelligent, high-thinking, well-intentioned woman—creates ruin, not only in her own but in her son's life. By her pride of mind and narrow virtue the house of Alving is brought to destruction, and destruction of the most hideous kind. The only possible type in which the female of the species can be endured is as the purely instinctive, devoted, and dependent—like Taya, the woman of affections and nothing else.

Hedda Gabler was the entirely mental type; the mind had overgrown everything. In its cold and grasping monopoly it had crowded out all the warmer and more human instincts that had given the despised Mrs. Elvstroed her power over Lovborg. This greedy and devouring mental force had found no natural outlet for itself. It had had no engrossing labor, such as that which keeps a man well balanced. The little sphere of home offered it no food. Hedda tries to find diversion in society, but that is denied her. Then the child, with its loaded pistol in its hand, begins its deadly and terrifying play. The thwarted mental energies turn sour. The woman whom the laws of society have bound into a position for which her feeble and selfish nature is unfitted, fears to be herself, and in her dread and envious rage goes creeping forward, furtively but resolutely, step by step, deeper into the slough of evil.

Ibsen certainly seems to have been determined to show the perils of fostering brain in woman when there is no means of employing it—society, after having enjoyed the novelty of its sparkle, denies it the right to progress beyond a given point, if not to exist at all. Hedda reaches this point, and there cowers before the figure of Society with a flaming sword. But Taya, the natural woman—the woman who has no mentality at all; who is all instinctive impulses and unconscious spontaneity—walks by the angel with the flaming sword without so much as noticing it. Mind has made Hedda fearful. It has taught her to know the world in its meanest aspect, has slain all her woman's impulses and passionate unconcern, and made her a creature of doubt and dread, secretly malignant, like all things that are ruled by fears, dooming her to perpetual self-consciousness and endless hypocrisy.

Up to the burning of the manuscript the play moves onward on comprehensible lines. After that it goes more or less morbidly off the key. Miss Bates added to the craziness of the general effect by making Hedda burn the book with chuckles of lunatic laughter. Hedda destroys Lovborg's chance of fame in a burst of envenomed and ferocious jealousy, and does not seem to be in the least crazy. It is in her allusions to Lovborg's making a beautiful death that she approaches closer to the line of the eccentric than she does anywhere else in the four acts. This, as Miss Bates did it, was perilously near the edge of the absurd, and the loud, protesting shout she gave when she heard that Lovborg had not killed himself in an artistic manner, but had managed by bungling to get himself shot in the bowels, would have been too much for Ibsen himself.

But the whole of this last act is trying. If one comfortably decides that Hedda is mad and there's the end of it, it is all satisfactorily explained, and one can lean back and study the phases of a peculiar case of dementia. But it does not seem to me that Hedda is any more mad than Hamlet is. If, again, one decides that Hedda's state of health is affecting her, and that she is more or less irresponsible, that also will explain away many difficulties. But that Ibsen should write a long drama, the pivot of which is the health of his heroine, seems too absurd even for the Ibsenites to claim. That he did intend it to play a part in the piece and in Hedda's general ugliness and bad temper is undoubted, but it is not the key of the whole complication. Altogether, this last act is a good deal of a trial, and a general feeling of relief pervaded the audience when it rose to its feet and was awarded a glimpse of Hedda lying safely dead on the sofa.

That any actress should care to play this part may strike a casual observer as odd. But the character is unique, not only in its comprehensive detestableness, but in its presentation of a type hardly ever put upon the stage. We have seen the jealous woman now and then, and the jealous man often. But these are the ordinarily jealous—the man and woman who are fiercely and physically jealous. The jealousy that swayed Hedda Gabler is of the more intense, white-hot, envious kind. She is not jealous of Mrs. Elvstroed as the woman whom Lovborg loves. It is the fact that this despised and foolish creature has influenced the man in his work—bas, through some strange power that Hedda never possessed, drawn the best from his idle and erratic genius—that maddens her. The wavy-haired Taya, who trembles before her old school-mate's frown and is as simple and silly as ever, has helped to mold a man's destiny.

Taken as a whole, the Frawley Company gave an excellent performance, though some were not as happy in their roles as others. Mary Van Buren and George Gaston seemed by nature and temperament to naturally personate the characters of Mrs. Elvstroed and Tesman. Outside a little crudeness, they were both singularly successful in their naive and almost

awkward sincerity. Miss Van Buren, as a beauty, may be excused for dressing Mrs. Elvstroed a trifle too gorgeously. It is hard for any one so massively and stolidly goddess-like to come down to the garb of an Ibsen wife. And when Lovborg, staring at her as at a human masterpiece, said to Hedda, "Is she not beautiful?"—her bovine beauty, ox-eyed, sweepingly statuesque, and serenely unembarrassed, seemed to be its own excuse for the shimmering ball-dress and the bare shoulders.

Miss Bates was surprisingly good—surprisingly, because so subtly cold and cruel a character is not at all in her line. Without exhibiting much *finesse* she gave a distinct impression of the veiled vindictiveness, the hidden envy that was poisoning her soul. She is always too obvious and downright, making her points with a metaphorical shout for attention that is quite unnecessary; but, as a whole, the personation was clever and consistent up to the burning of the book. Here she entirely lost her bearings and dropped with a crash into melodrama. It was just of a piece with her roll down the stairs in "The Dancing Girl." She ought to know better than to drop into sensationalism in Ibsen. But the unescapable, austere truth of the dialogue seized her again, and in the last act she was incisively and savagely natural when the scene gave her a chance. The sentences about Lovborg with vine-leaves in his hair did not destroy the integrity of her poise, but when it came to her bit of dialogue with Assessor Brach about the manner of Lovborg's death, she was again at sea. Her strangling growl of rage when she hears in what portion of his anatomy her old lover lodged the fatal bullet, very nearly sent the audience off into one of those attacks of uncontrolled giggles that H. E. M. thinks are partly hysterical.

GERALDINE BONNER.

Another Case of Maud.

Maud Muller went on a summer day
To try the old racket of raking hay.

She'd heard bow it snared a judge, and thought
There might be another to be caught.

And oft she glanced down the lane's long course
To see if he came on his piebald horse.

But the judge came not, nor a sleek court clerk,
Nor a constable to get in his work.

Not even a chronic juror came
To ask her to share his oft-called name.

Yet she raked away with a tireless will,
For Maud was a stayer from Stayerville!

Great blisters rose on her hands so fair,
And hayseeds lodged in her wind-tossed hair.

But nary a judge came riding by,
And her swollen bosom was filled with sigh.

One spark of hope in said bosom burned,
That mebbe the court hadn't yet adjourned.

Or he might have halted to beer his face
With a lawyer who'd got away with a case.

And yet she raked with untiring zeal,
The damp sweat trickling from head to heel.

The spur grass pricked at her zebra hose
'Neath the southern bounds of her Sunday clothes.

The breezes blew on her bloomin' cheeks
And scattered the sweat into criss-cross streaks.

The sun sank lower down the West,
And the bope star ditted in Maudie's breast.

One last glance fired she along the lane,
Then sank on the stubble with moan of pain!

But she rose again with impromptu spring,
For the stubble was sharp as a hornet's sting!

Then cried, as to splinters she stamped the rake:
"This hay-field racket's a bloomin' fake!"

"The feller that writ that porty ought
To be taken out an' fatally shot!"

"Don't think no gal ever made a play
To rake up a feller this a-way!"

And she said as she limped to her home again,
Her accents keyed to a note of pain:

"Of all darned suckers that ever bit,
I've a sneakin' idee that I am it!"—*Ex.*

Still More Counterfeiting.

The Secret Service has just unearthed another band of counterfeiters and secured a large quantity of bogus bills, which are so cleverly executed that the average person would never suspect them of being spurious. Things of great value are always selected for imitation, notably Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which has many imitators but no equals for disorders like indigestion, dyspepsia, constipation, nervousness, and general debility. Always go to reliable druggists who have the reputation of giving what you ask for.

Mr. Chamberlain, colonial secretary of the island of St. Helena, has authorized the sale of thirty thousand dollars' worth of old issues of postage-stamps, to balance the finances under his charge.

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THE DRAMATIC AGENT.

The Role He Plays in the Aspirant's Career—
Scenes on the New York Rialto
in Summer.

This is the season of the year when tragedy stalks by the side of comedy, when the woman of many sorrows goes hand in hand with her who laughs. The king and the clown meet on one level, the queen and the housemaid are in the same caste. If any one doubts this let him take a stroll into upper Broadway any fine day between two and three o'clock (says a writer in the *New York Tribune*). He will find Napoleon hobnobbing with the keeper of the inn and virtue triumphant will be listening to a funny story told by the heavy villain. For this is the time of the year when the unemployed actors gather by the wayside to tell of what they have done and will do, and to spin tales of the engagements they have refused and the big ones they are going to get.

The prevailing idea that when warm weather comes the players betake themselves to luxurious villas and beautiful country homes, is a picturesque invention of popular fiction. A few of the more successful do enjoy the vacation period, but to the majority it brings only added cares and new anxieties. Their days now are spent largely in the dramatic agencies, waiting, Micawber-like, for something to turn up. The dramatic agent is the middleman between players and managers, and it is only through the intervention of the agent that the average actor is able to secure employment. Of course the stars and a few of the more successful do not patronize the agencies, but even of these there are few who at some time in their careers have not been dependent upon this intermediary.

The young woman who is "just dying" to go on the stage because she has talent—her friends all say she has—imagines that all that is necessary is to learn a good recitation, put on a smart frock and a picture hat, and, bursting in upon the susceptible manager, take him by storm. Now, whatever may be the peculiarities of the average manager, innocent susceptibility is not included in the category. The aspirant's plan is also balked by the fact that it is only the best-known actors who can see the manager at all. The manager saves himself the trouble of useless interviews by recourse to the dramatic agent. The latter fills the companies, and the actor who is not in the good graces of that person might almost as well be out of the profession. The agent being likewise human, there is likely to be more or less favoritism, and it is by no means certain that the best talent always secures the best places. Many players remain idle for long periods because they have in some way offended this arbiter of their fortunes.

At the dramatic agency the names and addresses of the actors are recorded, and the agent is at all times aware of the material available for filling new companies or adding to old ones. If a manager on the road finds it to his advantage to discharge one of his actors, he knows that by telegraphing to the agent he can secure a substitute. The agency is practically a clearing-house, where actors are assorted and classified for the convenience of the manager.

There are several of these agencies in New York, and their general characteristics are the same. They are now at the height of their activity, and are interesting, if somewhat depressing, places. In appearance they differ little. The walls are covered with photographs of players—some being personal likenesses, others taken in character. Nearly all of the pictures bear autographs and affectionate inscriptions. Most of the faces are unfamiliar, representing that large class "born to blush unseen," or, at least, to waste their sweetness on three-line parts, unnoticed and unremembered by the general public. Here and there the face of a well-known player lends dignity to the collection.

Every day now the offices are thronged with eager applicants. They begin to arrive on the scene about ten o'clock, and the row of chairs along the side of the room is soon filled; the late comers stand about in groups, or linger in the hallways, discussing the incidents of seasons past or prospects of the one to come.

"Are you settled for next season?" is asked many times in the day, and as many times comes the reply, "No, but I expect to be by to-morrow."

And to-morrow and the next day it is the same question and the same old answer. The dramatic agent is usually a woman, with a woman's propensity for gossip. Her intentions may be good, but her idea of business is peculiar. An acquaintance has come into the office and is cozily ensconced behind the rail which separates the agent from her clients. The two sit chatting while the actors linger around. The seconds lengthen into minutes and the minutes into hours, and the waiting players shift about uneasily. There are aching hearts in the office; poverty is not confined to narrow streets and dark tenements. Here it may be found masquerading under pretty gowns and smiling faces, for the actor will smile, in spite of the ache in his breast or the void in his stomach.

Some have come from home without breakfast, hoping thereby to catch the agent's ear the sooner. Others have not breakfasted because they lack the funds. Such things have been known of players. No one would guess it to look at them. The tall leading-man wears his frock-coat and silk hat—a trifle seedy,

perhaps. They are the remnants of last season's wardrobe. The *ingénue* is there also, in pretty muslins and gayly colored ribbons. These, too, were worn in the play, and now do service for the street. All are dressed as if for a holiday, for at the agent's they must look their best. Here it is *videre quam esse*, which reverses the old phrase, but, after all, is it not the show business?

The white-haired old man was once a favored tragedian in the West, but Shakespeare has fallen upon evil days, and the tragedian will now play farce if need be. A tear stains the rouge on one woman's cheek; she brushes it away nervously and looks around to see if it has been noticed. Who knows what this waiting means to her? There are girls here who are the only support of aged parents; men, too, whose families will starve if they do not find employment. The hands on the clock go round, and at last the agent ceases gossiping. She singles out two or three, possibly half a dozen, of the actors, and after a whispered confab they hurry from the office in quest of a part they have been told is open. Possibly many are sent to the same place, which means disappointment for most of them. It is all one to the agent, however, for the commission will be paid in any case. The commission is one-half of the actor's first week's salary, and, though the agent is obviously a convenience to the manager, the player pays for it. Some managers admit the injustice of the system, but as long as it saves them trouble, without expense, they continue to use it.

Actors generally dislike the agencies. They are people with well-developed sensibilities, and the treatment accorded in the agent's office is frequently offensive to sensitive natures. They often go away with the determination never again to go back, but there are few who do not wander into the offices again, "just for conscience' sake," as they usually express it.

STAGE GOSSIP.

A Revival of "The New Dominion."

On Sunday evening Clay Clement will be seen for the last time at the Columbia Theatre in "A Southern Gentleman," and next week he is to revive "The New Dominion," another romance of the South written by him, in which he scored such a hit last year, as Baron von Hohenstauffen, the German nobleman, who has a penchant for collecting botanical specimens. The peculiar charm about the play, and the unique character of the noble-hearted and refined German that forms so large a part of it, is the treatment given the *role* by Mr. Clement. The character as presented by him has in it nothing of the traditional stage German. It is neither burlesque nor buffoonery, and the laughs that it evokes come from the delicate humor that pervades the clever lines and the situations rather than from horse-play.

Planquette's "Paul Jones."

Von Suppé's pretty comic opera, "Clover," is to be succeeded at the Grand Opera House on Monday by Planquette's stirring, patriotic opera, "Paul Jones," which is to be revived on an elaborate scale. Thomas H. Persse will be the celebrated nautical hero, Paul Jones; Hattie Bell Ladd will be the Buffino de Martinez, a Spanish naval officer; Winfred Goff, Bicoquet, a ship-chandler; Nace Bonville, Don Trocadero, governor of the Island of Estrella; A. E. Arnold, Captain Kestral, skipper of the Yankee privateer; William Wolff, Bouillabaise, an old smuggler; Arthur Woolley, Petit Pierre, a fisher-lad of St. Malo; Charles Arling, Raines; Ferdinand Volage, Goujan; Edith Mason, Yvonne, niece of Bicoquet and sweetheart of Paul Jones; Bessie Fairbairn, Chopinette, wife of Bouillabaise; and Georgie Cooper, Malaguena, niece of Don Trocadero.

Felix Morris at the Orpheum.

The principal attraction at the Orpheum next week will be the popular comedian, Felix Morris, assisted by his wife, Ethel May Harrison, Mary Townley, Foster Lardner, and Benjamin Seeby. Mr. Morris will open his engagement in "Kerry," a one-act comedy taken from Dion Boucicault's play, "Night and Morning," which affords him splendid opportunities for his clever character work. Later he will produce "Behind the Scenes," "The Vagabond," and several of the successes of his visit here last year. Other new attractions are the Mouliere Sisters, triple horizontal-bar performers; Arnold Grazer and Hazel Callaghan, two precocious San Francisco youngsters, who will present a unique spectacular mirror dance; and Apollo, a bounding-wire performer, who will introduce a number of startling feats.

Those retained from last week are Caron and Herbert, acrobatic comedians; Hall and Staley, the "Twentieth Century Burglars;" McMahon and King, who will present something original in the shape of a railroad train illusion; and new biograph views.

"La Gioconda" and "Rigoletto."

At the Tivoli Opera House next week "La Gioconda" and "Rigoletto" will be the bill, the former being presented on Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday evenings, and the latter on Tuesday, Thursday, and Sunday evenings and Saturday matinee. The principal *role* of "La Gioconda" will be sung by Ella Prosnitz; Mary Linck will be the blind mother; Signor Salassa, Barnaba, the spy; Signor

Avedano, Enzo, the Genoese noble; Signor Warrall, the inquisitor; Signor Fonari, Isopo; and Bernice Holmes, Laura. The cast for "Rigoletto" includes Barron Berthold as the Duke; William Mertens as Rigoletto, the jester; Anna Lichter as his daughter Gilda; William Schuster as the brigand chief; Bernice Holmes and Mary Linck alternating as Magdalena, and Signor Zani and Ida Valerga in the other notable *roles*.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Command in the Philippines.

MANILA, P. I., July 4, 1899.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Admiral Dewey, nearly a year ago, cabled home that what was needed at Manila was a statesman, meaning some one representing the President and State Department, who should be the supreme power in the islands over both the army and navy, answerable only to the President and Congress, and that is what is needed to-day. Until such action is taken the people of America may expect a prolonged state of affairs as now existing.

The writer has had several interviews with officers of our army and navy, and they have, without exception, expressed their opinions unfavorably to the present method—or lack of method—of dealing with the Philippine question, and only regret that their position and the rules of the department prevent them from writing over their own name; and the last officer interviewed begged that use be made of what he said:

"It is a fact that the navy and army do not act in harmony, and the navy very rightly will not take orders from the army. A short time since, General Otis bought thirteen very excellent Spanish gunboats, which had withdrawn to one of the far islands of the group for safety after the Battle of Manila, and started to man them from the army, to use as blockade and patrol-boats around the islands. Dewey heard of it, and told Otis: 'I am in command here, on the sea; if you send one of those boats out of Manila harbor I will seize it.' After that the boats were turned over to the navy, where they very properly belonged."

The *Oregon* recently returned from a station off the coast of Luzon, where she had been seizing all the small boats of the poor people, destroying their cargoes of rice and food, and found that General Otis had given, at the solicitation of the large merchants of Manila, orders to open the same ports to the steamers from Manila. Either the army or navy was wrong. Either a policy of making all the people of the islands feel that it means distress and starvation to oppose the United States, or a policy of letting things go as they are until Aguinaldo can be caught, must be adopted, but neither policy is possible unless a man is at the head of affairs who is neither an army or navy man, nor a politician. The navy believes in closing every port where the people do not acknowledge the will of the United States, letting, if need be, the people starve till they come to their senses. Admiral Dewey gave his orders to that effect.

The *Bennington*, with President Schurman, of the peace commission, recently made a trip around the islands to meet the head men of the towns and learn their views. They found on the islands of Luzon, Samar, Panay, ports where the people were carrying on their usual avocations, trading with other ports, governed by their own people, owing allegiance only to the insurgent government. The majority of the towns sent out as reply: "Yes, we will be very glad to be ruled by the Americans; it is quite agreeable to us, but we will not accept their rule until Señor Aguinaldo sends us word to do so." At another large town, where they sent ashore for the chief men, word came back that they were busy and could not come. The *Bennington*, being on a peaceful errand, could not answer that impertinence, and steamed out of the harbor. The island of Negros has its own government, and has formally accepted the rule of America. Outside of that and the town of Iloilo, and for a radius of forty miles around Manila, the insurgents are in power.

The navy is anxious to close the business up and get away; they would, to a man, welcome the coming of a civil governor who would have a policy for both army and navy, power to enforce his orders, and brains to act with.

The writer regrets to say that he has not found a person of the army, the navy, or a civilian, who thinks the present head of the army in Manila is competent for the task he has in hand. It may be a wrong opinion, and certainly a civilian like myself has no knowledge of military matters and is not competent to judge the acts of the commanding general, but one can repeat the things he hears said by prominent officers and others, things that on account of censorship can not be telegraphed from Manila. The consensus of opinion as to the commanding general seems to be that he is a painstaking old man, who tries to attend to all the detail of his place, and with not enough ability to rise where he should. In a word, he is not the man for the place. Let the young men have a chance. President Schurman, of the peace commission, is a young man about forty; Denby and Worcester are old and feeble; the result is, Schurman is here considered the whole commission. Let the President send him here with supreme power to fight or make peace, meet conditions as he finds them. Let the War Department turn over a new leaf and stop appointing officers on account of seniority to places where they have lives and expenditures of millions of money in their hands. England looked through her army and chose Kitchener, a young man, for her work in the Sudan. Has our army no Kitchener?

ENEE.

Rome and the Dreyfus Conspiracy.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 21, 1899.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Papal supremacy in Italy is hopelessly destroyed. In witness, King Humbert's

protest against recognition of the papacy as a civil power by allowing the Pope to accredit delegates to the late International Peace Conference at The Hague. It was only Italy who protested, and thus prevented a *coup* on the part of the Vatican; for had there sat in that international conference, deliberating and having equal voice with the representatives of the several civil governments of the world, officially delegated representatives of the Pope, this would have been tantamount to admitting by the civil powers that the Pope, as ecclesiastic sovereign, had right and power as a civil ruler. Italy saw this and checked the move by declaring that, if representatives from the Vatican were recognized as delegates to the conference, Italy would take no part in the deliberations.

This act on Italy's part has greatly chagrined and incensed the Pope and the heads of the Roman Church all over the world. It has become simply intolerable to longer maintain the throne of the papacy in Italy. To what country may it be removed? Logically, France offers most tenable ground under right conditions. What are those conditions? Republic overthrown, empire re-established, with a devout papist on the throne. Find the logical heir to the throne in Louis Napoleon. Why Napoleon? He has a brother who is one of the cardinals. What signifieth this? If the seat of papal government is to be transferred to France, it is but logical to infer that the successor to the present Pope shall be a Frenchman. With one Napoleon on the throne of France, and another Napoleon Pope, having his throne likewise in France, it is easy to be seen what would be the sequel—the civil power and the ecclesiastic power would be one and the same.

Again: The Czar of Russia congratulated Louis Napoleon, upon the last anniversary of his birth, upon the near approach of the realization of his ambition. Between Russia and France there exists the *entente cordiale*. This would be deepened, intensified, cemented by France becoming an empire, with Napoleon on the throne. There is now no evidence that enmity exists between the Greek and Roman arms of the great Catholic Church; on the contrary, there is evidence that their differences are reconciled, and that to all intents and purposes they are reunited, re-amalgamated for the purpose of conquering and ruling the world in the name of Christ. They know to whom to look as allies.

The Dreyfus conspiracy and persecution is for the purpose of plunging France into revolution. The perpetuity of the republic depends wholly upon the loyalty of the army. There is reason to suspect and believe that hope of its proving loyal is as but a slender thread, by which is suspended over the republic the sword of Damocles. Dreyfus was picked out because he is a Jew; because he is a man of intellect, and loyal to France, the republic. Because of the deep-seated anti-Semitic feeling known to prevail among an element of the *bourgeoisie*, as well as the aristocracy, and a counter feeling among another element, it was and is believed that no matter what may be the result of the court-martial trial of Dreyfus, whether he be condemned or acquitted, the tension of feeling between the two factions will become so great that revolution will be precipitated. This is what the conspiracy was hatched for, presumably, and it is being carried out for this purpose, and this purpose only, as now seems palpable. Time of revolution, with the military arm of the government so permeated with sedition and treason as is to be feared is the case in France, offers the opportunity sought by the papal power, working through royalist devotees, to seize the reins of government, and to found an empire upon the ruins of the republic, declaredly for the advancement of Christianity, to do which "the end justifies the means."

AMERICAN.



A POCKET STOVE FREE.
A COMPLETE Pocket Stove—(note cut) ready for instant use. May be re-lighted from time to time and will burn continuously for one hour, is non-explosive.
The Stove will be sent post paid on receipt of cover from box of Armour's Beef Extract and Vegetable Tablets, or the stove and tablets will be sent postpaid on receipt of 25 cts.

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are vegetables cooked and compressed with Armour's Extract of Beef, ready for use and will keep in any climate. Each tablet a meal. Recommended for all occasions where the conveniences of the kitchen are not at hand.

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Hunters' Equipments, Fishing Tackle, Athletic Goods, etc. Bed-rock prices. Send for Catalogue, GEO. W. SHREVE, 738 N. Street.

VANITY FAIR.

The principal topic of conversation among the society folk of Newport just now is the private theatricals which are to be given at the Casino on the evenings of September 5th and 6th by the Earl of Yarmouth. So charmed has he been by the dazzling list of entertainments arranged for him that when it became known that he was really quite a clever actor, and it was suggested that he consent to entertain the cottagers with some performance before the season was at an end, he accepted with avidity the opportunity thus offered to repay in a measure some of the kindness that is being shown him. From the way matters are going and the deep interest that is being taken in the theatricals, it is asserted that a large sum of money as a result of the performance will be turned over to the Newport Hospital, the beneficiary, which will remain for all time as a very substantial reminder of the Earl of Yarmouth's delightful visit to Newport. In addition to assuming the leading rôles in G. A. Herbert's little drama, "Our Bitterest Foe," and W. S. Gilbert's "Creatures of Impulse," in which he will be assisted by a bevy of charming belles and married ladies of the cottage colony, the earl will be stage-manager, musical director, costumer, and advertising agent. In fact, he's the show. Newport has never before had an earl who was democratic enough to hobnob with its various degrees of fashionables, and thoroughly enjoys the sensation. The Earl of Yarmouth, by the way, is not the only member of the English nobility who is keen on acting. Among others are Lord Rosslyn, who made quite a success in George Alexander's company; the Duke of Manchester, who recently appeared at a charity matinee at the Strand; Lord Kilmarnock, who is not only an actor but a playwright as well; while Lord Kilmorey owns two London theatres and has written at least one play. By far the most successful play written in modern times by a titled personage was "Jim the Penman," which the late Sir Charles Young gave us.

There will be many new faces in the White House circle next season, as, in addition to the changes in the Cabinet, President McKinley will entertain a new set of relatives and young friends the coming winter. Miss Grace McKinley, who was graduated last June from Mount Holyoke, and Miss Ida Barber, of Canton, will be the *débutantes* of the White House, and consequently the most conspicuous young women in Washington society. Both have already made visits to the capital, Miss McKinley especially having made a number of friends during the holiday periods she has spent with her distinguished uncle. She is the daughter of the late James McKinley, of this city, and is now making her home with her aunt, Miss Helen McKinley, at the homestead at Canton. Miss Ida Barber, also of Canton, is Mrs. McKinley's niece, and the youngest sister of Miss Mary Barber, who came to be regarded as a member of the executive household in the past two seasons. This new candidate for social honors, although only graduated from an Ohio institution in June, is the heroine of a sad romance of the Spanish-American War. When the Eighth Ohio Regiment marched away from Canton, sixteen months ago, one of the bravest of its young volunteers was the school-boy lover of Mrs. McKinley's niece, who returned his affection with all the ardor of a sincere, unspoiled, and unsophisticated young girl, listening to her first love-story. An engagement was consented to, and through all the months to follow Miss Ida Barber had little thought for anything but the fortunes of "The President's Own," as the Canton regiment was called. Her brother and her cousin were among the heroes who returned with the victorious army in August, but their school-boy companion, her fiancé, was one of the few who fell on San Juan Hill.

Before coming to London (says Ida Husted Harper, who was one of the American delegates to the Women's International Congress) we were told over and over, by persons who wanted us to be a credit to our country, that we must be careful not to dress too gayly over here, that "nice, genteel tailor-made suits" were the proper thing. So we bankrupted ourselves on "tailor-mades" of various weights and colors—and we have scarcely seen an English woman wearing one since we arrived. Even in the morning at public meetings the most delicate fabrics are worn, with long trains, elaborately trimmed, and often with thin kid slippers or white shoes. They are dragged about with utter disregard on the dirty floors of halls, theatres, and the court-yards which everywhere abound. When we saw chiffon dresses trailing through the parks we said to our escort: "Those women must be hardly respectable." "The very first ladies in the city," he answered. After becoming acquainted, I talked with some of the English women on the subject, and they said: "We do not wear tailor-made suits in 'the season,' that is, in May, June, and July, but the other nine months of the year we live in them." So we put ours in the bottom of our trunks and packed our steamer-rugs on top of them. We have been fortunate enough to see the "smart set" over here at a number of functions, and it has been interesting to compare their dressing with that of the fashionable women on similar occasions in our own country. My opinion is that in the fit, quality, and style of gowns, those

in America are quite equal to those in England, if not superior, but in laces and jewels the English women are ahead. I think we do not have any gatherings where as many women have magnificent laces and jewels as one sees here. The reason is not hard to find. It takes time to collect these things, even where one has money. Here they are the inheritance of many generations, each adding a few rare pieces to the collection, and in London more of these old and wealthy families congregate than in any one city in the New World.

It is not the custom at receptions in England (continues Mrs. Harper) to introduce the guests to each other, which is very trying, especially where one meets the celebrities of all countries. It is understood that guests are expected to chat together as if they had already been acquainted, but it is rather exasperating to read in the papers next morning that a score of people were present whom you always had wished to meet, and to wonder if you might have been talking to them the night before. Much more elaborate refreshments are served here than in the United States at similar functions, in fact they are the principal part of the entertainment. At afternoon receptions the guests are ushered at once into the dining-room, which is in the first story, or English basement, and afterward they go upstairs into the drawing-room to greet the hostess and generally to hear some good music. There is a wonderful sameness about these refreshments. The long tables extend around two and often three sides of the room, with a row of liveried men-servants behind them, pouring the tea and coffee from huge silver urns and serving ices. The guests usually help themselves to the other things, and there is a perfect crush around the tables. At intervals stand pitchers of champagne and claret cup, lemonade, orangeade, and small bottles of water. There are plates of very thin slices of brown and white bread and butter, and sandwiches of all sorts, ham, tongue, chicken, lobster, caviare, lettuce, cress and cucumber, with a little card at each plate telling the "fillin'." Then there are more than a dozen different kinds of cakes and confections. At intervals are huge bowls of strawberries, heaped with whipped cream. English strawberries are the finest in the world, and the ices and ice-cream are the poorest. I wonder what the English think when they attend our receptions and are served with a wafer and one tiny cup of tea!

Again the woman with the cigarette has tested the diplomacy of a fashionable restaurant's head-waiter, who was as firm in enforcing the rules of the establishment as others have been compelled to be before him (says the New York Sun). The manner in which the remonstrance of the employee is received differs widely. Quick and aggrieved submission is the usual course. But a woman in a French restaurant refused, the other night, to yield so promptly. She was a guest of the hotel and a foreigner, middle-aged, and of ordinary appearance. The man with whom she was sitting lit his cigar after dinner, and her cigarette followed as a matter of course. The head-waiter remonstrated in French. She seemed astonished, then indignant, but firm throughout. She pointed to her escort's cigar, smoking all the while herself, and then told the waiter she would finish her cigarette then, whatever the rules of the hotel were. There was no precedent for such rebellion, and she had her way. No fashionable New York restaurant has ever allowed women to smoke in the public dining-rooms, and the prohibition of such indulgence is nearly always accompanied by embarrassing circumstances. The women who begin to smoke are usually of a kind objectionable on no other score. Most of them are foreigners, or they have lived abroad and become accustomed to the toleration of the practice there. In many of the fashionable New York restaurants men are privileged to smoke whenever they are ready. This permission had much to do with the popularity of two or three places, and the tendency in that direction becomes more general every year. But in respect to the women there has been no disposition on the part of the proprietors to show any greater liberality.

The absurd stories published in this country, and, strange to say, copied by some of the kitchen-maid's journals in England, concerning the dissatisfaction expressed by the people of Simla concerning the arbitrary measures taken by Lady Curzon, and backed by Mrs. Leiter, her mother, prove to be absolutely untrue. Mrs. Leiter is not in Simla, and Lady Curzon has made no difference in the etiquette of the court. A visitor at Simla writes to London *Vanity Fair*: "It was some little time after Lady Curzon came up before she succeeded in shaking off the effects of the malarial fever contracted in Calcutta. She is now, however, in her usual health, and is looking as well as ever, while the viceregal babies—two chubby-faced little girls, who are to be seen daily promenading up and down the mall, one of them in a pony-carriage and the other in a *jinniki-sha*, with half a dozen scarlet-clad native attendants and a couple of English nurses—are getting rosy cheeks that are a standing advertisement in themselves to the virtues of this pure mountain air. Staff-colonels are their devoted slaves, and small wonder, for they are delightful, and, above all, neither shy nor affected. The two Misses Leiter, sisters of Lady Curzon, are also here, and are much admired. They

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take part frankly in the life of the place. Miss Daisy Leiter, the other day, rode her own pony in the horse-show, and was very properly awarded the first prize in the ladies' competition, for her gray was undoubtedly the best pony there, and she rode it well. The two sisters are not making a very long stay here, as they have to join their parents in Paris in the latter part of the summer. They will probably make a short tour through India before they finally leave, visiting Delhi, Agra, Lucknow, and Calcutta, and perhaps also Kashmir en route. While Lord Curzon is too busy to go about very much, Lady Curzon is seen everywhere." *Journalist*

Silk dresses are objected to by some husbands, and to such there is interest in the recent decision of a New York judge: "If a husband allows his wife to wear articles in his presence and with his knowledge which he would ordinarily be liable to pay for as necessities, and he makes no objection, he will be liable to pay for them, for his permission to her to retain and enjoy them without objection is equivalent to ratification of the purchase." Under this ruling a dressmaker secured payment for a silk dress furnished to Mrs. Schleimer without her husband's knowledge. *Journalist*

An Excursion

Into the country, out camping, fishing, or just a picnic, will be incomplete in outfit unless supplied with Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. In tea, coffee, and many summer beverages it is delicious. Don't buy unknown brands.

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, August 23, 1899, aggregated 16,000 bonds and 9,423 shares of stock, as follows:

	BONDS.		Closed.	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Market St. Ry. 5%.	3,000	@ 117½	117	118½
Oakland Transit 6%.	5,000	@ 112	111	112½
S. F. & S. J. Ry. 5%.	5,000	@ 115½	115½	116
S. P. R. of Ariz. 6%.	3,000	@ 112	111½	
	STOCKS.		Closed.	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Water.				
Contra Costa Water.	420	@ 75½-76½	76	76½
Spring Valley Water.	166	@ 101½-102½	101½	101½
Gas and Electric.				
Mutual Electric	860	@ 15½-16½	16½	17
Oakland G. L. & H.	36	@ 48½	48½	
S. F. Gas & Electric.	320	@ 69½-70½	69½	69½
S. F. Gas.	5	@ 3½	3½	3½
Banks.				
Bank of Cal.	106	@ 270-276½	275	278
Street R. R.				
Market St.	20	@ 61½-62		
Powders.				
Giant Con.	590	@ 73-73½	73	73½
Vigorit	100	@ 3	2½	3½
Sugars.				
Hana P. Co.	490	@ 15½-16	15½	15½
Hawaiian	440	@ 96-103	96	96½
Hutchinson	885	@ 31½-32½	31½	32½
Makaweli S. Co.	2,055	@ 50-50½	50½	
Onomea S. Co.	500	@ 37½-38½	37½	40½
Panahau S. P. Co.	1,960	@ 39-40	39½	40
Miscellaneous.				
Alaska Packers.	200	@ 116½-118	117	118½
Oceanic Steam Co.	240	@ 89½-90	89½	90½
Pac. C. Borax.	30	@ 132-135		135

The market is very quiet on account of many speculators being out of town, but the tone is good, and we will probably have a better market and firmer prices in the near future.

Mr. F. W. McCann has been elected to the directory of the Giant Powder Company in place of Mr. Drexler, deceased. The election of Mr. McCann was requested by a very large amount of stock which he will ably represent.

The sugar stocks were firm, but quiet. Mutual Electric Light was strong, and advanced to 16½ on good buying.

INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

SIG B. SCHLOSS, A. W. BLOW,
Member Stock and Bond Exchange.
A. W. BLOW & CO.
Tel. Bush 24. 238 Montgomery Street, S. F.

WORTHINGTON AMES

Member Stock and Bond Exchange, Broker in Bonds and Stocks and Municipal Securities.

138 Montgomery St., San Francisco
TELEPHONE BLACK 2026.

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The undersigned having been appointed AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST for the sale of the manufactures of above company, have now in store:

SAIL DUCK—ALL NUMBERS;
HYDRAULIC—ALL NUMBERS;
DRAPER AND WAGON DUCK.

From 30 to 120 inches wide; and a complete assortment of all qualities. 28½-inch Duck, from 7 Ounces to 15 Ounces, inclusive.

MURPHY, GRANT & CO.

"How did you like Dobbins's novel?" "It was so dry I couldn't wade through it."—*Chicago Record.*

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.
Guarantee Capital and Surplus, \$2,187,617.90
Capital actually paid up in cash, 1,000,000.00
Deposits June 30, 1899, 27,656,513.03

OFFICERS—President, B. A. BECKER; First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNEY; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MÜLLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODFELLOW.
Board of Directors—Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohde, D. N. Walter, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, and John Lloyd.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

532 California Street.
Deposits, July 1, 1899, \$24,920,395
Paid-Up Capital, 1,000,000
Reserve Fund, 205,215
Contingent Fund, 442,763

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres.
LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH,
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THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL, \$3,000,000
SURPLUS, 1,000,000
PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT, 2,337,829
July 1, 1899.

WILLIAM ALVORD, President
CHARLES R. BISHOP, Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN, Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH, Assistant Cashier
IRVING F. MOULTON, 2d Assistant Cashier
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The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand
Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

WELLS FARGO & CO., BANK

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Cash Capital and Surplus, \$6,250,000

JNO. J. VALENTINE, President; HOMER S. KING, Manager; H. WADSWORTH, Cashier; F. L. LIPMAN, Asst-Cashier; H. L. MILLER, Second Asst-Cashier.
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Branches at New York, Salt Lake, and Portland.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$3,702,300; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$2,112,546.

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.
COLIN M. BOYD, Agent for San Francisco, 411 California Street.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The captain of a country foot-ball team, finding himself unable to get together a team to fulfill an engagement with a club in a town five miles away, wired to that effect to the secretary of the opposing team. "Can't let you off," was the answer; "crowd waiting already." The captain made another effort to get his men together, but without success, and was once more obliged to wire his inability to fulfill the engagement. The answer came: "If you can't come yourselves, please send your sweaters. We can pick up a team from the navvies working here on the railway, and the people won't know the difference."

Richard Cumberland, the playwright, was extremely jealous of his young rival, Richard Sheridan. It is related that he took his children to see one of the first performances of "The School for Scandal," and when they screamed with delight their irritable father pinched them, saying: "What are you laughing at? You should not laugh, my angels; there is nothing to laugh at," adding, in an undertone: "Keep still, you little dunces." When this was reported to Sheridan, he said: "It was ungrateful of Cumberland to be displeased with his children for laughing at my comedy, for when I went to see his tragedy I laughed from beginning to end!"

Henry Guy Carleton, the play-writer, when living near Madison Square, New York, used to pass daily the New York Club, of which he is a member. One day one of the young and frivolous members said to him: "I saw you this morning, Carleton, carrying your poodle through the square. Good exercise, isn't it? But I'd rather let somebody else do it for me." "Undoubtedly," replied Carleton, grimly, if haltingly; "when any one sees me carrying m—my d—d—dog, they say, 'There g—g—goes Henry G—Guy Carleton with his d—dog.' But if they should see y—you they'd ask, 'W—w—who's that in—infernal i—idiot c—c—carrying a p—p—poodle?'"

Roy Bean, at one time justice of the peace in Langtry, Tex., administered the law according to his own lights. He held court in his saloon, and it was his custom in minor cases to fine the defendant "drinks for the crowd" and adjourn court till the fine had been collected. One day he acted as coroner in the case of an unknown man found dead on the outskirts of the town. Nothing was brought out by examination beyond the fact that a revolver and two twenty-dollar pieces were found on the corpse, whereupon Bean pocketed both weapon and money, declaring that "the deceased came to his death through some unknown means, and, inasmuch as it was guilty of carrying concealed weapons, against the peace and dignity of the State of Texas and this community, the court fines it forty dollars."

Justice Hawkins was on one occasion presiding over a case in which the plaintiff was giving evidence against a man who had stolen a pair of trousers from his shop. "How much were the trousers?" queried Hawkins. "Well," replied the plaintiff, "it depends who wants to buy them. I sell them to one man for thirty shillings, to another for twenty-five, but you can have them for twenty-three and six." "Sir!" cried Hawkins, angrily; "I want you to tell me how much those trousers are worth." "Well," replied the plaintiff, "shall we say twenty-two shillings for you?" "Look here," thundered Hawkins, "if you do not instantly tell me what those trousers are worth, I'll send you to jail for fourteen days for contempt of court." "Well, well," replied the frightened plaintiff, conciliatingly, "you may have them for a guinea. I'm giving them away; still, you may have them at that price." Even the stern aspect of Justice Hawkins could not stop the roar of laughter which broke out on hearing the reply, a roar in which Hawkins joined himself.

Twenty years ago Lafcadio Hearn was a reporter on the staff of a Cincinnati newspaper. One day a famous steeple-climber was going to scale the spire of the cathedral to repair the cross that topped the spire two hundred feet above the sidewalk. The afternoon he first scaled the spire thousands of people watched him breathlessly as he slowly made his way up the outside of the steeple. Of course he was interviewed, and he said boastfully that the task was so easy that he could just as well carry a man upon his back. That noon Hearn said timidly to his city editor that he had read of the steeple-climber's offer, and would be glad to ascend the spire on his back. The editor tried to point out to Hearn the peril of the thing, but he would not listen. Finally, the steeple-climber and Hearn arranged their end of the feat. At the appointed time, Hearn mounted the steeple-climber's shoulders, and the dizzy journey began. Tens of thousands of people watched the foolhardy pair. At last the cross was reached, and Hearn left his perch on the climber's shoulders. The mob in the streets below cheered, and then the two men returned to the ground safely. Hearn went back to the office, and sat down and wrote two columns of a story describing his sensations, and the glories of the view

he had obtained from the steeple-top. Such a glowing description of a city seen from a great height has never been read before or since. The most interesting thing about it was the fact that Hearn was so near-sighted he could not see five feet beyond the tip of his nose.

THE AMATEUR REFORMER.

Insists on Complaining to the Head of the Firm.

"Yes," said the tall, loose-jointed man at the telephone, "that's the number I want—229."

"Double two nine?" queried the voice at the central office.

"Well, I don't know that double two nine is any better than the plain, ordinary two, two, nine, but if you insist on that style, suppose we say double two single nine and get it exactly right. . . . Hello! Is that Spotcash & Co.'s?"

"Yes," responded the voice at the other end of the wire.

"Is Mr. Spotcash in?"

"Is it something important? He is much occupied."

"So am I. Yes, it's a matter of some importance, and I want to talk to Mr. Spotcash personally. . . . Yes, I'll hold the wire. . . . That is, I'll hold the 'phone—"

"Hello!" snapped somebody at this juncture.

"Hello! Is that Mr. Spotcash?"

"Yes. Who is it?"

"You are the head of the firm of Spotcash & Co., are you not?"

"Yes," was the impatient answer. "What do you want? Who are you?"

"Gwilliams, No. 1195 Pumpnickel Street. I want to enter a complaint."

"What about?"

"I bought an ice-box at your store a few days ago, and—"

"Call up the household goods department, confound you! I have no time to spare to look after such things."

"You've got as much time, perhaps, as I have. I haven't any complaint to make to the household goods department. The head of the firm is the man I want to talk to. I bought an ice-box at your store a few days ago for sixteen dollars and seventy-five cents. I might have got it cheaper somewhere else, but that isn't the point. Having bought it and paid for it, I had a right to expect it to be delivered within a reasonable time and in fair condition. It didn't come for four days, and when it did come—"

"Say, you! I employ men to hear complaints of this kind—"

"I have no use for them. You're the responsible man of the house. The system is yours. If it doesn't work smoothly it is your fault. When that ice-box came four days after purchase, one of the castors was missing, the varnish was scraped off the outside surface in more than a dozen places, and it looked as if it had gone through a hard season at a cheap boarding-house—"

"If there's anything wrong with it," roared Mr. Spotcash, "send it back! I can't take up my time—"

"Stand a little further away from the 'phone, Mr. Spotcash. Your voice sounds as if you had your mouth full of mashed potatoes—"

"Who the devil are you?"

"I think I gave you my name and address, Gwilliams, No. 1195 Pumpnickel Street, next door to Lazarus J. Spillhorn. You don't know me from a stuffed alligator, but you may have heard of Spillhorn. Don't you allow yourself to get hot, Mr. Spotcash, over an ice-box. The incongruity of such a thing ought to be apparent, even to the head of an overgrown junkshop—"

"If you were here, sir, I should kick you out of my office—"

"You would probably need some help. If that ice-box had simply been defaced a little I shouldn't have made any fuss about it, but the stupid ass you sent to deliver it—"

"Haven't you sense enough, you infernal idiot, to know that I don't look personally after the little details of a business amounting to millions of dollars a year?"

"If you don't grasp every detail of that business, you Cheap-John notion-peddler in a gilt binding, you are not fit to be the boss of it. Don't try to crawl out of the responsibility by throwing the blame on some boy. If that ice-box had simply been defaced a little, I repeat, I shouldn't have made any fuss about it, but the fellow you sent to deliver it didn't have any more sense than to tumble it on the sidewalk—"

"Bring it back, blank you—"

"Look here, Spotcash, that won't do, you know. You are not allowed to talk in that style over the telephone. Exercise a little common sense, Spotcash. You know it isn't my place to bring that ice-box back. The proper thing to do, you thirty-third degree haberdasher and toy-vendor, is to send me a new ice-box and take the damaged one back—"

"You blank fool, do you think you can tell me—"

"Again let me tell you, Spotcash, not to use such language over the telephone. Some remote ancestor of yours may possibly have been a gentleman. Try to emulate him, Spotcash. In the meantime, please accept the assurances of my distinguished consideration, and the ice-box will remain in my dwelling, subject to your order. If it is replaced properly and within a reasonable time, you will not hear from me again. If it isn't, I shall call you up, Spotcash, personally, a dozen times a day through all the public telephones in town. I haven't the patience to call at your store to make the complaint. Your system of making exchanges is too complicated, and I believe in going to head-quarters with all kicks, anyhow. Never allow yourself to think, Spotcash, that you are too big a man to listen to a complaint from your meanest customer. I think that's all. Good-morning, Spotcash."—Chicago Tribune.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

COOK'S ROUND THE WORLD PARTIES.

THREE PARTIES LEAVE THE Pacific Coast during September, October, and November, spending from 4 to 6 months in a GRAND COMPREHENSIVE TOUR OF THE WORLD.

All accommodations of the highest class; prices extremely moderate. See illustrated Programme.

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AMERICAN LINE.

New York and Southampton (London, Paris), from New York every Wednesday, 10 A. M.
St. Louis August 30 / New York September 13
St. Paul September 6 / St. Louis September 20

RED STAR LINE.

New York and Antwerp. From New York every Wednesday, 12 noon.
Friesland August 30 / Westernland September 13
Southark September 6 / Kensington September 20

EMPIRE LINE.

To Alaska and Cold Fields.

For passage and freight apply to International Navigation Company, G. D. FAHNESTOCK, General Agent Pacific Coast, 30 Montgomery Street.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY, FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:
Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for
YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,
Calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with Steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1899.
Doric. (Via Honolulu) Saturday, Sept. 2
Coptic. (Via Honolulu) Friday, Sept. 29
Gaelic. (Via Honolulu) Tuesday, October 24
Doric. (Via Honolulu) Friday, November 17
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

Toyo Kisen Kaisha

(ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)

IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA and HONG KONG, calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Nippon Maru. Tuesday, September 12
America Maru. Friday, October 6
Hongkong Maru. Wednesday, November 1

Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market Street, cor. First.
W. E. CURTIS, General Agent.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:
For Alaskan ports, 10 A. M., August 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, September 3, change to company's steamers at Seattle.
For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 10 A. M., August 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, September 3, and every fifth day thereafter.
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 2 P. M., August 5, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, September 1, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports, 9 A. M., August 4, 9, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, September 1, and every fourth day thereafter.
For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 A. M., Aug. 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, September 3, and every 4th day thereafter. For further information see folder.

For Mexican ports, 10 A. M., seventh of each month. The company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates and hours of sailing.

Ticket Office 4 New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel).

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., 10 Market St., S. F.

S. S. Alameda sails via Honolulu and Auckland for Sydney, Wednesday, September 6, 1899, at 10 p. m.
S. S. Australia, for Honolulu only, Wednesday, Sept. 20, 2 p. m.
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 114 Montgomery St. Freight Office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

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AMERICAN SERVICE.

The New Twin Screw Steamship

OCEANIC
The Largest Vessel in the World.
17,040 tons, length 704 ft., width 68 ft. 4 1/2 in.
First sailing from New York, Wednesday, September 20th, noon.

TEUTONIC and MAJESTIC

Twin Screw.
10,000 tons. 582 feet long.

CYMRIC

Twin Screw, 12,552 tons, 600 feet long, one of the largest steamships afloat.

GERMANIC and BRITANNIC

Wednesday sailings from New York.

S. TENNEY FRENCH, G. W. A.,

94-96 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

For passage apply to G. W. FLETCHER, 613 Market Street, or to official railway and steamship offices on Pacific Coast.

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A NEW UNION TWILLED SILK "ROOF" \$1.00



RE-COVER YOUR OWN UMBRELLA.

The Adjustable "Roof" fits any frame, requires no sewing, and can be put on in a minute. You can re-cover your own umbrella without the slightest trouble or moments delay.

Take the measure (to the fraction of an inch) of your old umbrella; count the number of outside ribs; state if the center rod is steel or wood; send to us with \$1.00 and we will mail postpaid, a Union Twilled Silk 25 or 26 inch Adjustable "Roof" (27 or 28 inch, \$1.25; 29 or 30 inch, \$1.50). Umbrella "Roofs" all sizes and prices from 50 cents to \$8.00 each, according to quality. If you are not absolutely satisfied in every particular, send the "roof" back, and we will refund the money at once, including stamps you have used for postage. Over a quarter of a million "Roofs" sold. Booklet, "Umbrella Economy" with simple instructions necessary with your order. All first-class dealers sell Jones Umbrella "Roofs."

The Jones-Mullen Co., 396-398 Broadway, New York.

Manufacturers of the highest grades of Umbrellas to the largest stores in the world.

SOCIETY.

Sports at Del Monte.

The Hotel Del Monte has been the fashionable Mecca of all California during the past week. The occasion was the annual outing of the Pacific Coast Pony Racing and Steeple-Chase Association, which has surpassed in brilliance all previous meets of the association. The hotel has been crowded with a gay throng who watched the various sports by day and enjoyed themselves dancing and in other ways at night.

The first event on the programme was the Del Monte Invitation Doubles Tournament and consolation doubles, played on Friday, August 18th, and Saturday. The results were as follows:

Mr. Samuel Hardy and Mr. James A. Code, handicap four-sixths of fifteen, defeated Dr. J. W. Phillips and Mr. Grant Smith, 6-4, 6-4, 4-6, 6-8, 9-7, in the finals, and Mr. R. G. Hunt and Mr. Earl Stone defeated Dr. C. B. Root and Mr. George S. Bradshaw, 6-2, 6-2, 7-5, in the consolation doubles.

The pigeon shoot began on Saturday morning and continued till late in the afternoon, the scores made being as follows:

Mr. R. B. Murdock, Mr. Frederick R. Webster, and Mr. A. H. Whitney at 25 yards and Mr. C. W. Tuttle at 27 missed only once in 25 shots, and in the shoot-off at 5 birds Mr. Murdock killed 5, winning the match, and Messrs. Webster and Whitney 3 each. Subsequently Mr. Whitney won second prize by Mr. Webster's miss on his fifteenth shot. The others' scores were Mr. Frederick W. Tallant, 23; Mr. Clinton E. Worden, 22; Mr. Edward Donohoe, 21; Mr. W. B. Tubbs and Mr. F. J. Carolan, 20; Mr. George Crocker, Mr. F. H. B. Johnson, and Mr. Peter D. Martin, 19; Mr. A. Bruguiere, 17; and Mr. W. R. Whittier, 16.

The ladies' handicap golf tournament, eighteen holes, for the George Crocker Cup began on Monday, August 21st, and was completed the next day. The record of the contest is as follows:

Preliminary.—Miss Rowe, 114; Miss Jarecki, 118; Miss Scott, 121; Miss McBean, 123; Mrs. Henry T. Scott, 125; Mrs. Winslow, 125; Miss Crockett, 126; Miss Mann, 127; Miss Maud Mullins, 127; Mrs. Silent, 129; Mrs. W. P. Fuller, 131; Mrs. Connelly, 131; Miss Carolan, 135; Miss Taylor, 136; Mrs. Cunningham, 148; Miss Patton, 148; Miss G. Carolan, 151; Miss O'Connor, 158; Miss Barton, 162; Mrs. McKittrick, 166; and Mrs. Tubbs, Miss Ethel Hager, and Miss Carroll, no returns.

Final medal play.—Miss Scott (handicap 3), 108; Miss Carolan (10), 115; Mrs. H. T. Scott (6), 116; Miss Edith McBean (3), 117; Miss Taylor (10), 119; Miss Winslow (6), 121; Mrs. Connelly (8), 121; Miss Crockett (3), 122; Mrs. E. D. Silent (6), 122; Miss Rowe (0), 124; Miss Jarecki (0), 125; Mrs. W. P. Fuller (8), 125; Mrs. Mann (7), 129; Miss Patton (17), 137; Miss Maud Mullins (3), 140.

On Tuesday afternoon an informal doubles tennis tournament for ladies was played for two small loving-cups offered by Mrs. C. B. Alexander. Miss Edith McBean and Miss Crocker were the successful contestants over Miss Taylor and Miss Carolan, Miss Crockett and Miss Genevieve Carolan, and Miss Mary Scott and Miss McCook.

The men's golf contest for the Del Monte Cup began on Wednesday with thirty-one contestants, who were reduced to sixteen by the qualifying round, eighteen holes, in the forenoon. The results follow:

Qualified: Mr. Conde Jones, 85; Mr. C. E. Maud, 86; Mr. W. H. Young, 87; Mr. B. Crowell, 89; Mr. R. H. Crowell, 91; Mr. C. P. Hubbard, 93; Mr. J. P. Sartori, 93; Mr. J. E. Cook, 93; Mr. Walter Cosby, 94; Mr. R. M. Fitzgerald, 94; Mr. S. L. Abbot, 95; Mr. W. W. Lovett, 95; Mr. E. B. Tufts, 95; Mr. J. A. Folger, 95; Mr. Hugh May, 96; and Lieutenant T. Gaines Roberts, U. S. N., 96. **Failed to qualify:** Mr. R. D. Osburn, 97; Mr. T. L. Craig, 98; Mr. C. R. Winslow, 98; Mr. M. C. Burmester, 99; Mr. D. Grant, 99; Mr. E. D. Silent, 100; Mr. H. H. Smith, 103; Mr. W. E. Flowers, 104; Mr. H. W. L. O'Rourke, 106; Mr. A. B. Lord, 106; Mr. C. S. Lesher, 107; Mr. T. D. Connelly, 115; Mr. L. L. Roos, 119; Mr. T. Crocker, 120; and Mr. L. Adams, 123.

The Southern California men have made a splendid showing, and strong interest is manifested in the team match between Southern and Northern California golfers scheduled for Friday, August 26th. The conclusion of the week's sports will be the pony races and steeple-chase on Saturday and the yacht races on Sunday.

Harvard Club Banquet.

The annual banquet of the Harvard Club took place at a downtown restaurant on Monday evening, August 21st, some sixty members being present. Addresses were made by President Samuel Bigelow,

who presided, Mr. Horace Davis, Professor Max Agassiz, Mr. J. W. Taylor, and others.

At a business meeting at the close of the evening, Dr. T. W. Huntington, Mr. William D. M. Howard, and Mr. C. C. Bull were elected to membership.

Notes and Gossip.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Bernice Thompson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Thompson, of Napa, to Mr. Tod Robinson Scott, brother of Mr. Henry H. Scott and of Mrs. Neville H. Castle.

The home of Mr. L. L. Cunningham, of London, England, has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mrs. Cunningham was formerly Miss Hilda Castle, of San Francisco.

The Phebe A. Hearst Architectural Competition.

One of the most remarkable and important competitions probably that was ever held in the world—we speak advisedly—will be brought to a conclusion in this city during the following week. When Mrs. Phebe A. Hearst, in pursuance of a long-cherished wish to perpetuate the name of her late husband, by associating it with some practical benefit to the State, undertook as a preliminary work to give the University of California what, strange to say, it absolutely lacked, an architectural plan, very few people, even among the best informed, realized the magnitude of the work. Hitherto the university has grown in a haphazard fashion—a building being erected here or there, with no architectural unity, and little regard to the natural advantages or picturesque of the grounds. The result is that a really fine building erected now would lose in beauty and dignity by the miscellaneous and ill-regulated character of its surroundings.

It was to remedy this grave defect that Mrs. Hearst offered her services to the board of regents. She represented to the board that her idea was to have literally the best plan in the world, both for the honor of the State and the credit of the university, as well as for the practical wisdom of having a plan theoretically perfect, so as to insure its being adhered to in future generations. As a consequence, all the architects in the world were invited to prepare a general scheme upon which the university buildings and grounds could be modeled. This, of course, meant an enormous amount of preliminary work in the way of preparing maps showing the contour of the grounds, their nature, the present buildings, diagrams, descriptions, and explanations, for the enlightenment of the competitors who knew nothing of the original conditions. All of this literature had to be translated into a dozen different languages, compiled into pamphlets and disseminated broadcast. Correspondence was held with all the great architectural societies, agencies were established in all the important cities of Europe and America, and terms drawn up for the regulating of the competition satisfactory to the architects who were invited to compete.

The board of trustees who controlled this huge design, at the request of Mrs. Hearst, was composed of the governor of this State, Professor William Carey Jones of the University of California, and Regent J. B. Reinstein, of this city. At the same time Mrs. Hearst gave the details of this project her own personal attention, and probably no enterprise was ever conducted with a more open-handed, we might say princely, liberality. The first judgment, or *concours*, was held in Antwerp last September. The Belgian government, with generous cordiality, placed the Royal Museum of Art at the disposal of Mrs. Hearst and the trustees, stripping it of its treasures to make way for the plans, and detailing military, police, and fire officials to guard the exhibit day and night. Over one hundred architects from all the countries in the world were represented. Each architect submitted from eight to ten drawings, varying in size from a few feet square to ten feet long by seven feet wide. This meant nearly a thousand drawings that had to be mounted and placed upon frames for the inspection of the jury of award, all demanding and receiving the same advantages as to light and position. Such a task might well seem appalling, to almost any one, but Mrs. Hearst and her assistants, in no wise daunted, carried it through to a most successful issue. The jury of award, which was composed of four eminent architects from Germany, France, England, and America, and Regent Reinstein, of the board of trustees, finally selected eleven plans which were to be revised at the discretion of their authors, and submitted in final competition in this city.

It is this concluding *concours* which is now about to take place here. At the request of Mrs. Hearst and the board of trustees the San Francisco Art Association has undertaken the control of the affair, Captain Robert H. Fletcher, curator of the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art, having personal supervision of the details. The board of harbor commissioners has placed the nave of the Ferry Building at the disposition of the gentlemen concerned, its iron and marble construction, its great length and excellent lighting making it peculiarly suitable for the purpose; in fact, since there are more than one hundred drawings in the eleven plans, requiring six hundred linear feet of wall space, the Ferry Building is about the only place in town where the display could be made. The jury of award for this final competition consists in part of the distinguished

architects, Dr. Wallot of Berlin, Mr. Pascal of Paris, Mr. Belcher of London, and Mr. Cook of New York. These gentlemen will arrive in this city about August 30th. Regent J. B. Reinstein, who is the fifth juror, completes the list.

The importance of this work can not be over-estimated. The European press and the papers of the Eastern States have given it more attention than our own journals, and it is safe to say that the name of the University of California, which prior to Mrs. Hearst's undertaking was scarcely heard of outside the borders of its own State, is now known in the four quarters of the habitable globe.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The first concert of the season will be given on Thursday evening by two young San Franciscans who have just returned from study abroad. They are Miss Meta Asher, pianiste, and Mr. Harry Samuels, violinist. Miss Asher, who played here in concert in 1889 when a mere child, went to Berlin in 1895 and studied at the Royal Academy under Professor Barth and later in Paris under Moszkowski. Mr. Samuels studied here under Mr. Henry Heyman, who then pronounced the young man his most promising pupil, and in 1893 he went abroad. In Berlin he remained four years, studying at the Hochschule under Joachim, and later he worked under César Thomson in Brussels. Last October he returned to this country and settled in New York City. This is his first visit to his native city in six years.

The Minetti Quartet announces a series of six chamber-music concerts (four matinées and two evening performances), during the months of October, November, and December, and January, February, and March at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall.

The death of Mrs. Martha Hitchcock, widow of the late Dr. C. T. Hitchcock and mother of Mrs. Lillie Hitchcock Coit took place at her apartment at the Palace Hotel last Tuesday. Mrs. Hitchcock, who was in her seventy-sixth year, was a social leader here in the early days, and though she went out but little of late years, her home has always been a popular gathering place among the older set.

Mrs. F. W. Pickens, widow of the well-known war governor of South Carolina, has died at the old Pickens mansion near Edgefield. She was a woman of great beauty and brilliancy and attracted much attention at the court of the Czar when her husband was minister to Russia, prior to the outbreak of the Rebellion.

Colonial Hotel.

The management wishes to inform its patrons of the completion of the new private bath-rooms in connection with suites of rooms. Reservation for the winter season should be made at once.

Moët & Chandon.

(The Largest and Oldest Champagne House in the World.)

White Seal (Grande Cuvée), of exceptional bouquet and dryness.—*Court Journal*.

WILLIAM WOLFF & CO.,
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SPEAK FRENCH, SPANISH, QUICKLY, FLUENTLY.
SIMPLIFIED and practical methods for acquiring in the shortest time complete fluency of speech in French and Spanish. Select classes just formed; a few more pupils may still be admitted. Apply 2 to 4.

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320 POST ST.

Vendome Country Home.

Surrounded by a 12-acre park, it resembles a country mansion—and only two blocks from the railroad station, where twenty-five daily trains connect it with the outside world. Over 250 rooms. Suites magnificently furnished with toilet and bath. Tourists' headquarters for Lick Observatory and all interesting points in Santa Clara County.

GEO. P. SNELL, Manager, San José, Cal.

GEO. GOODMAN

PATENTEE AND MANUFACTURER OF

ARTIFICIAL STONE Schillinger's Patent.
IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Side Walk and Garden Walk a Specialty.

Office, 307 Montgomery St., Nevada Block, S. F.

Pears'

To keep the skin clean is to wash the excretions from it off; the skin takes care of itself inside, if not blocked outside.

To wash it often and clean, without doing any sort of violence to it, requires a most gentle soap, a soap with no free alkali in it.

Pears', the soap that clears but not excoriates.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

THE GREAT LEADER OF

CHAMPAGNES

G. H. Mumm & Co.'s Extra Dry

WHILE words tell, statistics prove.

The importation of G. H. MUMM & CO.'S EXTRA DRY in 1898 aggregating 86,855 cases, or 52,649 cases more than of any other brand, is certainly the most striking evidence of the great popularity of this famous brand of champagne, and particular attention is called to the fine quality, purity, and natural dryness of the wine now coming to this market.

Used at almost all notable banquets, balls, weddings, etc.

Dine above the Clouds

Above the noise, and dust, and flies. Perfect service in Spreckels Rotisserie, 15th Floor Call Building, 210 feet above Market Street.

SPRECKELS ROTISSERIE,

ALBERT WOLFF,

Proprietor.

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The leading Family and Tourist Hotel in San Francisco. Situated in a warm and pleasant part of the city, near the theatres, churches, and principal stores. Two lines of cable-cars pass the hotel; Sutter Street line direct from the Ferries. All modern improvements for the comfort and convenience of guests. Sunny and elegantly furnished rooms, single or en suite, with or without private bath. The excellence of the cuisine and service are leading features, and there is an atmosphere of home comfort rarely met with in a hotel. Select patronage only. Rates for board and room, \$2.00 to \$4.00 per day. Suites with board for two persons, \$120.00 per month and upwards.

O. M. BRENNAN, Proprietor.

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NEWLY REFITTED WITH ALL THE LATEST MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

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San Francisco, Cal.

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MRS. M. W. DENVER.

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D. W. JAMES, Proprietor,
Late of Paso Robles Hotel.

ROYAL Baking Powder
Absolutely Pure.
Made from Pure Grape Cream of Tartar.

SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. James A. Robison and Miss Elena Robison leave for Paris on Monday, August 28th, to be absent a year.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels have taken the house in Paris formerly occupied by Mrs. Hearst, and intend remaining there through the exposition.

Mrs. William Ashburner, of San Francisco, and Miss Averill, of Stockbridge, Mass. are passing the month of September at the Hotel Vendôme.

Mrs. William Kohl came up from San Mateo on Tuesday, and is a guest at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Mills and the Misses Mills were among the returning travelers on the White Star liner *Majestic* on her last trip from Liverpool.

Mr. H. M. Whitney arrived from Honolulu early in the week, and is a guest at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. James Barron is a guest at the Tavern of Castle Crag.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Vining are guests at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mahl and Miss Mahl have returned from Del Monte, and are at the Hotel Richelieu for the winter.

Mr. H. T. Damon and Miss M. Damon sailed on Wednesday on the Oceanic steamer *Australia* for their home in Honolulu.

Mrs. Stephen J. Field, of Washington, D. C., and Mrs. Condit Smith visited San José lately, sojourning at the Hotel Vendôme.

Mr. R. H. Pease, Jr., was among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais.

Major and Mrs. Ben C. Truman and Miss Truman came up from Los Angeles last Tuesday and are at the Occidental Hotel.

Mrs. George L. Bradley is a guest at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mrs. Emily Boysen and Miss Hilda Van Sicklen sailed from New York for Europe on Wednesday last.

Mr. Raphael Weill, who has been spending the past five months in Europe, returned to this city on Sunday, August 28th.

Professor Max Agassiz, of Harvard, and Mr. A. Agassiz registered at the Palace Hotel on Monday, August 21st, and left on Wednesday on a scientific expedition in the South Seas on the United States Fish Commission ship *Albatross*.

Mrs. Jeremiah Clarke will return from Santa Barbara September 1st to the Hotel Pleasanton, where she has engaged rooms for the winter.

Colonel Alexander G. Hawes returned from Mexico on Saturday, August 19th, and is a guest at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. Henry Heyman, who has been visiting Captain and Mrs. W. B. Collier at Clear Lake and the Slosses in San Rafael, has returned to town for the winter.

Mr. William Keith, the artist, returned from Europe on the White Star liner *Majestic*, which arrived in New York from Liverpool last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Callaghan Byrne, of Los Angeles, and Mrs. Byrne's father, Mr. W. T. Ellis, of Marysville, arrived in town on Wednesday and are at the Palace Hotel for a few days.

Mr. Philip Bruce Thornton arrived in town from Williams, Ariz., on Wednesday, and is a guest at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Loring, Mrs. E. Craig, and Miss L. Henslop, of New York, are sojourning at the Tavern of Castle Crag.

Dr. and Mrs. C. G. Kenyon have an apartment at the Hotel Pleasanton for the winter.

Mr. Joseph B. Crockett was a recent guest at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Michels have returned from Del Monte and are at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mrs. S. G. Wilder left for Honolulu on the Oceanic steamer *Australia* last Wednesday.

Miss Morrison, of San José, and Mrs. Robert F. Cryan, of London, returned recently from a sojourn at the Tavern of Castle Crag.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Mullens enjoyed a trip to the Tavern of Tamalpais during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Knight and Mr. Fred Knight will be at the Hotel Pleasanton this winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Eisner have returned from Europe and are at the Hotel Richelieu.

The Misses Lieb, who have been visiting in Kentucky during the summer months, will return next week to their home on the Alameda, in San Jose.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Clark are at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Rosenbaum have returned from Del Monte, and are at the Hotel Richelieu for the winter.

Mr. William B. Storey, Jr., is living at the Hotel Pleasanton this winter.

The Misses Morrison, of San José, have returned from their southern trip, and will spend a fortnight in September at the Hotel Del Monte.

Among the week's guests at the Hotel Rafael were Mrs. Charles L. Rhodes, Miss Gertrude Jolliffe, Miss V. Arnold, Miss Edes, Mr. C. Follis, Mr. W. P. Drown, Mr. William Hunt, Mr. Paul Cowles, and Mr. Walter L. Dean.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. E. S. Heller, Mrs. M. Sheldon, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bush, Mrs. James McElroy, Mr. and Mrs. George Eberhard, of San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Dain, of Montreal, Mr. J. H. Ralph, of New York, Mrs. C. H. Leonard, of Stockton, and Mr. and Mrs. E. Wilcox, of Sydney, Australia.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Brigadier-General Irving Hale, U. S. V., and

Mrs. Hale, returned from Manila on the Occidental and Oriental steamer *Doric* last Tuesday.

Captain Edwin V. Bookmiller, Sixteenth Infantry, U. S. A., has been ordered to duty in this city.

Commander B. H. McCalla, U. S. N., is on his way to this city, where he is to take command of the cruiser *Newark*.

Dr. E. G. Parker, U. S. N., is a guest at the California Hotel.

Lieutenant Bolio K. McMorris, U. S. N., is a guest at the Occidental Hotel.

Lieutenant-Commander Thomas S. Phelps, Jr., U. S. N., was a guest at the Palace Hotel in the early part of the week.

RECENT WILLS AND SUCCESSIONS.

The will of the late J. West Martin, who died at his home in Oakland on Friday, August 18th, was filed for probate in that city last Tuesday. It bequeaths the entire estate, valued at \$500,000, to the widow, Jane Foote Martin, recommending to her care the testator's two children, Thomas Davis Carnegie and Shelby Foote Martin. Another son, Richmond Martin, died two years ago.

The will of the late Antoine Bocqueraz, who died in France on June 10th, was filed for probate in this city by his son, Mr. Leon Bocqueraz, on Tuesday last. The estate, which comprises real property in this city valued at more than \$100,000, and personal property of value unknown, is devised to the widow and three surviving children.

The Navy Department has received the record of a naval court-martial which decided the question whether an enlisted man on guard is neglecting his duty in making love to a girl. Corporal Tom Scanlon, of the marine corps, was the accused man. Corporal Scanlon was marching his beat outside of an officer's residence at the League Island Navy Yard, near Philadelphia, when a servant-maid in the officer's household joined him. The officer came upon the couple suddenly, much to the confusion of both, as Corporal Scanlon had his arm around the maid's waist. Charges of unsoldierly conduct and neglect of duty were preferred by the officer against Corporal Scanlon. A court-martial was ordered, much to the astonishment of Corporal Scanlon, who, being an Irishman and a soldier, could not understand why he was not privileged to make love to a pretty girl at all times. The court returned a verdict of "Not guilty" on all charges and specifications. The department evidently indorses this view, as Secretary Long has approved the verdict of the court-martial and ordered that Corporal Scanlon be restored to duty.

Sympathy and affection for a certain insect pest were openly expressed at a recent meeting of a theosophical club in Philadelphia. One feminine speaker declared that it was sinful to kill the unpopular bedbug. Another speaker made an appeal for the mosquito, which, she said, "led at best a brief and painful existence, signing its death-warrant when it took its first taste of human blood. True Esoteric Buddhism required that all windows and doors should be screened so that the sum total of animal suffering might be lessened." A giddy girl, sitting behind the speaker, tickled her neck with the tassel of a parasol, and the vicious slap this broad philanthropist gave at the supposed insect drew forth a ripple of laughter from the rather unbelieving part of the audience.

Mrs. Lily Langtry, the actress, was married on July 27th, at the island of Jersey, to Hugo Gerald de Bathe, twenty-eight years of age, eldest son of Sir Henry Percival de Bathe, Bart., a retired general and Crimean veteran. The ceremony was private, the only witness being Mrs. Langtry's daughter. The Prince of Wales is said to have been in the confidence of the pair, and to have sent a telegram of congratulations. Sisters of the bridegroom are married to Harry MacCallmont, Harry Lawson, and Sir Saville Brinton Crossley, Bart. The wedding will not interfere with Mrs. Langtry's plans for the theatrical season in London, where she is engaged to appear at the Haymarket Theatre.

As the *Argonaut* goes to press the United States transport *Sherman* is steaming up the bay, bearing the California volunteers on their way home from the Philippines. The welcome awaiting them is a warm one. Thursday and Friday, August 24th and 25th, 1899, will long be remembered by those in San Francisco who witness the celebration.

Halle University has conferred the degree of doctor of philosophy *honoris causa* on Mrs. Agnes Smith Lewis, of Cambridge, England, who discovered the Syriac Gospels on Mount Sinai and edited them. It is the first time the degree is given to a woman as an honorary one in Germany.

The trip up the Scenic Railway to Mt. Tamalpais, via Sausalito Ferry, offers a pleasant day's outing. The round trip from Mill Valley to the Tavern of Tamalpais is one dollar, and the fare from this city to Mill Valley and return is only forty cents.

"He—'In what month were you born?' She—'Oh, you needn't be afraid; the diamond is appropriate.'"—*The Jewellers' Weekly*.

BLAIR, THE REGULAR.

Blair, the regular, wounded lay
On the slope of San Juan Hill;
Near by were two of the volunteers,
Bleeding and faint and still;
Aod further up, in a palm-tree hid,
A Spaniard with deadly gun
Took cruel aim at the men below,
Dropping them one by one.

One volunteer, with a feeble hand,
Fought with the plugging flies;
It told the fact of lingering life
To the Spaniard's watchful eyes.
He raised his gun to his shoulder then
And a bullet sang afar;
It hit the hat of the wounded man,
Who lay on the left of Blair.

Another! The boy on the right-hand winced,
And uttered a moan of pain;
Another! Blair looked at his reddened blouse
And muttered, "I'm hit again,
But there's one more load in my old gun"—
His brow grew black with a frown—
"And I vow I'll shoot that Spanish brute,
Who fires on men that are down."

Weak were his hands as he raised his gun,
But steady his eye and aim;
Soon, round the trunk of the shielding palm,
The head of the Spaniard came;
Then up from the slope the Springfield spoke
And answered the Mauser well;
Blair, the regular, grimly smiled
And the Spaniard shrieked and fell.

The volunteer who lay on the left
Moaned "Water!" again and again.
Said Blair, "By making a double-quick
I may capture a full canteen."
So, firmly shutting his whitening lips,
He crept where the Spaniard lay,
Secured the prize and crawled slowly back—
Ah, painful and long seemed the way!

"You first," said both of the volunteers,
As he held out the full canteen;
They saw his blood-stained blouse, and they knew
Right well what its cost had been;
Blair could but whisper to answer them,
One hand on his bleeding side,
"You fellows have homes somewhere," said he,
"I'm a regular." Then he died.

Sidney of England, make room! Make room
In thy niche of courtly fame,
While side by side with thine own we write
Another nobleman's name!
Blair, the regular! Homeless no more
Since thy death's heroic day,
Thy name and the fame of thy gallant deed
Are homed in our hearts for aye.
—*Ida Reed Smith in the Youth's Companion*.

A new development in French dueling is reported from the west of France. A journalist and a politician were fighting with foils, when, in lunging, the latter slipped and thrust his foil into the fleshy part of the thigh of one of the seconds, an army surgeon. The duel was stopped at once, and a report was drawn up by the seconds, saying that as blood had been drawn honor was satisfied.

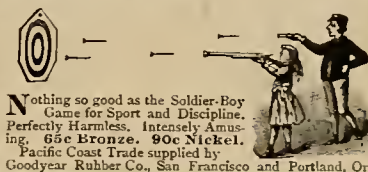
A recent discovery in the Vatican library, among some eleventh-century manuscripts, was a set of maps of the time of Ptolemy, the geographer.

Fads in Note-Papers.

The oen papers, "Dawn Grey" and "Wedge-wood Green," which Messrs. Cooper & Co., the Art Stationers, are showing, have met with great success. "Wynne Grey," which this firm has introduced, is also very popular.

—MRS. ALICE BACON WASHINGTON will receive pupils for piano instruction at her residence, 1150 O'Farrell St., between Franklin and Gough, after the 1st of September. Present address, Mill Valley.

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LEAVE	From August 2, 1899.	ARRIVE
7:00 A	Benicia, Suisun, and Sacramento	5:45 P
7:00 A	Marysville, Oroville, and Redding via Woodland	5:45 P
7:00 A	Elmira, Vacaville, and Rumsen	5:50 P
7:30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa	6:15 P
8:00 A	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	9:45 A
8:30 A	San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, and Red Bluff	4:15 P
8:30 A	"Mitten, Oakdale, and Sonoma	4:15 P
8:30 A	Yosemite Valley via Oakdale and Chinese	4:15 P
9:00 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations	11:45 A
9:00 A	Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno	12:15 P
9:00 A	Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East	6:45 P
10:00 A	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations	7:45 P
11:00 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations	2:45 P
12:00 M	Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Sacramento, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville	4:15 P
*1:00 P	Sacramento River Steamers	8:00 P
3:00 P	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations	5:45 P
4:00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa	9:15 A
4:00 P	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Oroville	10:45 A
4:30 P	Niles, San Jose, and Stockton	7:15 P
4:30 P	Yosemite Sleeping Car for Raymond	12:15 P
5:00 P	The Owl, Tracy, Fresno, Bakersfield, Saugus for Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	9:45 A
5:30 P	Stockton, Merced, and Fresno	12:15 P
5:30 P	Martinez, Tracy, Mendota, Fresno, Mojave, and Los Angeles	8:45 A
5:30 P	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	6:45 P
6:00 P	Chicago-San Francisco Special, Ogden and East	8:50 P
6:00 P	Haywards, Niles, and San Jose	7:45 A
6:00 P	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Stations	12:15 P
7:00 P	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East	8:15 A

COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge). (Foot of Market Street.)

12:45 A	Santa Cruz Excursion for Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations	18:05 P
8:15 A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations	5:50 P
*2:15 P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations	10:50 A
4:15 P	San Jose, Glenwood, and Way Stations	9:20 A
4:15 P	Felton, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations	9:20 A

CREEK ROUTE FERRY. From SAN FRANCISCO-Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)-

*7:15	9:00	11:00 A. M.	1:00	2:00	3:00
4:00	12:00	1:00	2:00	3:00	4:00

From OAKLAND-Foot of Broadway- "6:00 A. M.

10:00 A. M.	11:00	12:00	1:00	2:00	3:00	4:00	5:00 P. M.
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COAST DIVISION (Broad Gauge). (Third and Townsend Streets.)

*6:10 A	Ocean View, South San Francisco, San Jose and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only)	*6:30 P
7:30 A	Sunday Excursion for Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations	*8:00 A
9:00 A	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Surf, Lompoc, and Principal Way Stations	*10:30 P
10:40 A	San Jose and Way Stations	4:30 P
11:00 A	San Jose and Way Stations	6:35 A
*2:45 P	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San Jose, Hollister, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove	*10:30 A
*3:30 P	San Jose, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations	*7:30 P
*4:15 P	San Jose and Principal Way Stations	9:45 A
*5:00 P	San Jose and Principal Way Stations	*8:35 A
5:30 P	San Jose and Principal Way Stations	*9:00 A
6:30 P	San Jose and Principal Way Stations	5:30 P
11:45 P	San Jose and Way Stations	17:30 P

A for Morning. P for Afternoon.
* Sunday excepted. † Sunday only. ‡ Saturday only.
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Teacher—"Bobby, name the largest known diamond." Bobby—"The ace."—Judge.

He—"I was cured by the faith-cure." She—"What was your ailment?" He—"Faith in the faith-cure."—Brooklyn Life.

Jaggles—"I see there's a new keeper in the menagerie. Didn't the animals like the old one?" Waggles—"I guess so. They ate him up."—Judge.

Stubbs—"What does it say on that sign Wilkins is nailing over his store door?" Penn—"It says 'Honest Dealings Here.'" Stubbs—"Hm! Another lie nailed."—Chicago News.

Customer—"See here! This suit of clothes you sold me began to fade as soon as I got into the sunlight." Clothier—"Well, didn't I tell you that you couldn't wear it out?"—Ex.

Lulu—"The wretch! He said if I refused him he would take a dose of poison then and there. I refused him." Mabel—"Ah! And what did he do?" Lulu—"Lit a cigarette."—Judge.

Mrs. Chat (nudging Mr. Chat, who snores with his mouth open)—"William, you'd make less noise if you'd keep your mouth shut!" Mr. Chat (only half-awake)—"So'd you."—Tit-Bits.

A wordy row: "Dunphy is pretty well battered up." "Yes. He and McCracken had a passage of words." "Only words?" "That's all. McCracken threw a dictionary at him."—Philadelphia North American.

Maud—"Major, is it true that once during the war one of the enemy died to save your life?" Major Bluntly—"Yes." Maud—"How noble! How did it happen?" Major Bluntly—"I killed him."—Tit-Bits.

Briggs—"There is one thing about Doctor Candor that I like. He tells the truth." Griggs—"What has he been telling you?" Briggs—"He told me if I had only come to him before my money gave out he might have cured me."—Criterion.

Housekeeper—"What's the reason that all the men who come around begging now are such big, strong-looking fellows?" Polite pilgrim—"De reason, lady, is dat it's on'y strong-looking fellows w'at kin beg nowadays widout gettin' hurt."—Philadelphia Record.

The lie had been passed between the two rival scientists, and a duel was inevitable. "Name your weapons," said the challenger, his pale face denoting that he fully realized the gravity of the situation. "We will fight," returned the other, "with cholera microbes in a darkened room."—Washington Star.

Beggar—"Will you please give me sixpence, sir? I'm on my way home to die." Gentleman (handing him the money)—"I don't mind giving you sixpence for so worthy a purpose as this, but your breath smells horribly of whisky." Beggar—"I know it does, sir; whisky's what's killing me."—London Topical Times.

"Do you make much out of your apples?" asked the visitor. "Oh, pretty considerable," answered the farmer, "but I've got a son up in the town who makes more out of the apples in a month than I make the whole season." "A farmer, is he?" "No; he's a doctor. I'm talking about green apples now."—Yonkers Statesman.

Mrs. Dix—"When my husband and I quarrel we never allow the children to witness it." Mrs. Hix—"Why, how in the world do you manage it?" Mrs. Dix—"We always send them out of doors, so they can hear nothing." Mrs. Hix—"Oh, now I understand. I've often wondered why your children were on the street all the time."—Chicago News.

Amateur actor (to friend)—"What did you think of my Hamlet, Charley?" Dear friend—"Immense! In one part of the play you are equal to Irving." Amateur actor—"In what part was that, Charley?" Dear friend—"Where Polonius gives his parting advice to Laertes." Amateur actor—"I was behind the scenes then." Dear friend—"So was Irving."—Tit-Bits.

Eminent statesman—"Put these memoranda into the form of an interview and send it to all the papers. If it is well received, I will interview myself again, and say that I am glad to see the public agrees with me." Private secretary—"But suppose it is not well received?" Eminent statesman—"Then I will say that I haven't seen a reporter for six months."—Boston Transcript.

To prevent fits and convulsions during teething, mothers should always have on hand Steedman's Soothing Powders.

Judge—"Was the stolen article gold or only gilt?" Prisoner—"It was silver, sir. The guilt was all me own, yer anner!"—Jewelers Weekly.

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While Democrats are groping about to find an election-winning issue, the Republican party is being placed in danger of a similar condition by the attitude of the administration on the subject of expansion. Mr. McKinley claims to have no policy; that he is merely maintaining the *status quo* in the Philippines. Broadly speaking, that is probably true; but it is none the less true that all the acts and words of the President and of his official entourage combine to support

the latest announcement of the President that the purpose of the government respecting the Philippines is "peace first, then, with charity for all, an established government of law and order, protecting life and property and occupation for the well-being of the people in which they will participate under the Stars and Stripes." These words of the President glow with those glittering generalities so satisfying to an unthinking popular assembly. At bottom they mean that Mr. McKinley desires to fasten upon the Republican party a policy favoring expansion in the Orient either by annexation or by colonial imperialism.

It is given to no man nor to any group of public men to arbitrarily fix the issues for a free and enlightened people. A reading and thinking people with votes in hand is the court of last resort, where issues are determined and where parties are approved or overthrown, and the casting vote of the court belongs to the independent voter. It is not a matter of vital importance that the present incumbent or any other particular citizen with political ambitions should be elected President in 1900. The best executives we ever had—those whose lives are interwoven with our most stirring history—were those whom the people sought and drew unwillingly to an office which they accepted humbly and modestly as a trust from the people. It is however of vast importance that the control of public affairs shall remain with the Republican party—the party of progress, of prosperity, of formative legislation, of sound finance, and of national unity; and that control is endangered whenever personal politics succeeds in arraying the party against public sentiment. Evidence that such a mistake is being made is cumulative. It comes from all parties and from all classes of people. No one will question the patriotic impulses of either ex-Speaker Reed or Senator Hoar. They are both statesmen of long experience, with clear perceptions and honest convictions. They are both opposed to making the Republican party an advocate of Oriental expansion. Senator Burrows, of Michigan, is an experienced and successful politician, loyal to the party and to the administration. It is his judgment that if the war in the islands continues until the national convention and a settlement in accord with public sentiment is not in sight, "the situation will be to the disadvantage of the Republican party."

The Argonaut is no apologist for Bryan or Bryanism, but it must be recognized that Mr. Bryan, while much of a demagogue, is one of the shrewdest of men before the public. Through that gift he recognized in 1896 the issue that predominated in the ranks of his party. He seized upon it, made it his own, became its nominee, and was no mean contestant for the office of President. During that time, and since, his opportunities for observation have been exceptional. For several years he has been constantly in touch with the public in every grade of life and in all parts of the country. The fact that he is to-day preparing to relegate silver to a secondary position and wage the next campaign on the issue of expansion is evidence of his judgment of the condition of the public pulse, and should be a warning to Republicans.

It is only a few months ago that the Democratic party seemed hopelessly divided on the question of the Philippines. A very large portion of the party favored the retention of the islands as part of the territory of the United States, and were loud in their opinions. To-day that wing of the party is seldom heard from, and Mr. Bryan, in the confidence of his own views, is placing himself in such an attitude that if his party makes him its candidate in 1900, it must adopt his fiat as to anti-expansion. He expects to carry the party with him and attract to his support a large and growing contingent of Republican voters whose opposition to the President's policy is intense enough to obscure their views on the silver question.

The Anti-Imperialist League of Boston is not proposing to organize a national party and place a ticket in the field, but in its growing strength it feels competent to call a convention in October to demonstrate the opposition of the people to the policy of the administration. Its votes will surely go to the party which voices its views. Branch

leagues have been formed, it is said, in most of the large cities West and East, and in many of the smaller towns, and demands for anti-imperialistic literature is increasing in every section.

The *Farm and Home*, of Springfield, Mass., recently canvassed the views of 20,000 farmers. On "independence or subjection" for the Philippines, the vote was 12,520 for the former and 8,416 for the latter. On "Cuban independence or annexation," it was 13,199 to 7,362, respectively. On the question whether the United States "should adhere to or depart from its policy of non-interference with nations beyond the ocean," the vote was 15,624 for adherence and 3,887 against.

Republican conventions are dodging the question and throwing it back upon the President. If they believed thoroughly that the islands were worth their cost in blood and treasure, if they were sure that the departure of the republic from the old paths to enter upon a career of foreign expansion was safe, the conventions would not be referring the whole matter back to the "master guidance" of the President, as in Ohio. They would not be declaring general "confidence in the policies and measures of the President," as in Kentucky. They would not rest satisfied in a vague expression of belief "in the wisdom of high purposes" of the administration, as in Iowa. They would not merely "favor the policy of industrial, commercial, and national expansion" for the purpose of "seeking new fields for our commerce," as in Pennsylvania.

If these things do not indicate the drift of public sentiment we have been mistaken; if they do, the fact must give Republican party leaders pause.

Necessity for one day of rest in seven is so obvious that to seek to demonstrate it would be a waste of time. It is a fact recognized by the general intelligence, and yet the extent to which it is ignored is little less than marvelous. Knowing they need the rest, that the laws of nature entitle them to it, the modern habit is permitted by people who thus wrong themselves to keep up the strain and worry of effort throughout the week. Even where men allow themselves recreation, with a selfishness that can not be too strongly condemned, they force others to toil without the interval for recuperation. Thus human nerves are shattered and the human machine becomes worn out.

The demands of the times, possibly, make inevitable the ceaseless round of labor, and yet in many callings the *personnel* of the laborers is changed with a saving frequency. The railroad man may be on duty for a long stretch, but at the end of his run he is given opportunity to refresh himself for a longer period. The mail-clerk makes a trip of hundreds of miles, but he is actively employed hardly more than half of the time. So with many other callings, but not with seven-day journalism. Men engaged in this grow old before their time. There is not for the hurden put upon them even the poor excuse that it is in answer to a popular demand. Such journalism has its weekly climax in a gaudy horror known in the phrase of the office as the Sunday "Supp.," a vast output of useless misinformation, usually made more fearsome by a "magazine" in which there is no merit of letters, in which art is made a mockery, and the sole object is to create a sensation. This may be done through a deliberate hoax, by the juggling of type until lines run every way excepting the proper way, or by the portrayal of the grotesquely abnormal so that it appeals to the same morbidity that draws a gaping throng to the morgue.

These circumstances are cited to make clear that seven-day journalism is not justifiable on the ground that it accomplishes good. On the contrary, it is in itself a distinct evil, and all its influence tends to lower moral and intellectual standards. Therefore, by its suppression nothing would be lost, and much would be gained. The Sahhatarian bases his opposition on a narrow creed, but the result he seeks to attain is sought by others on a broader plea, constituted of common sense and a humane conception of that which is fair and right. Yet as comment without action is powerless,

opposition without organization futile, the tardiness of attack is hard to explain. In England, the church started the assault upon seven-day journalism, quickly enlisted the interests of commerce and statesmanship, and achieved speedy triumph. If the English church is not better than the American church—if its preachers do not more conscientiously practice their expounded theories—the American church could as effectually accomplish a similarly benign reform. By the American churches is meant the Protestant organizations of this country, which, though differing as to details of belief, can naturally be grouped and as a whole compared with the Church of England. In the proposed betterment, the American church ought to be the leader, some strong mind and brave heart within it starting the movement. The English church has shown the way, and there can be no shame in following so excellent an example. The people of the United States are ready to indorse the project. They realize the utter unworth of seven-day journalism. They rebel at its fakes, its distortions, its monstrous *morale*, and its bewildering size. While clergymen are among its subscribers, while church-members take it to their homes, or advertise in it, the Sunday paper, with all its obnoxious features, will remain, and seven-day journalism disgrace this land, as England refused to be disgraced.

The duty of the church is clear. It is the only force competent to take a decisive initiative. If it will not be longer satisfied with sounding fulminations but get to work, it can do as well as has been done abroad. So long as it continues to tolerate the taking of the undesirable paper, so long is it guilty of an inconsistency, and the utterances from its pulpits will fail to arouse. They will be thought insincere. If all churchmen are not Sabbatarians, if not all of them feel that seven-day journalism is a violation of sacred canons, surely they can understand that in itself it is an evil factor in modern life, grinding men by overwork, and invading homes where its puerile or inane pictures and context must sully character and mar the minds of youth. Let it be attacked, then, on its demerits. This is a position on which the church and the world could stand together, but the church must first take position and invite the world to unite with it. There is no demand here for a Puritan Sunday. Any attempt to formulate such a demand would excite general rancor, and were it to emanate from the church common cause would be made against it, so that even seven-day journalism would escape rebuke and flourish indefinitely. Suppose the church were to assault this type of journalism as it was assaulted in England, the fall of the ill-omened thing would be as sure here as it was there, but not so soon, for here it has taken deep root and thrives rankly from ocean to ocean, a noisome weed.

To believe that the people of Great Britain are more conscientious than the people of America, or that the church there is more potent than the church in this country, is not possible. There was an awakening across the sea, while on this side there are as yet only comforting signs of it. Jahart

The announcement that the Harpers and McClure have consolidated is immediately followed by the further announcement that the price of *Harper's Magazine* is reduced from thirty-five cents, the regular price of high-class magazines, to twenty-five cents. The Harpers explain that while authors and artists are now paid fabulous sums in comparison with old prices, the manufacturing cost of the magazine has been so greatly reduced as to offset that advance and permit of a reduction in the price. It is doubtful that this explanation will be generally accepted. It is true that the prices to authors and artists have been greatly advanced and the cost of manufacturing enormously reduced; but it is very doubtful if such a magazine as *Harper's* can be produced at a cost of twenty-five cents a month. If not, the magazine is to be sold at a loss for the purpose of securing a much larger circulation as a basis for increased charges for advertising. This is merely following the plan of many other kinds of periodicals, including daily newspapers.

The two great geniuses and rivals in the ten-cent magazine field have been McClure and Munsey. Munsey has doubtless far outstripped his rival on the score of circulation, but the two magazines are not for a moment to be compared in merit. McClure has generally made it a rule to secure the very best literary talent without regard to cost; Munsey has sought merely to secure an enormous circulation, and in doing this he has not had any need for high literary ability. It was McClure, publishing a ten-cent magazine, who had the astuteness to recognize the genius of Kipling, after the Harpers had passed him by in their ancient, lordly fashion. It was McClure, publishing a ten-cent magazine, who built up a splendid business on the reputation of his contributors (although this reputation was not always for literary worth), while the Harpers have published a thirty-five cent magazine and seemed to aim for a safe middle ground between the best and the worst; but it

has been, McClure who has forged far ahead, and generally on a high plane—higher, on an average, than that of the Harpers.

McClure, then, may be regarded as the ablest publisher in America. It is true that he has often resorted to the tricks of the showman, which the Harpers have never done. Nevertheless, he represents in the publishing field the peculiarly virile, daring, astute judgment and action that are distinctively American, and that have accounted for brilliant achievements in all other lines of American business. For these qualities he will be immensely valuable to the Harpers; and he in turn will gain by their high standing and their elegance. The combination is an ideal one, and some striking results from it may be expected.

Almost beyond a doubt the first of these has already come in the reduction of the price of *Harper's Magazine*. The publishers announce that there will be no falling off in the quality of the magazine. Of course it is too early for the public to see whether this be true or not. The publishers of *Scribner's* and the *Atlantic* declare that they will not meet the cut. They are probably expecting that the quality of *Harper's* will fall off. If it does not, they will have to meet the cut, or raise the excellence of their publications as an offset. The *Century* has not been heard from. It will find itself in the same position.

Curiously enough, the *Atlantic* has never made a bid for a large circulation. Its publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., are not only very conservative, but have consistently and openly scorned the flash methods of the more popular concerns. Hence, while they publish the best literary magazine in the country, it has an insignificant circulation. This is the sorriest and most eloquent commentary on the popular intelligence of the country that can be found. Their experience, compared with that of the illustrated magazines, shows that printed pictures, mostly lifeless and absurd "half-tones," are much dearer to the popular heart than good literature. In spite of this knowledge, the *Atlantic* placidly pursues its course of presenting good literature and scornful popularity through cheap pictures, seemingly doing so as a matter of mere pride and self-respect—qualities highly interesting and picturesque when seen in an American publisher.

It is not likely that the literary standard of *Harper's Magazine* will be lowered—Mr. McClure would hardly consent to that, should he choose to interfere. If this prove true, no harm will accrue to the public from the reduction of the price. On the contrary, the gain will be a distinct one. It is a pity that the price is not reduced to ten cents, for that would nearly be justified by the experience of *McClure's Magazine*, and the effect would be to place a better class of reading matter in the hands of the public than the average ten-cent magazine furnishes. The cheapness with which books of the very highest class, new as well as old, are now manufactured and sold, must eventually work to the elevation of the general intelligence. The public schools have a splendid opportunity to accomplish great good by persistently calling the attention of pupils to the small cost of these books, particularly the classics. That there is an immense demand already is shown by the fact that the books are manufactured on a large scale and sold at a small price. Jahart

Throughout the country there is increasing interest in the problem growing out of the presence of the large proportion of negroes in the populations of the Southern States. The problem is necessarily more intense in the South, yet the North can not avoid many of the evil effects that manifest themselves in the politics of the country, nor can it avoid a certain degree of responsibility. Experience has shown that the whites and the blacks can not mingle in the same communities in those States without the suppression of the latter. The social conditions in the South are a growth of generations. It is idle at this time to say that they are wrong or to attempt to fix the responsibility. The problem must be studied in the light of the conditions as they exist.

From Alabama comes a proposal, which, under other circumstances, might at least relieve the situation somewhat. The town of Hobson City has decided to be a locality exclusively occupied and governed by negroes. The "city" is not an important one, there being less than five hundred inhabitants, but, in so small a community, it should not be difficult for the negroes to obtain possession of all the property, and they should be able to prove there what capacity for self-government they may have, or to develop their latent capacity. The American people themselves have learned self-government in the local political divisions, and this plan of isolation, if properly carried out, would offer to the negroes more thorough political education than they can gain elsewhere. At the same time, the scheme is likely to encounter difficulties that will render its success doubtful. The relations between local governments and the larger political communities are so intimate that absolute isolation is impossible. The State and county governments must levy taxes upon the

towns, and when the negroes demand a voice in the imposition of these taxes, friction is certain to result.

At the same time another movement has been developing in the Southern States that is certain to have an important influence upon the negro problem. Hitherto any scheme of wholesale deportation has been opposed by the negroes and by the whites—by the latter on the ground that there was no other labor available to take the place of the colored population. The recent Tallulah lynching has called attention to the large immigration of Italians in recent years. At the time of the Parish prison lynching in New Orleans six thousand to eight thousand Italians left that city, yet the Italian population to-day is double what it was at that time.

The status of the Italians has been steadily improving. They own some of the largest shoe factories in the South; they have absolutely controlled the fruit, vegetable, and fish trades since they first came; they are crowding into the corner-grocery business, and are even entering the learned professions. It is upon the plantations, however, that they are influencing the negro problem. Three-fourths of them are from Naples and Sicily, where they have been accustomed to farm-work under conditions similar to those found in the South. They make good laborers, being infinitely superior to the negroes, and give satisfaction to the planters. In the districts around New Orleans, where the negro furnished nine-tenths of the labor ten years ago, the Italians are now in the majority.

This movement can have but one result. The negroes will be forced to emigrate. But whither shall they go? It is probable that they will make their homes in other parts of this country, and in the tropical islands that have recently become parts of it. The negro problem will not be eliminated, but its conditions will be far less difficult. Jahart

The triumphs of peace are greater than those of war. American diplomacy has won victories the memory of which causes the heart of the patriot to glow with enthusiasm. The two Adamases, Benjamin Franklin, John Jay, Thomas Jefferson, John Marshall, James Monroe, James Madison, Daniel Webster—such a galaxy may fill any country with pride. And now to this list is to be added the name of Bates; hitherto unknown, but now consecrated to unending glory. As the all too meagre dispatches inform us, he has, after five weeks' negotiation, with great tact, negotiated a treaty with the Sultan of Sulu. Lest some of our readers may not realize the stupendous advantages this country will derive from this treaty, it may be explained that the sultan is a pirate chieftain who claims sovereignty over a part of the Philippine Islands which the United States bought from Spain. President Schurman, of the Philippine commission, informs us further that he is a good-looking man, apparently about thirty-five years old, and that his court-costume consists of a long white robe, covered by a low-cut dress vest—a regalia that must add considerably to his dignity, and that indicates how much tact Bates, the diplomat, must have exercised in securing the treaty. His dignity is further maintained by a household guard that surrounds him—"big, muscular, brave-looking fellows, and each one has a big knife-handle sticking out of his belt." Furthermore, he is not a bad man, like the King of Siam, who shows favoritism among his wives, since the sultan loves every one of his twelve consorts.

Under this treaty the sultan agrees to recognize American sovereignty over his subjects, though he retains the right to exercise the sovereign power himself; Americans may become land-owners there with the consent of the sultan, but not otherwise; the American courts shall have jurisdiction over all residents of the islands, except the Moros, who form the entire population; and the United States gains the privilege of protecting the sultan from foreign imposition. In return for these important concessions the United States pays the paltry sum of five thousand dollars annually to assist the sultan in supporting his twelve wives, who, as he pathetically declares, are already learning Occidental luxury in dress, and are pestering the life out of him for foreign finery. All hail to Bates, the diplomat, who has wrested for this country from a semi-savage South Sea pirate the privilege of assisting in paying the expenses of his harem.

It would seem, however, that all of the credit is not due to Ambassador Bates. What great world achievement has ever been accomplished by one man? Mr. Strauss, American minister at Constantinople, also had a finger in the pie. The Sulus are Mohammedans, and, as such, regard the Sultan of Turkey as the head of the church. Mr. Strauss persuaded the Sublime Porte to intercede with his brother potentate, and thus render him more favorably inclined. According to the report, the consideration for this service was an agreement not to press the claims for indemnity for outrages upon American missionaries in Turkey. Scoffers might say that the whole transaction is a case of bribing the Sultan of Sulu not to taboo Christianity under the American flag, and paying for the concession with the lives of Christians in foreign lands. Such captious critics, however, are

silenced by the fact that the New York *Independent*, a religious publication, has indorsed the dicker with the Sultan of the South Seas. After that who can cavil at its morality? And President McKinley, with his stern sense of policy, holds the same views as the *Independent*.

The question of morality, indeed, presents many difficulties to those who have not enjoyed the privileges of President McKinley's defenders. For many years the presence of polygamy in Utah was regarded as a blot upon the fair fame of America. The religious press fulminated against the institution, the halls of Congress reëchoed with its denunciation, the Edmunds law was hurled against it, and Utah was denied admission to the sisterhood of States so long as it was recognized by the Mormon church. Last year the land was resounding with protests against the disgrace of permitting a man with three wives to sit in the halls of Congress. Yet to-day the Stars and Stripes are to wave proudly from the turrets of a harem supported by taxes paid by the American people. Is morality, then, purely a question of latitude and longitude? Is plural marriage praiseworthy under the American flag in the South Seas, but abhorrent under the American flag upon this continent? Or is it purely a question of numbers? Is Roberts to be condemned for having only three wives while the Sultan of Sulu receives a pension for maintaining twelve?

How thoroughly President McKinley has emancipated this country from the benumbing trammels of the traditions of one hundred years ago, may be gathered from glancing back in history. At that time the rôle of the eminent pirate of the South Seas was filled by a number of exponents of the same profession who worshiped Mohammed and maintained their harems upon the Barbary Coast. The primitive naval forces of that day enabled these dusky gentlemen to ply their trade upon the Mediterranean, and the nations of Europe found it profitable to follow the McKinley policy of paying tribute rather than fighting. The young American republic, with the rashness of youth, objected to paying money for the privilege of trading in Mediterranean waters, and responded to the demand for tribute money with warships. The older and wiser nations of Europe stood aghast at the audacity of the proceeding, but the Americans had just emerged from an eight-years' war, waged for the same principle. Presidents Jefferson and Madison pressed the American policy, and Commodore Decatur enforced it.

The experience of a century has shown that this was all wrong. We now have McKinley in place of Jefferson and Madison, and the United States is entering upon the wiser policy of bribing pirate chieftains and not fighting them. When Pinckney enunciated his famous principle—"Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute"—he declared the policy of headstrong young America. Mature America realizes the folly of any such impolitic doctrine.

Anything from so accomplished an artist as Bret Harte commands respectful attention. He has been recently discussing, in the *Cornhill Magazine*, the origin and development of the American short story, and from his essay we learn that he was the father of that prolific brood of which Joel Chandler Harris and Mary Wilkins are luminous exemplars. We discover that down to the time of Mr. Harte and his "Luck of Roaring Camp," America had produced eminent artists in this finest of all the varieties of literary fiction, among them Irving, Poe (as yet unsurpassed), Longfellow, and Hawthorne, but that these wrote nothing characteristic of American life, thought, and habits. These writers were "apt to consider" (says Mr. Harte) "the American and his ways vulgar; hence they modeled their fiction on the conventional lines of England, and closed their eyes to the poetry and picturesque interest of the abounding, throbbing life about them."

Mr. Harte then tells the familiar story of his editorship of the *Overland*; his unhappiness over finding that the able contributions sent to the initial number contained nothing distinctively Californian; the trouble that he had in enforcing his right as editor, over the protests of the publisher and the printer of the magazine, to secure the publication of "Luck" to supply the deficiency, and the immediate damnation that the story met at home and its avid acceptance by critics and the world elsewhere. The ice having been thus broken by Mr. Harte—he having shown that the awful thing could be done—numerous other writers drawing pictures of life in California came forward, and thrived so well that the infection spread to the remotest corners of the country. Now it is a sorry Spodunk indeed that hasn't its Harris or its Wilkins.

The distinguished ex-Californian gives another piece of interesting history. It is that certain writers on the lower levels—the coarse, broad humorists that began to appear—had already made the discovery that the native soil was rich in literary material. Derby, Mark Twain, and others were working the lead for all it was worth before the masters con-

descended to inquire whether it was worthy of their attention. All this is good history.

The clearest of all possible deductions from Mr. Harte's paper is that the American short story which devotes itself to the picturing of American life is the ideal American short story; that the more lowly this life, the richer it is in literary material; and that the highest use to which the finest form of fiction can be put is in setting forth the densest ignorance and most offensive vulgarity of a people. If his modesty had permitted him to say that whatever he touched was turned to gold, whatever vulgarity he pictured was by him refined and made acceptable, and whatever ignorance he treated was by him invested with a redeeming grace, he would have been in a position to disown the offensive progeny that he brought forth as Harrises and Wilkinses. But it would seem that he did have an opportunity, although he did not employ it to say with all propriety, and to demand with all the vigor of an artist true to his ideals, that the faithful picturing of ignorance and vulgarity is a debasement of literature and a degradation of the popular taste.

As it is, the craze for the backwoods character-sketch shows a most lamentable order of popular intelligence, with the presence of no countervailing force to bold it in check. There may be a need of some means to make the various provincials of the country acquainted with one another's grotesqueries, for it is soberly argued that in so doing we are assuring the solidarity of the nation. It is difficult to see how any possible good could come from such a practice, and it seems immeasurably unfortunate that American literature should be prostituted to such a service. That such a book as "David Harum" should enjoy the vogue that it has, indicates the virulence of the poison that Mr. Harte claims the credit of having inoculated us withal, and the depths into which the literary taste of the people have fallen. When we reflect upon the exquisite and refining literature of the very writers that Mr. Harte regretted overlooked the richness of the native materials at their hands—Irving, Poe, Longfellow, and Hawthorne—and appreciate the good taste and fine judgment that made them keep their hands out of the mire, and when we at the same time take into account the wide contemporaneous popularity of those masters, we can understand the appalling depth into which the literary taste of this country has sunk since their time.

Let us be Americans before we are anything else; that is well; but in order to be Americans it is not necessary that we should sneer at the high standards upon which European art is founded. Let us be Americans without deeming it necessary to be at the same time coarse, ignorant, and vulgar. The literary resources of the country are infinitely varied and incomparably rich, as regards both the talent that may be turned to artistic and elevating uses and the materials from which literature may be wrought. Niggers and backwoods people are not the only mines to be worked. The bulk of the fiction now being manufactured by American writers, by confining itself to those sources, nowhere impinges upon literature; it is not representative of American culture; it is not welcomed by the true American sense of propriety; it is not truly American; and it is hard, inelastic, debasing, and hurtful in every way.

The decision of the board of supervisors to take the building of the Hall of Justice out of the hands of the contractors is to be condemned only because of the delay there has been in reaching it. Yet the contractors seem to regard the action with as much indignation as the people have for years regarded the action of the contractors. That the people should claim any rights at all in the premises strikes them as a piece of stupendous presumption. The feeling is perhaps not unnatural; they have been led by successive boards of supervisors to believe that it was wholly unnecessary for them to observe their obligations, and now that the frequently threatened penalty is to be imposed upon them they do not understand what to make of it. A review of the principal events in the history of the Hall of Justice is significant. The contract was awarded on November 16, 1896, and under its terms the contractors agreed that the building should be completed and turned over for occupancy on the first day of October of the following year. A bond for \$63,650, conditioned upon the performance of this, among other things, was filed and accepted. It was not convenient for the contractors to perform their obligation, however, and on October 1st the building had barely been commenced. On that date the contractors had forfeited their contract, according to its terms, and had incurred the penalty of the bond they had entered into. The supervisors were complaisant, however, and an extension of time was granted. Other similar and inexcusable extensions have been granted until the original ten months within which the work was to be done has expanded into nearly three years. The people have been kept out of the use of their property all this time; they have lost the

interest on the money they have expended; the public has been deprived of the use of the sidewalks, thereby congesting travel; merchants in that section have had their business ruined; rents have been reduced and property values depreciated. And all this in order that two contractors might not be inconvenienced by being compelled to perform the contract they had voluntarily entered into. Now that the people are to receive their rights, these contractors talk of suing them for permission to continue violating their agreement. As an exhibition of cold-blooded audacity it would be difficult to parallel this.

Thirty-four years after the close of the war the pension list contained the names of 991,515 beneficiaries. That there should have been such a number was in itself evidence of gross and palpable fraud. The annual pension payments have been enough to support the armies of any European power, although the people of Europe are supposed to groan under the burden of militarism. There has been no groaning in this country. Occasionally there has been protest, but in the fear that some worthy applicant would be disappointed, a dozen unworthy have been permitted to draw unearned pay. Money has been paid to dead men, to those who never saw service, to bogus widows and bearded orphans.

At length there has come a turn in the tide. Last year it is true that 37,077 names were added to the roll, but more than this were dropped. The pension bureau has declined in instances to support widows who have remarried, and has given recognition to the fact that an orphan who has reared a family of his own may not with propriety draw on the government for sustenance. Pension sharks have been detected, and the outcry of the Grand Army that the old soldier was not getting his due was found to have arisen from the circumstance that in many instances the "old soldier" had never borne arms. There is not the slightest disposition to bar from the operation of the pension law any who deserve its aid. There never has been such disposition, but a lesson has been drawn from experience, and this opportunity for deception has been curtailed. It is shown by the record that of 16,077 applications for pensions due for injuries or death in the war with Spain, only 295 have yet been allowed.

The problem of irrigation is one of great importance in the United States. Here are large sections with soil lacking nothing but water to make it richly productive. How to secure the water, or how best to conserve the natural supply, so that none shall be wasted, and that no land-owner shall be deprived of an equitable share, is certainly a proposition worthy of consideration by the government. Colorado, Utah, and New Mexico depend wholly on irrigation, and California does so in a measure that will naturally increase with the increase of facilities.

There has been made a federal appropriation of thirty-five thousand dollars for investigation of the subject, the money to be expended under the direction of Elwood Mead. The head of agricultural experiment stations has been petitioned by many residents of this State to have a series of investigations conducted here. An excerpt from this will prove of interest, as showing the availability of California for the purpose:

"... Nowhere in America are there irrigation problems more important, more intricate, or more pressing than in California. Neither are there any whose study would be more greatly instructive. We can offer, we presume, examples of every form of evil which can be found in Anglo-Saxon dealings with water in arid and semi-arid districts. Great sums have been lost in irrigating enterprises. Still greater sums are endangered. Water-titles are uncertain. The litigation is appalling. "... Among the things necessary to be known before we can hope for well-considered legislation upon the conservation and distribution of our waters are the following: First—The amount of water in the streams. Second—The duty of water in the different irrigation basins. Third—The claims upon the water, collated by streams and not by counties as now. Fourth—The nature of water-right titles. Fifth—The adjudicated claims upon the waters. Sixth—The lands now irrigated and susceptible of irrigation. Seventh—The possible increase of water for beneficial use by storage in each system. Eighth—The extent to which the irrigable area can be increased by better methods of distribution and use. Respectfully submitted."

This is signed by a representative lot of citizens whose personal interests are heavy and who are identified with the welfare of the commonwealth. It certainly deserves prompt recognition, and there may be a reasonable hope of action on the part of the government. California has more at stake than any other single State, and a natural right to be heard. Here so many experiments have been made by private enterprise that much knowledge has already been acquired, and Mr. Mead would be coming into a region where could be had the benefit of this. That the petition shall carry due weight and be promptly considered is to be sincerely hoped.

The signature of the editor is appended to every article in this issue written, dictated, or inspired by him, in accordance with the "signature law," enacted during the last session of the legislature.

IN LOVE WITH A PAINTER.

The Romance of a Portrait.

Jacques Bruhière is an artist whose mythological pictures have a most delightful modern air. His Grecian goddesses look like Parisiennes; their wind-blown hair, their high-heeled sandals, and a peculiar twirl given to their drapery have captivated the Parisian ladies. So they crowd Jacques's studio, and implore him to let them sit for Dianas and Andromedas. But he is a most unromantic fellow, and is swayed by no considerations other than those of gain. Although he is but thirty, he has gained fame and some fortune; and he is so industrious that he flies from useless words and time-consumers—that is to say, women and bores.

A year ago, just after the art exhibit closed, Jacques determined to go on a sketching tour. So he packed his trunk, assisted by his friend, Eugène de Lassi, and was bidding adieu to his studio, when the servant entered with a note. It was a nice little note, daintily perfumed, and the address was written in the most delicate hand imaginable. He read it, frowned, and, crumpling it up, threw it on the floor.

"Confound the women!" he cried.

"What's the matter?" asked his friend.

"Why, I'm such an unlucky fellow," replied Jacques. "There's always some woman or other bothering me, writing about how she admires my paintings, and how she'd like to see me, and all that sort of thing. Just as if a man should say he would like to see my paintings because he admired the cut of my beard. Look," said he, picking up the letter, "address Mme. Leonie, such a street and number."

"But," said Eugène, who was reading the note, "it's very well written, I assure you, full of most delicate wit. What are you going to do with it?"

"Oh, you literary men!" groaned Jacques. "What am I going to do with it? Why, burn it, of course. What do you suppose I am going to do with it?"

"I'll tell you what to do with it," said Eugène, "you're going away—"

"Yes."

"Then give it to me."

"Why, what'll you do with it?" said Jacques, with a stare.

"Well, I'll play painter," replied Eugène. "I'm not much of one, but I can daub a little—enough, at all events, to deceive a woman in love. And I'll find out who 'Mme. Leonie' is—that's only part of her name, I'm sure."

So it was settled. Jacques Bruhière, painter, set off for Switzerland, and Eugène de Lassi, man of letters, remained to personate him. But only for Mme. Leonie. Other visitors were told the truth—that the master was gone.

At last she came. Eugène's romantic fancy had painted her as young and beautiful. But she was more than that—she was divine. She was a brunette, and had the most delightful nose, the most sparkling eyes, the most glorious hair, and the most adorable little hands and feet that Eugène had ever seen. He flattered himself that he was correctly made up for his rôle. His velvet blouse and jaunty cap were a little too clean, perhaps, but that was a good fault.

Mme. Leonie wanted her portrait painted, and it was very difficult for her to decide how it should be done. She wavered long. One day she would be Omphale; the next she had decided that to be represented as Salome was necessary to her peace of mind. But when Eugène had made his preparations, his fickle goddess decided that Delilah was the character that suited her. And then she would wander around the studio, and drape herself with the barbaric stuffs used by long-gone models, and handle the curious weapons, and examine the porcelains. And then she would say that she was weary, and would come the next day. And she would go, leaving Eugène de Lassi deeper in love than ever.

As for him, he was in a dream. He had retired from the world. At his own quarters his door was daily stormed by publishers, by managers, by printers' boys, by creditors, and by friends. But no one knew where he had gone. He had told his servants he was going away, but had not told them where. It was wrong, decidedly wrong; but he took a certain ferocious joy in it when he thought how he himself had once pursued these same editors and managers.

Eugène had at last discovered that his *inamorata* was a widow, wealthy, and of good family. Her full name was Leonie de Nores. He had never told his love, but that she was blind to it was impossible. Yet she was certainly blind to his painting, for she expressed her admiration of it with an enthusiasm that made Eugène wince. But one day, when he was, as usual, attempting to transfer her to canvas, a particularly atrocious tree which he introduced in the background attracted her attention.

"Jacques," said she, "don't you think that you are—that you are—well, that you're losing a little of your skill?"

"What!" shouted Eugène.

"I mean—that is—I'm afraid that I keep you from your work so much that—"

"I only hope that you may keep me from it forever," returned the amorous Eugène. And so the dangerous moment passed.

* * * * *

But this state of affairs could not last forever. One fine day, as Eugène was seated upon a divan thinking of his lady-love, who had just departed, who should enter but Jacques Bruhière. Yes, there he was, with his attendant carrying his umbrella, his sketch-books, his camp-stools, his baggage—a true artist just from the country. The false one trembled as he thought that his dream was over. Had he been a Borgia he would have slain his friend. As he was not, he pressed his hand warmly, and bade him welcome.

"But how could he extricate himself from his dilemma? How could he answer to a high-spirited woman for the deception he had practiced upon her? As to persuading Jacques to consent to any arrangement for keeping up the deception, that was out of the question; where his art was

concerned the painter would prove as deaf as a post and as unmanageable as a balky horse. So Eugène was puzzled.

Finally a bright idea occurred to him. "Why not," thought he, "give a comic turn to the affair? If properly done, Leonie will be disarmed. She is easily moved to laughter, and then I will explain and beg her forgiveness." Alas! Poor Eugène's idea was not a happy one.

The next day when Leonie appeared, it was Jacques who met her at the door. He was in blouse, cap, and carried palette and brushes.

"Can I see M. Bruhière?" she asked, with some little surprise.

"That is my name, madame," replied the painter.

"You Jacques Bruhière!" said she, with an amused laugh; and she pushed by him and entered the studio. "You the great painter? No, no!" and she seated herself and looked at him defiantly.

But if she was at her ease in the studio, he was more so. Her quick woman's eye noted this, and on the easel there was already begun a canvas in which she recognized the master's touch. Leonie was becoming ill at ease. She picked up a little Hindoo god which stood on the table beside her, and fingered it nervously. Her hands trembled, the little monster slipped from them, and dashed in pieces on the floor.

The artist stepped to the wall and rung the bell. The door opened, and a servant entered, clad in livery and wearing an apron—rendered necessary by the fact of his cleaning brushes.

"Did monsieur ring?" he asked.

Leonie stared at him, and grew white.

"Yes, Jean," replied the artist. "Gather up the fragments of this trifle, which madame has unfortunately broken. Now," said he, turning to Leonie, "if madame will kindly inform me to what I owe the honor of this visit—"

He stopped. Her white, set face, her staring eyes, frightened him.

"A lackey!" she hissed; "a base lackey! And I have loved this heartless, cruel, lying wretch!"

With a sudden impulse of fury she snatched up a pretty toy, a silver poniard, which lay upon the table, and sprang at Eugène. Quick as a flash the artist dashed between them. But quick as he was, he was too late. The poniard struck Eugène in the side, inflicting a deep wound. As he did so, Leonie uttered a shriek, and fainted away.

Eugène's comedy had become a tragedy.

"Truly a pretty sight for the studio of an honest, hard-working painter," groaned Jacques Bruhière, as he gazed upon the two prostrate forms. "This comes of obliging your friends. Catch me doing it again."

* * * * *

Three years had passed. Leonie was in the brilliant *salon* of the Comtesse de Sagone, whose house was always filled with the literary men of the day, and she invariably secured the literary lion. She was making her way through the brilliant throng toward Leonie.

"My dear," said she when she reached her, "you have read that novel of which all Paris is talking—'Les Deux Princesses'?"

"Yes," said Leonie, "it is a charming work."

"Do you know its author?"

"Eugène de Lassi? No. Is he here this evening?"

"Yes, and I want to present him to you. Ah, there he is. M. de Lassi!" and in another moment there stood before Leonie—the false painter!

For a moment she hesitated; but the old spell reasserted itself, and she found herself listening, almost against her will, to his pleas for pardon. And he pleaded his cause most eloquently.

"I am half inclined not to forgive you," she said at length, "you acted abominably—you know you did."

"I acted like a fool and a knave," said Eugène, "and you ought never to pardon me; but you will, won't you?"

"Well," said the beauty, semi-reluctantly, "if you'll be a very good boy—"

"Yes."

"And never deceive me again—"

"Never."

"And never paint any more such wretched trees—"

"Never."

"Then I forgive you for having played the servant."

"But I want to play it again."

She looked at him inquiringly.

"I want to be your servant forever."

* * * * *

Their first child was a boy. He was called Jacques de Lassi, and Bruhière was his godfather.—*Adapted from the Argonaut from the French of Theodore de Banville.*

A rapid tendency to decay, hitherto unknown in extent, is taking place in the teeth of the children and youth of the present generation. That the disease is assuming alarming proportions is painfully evident. A few years ago a school committee was appointed by the British Dental Association to acquire more knowledge of the condition of children's teeth at various ages. Of the children of a large number of parochial, industrial, and other schools over ten thousand mouths were examined, and the condition of each tooth was marked upon a chart. Less than fifteen per cent. of such boys and girls of an average age of twelve years did not require some treatment for decayed teeth. The very large majority, therefore, of over eighty-five per cent. demanded skilled attention.

Lord Curzon has taken a bold initiative in frontier policy. The British garrisons in the hills on the north-west frontier are to be mostly withdrawn. Chitral is to be merely a post of observation. A great effort is to be made to organize the hill tribes as militia under British officers. This policy will save expense and conciliate the tribesmen.

Jahart

Jahart

MAGAZINE VERSE.

When Twilight Comes.

When twilight comes across the quiet land,
I crave your presence, you who understand
The comradeship of word and look and smile;
The gentle talk and laughter, afterwhile,
And homeward walk across the wave-worn sand.

How will it be, I wonder, when the grand,
Full mid-day glow of life has vanished, and
The sun's last rays fall coldly on the dial,
When twilight comes?

Oh, that we two together still may stand;
Undone, perchance, the deeds we hoped and planned,
Tired and very old, yet missing naught
Of tenderness or olden word or thought,
God grant that life may leave us hand in hand,
When twilight comes.

—Theodosia Pickering Garrison in August Truth.

The Old Home Haunts.

There's a sound that rings in my ears to-day,
That echoes in vague refrain,
The ripple of water o'er smooth-washed clay,
Where the wall-eyed pike and the black bass play,
That makes me yearn, in a quiet way,
For my old fly-rod again.

Back to the old home haunts again,
Back where the clear lake lies:
Back through the woods
Where the blackbird broods,
Back to my rod and flies.

I'm longing to paddle the boat to-day,
Through water-logged grass and reeds;
Where the musk-rat swims, and the cat-tails sway;
Where the air is cool, and the mist is gray;
Where ripples dance in the same old way,
Under the tangled weeds.

Back on the old oak log again,
Back by the crystal brook;
Back to the bait,
And the silent wait,
Back to my line and hook.

I wish I could wade by the water's edge,
Where the fallen leaves drift by;
Just to see, in the shadow of the ledge,
How dark forms glide, like a woodman's wedge,
Through driftwood piles and the coarse marsh sedge,
And to hear the bitter cry.

Back where the tadpoles shift and sink,
Back where the bull-frogs sob;
Back just to float
In the leaky boat,
Back to my dripping bob.

Oh, it's just like this on each misty day,
It's always the same old pain
That struggles and pulls in the same old way
To carry me off for a little stay
By the water's edge, in sticky clay,
To fish in the falling rain.

Back to my long black rubber boots,
Back to my old patched coat;
Back to my rod
And the breath of God—
Home—and my leaky boat.

—F. Colburn Clarke in September Scribner's.

The Sea-Gull.

The woods are full of merry minstrelsy;
Glad are the hedges with the notes of spring;
But o'er the sad and unaccompanied sea
No love-born voices ring.

Gray mariner of every ocean clime,
If I could wander on as sure a wing,
Or beat with yellow web thy pathless sea,
I too might cease to sing.

Would I could share thy silver-flashing swoop,
Thy steady poise above the bounding deep,
Or buoyant float with thine instinctive trust,
Rocked in a dreamless sleep.

Thine is the heritage of simple things,
The untasked liberty of sea and air,
Some tender yearning for the peopled nest,
Thy only freight of care.

Thou hast no forecast of the morrow's need,
No bitter memory of yesterday;
Nor stirs thy thought that airy sea o'erhead,
Nor ocean's soundless ways.

Thou silent raider of the abounding sea,
Intent and resolute, ah, who may guess
What primal notes of gladness thou hast lost
In this vast loneliness!

Where bides thy mate? On some lorn ocean rock
Seaward she mates. Hark! the one shrill cry,
Strident and harsh, across the wave shall be
Her welcome—thy reply.

When first thy sires, with joy-discovered flight,
High on exultant pinions sped afar,
Had they no cry of gladness or of love,
No bugle note of war?

What gallant song their happy treasury held,
Such as the pleasant woodland folk employ,
The lone sea thunder quelled. Thou hast one note
For love, for hate, for joy.

Yet who that hears this stormy organ voice
Would not, like them, at last be hushed and stilled,
Were all his days through endless ages past
With this stern music filled?

What matters it? Ah, not alone are loved
Leaf-cloistered poets who can woo in song,
Home to the wild-eyed! Home! She will not miss
The music lost so long.

Home! for the night wind signals, "Get thee home!"
Home, hardy admiral of the rolling deep;
Home from the foray! Home! That silenced song
Love's endless echoes keep.

—S. Weir Mitchell in September Century.

Lord Brassey of the *Sunbeam* has figured out that he has spent eleven years of his life on the water. Not a bad record for a business man who is not a sailor by profession.

Jahart

AGUINALDO'S FORMER CAPITAL.

Lieutenant-Colonel John D. Miley's Description of Malolos—Why It Was Chosen as the Insurgent Capital—Formation of the Bloody Katipunan Lodge.

Early in May, 1898, Admiral Dewey brought from Hong Kong, on the United States steamship *McCulloch*, Aguinaldo with seventeen of his colleagues and landed them at Cavite. Aguinaldo, in addition to prosecuting a vigorous campaign against the Spaniards, at once began organizing a government, dictatorial in form and in fact, of which Cavite remained the capital until the arrival of General Anderson early in July. When the latter had established his headquarters at Cavite and commenced active preparations for the coming attack on Manila, Aguinaldo changed his capital to Bacoor, a little village a few miles from Cavite and nearer to Manila. The capital remained at Bacoor until it was seen that General Merritt would not permit armed insurgents to enter Manila, when Malolos was proclaimed the capital and Aguinaldo himself took up his residence there early in September, and the newly elected Filipino congress met at the same place on the twentieth of the same month.

From that time until its capture, on March 31st, Malolos was of the first importance to the insurgents, but its fall was disappointing to many, for the cry of "On to Malolos" had been very popular, and it had been expected that the consequences of its occupation by American troops would be immediate and far-reaching. It simply furnished one more instance in history where the fall of an enemy's capital failed to bring to a successful ending a campaign or a war.

Malolos is twenty-two miles from Manila, in the Province of Bulacan, on the railway connecting Manila with Dagupan, the only one in the Philippine Islands. This made it very accessible, but the real reason for the selection of Malolos as the insurgent capital was the fact that the present revolution had its first beginnings there; that the place persistently remained a hot-bed of revolution, and as a reward for the patriotism and loyalty of this picturesque little town, the legendary seat of the Bulacan kings, Aguinaldo fixed upon it as the site of his permanent capital.

Aguinaldo now lays claim to descent from the Bulacan kings, but the best-informed Filipinos say that this occurred to him after coming to Malolos, and was prompted by an effort to inspire among his followers a greater awe and respect. His followers ascribe to him supernatural powers that enable him to perform miracles and make him proof against the bullets of his enemies. Whether he encourages them in this belief can not be verified. This peculiar power among the Filipinos is known as "anting anting," and is popularly supposed to be possessed by many. A wily Filipino goes through a battle or escapes some danger, and then exhibits a curiously carved knife-handle, or match-box, or piece of jewelry, or coin, and claims that his immunity is due to this trinket. He is at once regarded as an "anting-anting" man, and his power and fame grow and spread at each subsequent lucky escape.

Malolos lies in the heart of a valley of marvelous fertility, extending north from Manila, and is surrounded by fields, large and small, fringed with rows of bamboo and cultivated principally to rice. As one rides through this valley, with the beautiful, glossy-leaved mango-trees dotting it in all directions, he can not fail to be reminded, if he has seen them both, of the beautiful Santa Clara Valley of California, so much are they alike.

The first mutterings of the revolution were heard in Malolos in 1888. In the same year Masonry was first introduced into the Philippine Islands by Don Centeno, the civil governor of Manila, who encouraged the diffusion of its teachings among the natives, and assisted in the formation of chapters in the city. He was influenced to do this through hostility to the archbishop and to the church.

Catholicism is radically opposed to secret societies of any kind, and the fight between the archbishop, as representative of the church, and the Masons grew so bitter that finally a determined attack was made upon the archbishop's life. The leaders were promptly arrested and thrown into prison, and from there they sent a memorial to the queen, remarkable for its eloquence, and for the fact that it revealed a wide-spread and deeply rooted devotion to the principles of freedom.

So strict was the surveillance over the meetings of the Masons in Manila, now that it was suspected they were merely a cloak for the revolutionary discussions, that Malolos soon became the Mecca for all revolutionists. It had always been a popular place for hunters and fishermen, and now many of the hunting-lodges became Masonic rendezvous. The well-to-do and educated classes quickly and eagerly accepted the revolutionary teachings, and Malolos, from 1888, was regarded as a strong revolutionary centre. It must be borne in mind that the Filipino never became a pure Mason, accepting and practicing the teachings of that ancient society. Only some of the outward forms of the society were adopted and used, under cover of which the spread of revolutionary ideas was made easy. Before 1888 there were scarcely two dozen Filipinos who were Masons, and these were residents of Paris or other European capitals, but from that year the spread of the society was rapid.

In 1892 there were many lodges all over the archipelago, and women were admitted as members. Its mysteries and symbols appealed to the barbaric, half-civilized natives, and these they retained, while their meetings were centres of discussions of the abstract and theoretical principles of freedom and independence with which the Malay brain is always pregnant. Discussions soon led to plotting against the Spanish authorities and the preliminary steps toward revolution, and what was Masonry only in name soon gave way to the Filipino League, of which Rizal was the leader. This league was an association with a basic form of Masonry, but whose true designs were political and anti-Spanish.

The methods of the league were soon found to be not radical enough by a majority of the members, and the league, in 1894, was dissolved and the formidable and bloody Katipunan formed under the leadership of Marcelo Hilario del Pilar. Its object was to secure the freedom of the Philippines by putting to the sword all the Spaniards in the archipelago. Manila, of course, was the seat of the supreme council of the Katipunan, and its branches or chapters were established in all the provinces and principal towns of the islands.

Every member, on being initiated into the society, received a name by which he was always thereafter known to the other members, and all were masked. In this way no one knew the identity of any other member, and even a man's next-door neighbor, or his brother, or partner in business, might be seated next to him nightly at the Katipunan Lodge and be would never be the wiser. At initiation the new member took a bloody oath, and subscribed to it by dipping his pen in the blood drawn from an incision in his left arm. This idea is said to have been derived from a painting called "Pacto de Sangre," executed at Madrid by a famous Filipino painter, Juan Luna. After the revolution broke out in 1896, the members of the Katipunan could always be identified among the dead and prisoners by the scars.

A symbolic chart was in the possession of each member, and by that he could find the Katipunan Lodge in the provinces or towns wherever he might be and identify himself by means of it. As an example of the names borne by the members, General Ricarte, now in the insurgents' army, was known under the name of "Vivora," meaning viper, poisonous snake. The present General Pilar, of whom so much is heard in the uprising against the Americans, is not the Pilar of Katipunan fame, though it is generally taken for granted that he is.

From 1888 to 1892 Malolos seems to have been the most troublesome place in the islands to the colonial government. There are slightly over five thousand towns distributed over the archipelago, and out of these Malolos was the only one which rejected the parish priests that the government selected. As Malolos was known to be much disaffected, great care was taken to select the most exemplary of priests to be sent there, but without avail. The first two sent were deported and the third assassinated.

El Katipunan del Norte (the northern branch of the Katipunan) was most active in the Province of Bulacan, and especially around Malolos. Contributions poured into the revolutionary fund, and when open rebellion finally broke out in August, 1896, the Spaniards fought the rebels over very much the same ground as the Americans fought the insurgents in the advance from Calocan to Malolos and beyond. Peace was agreed upon in December, 1897, at Biac-bato, in the Province of Bulacan, and until May, 1898, there was a period of quiet in the islands.

In the convent forming part of a new church erected by the Augustinians at Malolos, Aguinaldo established his headquarters, surrounded by considerable barbaric splendor and ceremonial. This was known as the "White House" of the insurgent government. The state department was also in the same building, and in a less pretentious structure a hundred yards away the treasury department was installed. When the American troops occupied Malolos, General MacArthur made this building his headquarters, and in it was found a small field-safe containing some drafts and a little money. The postage and telegraph-stamps issued by the insurgent government were made here, but all had been removed. The convent with the church adjoining, and the treasury department, were on two sides of the plaza of Malolos, and on the third side the war department was established in some buildings that the Third United States Artillery afterward occupied.

The old Augustinian church, some distance from the plaza, had been taken as the insurgent capitol. Here the revolutionary congress assembled on September 20, 1898, and sat in deliberation until, in January, 1899, the political constitution of the Filipino State was given to the world. The constitution was proclaimed by Aguinaldo on the twenty-first of the month.

Malolos has a population variously estimated at from five to seven thousand, and as the Americans entered it, every man, woman, and child left with the retreating army. With the exception of American troops moving about, the place was in a state of desolation. The refugees tried to take with them most of their valuable possessions, but the houses remained just as they left them. It was weeks before any of them dared to return, and then they came one or two at a time, carrying over their shoulders a bamboo-rod to which was attached a white cloth as a flag of truce. They timidly approached their houses, and finding them intact, and that there was really nothing to fear, hastened back into the country to bring their families and tell their neighbors.—Lieutenant-Colonel J. D. Miley in *Scribner's Magazine* for September.

Toyo Morimura came to this country from Japan in 1874, when twenty years of age, and entered Harvard College. Four years later he opened a store in New York city for the sale of Japanese wares. Having but one thousand dollars cash to put into stock, he only bought to that amount, and paid for it; and it remained his rule never to borrow a cent. His business grew; he took his brother, Igitaro Morimura, into partnership, and they started a factory in Tokio and a wholesale house in Broadway. He divided his time between this country and his own, for he remained a Japanese citizen, and lived in handsome style in Akasaka, with his wife and three children. His fortune is said to amount to several millions of dollars.

French railroad companies have been ordered by the courts to provide their passengers with season tickets without advertisements. The Western Railroad had increased the number of advertisements till a season-ticket was as thick as a pocket-book, and commuters refused to carry them.

ADVANCE OF THE AUTOMOBILE.

Isobel Strong Writes of Mishaps with the Machine in New York—Correct Costumes for the New Carriage—Difficulties in Descriptive Terms.

The automobile is getting to be a familiar sight upon the streets of New York, slipping in and out among the busy traffic at an easy pace. Many of the big stores employ them to carry packages, they are used a great deal for cabs, and a few private ones are seen on Fifth Avenue.

A well-known young man of wealth started out to run his new automobile; at the top of a hill he reversed the brakes, or pulled the wrong lever, or something, with the most surprising results. The machine gave a leap in the air and flew down the hill, turning complete somersaults by the way. Fortunately the young man was not seriously hurt. The story is told of a New York lady who took her first lesson in running a private automobile the other day. She thought it better to try it in her own private grounds before endangering life and limb on the public highway. She was shown how to work the various brakes and did very well as long as her instructor remained on the machine. When he stepped off, however, and she tried to run it herself, she lost her head, and the automobile dashed through garden beds, went over a fancy rockery, swerved into the vegetable garden and glass-houses, and finally dashed up the steps and broke down the front door before it was stopped.

At a down-town restaurant the other day, that has out-of-door tables in a garden, down a few steps from the sidewalk, an automobile swirled up the street, and being unable to stop, surprised and alarmed the diners by bumping down the steps and almost into the front door before the man succeeded in pulling it up. Another incident befell a wedding-couple. A group of friends and relatives congregated at the door to see them off, throwing the customary rice and old slippers. The young people entered an automobile, but the motorman was so agitated that he could not manage the machine, which went round and round in a giddy waltz. Crowds collected, and cheered the exciting spectacle, women screamed, and policemen gathered, but still the automobile, seemingly in the highest spirits, went on its mad pirouetting. It was brought to a stand-still in time, however, but the bride and groom got out, ordered a carriage and two horses, and proceeded upon their wedding-journey in the good, old-fashioned way.

In Paris the latest thing is a very small machine, not much larger than a tricycle, with room for two in front and a round seat at the back. The business men going to their offices in the morning take their wives with them on the round seat; they have a driver who conducts madame home again. By the way, it is hard to suit the English language to the new machine. No one yet knows what to call the man who runs the automobile; also one can not say "I went for a drive in my motor," for there is nothing to drive, and to say "I went for a ride" is not elegant. Then, if the owner of one of the new-fangled things speaks of it, can be say "I was out motoring this morning?" The machine is here to stay, so I suppose the language will soon adjust itself.

The style of dressing for the automobile is in clothes trimmed with leather, with caps of the same material; that is the lead given by Paris, which is far ahead of the rest of the world in using the automobile. It is also considered very bad form to wear fancy pins ornamented with a horse's head or horse-shoe cuff-buttons with a motor costume. A young New Yorker was much criticised for having his photograph taken in an automobile suit, with a small riding-whip in gold stuck into his coachman's white neck-tie. It was referred to as being more painful to the thorough dresser than "tan shoes and a silk hat."

News comes from England of the great success there of the horseless truck. They have no accidents, and the machines seem to behave with the utmost decorum. But there is one trouble. So many rich people are buying automobiles that experienced drivers, or motormen, are in great demand. As soon as a big company educates a number of men to run their trucks they are offered high wages and "bought up" for the private concerns. For this reason alone there has been a serious delay in London in starting the horseless cabs for hire.

Returning Americans from Paris complain of the high rate of speed that is allowed to the various motor-machines in Paris; they are of all sorts and kinds, from the heavy truck and the handsome open barouche to the little tricycle-like thing. They all go flying along the streets utterly regardless of pedestrians. Especially is this the case on the Champs-Elysées, by the Arch de Triomphe, where there is a broad, smoothly paved road, and a slight declivity. It is particularly annoying, as in Paris, they say, if you are run over it is not the driver who is arrested, but yourself as an obstruction in the streets.

The cabs that ply for hire upon Fifth Avenue are clumsy, heavy vehicles, but they are extremely comfortable, and ride noiselessly and easily over the asphalt pavement. They give one a sense of such security, too, by the ease with which they stop. A little child runs in front of the wheels, or a dog gets in the way, and before you have time to exclaim, the machine stops, and then goes on again, without a perceptible jolt. Already a few ladies have learned to run them, and no doubt next winter will see many horseless-carriages propelled by fair motresses—motor-ladies—what will the name be? The machine is certainly a good one where there is much snow. It can wheel up a narrow lane that has been dug in the snow, deposit its passengers, and then back out again without needing the space to turn around. It will be a great boon to New York, when they are universally adopted, in lessening the noise of this screaming city. The automobile has all the virtues—quickness, ease, silence, cheapness—everything except beauty; and, perhaps, in time, it may gain even that.

ISOBEL STRONG.

NEW YORK, August 22, 1899.

THE BLACK MARRIAGE.

London Scandalized at the Conduct of Englishwomen at Earl's Court—Attentions Lavished on the Negroes—Miss Jewell and "Prince" Loben.

"It is disgraceful, sir, and the young woman deserves to be soundly trounced. As for that black brute, Loben, by gad, sir"—but just what fate my fiery Southern friend considered fitting for the Matabele I do not care to repeat.

We had been discussing the reported marriage of Miss Florence K. Jewell, a white woman, to "Prince" Loben, one of the South African natives on exhibition in the Kaffir Kraal at Earl's Court. Whether they are married or not I do not know, nor do I care. Any white woman who, having lived in South Africa, could marry a black, deserves whatever fate may have in store for her. Perhaps a wayward and neurotic young woman should not bear all the blame of her folly; but when that folly jeopardizes the life and security of hundreds of other women who are now and may in the future be braving the hardships of life in the vast reaches of South Africa, her action becomes criminal and calls for punishment.

Miss Jewell is a young Jewess whose father left her a large fortune amassed in Mexican mines. One of the tales told about her is to the effect that some time ago while in Bloemfontein, in the Orange Free State, she fell in love at first sight with a burly young Matabele and followed him to London, where he was engaged to appear in the Kaffir Kraal at Earl's Court, and that her attentions evoked in his dusky breast a reciprocal passion which has at last culminated in marriage. However that romantic story may be, it is not to be disputed that the young woman has been most constant in her attendance at Earl's Court and has entertained the black prince in his leisure hours, and that they made an unsuccessful attempt to be married on Thursday at St. Matthias's Church. Loben was there with his enslaver and another young woman, he being attired in a natty blue serge suit, with straw hat and yellow shoes. But the curate who was to have performed the ceremony declined to do so, and the trio drove away—to the register's, it is reported, where the marriage took place, after which the pair started on a honeymoon trip to South Africa.

"The black marriage," as it is called, has done a little good, however, in drawing attention to the scandalous doings that have been going on for some time past at Earl's Court. Among the moneyed and titled aristocracy of this country there is a large class of persons who have exhausted the ordinary pleasures of life, and are constantly seeking new sensations and amusements. It was among these people that Joaquin Miller's red shirt and slouch hat won him a vogue his merits as a poet could never have elicited. So, too, they swarmed to Buffalo Bill's Wild West, and made much of his cowboys—brave, honest fellows unquestionably, but scarcely the intellectual equals of refined ladies and gentlemen. And now these sensation-seekers have been running to Earl's Court, and finding in the half-naked savages exhibited there a new and, to them, fascinatingly repulsive object on which to lavish their attentions.

The show is really a most elaborate one, and, before it became the cause of such scenes as are now enacted there by women who should know better, was deserving of its great popularity. It was projected and completed by Frank Fillis, an Englishman whose father is riding-master in chief at the court of St. Petersburg, and who is himself a skilled horseman and trainer of animals. He managed the Queen's Jubilee celebration in Kimberly and the Diamond Jubilee in Johannesburg, and then conceived the scheme of the present exhibition. No less than three trips to London from Africa were necessary to perfect his arrangements, and he has certainly brought together a remarkably complete and interesting collection of the representative features of South African life. Its most striking feature is the Boer riders, whose dashing feats are almost as startling as those of the American cowboys. Several of them saw service in the war of 1893, and they have with them a curious relic of the rebellion of 1896 in the mule-coach that was attacked by the natives. As for the native contingent in the exhibition, it includes Zulus, Swazis, Hottentots, and Matabeles, who strut about in their aboriginal finery of feathers and semi-nudity and perform war-dances and other native ceremonies.

But, though the Kraal was intended to exhibit to English men and women the manners and customs of the native South African, the exhibition of English manners and customs it has afforded is infinitely more striking. Women old and young—matrons, maids, and grandmothers—have flocked into the place morning, noon, and night, conversing with such of the blacks as can manage a few words of pigeon-English, giving them gifts of flowers, money, and other things, and staring at—in some cases even patting—the gleaming black limbs and bodies of the semi-nude Africans. Nor are their follies confined to Earl's Court, for the negroes have been invited about to various entertainments, and more than one has been seen lolling back luxuriously in victorias in Hyde Park with a pretty white woman sitting, not ashamed but proudly, at his side. Whoever has seen a negro can imagine how the vain and brutal blacks chuckle over these attentions, and I am told that their comments in their own tongue on the ways of Englishwomen are enough to make those misguided females expire with shame could they but understand.

The effect of all this is appalling to contemplate. These men will go back to their native country with new and horrible ideas of the white race that must hold them in subjection. Hitherto white women have been treated like beings of a superior order by the natives who have been their servants, but what will the condition be when these Kaffir Kraal savages go back and tell their fellows of the actions of women who must represent to their minds the most exalted classes of the English race? The gentleman whom I quoted at the beginning of this letter declares that the horrors of the African Southern States, before and after the abolition of

slavery, will be repeated throughout the broad territory that England has reclaimed from savagery in Africa, and I am inclined to think that what he says is more than half true.

Meanwhile, however, the press has taken the matter up. "The black marriage" drew public attention to the scandal, and dozens of Afrikanders are writing to the papers in denunciation of the exhibition. The share-holders of the Savage South Africa, Limited, as the concern is called, include Earl Grey, John Hays Hammond, Lord French, and many other prominent men, and it is incredible that they will not soon make stringent regulations to prevent such scenes as have recently been enacted. Indeed, it is reported that an influential member of the directorate is so ashamed of the exhibition that he has resigned his office.

LONDON, August 14, 1899.

PICCADILLY.

HOPE AND WAIT.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., August 20, 1899.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: I should be pleased to have you reprint the annexed poem, Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll's last composition, which appeared in the *Truth Seeker*.
Yours truly,
GEORGE P. WILSON.

We have no falsehoods to defend—
We want the facts;
Our force, our thoughts, we do not spend
In vain attacks
And we will never meanly try
To save some fair and pleasing lie.

The simple truth is what we ask,
Not the ideal;
We've set ourselves the noble task
To find the real.
If all there is is naught but dross,
We want to know and bear our loss.

We will not willingly be fooled
By fables nursed;
Our hearts by earnest thoughts are schooled
To bear the worst;
And we can stand erect and dare
All things, all facts that really are.

We have no God to serve or fear,
No hell to shun,
No devil with malicious leer,
When life is done.
An endless sleep may close our eyes
A sleep with neither dreams nor sighs.

We have no master on the land—
No king in air—
Without a manacle we stand,
Without a prayer.
Without a fear of coming night,
We seek the truth, we love the light.

We do not bow before a guess,
A vague unknown;
A senseless force we do not bless
In solemn tone.
When evil comes we do not curse,
Or thank because it is no worse.

There is no God of wrath who smites
In heartless hate.
When cyclones rend—when lightning blights,
'Tis naught but fate;
Behind the things that injure man
There is no purpose, thought, or plan.

The jeweled cup of love we drain,
And friendship's wine
Now swiftly flows in every vein
With warmth divine.
And so we love and hope and dream
That in death's sky there is a gleam.

We walk according to our light,
Pursue the path
That leads to honor's stainless height,
Careless of wrath
Or curse of God or priestly spite,
Longing to know and do the right.

We love our fellow-men, our kind,
Wife, child, and friend,
To phantoms we are deaf and blind,
But we extend
The helping hand to the distressed;
By lifting others we are blessed.

Love's sacred flame within the heart
And friendship's glow;
While the miracles of art
Their wealth bestow
Upon the thrilled and joyous brain,
And present raptures banish pain.

We love no phantoms of the skies,
But living flesh,
With passion's soft and soulful eyes,
Lips warm and fresh,
And cheeks with health's red flag unfurled
The breathing angels of this world.

The hands that help are better far
Than lips that pray
Love is the ever-gleaming star
That leads the way—
That shines not on vague worlds of bliss,
But on a paradise in this.

We do not pray, or weep, or wail;
We have no dread,
No fear to pass beyond the veil
That hides the dead.
And yet we question, dream, and guess,
But knowledge we do not possess.

We ask, yet nothing seem to know;
We cry in vain.
There is no master of the show
Who will explain,
Or from the future tear the mask;
And yet we dream, and still we ask.

Is there beyond the silent night
An endless day?
Is death a door that leads to light?
We can not say.
The tongueless secret locked in fate
We do not know. We hope and wait.

A Russian expedition will visit the New Siberian islands next spring, with the object of finding out the truth about the mysterious Sannikow Land, which several travelers assert they have seen to the north-east of Kotjelnoi, the northernmost of the group. The czar has given sixty thousand roubles to assist the expedition.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Laura Lykins, who practices law in Oklahoma City, and is very popular, is a half-blood Shawnee woman who was graduated from the law department of the Carlisle Indian School in 1898.

Governor Leslie M. Shaw, of Iowa, who has been nominated for a second term as chief executive of that State, objects to dancing, and refused at his last inauguration to sanction the customary ball.

The place of professor of geography at the University of Berlin, left vacant by the death of Heinrich Kiepert, is to be filled by Dr. William Sieglin, at present professor of historic geography at the University of Leipsic.

Miss Alice de Rothschild, who was recently naturalized in England, was sincerely devoted to her brother, the late Baron Nathaniel, and inherited a large life interest in his immense fortune. The lady is very clever and a social success. She often acted as hostess at the large house-parties at Waddesdon, when ladies were invited, though she never took up her residence on the estate.

Prince Henry of Prussia, the younger brother of Emperor William, who for some months has been in command of the German squadron on the Asiatic station, is coming to San Francisco this fall on his flagship with the purpose of crossing the continent and calling upon President McKinley. He is immensely popular among all classes of Germans, and is regarded as quite a hero. It was to him, when he sailed for the China seas, that Emperor William used the expression, "mailed fist," when voicing a pledge that Germany would hold what belonged to it, and would claim all to which it was entitled.

A good story is told in *Mainly About People* regarding the Duke of Connaught's son, young Prince Arthur, who was overjoyed at the fact that he had got out of the Saxe-Coburg succession. He was sent over to inspect his possessions, and, on returning to Eton, he confided to his school-fellows that what finally decided him to "chuck it" was his being asked to play tennis with three other German princes, and finding they had balls fielded for them by a squad of soldiers, who saluted at attention each time they handed the ball. This was too much for the healthy, independent English school-boy, he explained, so he promptly decided to remain English.

Alatau T. Atkinson, recently appointed special agent of the Census Bureau for Hawaii, though a thorough-going American, was born in Siberia of English parentage. His father was T. W. Atkinson, an artist and traveler, who wrote "Oriental and Western Siberia" and "The Upper and Lower Amoor," which for many years were standard works on the subjects of which they treated. His mother, too, was an author, having written "Tartar Tents and Their Inhabitants," a charming account of the domestic and family life of the Tartars. Mr. Atkinson was superintendent of the Hawaiian census in 1896 and a member of the legislature in 1898. Since 1897 he has been editor of the Hawaiian *Star*.

The announcement of Walter Wellman's early return to his post as Washington correspondent of the Chicago *Times-Herald* will be hailed with delight by those who have been interested in his effort to reach the North Pole. A treacherous snow *crevasse* caused a severe injury to Mr. Wellman's leg, which necessitated his retreat, although his party had already advanced two hundred miles northward and discovered new lands north of Freedom Island. Mrs. Wellman has been called from Washington to London, where her husband is receiving such medical and surgical attendance as will doubtless enable him to save the limb. As soon as he can make the journey across the ocean, they will return to this country.

Cy Warman, the author and magazine-writer, who has just returned from a pleasure-trip to the Far North, is very enthusiastic over Alaska. In an interview at Seattle last week he said: "All men are liars, everybody knows; but for cheerful, innocent, stupendous, monumental, colossal liars the people of Alaska take the cake. It seems to be all a part of their country that you soon become an enormous, mastodontic liar. But the people are good, whole-souled, kind fellows withal, with hearts as big as their lies, who will put on a new bonnet and choker and come down to the boat and bid you good-by even if you haven't known them more than a couple of days. The scenery of that country it is impossible to tell about, even with the aid of the imaginations grown there. Even the liars have to stop when trying to tell about it, for they can not think big enough. If I was going to be banished, I should like to be banished to Dawson. The scenery surpasses anything I ever dreamed of. Even hard-luckers have nothing to say for Alaska but good."

The Paris vaudeville stage has lost La Cavaliere, of the Folies Bergères, whose beauty has long been the toast of the boulevards, through her marriage recently to Prince Bariatinoki, a Russian millionaire. The two eloped in the regulation romantic fashion, and the news caused a great sensation at the clubs and *cafés*. La Cavaliere is the daughter of a washerwoman and a newspaper hawker of Rome, but she is the most beautiful woman that the Paris stage has had for years. The prince comes of an old Russian family of the highest nobility, and he has long been among the most extravagant members of the *jeunesse dorée* of Paris, spending his millions lavishly. The rival of the prince has been Prince Henri of Orleans, and La Cavaliere, it is said, divided her attention between the two. It was because of his fear that the Bourbon prince would finally win her entire affection that Prince Bariatinoki finally concluded to marry the beauty. She has retired from the stage at the request of the prince, and the two have set up a sumptuous home in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne.

THE HAWAII OF YESTERDAY.

Customs and Religious Rites of the Natives—Obstacles Encountered by the Missionaries—Introduction of Civilized Dress—Kilauea the Show-Volcano of the Islands.

Two timely volumes on the same subject, but written with an entirely different purpose, are "The Making of Hawaii," by Professor William Fremont Blackman, of Yale University, and "The Real Hawaii," by Lieutenant Lucien Young, U. S. N. The former work is "a study in social evolution," treating of the development of the islands, which divides itself naturally into three periods: the first, that which antedates its conquest by the whites; the second, that which covers the period of its conquest and civilization; and the third, that which has to do with the islands at the present time so far as concerns its constitutional history, the ethical and educational conditions of its people; and, finally, the interesting question of the decay of its native population and of the position of the white man in Hawaii. The book is a serious one, and is written with scholarly accuracy, besides being supplemented with a number of appendices containing statistical material and also a good working bibliography.

Lieutenant Young's volume, on the other hand, is written with the express purpose of proving that Mr. Stevens, the United States minister to Honolulu, and Captain Wiltse, the commander of the *Boston*, both of whom are now dead, were in no way responsible for the overthrow of the Hawaiian monarchy and the establishment of the republic. As an officer of the *Boston*, Lieutenant Young undoubtedly enjoyed abundant opportunity for gathering data during the stay of the cruiser, but he has allowed his violent prejudices to so color his statements that his account can not always be trusted. For instance, considering the purpose of his volume, the following admission seems odd:

The sagacious, well-trained, and experienced diplomat of the United States, Mr. John L. Stevens, quietly sat in his legation, pulled the wires, and every time brought American interests to the front. So well did he play his cards, resulting on every occasion in success, that he became a subject of personal abuse and an object of intense hatred by the leaders of the National Reform and Liberal parties.

For Liliuokalani, he has absolutely nothing favorable to say, referring to her continually as a "semi-savage queen," "this relic of barbarism," "the dusky, bloodthirsty queen," and so on. After stating that she "appeared to be up in all the customs of the most powerful monarchs," and that "Queen Victoria was never more exacting in ceremonious requirements," he describes as follows the prorogation of the legislature, which struck him as being "a comedy with which 'Pinafore' and 'The Mikado' would be considered Shakespearean":

First came the chamberlain, supporting in front of him a large portfolio containing the queen's message of prorogation. From it were streaming the ends of white and blue silk ribbons. Next came four dusky aids-de-camp in full uniform, somewhat similar to that worn by a colonel in the United States army. They were stiff and pretentious, varying in personal appearance, size, shape, and color, and exhibiting the air of fully realizing the importance of their exalted positions. After them were the feather *kahili*-bearers, supporting the emblems of savage royalty. These were followed by her majesty, the queen, dressed in a light-colored silk which tended to add somewhat to her dark complexion and negro-like features, and more plainly exhibiting in the facial outlines a look of savage determination. The dress was provided with a very long train, which was supported by four Kanaka lackeys dressed in blue velvet cut-away coats, knee-breeches, white stockings, and buckled slippers. They were extremely awkward and ungainly, and were a source of annoyance to the queen, who appeared to be unfamiliar with this ornamental appendage. Next came four homely ladies in waiting, dressed in the loud colors so much admired by all dark-colored races. Then the two royal princes, modest in demeanor, but extremely spick and span. After them came the newly appointed cabinet ministers, and then the dignified justices of the supreme court, whose manly bearing and intellectual appearance gave a relief to what had preceded. One of them, Mr. Dole, afterward became president of the provisional government and of the republic.

As the procession entered, the chamberlain turned to the right and placed the portfolio on the desk, opened it, arranged the message for the queen's convenience, and took his stand just to the left. The *kahili*-bearers formed in line to the rear. The queen, in turning to face the legislative body, caught her feet in the cumbersome train and partially stumbled. It was due partly to her awkwardness and turning too quickly, and partly to the slowness and ignorance of the train-bearers. She immediately turned with flashing eyes and angered features and spoke to her lackeys, and then stepped up to the desk and waited. The aids-de-camp formed in a diagonal line on her left, and the maids of honor were similarly disposed on her right, all facing the queen. The ministers and the justices of the court remained on the right. As soon as all were in position the chamberlain stepped up, and taking the message from the desk handed it to the queen, who slowly and deliberately commenced to read it, first in English and then in Hawaiian.

Inasmuch as our readers have doubtless been wearied with the vast amount of matter printed *pro* and *con* the queen's overthrow, we shall not continue quoting Lieutenant Young's one-sided arguments, but confine ourselves to extracts from the interesting chapters in his book and that of Professor Blackman which deal with the customs and religious rites of the Hawaiians before their discovery by Captain Cook, and the changes which followed the coming of the missionaries.

The throne was hereditary in the ruling family, but the sovereign had it within his power to name his successor, failing which the chiefs chose a king from among those of the highest rank:

The king and the *tabu* (sacred) chiefs were deemed of divine lineage and authority. "It was death for a common man to remain standing at the mention of the king's name in song, or when the king's food, drinking water, or clothing was carried past; to put on any article of dress belonging to him; to enter his inclosure without permission; or even to cross his shadow or that of his house. If he entered the dread presence of the sovereign he must crawl, prone on the ground, and leave it in the same manner."

A like reverence was felt for the chiefs, according to their several grades:

How large the court was which gathered around them may be surmised from the account, given by Stewart, of the young chief, apparently not three years old, whom he saw walking the streets of Honolulu, stark naked except for a pair of green morocco shoes, and followed by a suite of twenty or twenty-five men and boys, carrying umbrellas, spittoons, *kahilis*, fans, and other royal paraphernalia. A chief having asked advice from a friend of mine, resident in the same city, as to the training of a refractory son, and being counseled to chastise him, expressed something like horror at the idea: the boy being, through the female line, of higher rank than himself. So Fomander reports an ancient legend concerning a father who was about to strike a step-

son, when the mother interfered and revealed the chiefly rank of the youth, whereupon "the astonished step-father stepped back in dismay." This extreme love and reverence for their chiefs was the decisive influence in turning the people to Christianity, and in shaping the political and constitutional history of the country.

Although the funeral rites were not attended by any ceremony, the death of a great chief was accompanied by human sacrifices and with paroxysms of grief so violent that the people lost all reason:

They would knock out their front teeth, shave one side of the head, and tattoo their tongues. The whole community would exhibit a scene of confusion and cruelty that the most barbarous condition could devise. The people would run to and fro without clothing, acting more like demons than human beings. Every vice was practiced and every species of crime perpetrated. Houses were burned, property plundered, murders committed, every base and savage feeling gratified without restraint, and long-forgotten injuries revenged with unrelenting cruelty.

The means by which the various legends and religious rites were transmitted was through the *kahunas*, or priests, who were divided into several hereditary orders:

It was their special duty to commit to memory and teach their children the long prayers used in the temple service, and the genealogies and tales of prowess of the chiefs and their ancestors. They were the learned class, who kept alive the knowledge and handed down the traditions of what was known of astronomy, history, or medicine. They selected and executed the victims for human sacrifice. The lever by which the chiefs and priests compelled implicit obedience to their will was the *tabu*, a complete system which covered the entire daily life of the people with a vast network of regulations and penalties. The people were, at no period of their existence, exempt from its influences, and no circumstance in life could excuse their disobedience to its demands. The death penalty was often inflicted on those who violated the *tabu*. It was not only a legal requirement, but a religious ordinance; hence its violation broke both divine and human laws.

The *tabu* was divided into many kinds, some permanent and others special and temporary. Those relating to the chiefs, the idols, and the temples were permanent, while others belonged to particular times, or were imposed arbitrarily by the king:

During a common *tabu*, the men were only required to abstain from their usual avocations and attend at the temple when prayers were offered, every morning and evening. During the strict *tabu* the requirements were most oppressive and the prohibitions strictly enforced, and every breach of them was punished with death. For days the strictest silence was observed; every fire and light in the district was extinguished; no canoe could be launched, no person could bathe, no *lapa* be beaten, or *poi* pounded; no dog could bark, pig squeal, or cock crow. On these occasions the dogs and pigs were muzzled, and the fowls put under large calabashes.

In every avocation the native Hawaiian had some form of ceremony, incantation, and offerings to the tutelary deities:

A man could not even build a canoe or use a new fishing-rod without prayer and sacrifice to his patron god. The building of a house was in accordance with superstitious rules, even to the arrangement of the sticks, and in the case of a chief's house human sacrifices were required. In the building of a canoe an idol was brought out, the tree selected, the flight of birds noted, and offerings made. After it was finished a final sacrifice was offered, and in the launching, if the silence was broken, the canoe would not be safe. About the only act in life that was not accompanied with prayers and sacrifices to the gods or with religious ceremonies was marriage. In the case of marriage not even the favor of departed ancestors was invoked, and the husband could dismiss or kill his wife without ceremony or cause. When a male child was born, offerings were made to the priests and prayers made to the gods. When he reached four or five years of age he was permitted to partake of *tabu* food, and forbidden to eat with women, a sacrifice was offered and a feast given, and he was circumcised. But the female child was not even allowed to be fed with a particle of food that had been kept in the father's dish or cooked at his fire.

The first representatives of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions—seven men, with their wives, together with three Hawaiian youths who had studied in the Foreign Missionary School at Cornwall, Conn.—arrived at the islands March 31, 1820. It is significant of the purpose with which they set out, and propitious of the manifold influence which they were to exert, that there were only two clergymen among them; a physician, a farmer, a printer, and two teachers completing the party. Others followed them at intervals:

During the early years of the female seminary at Wailuku, many of the girls fell sick, and not a few died. It is pathetic to read the complaint concerning them made by their grave New England teacher: "It seemed impossible to restrain them from rude and romping behavior, and confine them to those exercises deemed more proper for females, without serious injury to health." Commodore Wilkes described the boys as "staid and demure, having the quiet looks of old men." Private letters of that period which I have seen characterize the meetings for prayer as "prim and stiff." As early as 1825 Stewart wrote: "The young king and every chief of any importance have regular family worship with their respective households morning and evening, never take a meal without thanksgiving, observe the Sabbath with becoming propriety, attend all the religious instructions, and studiously avoid every kind of amusement and pastime not consistent with strict sobriety and Christian decorum. Their whole minds and their whole time seem given to improvement. I asked a native the other day which he thought the great commandment. He replied: 'Do not smoke tobacco.' I asked him if he found it in the Bible. He supposed it was there, he said." It was reported that on one occasion in Labaina enough pipes were "voluntarily given up to fill a box of twelve solid feet." "Haole" reports that a thriving silk industry was destroyed because the native employees, persuaded by the missionaries, declined to feed the worms on Sunday.

The difficulties encountered by the missionaries were manifold:

The atrocities and immoralities committed by some of the earlier white visitors, and the energetic and slanderous opposition of certain foreign and vagabond residents, raised a barrier against them at the outset. But the missionaries met other and subtler obstacles. When they spoke of God, they were understood to refer to Kanaloa, or some other divinity; when they prayed, they were thought to be "praying some one to death"; when they sought to inculcate Christian virtues, they found in some instances neither any word in the language nor any idea in the mind of those to whom they spoke answering to that which they wished to describe; when they celebrated the eucharist, it was believed that the cup was filled with the blood of human victims, slain for the occasion; when they dug cellars for their houses, they were supposed to be preparing for an assault upon the natives; when they built churches, the belief that human sacrifices would be required to consecrate them inspired terror among the on-lookers. In short, the undeveloped and indolent intellect of the people, the preoccupation of their minds, and the saturation of their traditions with ideas of deity, of nature, and of man, widely different from those taught by the missionaries, and the poverty of their language in ethical and spiritual expressions, constituted obstacles to the work of a psychical nature far more formidable than opposition or slander.

Despite these obstacles, the early success of the missionaries was extraordinary:

They at once became the teachers of King Liholiho (Kamehameha the Second), of his brothers and successors, of his wives, and of several chiefs of high rank. The strenuous efforts of these children of nature to sever themselves from their past, to bridge the mental gulf separating them from their teachers, and to comprehend and adopt forthwith

points of views and habits of thought which were the heritage of centuries, are interesting and pathetic. Thus Mathison gives account of a visit made by him about this time to the hut of the chief Keeaumoku (Governor Cox) for purposes of barter, and of finding him, with a dozen other natives listening with eager interest and "knitted brows" to the reading and exposition by a native catechist of a passage in St. John's Gospel. So absorbed was he in his exercise, that he did not at first observe Mathison's approach, and when his attention was at last attracted, with a dignified wave of the hand he motioned his visitor to withdraw. . . . In 1863, 52,413 persons had been admitted to membership in Protestant churches since the beginning.

The introduction of civilized modes of dress in the Hawaiian Islands, partly through the exhortations of the modest missionaries, and partly through the dominant imitative faculty and the love of ornament which characterized the natives, proved in many instances disastrous:

Habituated formerly to a nudity almost entire, they often put on two pairs of pantaloons over a thick woollen shirt, with tight boots, and a thick coat or heavy overall, and appeared thus in public, panting with heat and wet with perspiration, only to fling all this aside on returning home, and sit or sleep in the thinnest clothing and the coolest place to be found. The writer remembers seeing the native church-gangers, when caught in a shower on approaching the meeting-house, throw off their finery, men and women together, and enter the building almost in *paris naturalibus*, with their coats and gowns in bundles under their arms. Within, the voice of the preacher could hardly be heard above the coughing and sneezing of the crowded audience.

So far as their hats were replaced by houses, the benefit was not unmixed with harm, for, instead of ventilating them wisely, it was their frequent habit to shut every door and window of a small and close room, lie down, cover their head with a woollen blanket, and thus sleep all night, the air growing more and more impure. It was especially pulmonary diseases, and in particular tuberculosis, which resulted from these changes of condition and habit.

The native *luau* is one of the leading characteristics of Hawaiian hospitality, and from its preparation to its consummation is exceedingly interesting:

It is seldom given by a single individual, but several persons combine, each adding to the quality and variety of edibles. Thus one person will supply the *poi*, another the pig, dog, or fowl, while others will furnish the fish, bananas, and other fruit, and they will give their last fowl or pig for such occasions. When the great event is determined upon, depending upon the fattening of a certain pig or some noted occasion, they will all meet at the designated place and commence the preparations, which entail a great deal of work, the natives exhibiting an industrial spirit that is never witnessed on any other occasion. Some will go to the woods for ferns, *ki*-leaves, and other plants suitable for decoration; others will dig the oven in the ground and prepare the food for cooking, exercising great care in selecting stones that will not explode as they are heated. While the food is cooking they make a spread on the ground, consisting of ferns and *ki*-leaves laid out with much care. When the food is cooked it is taken out and put on the improvised table piping hot, and each one takes his place, squatting on the ground with his legs folded under the body, and the feast commences. No knives or forks are used, but each one eats with his fingers, and the greatest cordiality and good-will prevails. They will gorge themselves to such an extent that for days after they are unfit for anything beyond a lazy loitering about on the grass, never thinking of the future.

The native Hawaiians are natural sportsmen, and some of their games would favorably compare with those of civilized races. One of their most popular and delightful sports was surf-riding:

Familiar with the sea from birth, they have no dread of it, and are as much at home in the water as on dry land. On these occasions they use a board generally six to ten feet long and rather more than a foot wide, sometimes flat, but more frequently convex on both sides. The natives choose a place where the deep water reaches to the beach and where the surf breaks violently. They take their boards and, pushing them ahead, swim perhaps a quarter of a mile or more to sea, dodging the billows or diving under them as they roll toward the shore. Arriving far enough out, they adjust themselves on the rear end of the board, lying flat on their faces, and upon the approach of the largest billow, paddle with their hands and feet toward the shore. The breaker catches up with them, and by skillful manipulation it is made to bear the board forward upon its face at an angle of thirty or forty degrees, with the speed of an express-train, to within a few yards of the beach, when, by a quick movement, they slide off the board, and grasping it in the middle, dive under the water while the wave breaks on the shore. Sometimes the swimmer assumes a sitting or standing position on the board in the midst of the foam, balancing himself in a way that would prove fatal to even the best American swimmer. The larger the waves, in their opinion, the better the sport. They have a variety of games, and gambol as fearlessly in the water as the children of the United States do on their play-grounds. Occasionally a light canoe, holding from one to half a dozen people, is used instead of a board.

In conclusion we quote Lieutenant Young's description of Kilauea, the show volcano of the islands, which has recently been very active:

We arrived in time to view the scene by daylight, and to make the descent about three hundred feet into the inner pit, to within a few feet of the molten mass. In this great bed we saw a volume of liquid fire, like molten iron, moving to and fro, surging and hissing like a sea in a storm. Conducted by the guide, I went across a thin shell of lava, burning to the soles of the feet, and over crevices through which the livid fire could be seen only a few inches down, until I came to the edge of the cone-shaped wall that confined the liquid mass of some twenty acres or more. Ascending to the top of this cone, I stood within a few feet of the boiling lake, and with a stick stirred its surface. The heat was intense, as the lake of fire, boiling like a caldron, covered in places with barded crust, separated by great lanes of fire, surged and rolled its heavy surf against its inclosing walls. The whole surface was constantly changing, fountains were playing at many points, and liquid tongues of fire would leap up as the congealed surfaces would meet with a crash, and new lanes form, sometimes opening clear across the lake. One of the fountains broke out just in front of me, and threw its clots of melted stone over the wall close to my right. I immediately climbed down the cone and made for the bluff in a straight line, against the advice of the guide. One of my feet broke through into a crevice, and the whole sole of the shoe was burned off. In less than an hour the cone on which I had been standing fell in, and the lava overflowed several acres.

The scene at night was even more marvelous:

As daylight faded away, the walls of the pit began to glow with the reflection of the lurid volcanic fire, and the heavy gases hung in clouds, like reflectors in the star-lit sky. As the darkness deepened, the light from the lava grew brighter, while the jets and surges of molten fire continued without intermission, fountains of liquid fire shooting up some thirty feet. The peculiar sullen or angry roar of the fiery surf was distinctly heard, sometimes like the noise of cannon or rattling fire of musketry. The crust, which by daylight appeared to be uniformly black, now showed a network of cracks and fissures, through which the light of the molten mass could be seen. All of a sudden the fiery flood on the left rose above its embankment, and in an instant a lava stream began to flow and soon became a river of living fire, covering a large space on that side of the pit. The effect was grand and suggestive of the great hidden force within the bowels of the earth. We sat for hours looking down on the boiling mass, entranced and fascinated.

"The Making of Hawaii," by Professor Blackman, is published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$2.00. "The Real Hawaii," by Lieutenant Young, is from the press of the Doubleday & McClure Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

LITERARY NOTES.

A Story of Adventure.

The two English lads whose adventures are narrated in "Castle Czargas," by Archibald Birt, are sufficiently remarkable physically to warrant the attention they attracted in their wanderings through the villages of seventeenth-century Germany. One is fair as an ancient Saxon and stands six feet three, and the other possesses so large a biceps that when he doubles up his elbow the muscle does not harden, a peculiarity possessed by the most powerful man of Mr. Birt's acquaintance, as he is careful to explain to the reader in a foot-note. They are both enormously strong men, trained in wrestling and sword-play, and their powers are given full scope in the haps and mishaps of their journey.

The elder brother is sent from their quiet home in Somerset to Venice, and thence to Munich, to secure an inheritance, and, as he does not return in many months, the younger goes in search of him. He finds that the other is a captive in the stronghold of the terrible Count Czargas, a robber-baron whose castle is in the middle of a lake, and so strongly fortified that one man could hold it against an army. In Venice he had met a pretty German girl, and in a short time the two brothers and the girl are all three captives in the castle. The cruel count orders the brothers to wrestle before him, the victor to go free, while the vanquished must be hurled over the castle wall into the lake far below. By a trick the younger brother is vanquished, and pretends that his back is broken, but when he is flung into the lake he swims away and joins his released brother. Then, learning that the count has gone away on a marauding expedition, they capture one of the count's retainers, and, having the password, enter the castle and overpower the two men left on guard.

Their position is but little better now, for the count returns and they are besieged in the castle. It would be unfair to anticipate the reader's pleasure by telling how the younger brother swims six miles through the icy waters of the lake to secure a boat, and how he keeps silent guard for thirty-six hours over a prisoner whom he secures, and how they all escape and wander through many hardships and under fierce pursuit before the count is finally killed and the maiden restored to her father's arms. There is a goodly fight on every page or two, and through these scenes of stress and carnage runs a pretty love-tale, which ends as happily as all such tales should.

Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.25. Jahart

Two Graceful Stories of Youth and Love.

The publishers have chosen a prosaic name—Blue Cloth Books—for a series of dainty volumes which contain more of poetry and romance than most of the summer publications. Two late issues in this series are "A June Romance," by Norman Gale, and "The Maid He Married," by Harriet Prescott Spofford, and they will win favor with readers notwithstanding their modest dress.

"A June Romance" purports to be the diary of a young collegian who goes into the country to be tutor in an ideal family. His charge, a sport-loving youth, is only so-so, but the boy's sister is a flower of beauty and a gem of understanding. Before he sees her the tutor is inspired to write a poem in her praise, and when she appears more verses follow. There are ten of these poetic tributes in the story, and they are worthy of their setting. But the tutor's wooing is not without tremors. The vicar and a wealthy neighbor are already suitors, and fortune seems to favor one of these at the outset. The tutor's diary begins with the first day of June and ends with the month; and while there is something of interest in every entry, the last three days furnish the most important events of the brief history. Mr. Gale has justified the title of his work.

"The Maid He Married" is the romance of a young girl taken from her country home and introduced to city life by an aunt who had married a very wealthy man. This country maid held her own with the beauties of the fashionable world, through the diplomacy of her chaperon, but nearly lost her head in the whirl. How she won the heart of her millionaire uncle, how she disarmed and conquered jealous rivals, how she brought the dancing bark of her own fortunes through stormy seas into a sheltered harbor, is well told. There are many portraits in the story, and most of them are drawn with firm lines; there are some sketches of land and sea that are as good as finished pictures; best of all, there is sincerity and sunshine at the end, and nearly all the way. Mrs. Spofford's pen is as light and sure as ever.

Published by Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago; price, 75 cents. Jahart

The Wonders of Rouen.

"The Story of Rouen," by Theodore Andrea Cook, is a book that will appeal equally to the lover of the impressive in architecture, to the student in history, and to the traveler; for it is the complete story of the ancient and modern city. There are sixty-six drawings, most of them architectural, and six maps. Each chapter in the book which describes an advance in time, or a different phase of life and feeling, is by the author connected with examples of architecture contemporaneous with that phase, or most suggestive of it. He has thus been enabled to mention all the important architectural features of the town without disturbing the chronological develop-

ment of the tale. Space is given to the story of Jeanne d'Arc, who was burned here; to Corneille, born here; the Bayeux Tapestry, and the other interesting historical associations. The illustrations by Helen M. James are especially good.

Imported by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$2.00. Jahart

Our Brothers in India.

Bojidar Karageorgevitch, who writes in French and is a prince of Serbia, has had his latest book, title and all, translated into English by Clara Bell "in advance of the edition in the original language." The book is known as "Enchanted India," and is a description of the author's visits to thirty-eight cities in the Indian Empire, with accounts of the people and their customs, their strange religious rites and other ceremonies, and the ravages of the plague. Prince Karageorgevitch has a style—or his translator has—that is nearer poetry than prose. His descriptions are full of picturesque color. The fact that he is not English is of distinct advantage to him, for he is enabled by the accident of race to see many interesting things that an Englishman would be blind to.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.75. Jahart

New Publications.

"Psychism," by Paul Gibier, has been published by the Bulletin Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

"Madame Paradox" is a novel by Mrs. Ormerod, with a gifted writer for the newspapers as its heroine and an editor for its hero. Published by Drexel Biddle, Philadelphia.

One of the late issues in Appletons' Town and Country Library is "Equality," the last book of Edward Bellamy. In cloth-bound form it had a very large sale, and in this cheaper style undoubtedly will find thousands of new readers. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, 50 cents.

Henry Van Dyke has written a companion volume to his "The Gospel for an Age of Doubt," and entitled it "The Gospel for a World of Sin." It is a work which displays the ripe scholarship of the author and the spirituality of his nature even more than his first book. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

The "Rocky Mountain Souvenir Playing Cards" is a dainty deck of cards embellished by fifty-three picturesque scenes of the famous mountain region. The design for the backs is the columbine, Colorado's State flower, printed in three colors. The edges are in gold and the case a telescope. Published by Tom Jones, Denver, Colo.; price, \$1.00.

In Appletons' Home Reading Books the latest issue is "Our Navy in Time of War," by Franklin Matthews. There is no part of our history more completely filled with heroic deeds, and this modest volume records many of them, from the time of the first iron-clad to the battle off Santiago. It is well illustrated. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, 75 cents.

"Diet in Illness and Convalescence," by Alice Worthington Winthrop, is a book of material worth. It is founded on "Diet for the Sick," published in 1885 and now out of print, but has many additions and changes. Beverages as well as foods are discussed, and every detail given attention. The diet in different diseases has most careful treatment, and the instructions are clear and concise. Many new ideas in cooking and service are presented, and the recipes are practical ones. The volume is carefully indexed, and the work may be commended without reservation. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50. Jahart

Credit where Credit is Due.

The following announcement was printed on the literary page of the San Francisco Chronicle on Sunday last:

"It has been the custom of the Chronicle for years to give the names of the local booksellers through whom the publishers sent books to this paper. The publishers will now send books direct, and it may be assumed that any book noticed on this page hereafter may be found at any of the book-stores."

The Argonaut is glad to see that the Chronicle has come around to its own view of this matter. For several years the Argonaut has given credit in its book-notices to the publisher only, and it is more than satisfied with the results of this policy. Some of the local booksellers gave free expression to their chagrin when the change was made, but the publishers were with us from the start, and showed their appreciation of the stand we had taken by the notable and constant increase in the number of books sent us for review and in their announcements in our advertising columns.

That the Argonaut's policy is the most fair to all concerned can not be gainsaid. It is the publisher who sends press copies to the newspapers for review, the local bookseller acting merely as a channel of delivery, and these press copies are all charged up in the publisher's statement of accounts to the author. Under these circumstances it is the publisher, and incidentally, the author, who is entitled to the advertising benefits of a book-notice. All publishers will send their books to purchasers, postage prepaid, on receipt of the advertised price; and,

moreover, the statement that the book is "for sale by John Smith" gives the impression that the book is for sale only by Smith, thus working a distinct detriment to the men, publisher, and author, who have furnished the book and against whom its cost is charged. Jahart

The Century for September.

An especially interesting issue is the September Century, which is entitled "The Salt Water Number." The special feature of the magazine is the first of a series of four papers in which Captain Joshua Slocum narrates the story of his successful circumnavigation of the globe, alone, in a forty-foot sloop, the *Spray*, constructed by himself. In "The Way of a Ship" Frank T. Bullen, author of "The Cruise of the *Cachalot*," tells of the peculiarities of certain ships on which he has gone down to the sea; and in "Salvage," Morgan Robertson turns to good account the intimate knowledge of things nautical acquired in ten years before the mast. Other notable contributions are "The Atlantic Speedway," by H. Phelps Whitmarsh; "Where a Day is Lost or Gained," by Benjamin E. Smith; "The Scourge of the Eastern Seas," by John S. Sewell; "Voyage of the *Quero*," by Robert S. Rantoul; and "Winslow Homer: A Painter of the Sea," a critical paper by W. A. Coffin. The "Alexander the Great" and "Many-Sided Franklin" biographies are continued, and Crawford's "Via Crucis" and Stockton's "The Vizier"; and there are other entertaining articles that landsmen may prefer to the wealth of material about the briny deep.

The September Pall Mall Magazine.

"The Empire and the Republic" is the title of a timely paper in the *Pall Mall Magazine* for September, in which William Archer, who recently paid an extended visit to the United States, writes entertainingly of the Anglo-American entente from the American point of view. Among other notable articles may be mentioned "The Siberian Railway," by Professor Arminius Vanbéry; an illustrated article on "Alnwick Castle," the home of the Duke of Northumberland, by the Rev. A. H. Malan; "Links in the Chain of Time," by J. H. Schooling; "Distressed Innocents," a charming story, by G. S. Street; a continuation of "Hogarth's Suppressed Plates," by G. S. Lazard; number five of the series of "Silhouettes in Parliament," with caricature portraits of some of the celebrities of the House of Commons; "While the Lamp Holds Out," the second of Gilbert Parker's stories of Anglo-Egyptian life; and many other stories, poems, and articles, by H. G. Wells, Henry Newbolt, E. Nesbit, C. Kennet Burrows, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Frank Taylor, and others.

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HAVE YOU THOUGHT OF IT?

Your daily newspaper often notes a greater prevalence of suicide, and crime in general, during certain kinds of weather.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE WEATHER ON CRIME

Is the subject of a short article by EDWIN G. DEXTER, which appears in
APPLETONS' POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY FOR SEPTEMBER.

Mr. Dexter, who has made a special study of this subject, believes that a close connection can be traced between certain types of weather and certain forms of crime.

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REMINGTONS

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ALL OTHERS

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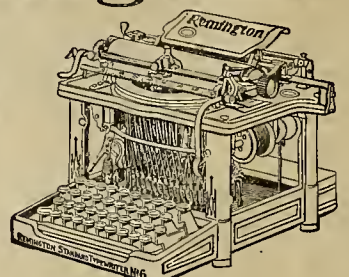
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LITERARY NOTES.

Later Poems of Edward Rowland Sill.

From various resting-places, in print and manuscript, the publishers have gathered some fifty poems by Edward Rowland Sill, and given them to the public under the title "Hermione, and Other Poems." The volume will be welcomed by the poet's many admirers, though some of its contents are well known. It is probable that no complete collection of Mr. Sill's poems will ever be made. His pen was an active one, and during his life-time his verses were scattered in many forms of publication, and over varying signatures. Two volumes of his verse have preceded this from the same publishers, but the mass is none too great for the writer's reputation. Few of the modern poets have written with a purpose more clear, a harmony of thought and phrase more complete. His place in literature is secure.

In this volume there are no long poems, but there are many finished expressions of the poet's art. From the poem which gives the name to the book this extract is chosen:

INFLUENCES.

If quiet autumn mornings would not come,
With golden light, and haze, and harvest wain,
And spices of the dead leaves at my feet;
If sunsets would not burn through cloud, and stain
With fading rose flush the dusky dome;
If the young mother would not croon that sweet
Old sleep-song, like the robin's in the rain;
If the great cloud-ships would not float and drift
Across such blue all the calm afternoon;
If night were not so hushed; or if the moon
Might pause forever by that pearly rift,
Nor fill the garden with its still again;
If the world were not what it stood must be,
Then might I live forgetting love and thee.

Here is a fragment that holds more than a pretty sentiment:

WARNING.

Be true to me! For then will dawn a day
When thou wilt find the faith that now I see,
Bow at the shrines where I must bend the knee,
Knowing the great from small. Then lest thou
say,

"Ah, me, that I had never flung away
His love, who would have stood so close to me
Where now I walk alone"—lest there should be
Such vain regret, Love, oh, be true! But nay,
Not true to me: true to thine own high quest
Of truth; the aspiration in thy breast,
Noble and blind, that pushes by my hand,
And will not lean, yet can not surely stand;
True to thine own pure heart, as mine to thee
Beats true. So shalt thou best be true to me.

There is a tenderness, a human heart-beat in some of his verses that finds little favor with those who have admiration for the coldly beautiful alone; but the following will touch the reader who can feel with the poet:

EVEN THERE.

A troop of babes in Summer-Land,
At heaven's gate—the children's gate:
One lifts the latch with rosy hand,
Then turns and, dimpling, asks her mate,—
"What was the last thing that you saw?"
"I lay and watched the dawn begin,
And suddenly, thro' the thatch of straw,
A great, clear morning-star laughed in."
"And you?" "A floating thistle-down,
Against June sky and cloud-wings white."
"And you?" "A falling blow, a frown—
It frights me yet; oh, clasp me tight!"
"And you?" "A face thro' tears that smiled"—
The trembling lips could speak no more;
The blue eyes swam; the lonely child
Was homesick even at heaven's door.

There may be no single poem in the collection that will become such a favorite as "The Fool's Prayer," or "Opportunity," but there is none that does not deserve more than a single reading.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.00. jabart

Beguilement for the Young Person.

Lord St. Pancras, one of the minor characters in "Mutineers," by Arthur E. J. Legge, having the heroine on his hands for a few moments, relates to her with great particularity the details of a difficulty he had had with his coachman that morning, a trivial narrative that interests neither him nor her, but astonishes the noble lord at his ability to talk continuously. One can imagine Mr. Legge experiencing a similar pleasing surprise at having written and published "Mutineers," for it is commonplace to the last degree.

The central figure is Gladys Stour, a pretty but penniless orphan whose elderly women friends are determined to see her properly settled in life. A match-making cousin espouses the cause of a stupid and repulsive man with money, and an aunt is anxious to see her married to any one else. Two other candidates appear. One is a middle-aged man who has had various affairs with women and is now afraid to bind himself to loving only one; the other is a quixotic young dreamer who coquettes with Socialism. The girl falls desperately in love with the older man, but he hesitates, and in a fit of pique she weds the unpleasant person with money. After a couple of years she and the middle-aged Lothario discover that they love each other, but he "saves her from herself" at the expense of his reputation in her eyes. Then her husband dies, but her passion has been chilled, and in the end she elects the young

Socialist to be custodian of the urn that holds the ashes of dead love. As the urn is a pretty and wholesome young woman still in her early twenties, the outlook for their happiness is not so bleak as she seems to think.

The persons in the tale move in the best society, they are all eminently proper, and they do nothing that would call up the blush of shame to the cheek of innocence. The tale is therefore to be commended to the Young Person in search of innocuous beguilement. But there is no earthly reason why anybody else should read it.

Published by John Lane, New York; price, \$1.50. jabart

Norway's Two Great Dramatic Poets.

A work that is unique in plan and execution is "Henrik Ibsen, Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson: Critical Studies," by George Brandes. The great Danish historian and critic began his study of Ibsen and his works in 1867, and wrote his first impression from a review of the early poems and dramas of the Norwegian genius, then thirty-nine years of age, but already with eight important contributions to literature to his credit. Fifteen years later, Dr. Brandes took up his pen again and noted the advance in Ibsen's art since the appearance of "Peer Gynt." The dramas, "A Doll's House," "The Pillars of Society," "Emperor and Galilean," and "Ghosts," had come into evidence, and in this second review Dr. Brandes makes his clearest declarations of the poet's rank, and prophecies still greater work. After another period of sixteen years—in 1898—the critic once more turned to Ibsen, and from his latest works, "An Enemy of the People," "Hedda Gabler," "The Master-Builder," and "John Gabriel Borkman," drew his conclusions. This is his summing up:

"Scandinavian literature is a different thing now from what it was when Ibsen made a name with 'Brand,' or when he opened up new paths with his dramas of modern life. In Norway as well as in Denmark, Iceland, Sweden, and Finland, a young literature has burst into blossom, rich in fresh talent, great and small. Each of the Scandinavian countries has led the way in turn, and at the present time they are all engaged in a vigorous, promising rivalry. Nevertheless there can scarcely be a doubt that Scandinavian literature has produced its best in Ibsen's dramas; by them the outside world can measure the height it has attained, where it has built highest."

The study of Bjørnson was written in 1883, and is not so thorough a criticism as that of Ibsen, yet it is appreciative and illuminating. Dr. Brandes gives Bjørnson a high place as a poet and dramatist, comparing the two rivals to the old Norwegian kings, Sigurd and Eysteinn, and declares that the only right thing to happen is the peaceable division of the kingdom between them. He pronounces Bjørnson a journalist of power, and as an orator and agitator regards him as most sincere and unaffected.

These critical studies have been translated by Jessie Muir, and her publication is authorized by the critic. Her work has been revised and an introduction written by William Archer. The volume will be welcomed by those who have long been Ibsenites, as well as by those who have not yet given him unserved commendation.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$2.50. jabart

Dr. Jordan's "Imperial Democracy."

Under the title "Imperial Democracy," Dr. David Starr Jordan has collected some eight papers and addresses into a suggestive and timely volume for American readers. Of these papers, the first, "Lest We Forget," is at the same time a warning against jingoism and a statement of the new problems in American policies consequent upon Dewey's victory at Manila. It was delivered as an address on May 25, 1898. "Colonial Expansion," the second paper, is a further warning against the threatened Philippine war of conquest; "A Blind Man's Holiday" is a discussion at length of the whole colonial problem, with reasons why this country can not maintain its old-time democratic integrity and hold colonies; "Colonial Lessons of Alaska," first printed in the *Atlantic*, is a clear exposition of evils in the government of our northernmost coast; "The Lessons of the Paris Tribunal of Arbitration" is an arraignment of imperial Great Britain in her relations to the sealing problem; "A Continuing City" is a discussion of city politics and city government; "The Captain Sleeps," being a letter to the *Outlook*, arraigns the President for his policy of no-policy; and "The Last of the Puritans" tells about the lesson of John Brown. Dr. Jordan writes most brilliantly when he is most in earnest. In this book he is very much in earnest.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50. jabart

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

According to literary gossip in London, a long novel dealing with English life in that metropolis and in the country will appear in the course of the fall from Rudyard Kipling.

A striking article in Appletons' *Popular Science Monthly* for September is "The Influence of the Weather on Crime," by Edwin G. Dexter.

Israel Zangwill's new novel, "They that Walk in Darkness," which deals with some of the darker

tragedies of the Ghetto, is to be brought out by the Macmillan Company soon.

It is reported that H. Morrison is to write a "Life" of Andrew Carnegie. Mr. Morrison is the principal librarian of the Edinburgh Public Library, one of the many Scottish libraries which owe their institution to Mr. Carnegie.

Charles Dana Gibson has made thirty-six new drawings for the "Education of Mr. Pippins," which will be added to his original forty, and will be published later in the season.

Swinburne's new drama, "Rosamund," will be published within a few weeks. It is said to be distinguished by rapidity of movement and concentration of dialogue.

The biography of George Sand, upon which Wladimir Karenine has been engaged for some years, is to be apparently a massive work. The first and second volumes, which are just coming out in Paris, bring the account of the novelist's career only up to 1838. It was after that that nearly all her best work was done.

Rider Haggard has finished a new romance, which will be published serially in the London *Graphic* next year. It is called "The Secret of Sword Silence: a Tale of the Old Dutch," and deals with the history of a burgher family living in the time of William the Silent.

It is reported that Lady Randolph Churchill has secured nearly three thousand subscribers for a year to her *Anglo-Saxon Review*, or a guarantee of sixty thousand dollars. The Duchess of Devonshire, it is stated, exerted herself with great success to push her friend's review.

In reply to a query from a correspondent we would say that it is not Queen Natalie of Serbia who writes under the nom de plume of Carmen Sylva, but Queen Elizabeth of Roumania.

Marion Crawford's name figures extensively among the Macmillan Company's fall announcements. In

addition to his "Via Crucis," the romance of the Second Crusade, now running in the *Century Magazine* and announced for publication in October, and his long-promised "Life of Pope Leo XIII.," the date of the appearance of which is not yet definitely announced, there will be a new edition of "The Ralstons," in one volume, and of "Adani Johnstone's Son" and "A Rose of Yesterday," bound together as additions to the uniform one-volume edition of Mr. Crawford's novels.

Felix Gras's latest work, "The White Terror," translated by Mrs. Catherine Janvier, will be ready shortly from the press of D. Appleton & Co.

The "Memoir of H. R. H. Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck, Based on Her Private Diary and Letters," will soon be brought out in England.

The Century Company will issue this autumn a new Brownie book, by Palmer Cox, entitled "The Brownies Abroad"; "The Dozen from Lakerim," by Rupert Hughes; "Quicksilver Sue," by Mrs. Laura E. Richards; "The Story of Betty," by Carolyn Wells; and "The St. Nicholas Christmas Book," being a selection of stories, sketches, poems, and pictures from the pages of the *St. Nicholas Magazine* in recent years. jabart

Rudyard Kipling has been boycotted by the Sunday-School of the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Crawfordsville, Ind. Some time ago the Sunday-school purchased a number of new books for its library from Methodist publishers of Cincinnati, and as these books came from what was regarded as the fountain-head of pure literature, little attention was paid to several volumes that were thrown in for good measure. Among these was Kipling's "Drums of the Fore and Aft," which finally came into the family of a man who declared that it was "fairly reeking with profanity and the most outrageous slang." Fortifying himself with numerous quotations, he went before the Sunday-school authorities, and as a result the offending book was thrown out of the library. jabart

September.

Ready Aug. 29.

SALT-WATER NUMBER OF THE CENTURY.



Articles, Stories,
Poems, Pictures,
about

THE SEA

The author of "The Cruise of the Cachalot" on "The Way of a Ship"; the author of "The World's Rough Hand" on "The Atlantic Speedway"; the editor of The Century Atlas on The International Date Line in the Pacific Ocean; a true Sea Story of the American Revolution; experiences among Chinese Pirates, by an American naval officer; a thrilling sea story, "Salvage," by Morgan Robertson; sea pictures by Winslow Homer, George Varian, and others; a sea poem by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell; "An American Forerunner of Dreyfus,"—the story of the persecution of a Jewish officer in the U. S. Navy (an incident of the War of 1812); and the opening instalment of

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THE PALL MALL MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER NUMBER CONTAINS:

AMERICA TO-DAY: The Republic and the Empire. William Archer
(The second of two articles discussing the rapprochement between the North and the South).
RUSSIA AFTER THE COMPLETION OF THE SIBERIAN RAILWAY
Professor Arminius Vambery
(Prof. Vambery discusses the advantages to Russia to be derived from that undertaking.)
EX LIBRIS: Shakespeare in France. W. E. Henley
(Treating of the lack of appreciation of Shakespeare in France.)
PICTORIAL PHILATELY. Ernest C. Fiecham
(With reproductions of United States and Foreign Postage Stamps.)
THE ROBBER AND THE BURGLAR. E. Nesbit
(With Illustrations by Lewis Baumer.)
UNDERNEATH: A Story of the Days to Come. H. G. Wells
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PALL MALL MAGAZINE, ASTOR COURT, NEW YORK.



So quiet and self-contained a personage as Mr. Clay Clement's "Southern Gentleman" chose the wrong time to visit us here. San Francisco was quiescent in her new rôle of night beauty, and diademed with myriads of brilliants, intoxicated with her own loveliness, absorbed in greetings to her soldier-love, she rather gave the poor "Southern Gentleman" the go-by. He is not a very exciting personage, and is not intended to appeal to lovers of the sensational. The play is something of the order of "Alabama," and others of the kind that are written for those who are weary of hysterical farces, and sated with the faint, sickly taint of the problem plays. It is meant to give us a fresh, wholesome savor of nature, honesty, rural ways, and true and tried affection, so that we may come away with a pleasant taste in our mouths. The author meant well, and only did fairly, but good intentions—that is from the standard of what is fitting, normal, and pure—are getting sufficiently rare among playwrights to make us desire to give them a warm welcome when we discover them.

If Mr. Clement had come to us when we were resignedly wading through floods of dramatic inanity, some three or four months back, he might have had a warmer welcome. But we have been leading a pampered existence, with any number of good plays to choose from, and he has stepped in just as the Frohman and Frawley companies have left. They have carried off with them many a good San Francisco dollar from people who ordinarily turn their backs on the drama of the decadents, and who have been well satisfied during our late military carnival to go down-town and sip the excitement of the glittering, crowded streets gratis, for all the world loves a free blow.

But Mr. Clement is a careful, reposeful, and agreeable actor, and with better and stronger plays, will probably receive the reward he deserves. His romantic comedy contains more romance than comedy, and the romance is rather too strained and sentimental, and the comedy too dull, to arouse any very keen interest. Much of the comedy element consists of long and unintelligible speeches by O'Malley, in an uncracy and unamusing brogue, and other long and unintelligible speeches between a darkey pair who have no gift of humor. When O'Malley turned up in the first act, with his brogue unimpaired by time, there were some sighs of regret that he had not been killed off in the prologue—for dialect, unless very intelligible or thoroughly humorous, is, in plays as in novels, always something to be endured.

However, a pretty, twittering girly-girl and a nice, sleek-haired soldier lad shed a faint ray of light by some fairly amusing, flirtatious by-play. Miss Nell MacEwen, who was the fair flirt, had a pretty little rôle, and possesses the art of looking a man in the eyes, under the gaze of an audience, with the saucily provocative glance of the true coquette.

Mr. Duffield gave a good representation of the eccentric old lawyer, Judge Fluhearty, and contributed to the part a faculty for chuckling, unctuous laughter that was really a gem of its kind. I never knew a player yet to possess this gift, however, but that he rather overdid his account before the play was over. Consequently, I was not surprised to observe that the judge laughed long many times, and with the most intense relish, at nothing in particular at each of his appearances in the play.

Mrs. Clement is not at all suited either in appearance or temperament to the character of Arzelia Thompson, the heroine, and probably filled the part merely because she is Mrs. Clay Clement. Arzelia is a fresh-hearted, inexperienced, impulsive girl, whose spring-time youth and charm have entangled her in a web made by the conflicting claims of two lovers. Mrs. Clement failed to indicate the keen sufferings of the young girl, and took refuge from her inner lack by falling into a redundancy of gesture that was unnatural and ungraceful. I should imagine that she would be much more at her ease in the part of a colder and more sophisticated character.

Mr. Clement made a courtly and chivalrous Southern gentleman, with a tinge of romance and a dash of daring, in spite of his crown of snow-white hair—too white for a man in the prime of life. It takes more than twenty years to bleach the locks to that gleaming, lustrous snow that is beautiful and picturesque, but aging. But his abilities are above the part, and he shines more in the character of Von Holenstauffen, where he brings into play his powers for careful study of detail, and at the same time presents an unbackneyed and original conception that lingers pleasantly in the memory.

There is a kind of old-fashioned clumsiness

about the play in places which makes the time (1884) seem too smart and modern for the people. General Carroll falls on one knee when he proposes, and the characters have a tendency to drop without warning into long and rather prosy speeches; Madam Euphemia Sterling suddenly and infelicitously sprung three marble tombstones and a whole heart-history of anguish into her discourse at the picnic, while all the guests stood around in attitudes of respectful attention, looking very miserable, much as they would have done in real life under similar circumstances.

This is not the first time that the Grand Opera House has echoed to the strains of "Paul Jones." On its former production, some seven years ago, the rôle of the dashing hero was in the hands of beauty, for Agnes Huntington assumed the part, probably because she had a big, handsome person, and a deep contralto voice. She was one of the kind who can carry male costume well, and towered before us, a lofty and splendid vision, clothed in beauty and a skin-tight, pale-gray uniform. But she was the only one in her company who knew the first principles of stage-craft; the performance had small and unresponsive audiences, the cold, bare spaces in the big house struck a chill even to the hearts of beauty-worshippers, and the engagement was a cold, hard frost. I have no doubt that that frost subsequently transferred itself to the feelings of the lovely Agnes, and that it has since developed into a permanent glacier as far as her sentiments toward San Francisco are concerned, even though the stage knows her no more.

Had she remained on the stage, she might, perhaps, have turned to account her talent for making a magnificent stage figure of herself by going into vaudeville. Her turn would have been the talk of the town, and with her beauty and her voice she could easily have eclipsed two or three twinkling lights like Dagmar, the recent Orpheum attraction. Dagmar is supposed to be a beauty and a vocalist, but she is neither. She is merely in her own person what is known in the bright lexicon of youth as a "shape-show," and with opalescent lights thrown on the gleaming perfection of her form, she simultaneously holds the eye with pleasure and makes the ear uncomfortable with unmusical noise.

A second hearing of "Paul Jones" by the company at the Grand Opera House convinces one of the intrinsic dullness of the opera, both in music and in dialogue. This latter deficiency Messrs. Wolff and Wooley undertook to atone for by supplying gags with vast energy and relish, but little wit. Their humor was of the most primitive, artless, and baby-like description, but somehow it went. What an enormous reservoir of sound Wolff has stored away in his larynx. One would think from the way he misuses his voice continually in his vocal buffooneries that it would be seamed with cracks, but when he lets it out in song, boom!—the chandelier fairly rattles with the reverberation.

The part of Paul Jones fell to Persse, of the pretty little foot, the well-turned little leg, and the neat little profile. If he had contributed a nice little voice he would have done very well; but he is a mechanical singer, and he always seems to be just on the verge of falling into a hard, rocky stream of falsetto.

Edith Mason was, of course, the chief figure in the performance. There was nothing either picturesque or piquant in the situations, so she placidly recognized the fact that her powers of acting were not called upon, and was just pretty Edith Mason walking through an uninteresting part, a replica in prettily tinted flesh of a pink-cheeked, flaxen-curl, silken-clad Parisian doll. She is a nice, likeable, conscientious little thing, and never fails to give pleasure by her singing, for even "Paul Jones" is brightened up by a few musical spots in the score.

It was surprising to see how well-filled the big auditorium was on Monday night. San Franciscans have been so long accustomed to having their allowance of light opera at the Tivoli that, in spite of big audiences at the latter house for the grand-opera performances, those of its *clientèle* who prefer to be amused must have been swelling the number at the Grand Opera House. At any rate, trifle though the opera be, it was no trifle of an audience that assembled to hear it, and there were several rows of attentive heads, even in the two highest circles.

JOSEFITA.

An intimate friend says that the moment an idea has occurred to Sardou he puts it down, and all the various notes, documents, particulars which have to do with this idea are joined together, forming a sort of dossier. When the idea is crystallized into dramatic shape, Sardou writes a *scenario* of a few pages, giving the skeleton, as it were, of the whole play. Then he puts the work aside. All his various schemes are treated in the same way. He has at the present day from seventy to eighty *dossiers* in his drawers, out of which eight or ten plays will come. So, when he has to write a drama or comedy, he only chooses. For instance, "Theodora" was written fifteen years after it originated in the author's mind.

Jahan

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LATE VERSE.

Eternal Me.

What an exceeding rest 'twill be
When I can leave off being Me!
To think of it!—at last be rid
Of all the things I ever did!

Done with the varying distress
Of retroactive consciousness!
Set free to feel the joy unknown
Of Life and Love beyond my own!

Why should I long to have John Smith
Eternally to struggle with?
I'm John—but somehow cherubim
Seem quite incongruous with him.

It would not seem so queer to dwell
Eternally John Smith in Hell.
To be one man forever seems
Most fit in purgatorial dreams.

But Heaven! Rest and Power and Peace
Must surely mean the soul's release
From this small labeled entity—
This passing limitation—Me!

—Charlotte Perkins Stetson in the September Cosmopolitan.

Morte Triumphi.

In death I triumph, I
Who have fought death in life;
It is not hard to die
After long years of strife,
After long nights of sorrow, of broken song
and sigh.

Through bitter days I kept
My sacred faith and fire;
Even though I faltered, wept,
Still I could dream, aspire,
Still under placid stars I laid my head and
slept.

But I am glad to rest,
Glad to forget, forgive:
'Tis sweeter so and best,
I should not pray to live,
Even though one prayer might conquer fate
in its savage quest.

What gentle soul could bear
More than my soul has borne?
All passions of despair,
Love's shame and sin and scorn,
The curse of cruel time unsleeping in its lair.

'Tis ended—Cold and dumb
My flesh will lie in earth;
Let no black mourner come
To weep my little worth,
Whilst the keen winds of winter blow their
exordium.

'Tis ended—what I wrought,
And what I strove to win,
The tender dreams I sought,
The sinless war with sin,
The bird-like flight of fancy; the strong, un-
yielding thought.

Come, Death, I have no fear,
To thy firm hands I cling,
Life may destroy or sear,
But thou canst only bring
Peace to the weary heart which bolds oblivion
dear.

Oblivion?—Who can tell?
Perchance there may be yet
Some deeper gulf of hell
For souls that would forget,
For souls that strove in darkness and in the
darkness fell.

I know not. God is just,
Or so His prophets say;
But I am of the dust,
And I shall take my way
Unknowing as any bird that sings because
it must.

I ask no question. Death
Is but a joy to me;
What tongue of mortal saith
May be not or may be,
God shall unveil Himself, if souls have eyes
to see.

—George Edgar Montgomery in Harper's Weekly.

Life.

Silently, swiftly, one by one
We march down the aisles of time;
Musical murmur and mournful moan,
Plaintive pleading and tender tone,
Blend in a living rhyme.

Lives that were full of happiness,
Others that teemed with sin;
Shadowy phantoms of bygone days
On a suffering soul turn full their gaze,
And we long for the "Might have been."

But the longing is vain, for the past is dead,
And a passing present is all we know,
Futurity's riddle we may not read,
But the pains of the past with its lust and greed
Should tell us the way to go.

Prince and pauper are peers in death,
Their ashes are blown where their feet once
trod,
Out of the past with its weal and woe
Into the future of doubt we go,
Christian and pagan to face one God.

—Denver News.

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AMATEUR DRAMATIC PERFORMANCES.

Hints to Aspiring Thespians.

Whatever real pleasure, instruction, or cultivation there is to be gained from attempted performances of drama is to be obtained only by rational, serious, enthusiastic effort in plays of real merit (says Julia Marlowe in the *Ladies' Home Journal*). It is, therefore, of the highest importance in organizing an amateur company to include only those whose inclination toward the stage amounts to a real love of the dramatic art.

The production of a drama has such varied elements in having to do with various and differing personalities that the wise head respects the taste, temperament, and skill of the individual actors, and molds them carefully to his purposes, for it is the possession of these qualities that gives the actor his value. If left to themselves, however, the personal, and, it might be, laudable, aim of each actor would often lead to distortions of the whole.

Unless the head of the amateur company be a professional of marked ability and taste, engaged as instructor and manager, there should be a committee of reference by which every affair of the company may be discussed and decided. It is, however, much the best plan to select one person to control the affairs of the company.

The play should be first conceived and grasped as a whole, and its main feature or features ought to receive the best, and fullest, and most detailed presentation. They should be made most prominent in the whole picture, remembering that there are characters as there are things meant to serve the purpose of others. The cast should be so arranged as best to carry out this principle. The same general plan should guide the study of one's part. The play itself should first be understood as a whole; then the exact relation and importance of one's own part; then the careful study of the character should follow; and the memorizing of one's lines and business should proceed from this basis.

In studying the character that one is to play one should seek to discover its temperament, its mental attitude, and its intellectuality, and, in fact, to grasp all its characteristics. Here there should be a fine weighing of values for the more important characteristics. Those which are of the greatest importance to the play, and those which influence the character itself most should have the fullest treatment. Speaking of the weighing of the values of characteristics is presupposing that the character has more or less complexity. Consider the character of Romeo—how complex, and what varying moods! To me the chief attributes to be portrayed in Romeo are magnetism, warmth of poetic passion, poetic temperament, and a youthful but superior mentality. The man who could convince us of these attributes, and be beautiful to the eye as well, would be an ideal Romeo. The man, however, who is beautiful to the eye both in beauty and grace of person, but who fails to convince us of the warmth of his youthful poetic passion, of his winning qualities and poetic temperament and refinement of intellectuality, fails in Romeo, even though he may read intelligently those marvelous lines of Shakespeare.

In general, characters which are simple in possessing, or in requiring for portrayal, one particular trait of character—the so-called "character parts"—are the easiest to play. Temperament, therefore, mentality, and physique determine the adaptability of a person for the portrayal of character, and should be studied carefully, not only in casting the parts of a play, but also by the player himself in selecting the character of the work to which to devote his attention. This requires keen observation and special care, for it often happens that a person is least likely to be successful in the very characters he or she would most like to play. The playing of comedy, for instance, is most natural to the person who, in addition to having a keen sense of humor, is also in the habit of doing and saying things humorous. Comedy parts are very various, however, and temperament must be studied carefully in casting them. The dry wit is humorous in his line of comedy, but might not be so successful in a part requiring unctious and pompous dignity.

All actors, however, should possess versatility to some degree, and we must remember that it is not he who is most able to completely obscure his own personality who is either the greatest or the most versatile actor in the best sense of the term. One's personality is one's most precious attribute, and it is the personal treatment that makes a work of art valuable and interesting.

In the matter of detail in arranging the general business and action of the play great care should be used in building to the proper climaxes by the simplest and most direct methods. In fact, simplicity and directness are the foundation of the method to be employed in every detail, and the greatest care should be taken in order to avoid all meaningless, unnatural movements of every kind.

The disposition of the characters in their entrances, exits, and crosses should be studied to make all natural and suggestive. The lines and "business" of the play should be studied carefully in private, for it is a great mistake to leave all to rehearsal. Rehearsal and private study have almost equal value. In private, the imagination has freer play. The lines and "business" should be committed to memory early, so that the mind may be free to invent

new touches, and to become accustomed to suiting the "action to the word."

Melodrama I think best adapted to amateur presentation, both as schooling for the players and in the light of the greatest probable success in presentation. In melodrama it is less difficult to arrive at some degree of success, because its effects are produced by methods more artificial than must be employed in comedy and tragedy.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Clay Clement in "The Bells."

For the third week of his engagement at the Columbia Theatre, Clay Clement will present an elaborate revival of the psychological romance, "The Bells," and will be seen in the role in which Henry Irving made his first and greatest London success. It will be remembered that in 1893, when he was a member of the Alcazar stock company—which included Blanche Bates, then a new recruit to the stage, her mother, Mrs. F. M. Bates, Mrs. McKee Rankin, Phyllis Rankin, Mrs. Clement, and others—Mr. Clement gave an excellent impersonation of the murderous innkeeper, who imagines himself confronted by a hypnotist and finally forced to relate how he robbed and killed a rich Jew upon a lonely road in the dead of winter. This is the big scene of the play, and Mr. Clement holds the audience spell-bound during his gruesome yet powerful recital.

"Carmen" and "Romeo and Juliet."

"La Gioconda" and "Rigoletto" will be given for the last time at the Tivoli Opera House on this (Saturday) and Sunday evenings, respectively. Next week is to be devoted to Bizet's "Carmen" Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday evenings, and to Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet" Tuesday, Thursday, and Sunday evenings and Saturday matinee. With such favorites as Ella Prosnitz, Mary Linck, Anna Lichter, Charlotte Beckwith, Avedano, Salassa, Wanrell, Mertens, Berthold, Schuster, Zani, Fonari, and others in the cast, these popular operas are bound to prove a treat.

The Orpheum's Excellent Bill.

The return of the Hungarian Boys' Military Band will be the feature of next week's bill at the Orpheum. Reinforced in numbers and improved by two years' practice, these half a hundred clever little musicians will surely attract large crowds. Since their last engagement here they have traveled extensively and, under the watchful tuition of their bandmaster and tutor, Niklas Scilizonyi, have added greatly to their extensive repertoire. Charley Case, the monologue comedian, who "talks about his father," will also be new next week, as will Stinson and Merton, a comedy-sketch team, and Montrell, a juggler.

Felix Morris and his clever company will substitute "Behind the Scenes" for "Night and Morning." This week, Mr. Morris is an Irishman; next week, in the role of Achilles Talma, he will impersonate a typical Frenchman. Among the other hold-overs are the Mouliere Sisters, two clever triple horizontal-bar performers; Arnold Grazer and La Petite Hazel in their mysterious-mirror dance, in which they have made a bit; Apollo, who will perform some new feats on the bounding wire; and the Biograph.

Another Revival of "El Capitan."

"Paul Jones" has been enthusiastically received at the Grand Opera House during the week, especially on Wednesday evening, when some seven hundred returned California volunteers and sailors of Dewey's fleet were entertained by the management. Next week will doubtless be another record one when Sousa's ever-popular "El Capitan," with its catchy, stirring marches, is to be revived. With the exception of a new recruit, Herbert Sinclair, a clever *basso cantante*, who will impersonate Scramba, and Bessie Fairbairn as the Princess Morgana, the cast will be practically the same as before. William Wolff will repeat his droll impersonation of Don Medigua; Arthur Wooley will be the Pozzo; Thomas H. Perse as Count Verado will introduce the patriotic song "America, My Country"; Edith Mason will again delight her admirers by her charming rendition of Isabel; Hattie Belle Ladd will be the hero-worshipping Estrelida; and Winfred Goff her father, Don Cazarro. The others in the cast will be Addie Arnold, Grace Farawa, Charles Arling, A. E. Arnold, and Nace Bonville. A pleasing innovation will be a novel march by twenty-four young ladies.

The Mechanics' Fair and Philippine Exhibit opens this (Saturday) evening at the Pavilion, and will continue until October 7th. Mayor Pbelan and President E. A. Denicke of the Mechanics' Institute will deliver addresses as leading numbers on the programme. The exposition promises well, a fine art gallery, an educational exhibit, a California Indian village, and a Filipino exhibit in the annex being among the special attractions. The acrobats from the Philippines will display their cleverness in a real circus-ring, and the native village will present some novel features.

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COMMUNICATIONS.

Two Kinds of Patriotism.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 29, 1899.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: It seems that there are two kinds of patriotism in San Francisco. The first, and apparently the most important species of this oft-vaunted virtue, is that which appeals to the pocket; that patriotism is writ with a very large P. It is thrifty in very truth; it makes gods of the raw recruits detained within its walls waiting to be sent to the front. Why? The shoemakers, bakers, clothiers, butchers—every one, in fact, who has ought to sell—get rid of very large quantities of various goods at very high prices, and when the said patriotic citizen sees the golden coin drop into his gaping pocket, how his generous heart glows with love for "the boys in blue." Nay, their womankind become hysterical with this same patriotism, to the point of cheering or decking with laurel-leaves any tramp who may happen along in a soldier's dress. This is the patriotism which urges railroad and steamboat corporations to celebrate the return of "our boys in blue," no matter how small their service on foreign fields; which suggests to the street-car companies and provision dealers, as well as hotel and boarding-house proprietors, the timely subscription to welcome "our noble soldiers" home, and indulge in some more hysterical ebullitions of so-called public feeling. A grand welcome, verily, which brings one hundred and forty thousand strangers into our city, where they drop their dollars in tickets, and beds to sleep in, and car-fares and food! A clever scheme in the interests of trade, labeled patriotism. The soldier is worthy of his welcome, but give him a disinterested one; do not make him a peg to hang a thrifty enterprise on.

That is one kind. Now for the other. There is no money in it. Only a snow-white cruiser sails into the bay with her brave officers and men—only regulars, not heroes—returning, not from three or six months, but over three years under a tropical sky, penned up in quarters those three years that some of our volunteers complained of when confined to them for something like six weeks. This ship, with her gallant crew, left Manila two months ago. She was known to be due here many weeks ago; she was on her way when these grand preparations, beaded by the sum of fifty thousand dollars, were commenced for a welcome to the California volunteers. The last shouts of their Pacific Parlor, and savory kitchens, and golden calves had hardly died away, the bay of the bands was still echoing, when the United States steamer *Boston* steamed into the harbor of San Francisco, and not a gun was fired or a whistle sounded to welcome the real heroes of Manila Bay. Odd that the reception committee quite forgot the navy—a few dollars could have been spared from the fifty thousand for a round of ammunition to fire a salute. Oh, no; only a few—not enough—on that stately ship to circulate money or help local trade. What matters the splendid record of her officers and men to the average citizen? But only let an officer, be he ensign, lieutenant, or captain, once—just once—drop from grace—nay, do once in a life-time as the private citizen can daily and uncriticized—and lo! the daily papers start the bue and cry, and he is exposed in column articles with inch headings.

So much for patriotism. And now, when the same daily papers ask where is the *Boston's* welcome to come in, we pause, and remember what our more enlightened, disinterested, and truly patriotic brethren in New York did when the *Raleigh* honored their harbor, and steamed up amid the deafening roar of guns and whistles and music, and the shouts and plaudits of thousands of enthusiastic Americans. As an officer of the *Boston* remarked, "Oh, yes, we know all about it; we get a warmed-over welcome!" And yet, we all know that but for Dewey's fleet and its glorious victory, the regular army and "our heroes," the volunteers, would all be safe and snug within our own prosperous States. The volunteers come back heroes because the navy made it possible for them to land on foreign shores. M. V. D.

A Wagner Fiasco in South America.

The Wagner bubble has burst again. Buenos Ayres was the scene of the latest disaster. The Italian company which gave a season there during the spring and summer months attempted "Die Walküre." The fiasco was of the kind possible only in a South American city. The audience hissed, shouted, and howled the performers off the stage. The tenor was so poor that his contract was canceled the next day. The season opened with this work which had never been heard there before, and the public resented the innovation in a way that will prevent a repetition of the opera in many a day. The darkened theatre particularly offended the audience which had gathered in its most brilliant attire at the first performance of the season. "Tannhäuser," also a novelty to the opera-goers of Buenos Ayres, was another failure nearly as complete. Giordano's new "Fedora" was considered tiresome, and Massenet's "Sapho" made little impression. All the enthusiasm of the public was shown toward Mascagni's "Iris," which made a furore of success. The most trivial numbers in the score were wildly applauded by the same public that had hissed the spring song of "Die Walküre" and the fire-charm music. At every representation the climax of the act in which Iris commits suicide had to be repeated, and the audiences had the pleasure of seeing the heroine, bent on suicide, leap out of the window three times. The opera, which had greater success in South America than anywhere else, was under the direction of Maestro Mascheroni, from whom Mascagni took the baton before the first performance in Rome on the ground that he was not capable of bringing out the beauties of the music.

WOMANLY BEAUTY.

How to Gain It. How to Retain It.

JOHN V. SHOEMAKER, A. M., M. D.,

Professor of Materia Medica, Therapeutics, Clinical Medicine and Diseases of the Skin in the Medico-Chirurgical College of Philadelphia; Physician to the Hospital; Member of the American and British Medical Associations; Fellow of the Medical Society of London, etc.

Is the author of a comprehensive new book entitled:

"HEREDITY, HEALTH, AND PERSONAL BEAUTY."

Here is a partial list of subjects from its Table of Contents:

The General Laws of Health: Physical beauty dependent on their observance—The spendthrift tendency as to health—Imprudence in exercise—City-bred and country-bred—The secret of enjoyable life.

The Source of Beauty in the Fair Sex—Causes chiefly concerned in producing the relative beauty of the fair sex—Men choose the best-favored—Women the sedulous care of enlightened nations—Beauty-producing prevalence of romantic love—The influence of sexual selection.

The Regulative Law of Life and Growth—Evolution—Comparison of theories—History of the discussion.

The Evolution of the American Girl—Dressing for adornment—Dressing of American women—Of foreign women—Modifying fashions to suit forms—Beauty of American women compared with French—Fifty years of fashion—From simplicity to luxury—The Countess of Jersey on improvement in hygienic practices—The female form—Its proportions—Points of elegance—Beauty of the bosom—Warning against quacks—Tight shoes and gloves—Tight-lacing—Blonde and brunette types—The grace of Spanish women—Conditions tending to make American women the handsomest type of the world.

Nature's Evidence of the Law of Life and growth—The relation between species—Effects of sexual selection upon animals—The courting of birds—Rare case of the female courting the male—Nature's relinquishment of unused organs.

Man's Physical Place in Nature—Educated man and the savage—Likeness to the anthropoid apes—Types of brain conformation.

Food for Health and Beauty—Tastes of nations—Acquirement of taste—Plain cooking—English and French cooking—The palate and digestion—Pleasures of the table contributory to health and beauty.

Clothing in its Relation to Health—Protective, healthful, and agreeable aspects of clothing—The uses of linen—Of wool and cotton—Silk underwear—The climate and the almanac.

Ventilation—Cool Air and Pure Air Distinguished—Natural and mechanical ventilation contrasted—How to ventilate for sick and well—Night air—The cellar air—House-tops as resorts.

The Circulation and Digestion—Respiration of the lungs and skin—The higher modes of circulation.

Cosmetic Treatment and Articles—Elegant preparations for the toilet—Recipes for cologne, bandoline, jelly of roses, Japanese potpourri—Recipes for dandruff, hair-dyes, face-powders, hair- tonic, toilet vinegar, and pomades—Five recipes for Florida water—Four for brilliancy.

Medicated Soaps—A list of Twenty-Nine varieties—Purposes for which they are used.

Household Remedies—For Baldness—Eruptions—Blackheads—Boils, bunions and burns—Carbuncles—Chapping—Cracks or fissures of the skin—Dyspepsia—Fever-blister—Freckles and discolorations of the skin—Moisture of the hands—Hives—Excessive Perspiration—Pigmented Spots in the skin—Prickly heat—Pimple neck and limbs—Canker sores—Sunburn—Toothache—Warts—Hazeline cream—Lanolin cold cream—Mouth washes.

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A new Australian soprano from Bendigo has just been launched out on the world at Melbourne by "the Austral Salon, a fashionable ladies' society."

VANITY FAIR.

AMERICANS ABROAD.

We can go to sleep in London in the rain,
And awake in giddy Paris-sur-la-Seine,
We can dine with Madame Sara
On the famous Riviera,
And spend the night at Frankfort-on-the-Main.

We can hurry on to Norway if we like,
Or cross the great Sahara on a bike,
Then, without a word of warning,
We can spend to-morrow morning
At Haarlem with a Dutch girl on a dike.

We can circumnavigate the waters blue,
And the Czar of all the Russias interview,
And then, desire unjaded,
Seek a country uninhabited,
Or thread the mazy streets of Timbuctoo.

We can picnic underneath St. Peter's dome,
Or play checkers in a chilly catacomb,
Till at last the only places
Where we haven't shown our faces
Will be the great North Pole—oh, yes, and home!

—Robert Gilbert Welsh in Life.

The homeward rush from abroad will begin in a short time, and so large is the number of Americans in Europe that the capacity of the various shipping lines will be taxed to the utmost. For not only was the "summer season," as it is technically called, a very active one, but the big liners continued to cross with every state-room full, long after the time when the falling off in the exodus from this side usually begins. In fact, so noticeable was this that the question was constantly asked: "How are all these people going to be brought back?" Americans have swarmed all over the Continent of Europe as probably never before. And the number of them present at the international university contests in London was a surprise to everybody. Passenger agents have been warning those who applied to them for information of the possibility of trouble in securing passage back, if the matter were left off until near the time of sailing. Many, of course, thought that this was only the result of a desire to secure the commission on the sale of a ticket. But (according to the New York Sun) there is good reason to believe that it was only the simple truth. "The great trouble," said an official of a transatlantic line, "is that Americans come to Europe like people going to the theatre. That is, they come in a long procession covering several months. As soon as the autumn opens, the European curtain falls, and the entire audience wants to get home at once. Thus the crush is concentrated in the first few weeks of autumn, and it is fair to say it is impossible now to get a berth in mid-September or mid-October. What is going to occur during the Paris Exposition I am unable to say. It is already estimated that a hundred and seventy-five thousand Americans will come to Europe, and many of the best accommodations are now sold for our June sailings in 1900."

Early in the year it looked as if the number of passengers carried would be comparatively small this season. The presumption was based on the theory that most persons would wait and go over for the Paris exposition. But the opposite was the case. Of course, this might be explained partially by the theory that some preferred to make the journey in the comfort of a normal year, and take their Paris trip under ordinary conditions, which are quite fascinating enough for the average man, without any addition in the shape of a monster show so big as to alter the whole appearance of the town. Then, too, there was the element of economy. Many might prefer to avoid the doubled and trebled prices of the exposition season. Yet even giving reasons like these the fullest possible weight they do not explain, even when taken in combination with the temporary reduction of rates, the enormous business that has marked the summer. Those who crossed in 1899 to avoid the crowding of 1900 can, at the most, represent only a drop in the bucket of next season's activity. What with quick ships and plenty of them, and increased comfort on ship-board, the habit of foreign travel is growing even faster than the facilities for indulging in it. The competition between the various lines is to the advantage of those who travel. And whether rates go up or down it is clear that the ocean carriers will get their full share of the results of the existing prosperity.

Kite-flying on scientific principles is the newest fad of Chicago society, and with its endless possibilities promises to outlive the usual lease of life allowed the fads of the day by the pleasure-seeking world. On the evening of August 23d the first affair of this kind was given in that city, and proved that kite-flying can be made a most diverting sport. The roof which was the scene of the innovation in social functions was divested of its every-day aspect by tastefully arranged decorations, which concealed the chimneys and cornices from view. Japanese lanterns were hung on all sides, and the roof was covered with rugs. A mandolin orchestra afforded musical entertainment during the experiments with the kites. The flyers used were huge affairs standing six feet in height, bamboo and silk being used in the construction. They were moored to windlasses, and by this means the lines were paid out and taken in when necessary. A brisk wind, clever management of the kites, and a clear night are the requisites, and

all were provided on this occasion. The first kite flown was let out about one hundred yards and then a Japanese lantern was attached to the line. Other lanterns were tied to the line at intervals of fifty feet, until eight in all had been fixed. Then the line was paid out and the rows of blinking lights carried out until two thousand feet of line had been used. When this point had been reached another kite was flown and attached to the line of the first. The second kite, sustaining the weight of the string of the first, started rapidly on its upward journey. In this way the string of lights was carried up until five thousand feet of line had been paid out. The row of eight lights swaying slowly backward and forward with each breath of the wind now looked like stars and as though a new constellation had appeared in the heavens. The strain on the line was terrific and the experimenters feared that it would break if any more were paid out. A third kite was then started. A cleverly contrived apparatus for carrying a tray of red light was suspended on the string of this one. After the kite had been let out a considerable distance the tray was attached and the powder lighted. Then the string was rapidly let out and just as rapidly a glow of red light followed the graceful sweep of the string through the heavens. The string could only be followed by the eye for a short distance, and the effect of the light floating off through space was very beautiful.

"Aix-les-Bains, the famous French watering-place, is just entering the second midseason of its year," writes Mildred Aldrich to the New York Times under date of August 5th. "The lull that for two months follows the departure of the English from Aix, which is always crowded with them in May—they stop on their way north after the winter on the Riviera—is over. The town is now full of French people and Americans. Last night the King of Greece came for the third time after keeping the town on the *qui vive* over his arrival for five days. King George the First is not much of a king, but a royalty is a royalty, even in republican France, and in Aix, which depends on strangers, a celebrity is invaluable. This morning King George appeared promptly at eight o'clock at the baths. One of the large swimming-tanks had been arranged for his *grand douche*, for he comes seriously for the cure, which agrees with him. The room was filled with flowers; but, as one of the attendants who serves him always said, 'He cares very little for furs. He comes for his *douche*, and that is all he wants.' When he arrived, like the merest commoner on foot, he found things about the famous Etablissement Thermal, where all Aix gathers before *déjeuner*, a little livelier than usual. It is true that his majesty's friend, Richard Harding Davis, was not there, but all Aix was. Davis had left a week earlier, having created more excitement about the bathing establishment than even Queen Victoria had done. But the American journalist and his Chicago bride were very generous in the matter of *pourboires*, and therefore they are remembered with enthusiasm, like that other American, J. Pierpont Morgan, who contributed liberally to the new hospital. Indeed, American tourists who cross the lake to visit the monastery at Hautecombe, which the King of Italy owns, are at once spotted by the brother who acts as guide and asked if they know M. Pierpont Morgan, and judged by their reply. To know him is to be looked on with trust. Not to know him argues one a bogus American in the eyes of the lay brothers of the Cistercian Order."

"Loie Fuller is also here," continues Miss Aldrich, "having brought her mother for the cure. The plucky little American dancer, who is very popular in France, has made a wonderful fight for her mother's life. Mrs. Fuller was given up by the doctors three years ago, but her daughter did not lose hope. She has worked that the invalid might have all possible care, and now Mrs. Fuller is improving. Miss Fuller is very busy just now over a scheme for the exposition. She has planned to have a tiny theatre in the grounds that is to be known as the Théâtre Loie Fuller. The plans have been drawn by a well-known architect, and there—all day and all the evening—a clever marionette is to do a dance, or, rather, several dances *à la Loie*. All the electric-light effects, all the magic-lantern effects that she has originated and perfected are to be used. There is another American here in whom the American colony would be interested—Julia Marlowe—but by living quietly in one of the exclusive hotels out toward Mount Revard, a house little frequented by Americans, most of whom prefer the noise and excitement of the houses in the centre of the town, she has apparently escaped attention. Almost any morning, shortly after eight o'clock, one might see her walking rapidly out to Marlioz for her cold *douche* and her first glass of sulphur-water, and yet those who know her well might pass her and not recognize her. Her trig black cloth bicycle-dress, her stout boots, her smart, broad-brimmed black hat, with two straight white quills, her black veil and white gloves, are not exactly the dress her American friends are accustomed to, either on or off the stage. So she walks tranquilly along the shady avenue to Marlioz, where she is quickly enveloped in a rubber apron, and can sit thus disguised in the room with intimate friends, unrecognized. Miss Marlowe leaves Aix next week for Paris, and sails for home August

19th, and she has some pretty Paris gowns packed away in her trunks, and her new rôle in 'Barbara Freitchie' packed away in her head, along with ideas galore for the production of 'La Reine Flametta,' which is to be done late in the season."

According to *Harper's Bazar*, the English society woman does not hesitate to turn an honest penny in many ways which women of equal standing in other nations might consider *infra dig*. It is a recognized fact that many a well-born dame has traded upon that station of life in which Providence was pleased to place her by selling the *entree* to the most select drawing-rooms to such of her newly rich countrywomen as desire to purchase the privilege; also the noble lady of limited purse will lend her name to the invitations and her presence at the entertainments of the socially ambitious woman who is able to pay for the benefit to be derived therefrom. Latterly many stories have been afloat of some American women who have thus gained a foothold upon the social ladder of the English metropolis. Only this season it has been rumored that Miss Astor was being chaperoned by an impecunious countess of Scotch extraction, who was to be reimbursed for her time and trouble by the tidy sum of fifteen thousand dollars. An easy way to pay one's tailor bills has been devised by another member of the British aristocracy, who has allowed the aforementioned tailor to print the following advertisement in a number of fashion journals: "Lady Mary Sackville writes, saying that —, of — Street, is the only tailor who has ever given her a long-waisted effect." This is an item to be reflected upon by such of our countrywomen as had the pleasure of meeting Lady Mary Sackville last winter while she was visiting Mrs. George Gould, whose guest she was for a few weeks, during which they made a trip to Montreal. Jahart

The New Torpedo.

A young Swede has invented a torpedo, operated solely by invisible rays of light, which enables it to explode at will beneath the enemy's fleet. In a like subtle manner Hostetter's Stomach Bitters attacks and conquers all stomach troubles. When a sufferer from constipation, or dyspepsia, or liver complaint takes the Bitters he is sure of one thing, sooner or later, and that is cure. See that a private Revenue Stamp covers the neck of the bottle.

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, August 30, 1899, were as follows:

	BONDS.		Closed.	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
U. S. Coup. 3%.....	2,000	@ 107½-108½	107½	109
U. S. Coup. 4% (old).....	4,000	@ 112½	112½	
Los An. Ry. 5%.....	7,000	@ 105½-106½	106½	
Market St. Ry. 5%.....	2,000	@ 105½	117	
Oakland Transit 6%.....	3,000	@ 112	117	112½
S. F. & S. J. Ry. 5%.....	18,000	@ 115½-116	115½	
S. P. Branch 6%.....	10,000	@ 105½	126	
S. V. Water 6%.....	5,000	@ 117½	117	118
S. V. Water 4%.....	4,000	@ 104½	104½	104½
	STOCKS.		Closed.	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Contra Costa Water.....	90	@ 75½-76½	75½	76
Spring Valley Water.....	90	@ 101½-102	102½	102½
	Gas and Electric.			
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Mutual Electric.....	200	@ 16½-16¾	16	16½
S. F. Gas & Electric.....	475	@ 68¾-69½	68¾	69
S. F. Gas.....	200	@ 3½	3½	3½
	Banks.			
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Bank of Cal.....	155	@ 27½-28½	28½	28½
	Street R. R.			
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
California St.....	20	@ 120	119	120
Market St.....	125	@ 61¾-62	62	62
	Powders.			
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Giant Con.....	880	@ 73½-75½	74	74½
Vigorit.....	105	@ 2½	2½	3¼
	Sugars.			
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Hana P. Co.....	50	@ 15½-15¾	15½	15¾
Hawaiian.....	155	@ 95½-96	96	96½
Hutchinson.....	460	@ 31¾-31¾	31¾	31¾
Makaweli S. Co.....	595	@ 50½	50½	
Onomua S. Co.....	845	@ 39-39½	39½	39½
Paaubau S. P. Co.....	725	@ 39-40	39	39½
	Miscellaneous.			
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Alaska Packers.....	45	@ 117¾-118	117¾	118¾
Oceanic Steam Co.....	85	@ 90-90½	89½	90½
Pac. C. Borax.....	70	@ 135-140	140	142½

The market has been very quiet, with the exception of Giant Powder, which sold up to 75½, but eased off to 74½ at the close.

The stock of the Gas and Electric sold down to 68¾ on small sales, and closed at that bid.

The sugar stocks have been quiet, with small sales. The Honokaa Sugar Company, which will be listed on the exchange soon, sold up to 30½ on street. This company will pay 35-cent monthly dividends.

INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-California Banks.

SIG B. SCHLOSS, A. W. BLOW,
Member Stock and Bond Exchange.
A. W. BLOW & CO.
Tel. Bush 24. 238 Montgomery Street, S. F.

WORTHINGTON AMES

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138 Montgomery Street, San Francisco
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Luncheons that Satisfy.

Beef Tea or Soup
made from

Armour's
Extract of BEEF

gives the fullness of a meal to
luncheons, for the SCHOOL
ROOM, OFFICE, or the
HOME.

No trouble to make—a pinch of
salt and pepper, a cup of hot
water, and it is ready to serve.

"CULINARY WRINKLES,"

New Edition by

HELEN LOUISE JOHNSON,

Tells of the many uses of Extract of Beef,
sent to any address on receipt of metal
cap from extract jar.

Grocers and Druggists.

Armour & Company,
Chicago.

MT. VERNON COMPANY, BALTIMORE

The undersigned having been appointed AGENTS
FOR THE PACIFIC COAST for the sale of the manu-
factures of above company, have now in store:

SAIL DUCK—ALL NUMBERS;
HYDRAULIC—ALL NUMBERS;
DRAPER AND WAGON DUCK,

From 30 to 120 inches wide; and a complete assortment
of all qualities. 28½-inch Duck, from 7 Ounces
to 15 Ounces, inclusive.

MURPHY, GRANT & CO.

Bright Easterner—"I suppose it is extremely
difficult to find many really cultivated people in the
extreme West." Extreme Westerner—"Well, yes;
most of our people are born East."—The Criterion.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY
526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus..... \$ 2,187,617.90
Capital actually paid up in cash..... 1,000,000.00
Deposits June 30, 1899..... 27,656,513.03

OFFICERS—President, B. A. BECKER; First Vice-
President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President,
H. HORSTMANN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant
Cashier, WILLIAM HERRMANN; Secretary, GEORGE
TOURNAY; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MILLER; General
Attorney, W. S. GOODFELLOW.
Board of Directors—Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohte, D.
N. Walter, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, and John Lloyd.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

532 California Street.

Deposits, July 1, 1899..... \$24,920,395
Paid-Up Capital..... 1,000,000
Reserve Fund..... 205,215
Contingent Fund..... 442,763

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres.
LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH,
Cashier, Asst. Cashier.

Directors—George W. Weaver, Robert Watt, Thomas
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iel E. Martin, Albert Miller, Geo. Tasheira, E. B. Pond.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,
SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL..... \$3,000,000
SURPLUS..... 1,000,000
PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT..... 2,337,829
July 1, 1899.

WILLIAM ALVORD..... President
CHARLES R. BISHOP..... Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN..... Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH..... Assistant Cashier
IRVING F. MOULTON..... 2d Assistant Cashier
ALLEN M. CLAY..... Secretary

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Australia, and New Zealand..... Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

WELLS FARGO & CO., BANK

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Cash Capital and Surplus..... \$6,250,000
JNO. J. VALENTINE, President; HOMER S. KING, Manager;
H. WADSWORTH, Cashier; F. L. LIPMAN, Asst-Cashier;
H. L. MILLER, Second Asst-Cashier.
Directors—John J. Valentine, Benj. P. Cheney, Oliver
Edridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, Geo. E.
Gray, John J. McCook, John Birmingham, Dudley Evans.
Branches at New York, Salt Lake, and Portland.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.
OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$3,702-
300; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$2,112,546.

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.
COLIN M. BOYD, Agent for San Francisco,
411 California Street.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Secretary Frederick W. Holls, of the Peace Conference at The Hague, is a lawyer when at home in New York. On one occasion, in the court-room, Mr. Holls was interrupted with the question: "Suppose there was three defendants—" "That, my dear sir," retorted Holls, "is a question of grammar and not of law."

At a reception in London last spring, a pompous literary man said to Charles G. D. Roberts: "I live upon manuscript. My house is a book, and my evening-suit is an essay I wrote for the *Blank Monthly*. As for my last poem, it is a—" Here he paused for a word, which Professor Roberts supplied: "A cigarette, I suppose."

While on one of the crowded Isle of Man boats an Oldham man, who suffered severely from seasickness, was overheard to say to his son: "Jimmy, I've gotten a stuck, wi' a silver knob on't a-whoam; tha can have it. There's two or three quid i' t' bank, and it's far t' buryin'. An', Jimmy, bury me in th' Isle o' Mon. I can't stand this trip again—alowie or deead."

In a murder trial in Dallas, Tex., the other day, the counsel for the defense was examining a venerean regarding his qualifications to serve. The candidate admitted that he had once been a member of a jury which tried a negro for murder. It is not permissible in such cases to ask the result of the trial, so the counsel said: "Where is that negro now?" "I don't know," was the reply; "the sheriff hanged him at the appointed time."

The good advice of the Laird of Waterton, in Aberdeenshire, to a sheep-stealer, reads like a very practical joke. He had himself sent the man to jail; and in those days sheep-stealing was a capital offense. Visiting the prisoner the night before the trial, he asked him what he meant to do; to which the prisoner replied that he intended to confess, and to pray for mercy. "Confess!" said Waterton; "what, man, will ye confess and be hanged? Na! na! deny it to ny face." He did so, and was acquitted.

General Meigs was the architect of the pension office in Washington, and was inordinately proud of his achievement. When General Sheridan inspected the building, General Meigs accompanied him. Sheridan went thoroughly over the structure from top to bottom without passing any comment, but when the inspection was completed he turned to his guide with: "Well, Meigs, I have only one fault to find with it." "What is that, general?" asked the delighted ex-quartermaster-general. "It's fire-proof," replied Sheridan.

The other patrons of the fashionable restaurant felt sure the two at the corner table were from the rural districts. Vigorously they wielded knife and fork—very little fork, but much knife. At last the way in which the son spread his elbows interfered with the free play of the father, and brought about a rebuke from the old man. "Look a-bere, Jefferson," said the father, sternly, "draw in them elbows and eat in a narrer circle. Ain't your mar ever told you it warn't polite to shove others with your elbows when you dine out. It is powerful bad manners to make your old father cut his mouth at table."

John Clerk, afterward known as Lord Eldin, was limping down the High Street of Edinburgh one day, when he heard a young lady remark to her companion, "That is the famous John Clerk, the lame lawyer." He turned round and said, with his "not unwonted coarseness," "You lie, ma'am! I am a lame man, but not a lame lawyer." Lord Justice Braxfield, too, appears to have failed in courtesy to the fair sex; for, when told that a brother judge would not sit that day, on account of having just lost his wife, he, who was fitted with a Xantippe, replied, "Has he? That is a gude excuse, indeed; I wish we had a' the same."

Frank L. Stanton tells in the *Atlanta Constitution* of a couple who applied to a rural justice of the peace for total divorce. The justice called the bailiff and asked in a whisper: "What's the law on that p'int?" "You can't do it," replied the bailiff; "it don't come under yer jurisdiction." "We're willin' to pay cash for it," replied the husband, not understanding the nature of the consultation; "I've got the money in this here stockin'." The justice looked grave. Then, adjusting his spectacles and addressing the man, he said: "You knowed 'fore you come here that 'twarn't fer me ter separate husband an' wife, an' yet, you not only take up the time o' this here valuable court with yer talkin', but ackchully perpose ter bribe me with money! Now, how much has you got in that stockin'?" "'Bout six dollars an' a half, yer honor." "All right, then, I fine you five dollars fer bribery, an' a dollar an' a half fer takin' up my time with a case what my jurisdiction is out of, an' may the Lord have mercy on yer soul!"

About the middle of the Civil War a freshly appointed colonel, with a newly enlisted regiment,

joined the Union forces in the far South. One bright October morning word was received that a small detachment of General Wheeler's cavalymen were on the other side of the hill, and a force started out in pursuit. The next day the Confederates were reported miles distant in the opposite direction. The third day the new colonel and a veteran brigadier started out for a pleasure ride. A mile from camp they rode into the fugitive Confederates, who had been circling the camp for a week. It was a narrow escape, but they got away unharmed. After it was over the general said to the colonel: "Well, what do you think of war now?" "Is Wheeler in this neighborhood much of the time?" replied the colonel, evasively. "All the time. He is here, there, and everywhere. What do you think of the prospect?" "Well," answered the colonel, reflectively, "I wonder whether there isn't some way this infernal thing can be compromised."

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

His Wonderful Parent.

Papa went a-fishing
With his pockets full of bait;
He went all by his lonesome,
And the luck he had was great.

He came home, bringing with him
A string of fish that weighed
Just twenty pounds, he told us,
And a lovely meal they made.

Papa went a-fishing
Upon another day,
And mamma she went with him—
He couldn't say her nay.

They came a-trudging homeward
All tired out at night,
And mamma told us papa
Had never had a bite.

My papa's broken records
Of nearly every kind—
A greater man than he is
It would be hard to find.

He's always doing wonders,
But here's what bothers me:
He never seems to do them
When folks are there to see.

—Chicago Times-Herald.

Mother's Apple-Pies.

The apple-pies that mother made
When I was but a boy,
Their memory dear shall never fade,
But live to me a joy.
I see her now with paring steel
And wooden rolling-pin;
I see her by the oven kneel
And place them in a tin;
And when she placed them out to cool,
Ah, they were dear to me;
They meant six days away from school,
Besides the doctor's fee.

—Chicago News.

The Popular Hero.

Folks are laughin' up to Ridgeway
'Bout a speaker that they got
To deliver an oration
On Abe Lincoln—served up hot.
'Twas a rattlin' speech he give 'em,
Made the cheers come thick and fast;
But 'twas Dewey—not Abe Lincoln—
Abe wa'n't mentioned first nor last.

—Puck.

The Old-Fashioned Kissing-Bee.

Harry and Harriet in the park,
Side by side—and the night was dark—
Small wonder Harriet's ma beheld
Next morn that Harriet's lip was swelled.
"What ails thee, child?" in haste to learn
The cause, she asked, in deep concern.
The maiden answered with a shrug,
"What? That? Oh, just a kissing bug."
But ma, who minded other days,
Was wise in maidens' wily ways,
"No bug," she said, "that so stung thee,
"But just a plain, old-fashioned kissing-bee!"

—Chicago News.

Pwize Spwing Poem.

Will you come, love, to the galdeen
And beah the wobbling wobbins?
How they cock their little tails up
At the coming of the spwing!
And their twight eyes, how they spakle
As their little heads they tuhn wound,
And they wobble in the galdeen
With a melody a-wing.

Wound your waist so lithe and supple
I will wind my ahm, my dabling,
And I'll waw your shawl awound you,
For the aib is wathew waw;
And, ah—bwing your wubbers, dea-west—
The ahlic ones, you know, love,
Coming high up on the ankle
Of the foot I do adaw!—Ex.

Hazards.

There is no links, however watched and tended,
But some bad lies are there.
There is no drive, how'er with skill 'tis blended,
But oft leads to despair.—Life.

The *ingenue's* little game: He (elatedly)—"By Jove! I've taught you how to swim in two hours. I think that breaks the record." She—"Oh, hardly; Jack Gadsby taught me in an hour and a half!"—Puck.

ARRANGING MATTERS.

"This fishing-trip isn't going to be a success without you," said Giggton, earnestly, "and I hope that you won't disappoint us."

Whittler shrugged his shoulders with an air of careless indifference. "I admit," he said, "that I shall have to arrange matters with my wife; but I haven't been married five years for nothing, and you can count on me."

"I knew you would go," said Giggton, confidently. "You can bet on me every time," said Whittler. "So, au revoir, old man. To-morrow morning at 7:30."

Jumping into a car, he passed the next twenty minutes in arranging his method of procedure, and one hour later he sat at the dinner-table with his wife—on his face an expression of listlessness, and an unnatural stoop to his usually erect shoulders.

"What's the matter, dear?" said Mrs. Whittler; "you don't eat anything."

Whittler smiled feebly. "Nothing," he said, with a half-hearted attempt at brightness. "I'm feeling a little stale, that's all; been working too hard, I guess."

"You do look rather tired," said his wife. "I hope you are not going to be ill."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed his husband. "What I need is a good dose of fresh air. I really believe it is necessary. Come, my dear, we must take a day off."

"We?" said Mrs. Whittler. "You know it wouldn't do you any good to have the children, and we certainly can't leave them at home."

"That's just it," said Whittler, despairingly. "I'm nervous and run down, and they would annoy me, I know. But I can't go without you, my dear. That would be out of the question. I wouldn't enjoy myself a bit. I guess we'd better not think about it."

Mrs. Whittler looked anxious. "You mustn't break down," she said. "Of course, I—"

"No," exclaimed Whittler. "I won't hear of it. Giggton was urging me to go on a little fishing-trip only to-day, but I told him no."

"When is he going?" asked Mrs. Whittler. "To-morrow morning," said her husband. "But really, such a thing mustn't be thought of. I wouldn't leave you for the world."

His wife smiled. "You must go," she said. "I insist upon it."

Whittler looked at her with a stern, unyielding expression, which turned gradually into one of acquiescence.

"I don't know but you are right," he said at last. "I hate to go, but I suppose I must look upon it as a question of health. I'll write a line and send it over to Giggton at once."

"It isn't necessary," said Mrs. Whittler.

"Why isn't it?" asked Whittler.

"Because," said Mrs. Whittler, "I saw Mrs. Giggton this afternoon—here Whittler began to look conscious—and she told me her husband had already got your consent."—Tom Masson in Life.

An Out-of-Season Dialogue.

"How do you do? Didn't expect to see a soul here!"

"Um!"

"Beastly hot everywhere, isn't it?"

"Eh?"

"Parks cleared out?"

"Course."

"Where 're all the carpets gone?"

"Beaten."

"Any one in the club?"

"Flies."

"Been doing anything to-day?"

"No."

"Dining out to-night?"

"In."

"Hear the Cheque-Smiths have got a decent house-party for the twelfth?"

"Rot!"

"Well, the Pielets?"

"Broke!"

"Anyhow, they're all right socially."

"She."

"What's the matter with him?"

"Sausages!"

"Then his father must be deuced rich?"

"Was."

"Why, what happened to the old chap?"

"Bad pork!"

"Great Scott! you don't say so?"

"Police did."

"There was a daughter, too—pretty girl; was rather—er—fast, eh?"

"Is."

"But she's married now, isn't she?"

"Um!"

"Doesn't her husband manage to keep her in order?"

"Can't."

"Well, I call it deuced caddish of him, and if her father hadn't lost his pile he'd have been fussing about her now. Every one says it was only the money he wanted. Dash it! what's the man's name?"

"Mine."—London Court Journal.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

COOK'S ROUND THE WORLD PARTIES.

THREE PARTIES LEAVE THE Pacific Coast during September, October, and November, spending from 4 to 6 months in a GRAND COMPREHENSIVE TOUR OF THE WORLD.

All accommodations of the highest class; prices extremely moderate. See Illustrated Programme.

THOS. COOK & SON, 621 Market St., S. F.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING! Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG, calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with Steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing. Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1899. Doric. (Via Honolulu). Saturday, Sept. 2. Coptic. (Via Honolulu). Friday, Sept. 29. Gaelic. (Via Honolulu). Tuesday, October 24. Doric. (Via Honolulu). Friday, November 17. Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street. D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

Toyo Kisen Kaisha (ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)

IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG, calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Nippon Maru. Tuesday, September 12. America Maru. Friday, October 6. Hongkong Maru. Wednesday, November 1.

Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market Street, cor. First. W. B. CURTIS, General Agent.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.: For Alaskan ports, 10 A. M., September 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, October 3, change to company's steamers at Seattle. For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 10 A. M., September 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, October 3, and every fifth day thereafter. For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 2 P. M., September 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, October 1, and every fifth day thereafter. For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports, 9 A. M., September 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, October 1, and every fourth day thereafter. For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 A. M., September 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, October 1, and every 4th day thereafter. For further information see folder. For Mexican ports, 10 A. M., seventh of each month. The company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates and hours of sailing. Ticket Office 4 New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel). GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., 10 Market St., S. F.

S. S. Alameda sails via Honolulu and Auckland for Sydney, Wednesday, September 6, 1899, at 10 P. M. S. S. Australia, for Honolulu only, Wednesday, Sept. 20, 2 P. M. J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 114 Montgomery St. Freight Office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

International Navigation Co.'s Lines

AMERICAN LINE. New York and Southampton (London, Paris), from New York every Wednesday, 10 A. M. St. Paul. September 6. St. Louis. September 20. New York. September 13. St. Paul. September 27.

RED STAR LINE. New York and Antwerp. From New York every Wednesday, 12 noon.

Southwark. September 6. Kensington. September 20. Westerland. September 13. Noordland. September 27.

EMPIRE LINE. To Alaska and Cold Fields.

For passage and freight apply to International Navigation Company, G. D. FAHNESTOCK, General Agent Pacific Coast, 30 Montgomery Street.

WHITE STAR LINE.

AMERICAN SERVICE.

The New Twin Screw Steamship OCEANIC. The Largest Vessel in the World. 17,040 tons, length 704 ft., width 68 ft. 4 1/2 in. First sailing from New York, Wednesday, September 20th, noon.

TEUTONIC and MAJESTIC. Twin Screw. 10,000 tons. 582 feet long.

CYMRIC. Twin Screw, 12,552 tons, 600 feet long, one of the largest steamships afloat.

GERMANIC and BRITANNIC. Wednesday sailings from New York.

S. TENNEY FRENCH, G. W. A., 94-96 Dearborn Street, Chicago. For passage apply to G. W. FLETCHER, 613 Pacific Coast.

SOCIETY.

The O'Shea-Holcomb Wedding.

The marriage of Miss Lou Holcomb to Lieutenant John O'Shea, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., took place at the home of the bride's cousin, Mrs. William H. McCormick, 1715 Larkin Street, on Tuesday evening, August 29th. The ceremony was performed at half-past eight o'clock by the Rev. Father Prendergast, V. J., in the parlors of the McCormick residence. The bridal procession was led by two little flower-girls, Miss Marianne Mathieu and Miss Mabel Gurney, the bridesmaids were Miss Lottie Cunningham and Miss Elizabeth Lee, of Oakland, and the maid of honor was Miss Sue Holcomb. The bride was given into the groom's keeping by her grandfather, Mr. Levi Carr, of Oakland, and the groom's best man was First-Lieutenant Wilson, Assistant-Surgeon, U. S. A.

The Open-Air Horse-Show.

The second annual open-air horse-show of the Burlingame Country Club will be held on the club-grounds at Burlingame on Friday and Saturday, September 8th and 9th, from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. each day. Special trains will be run for the accommodation of visitors from town, and a *table-d'hôte* luncheon will be served at the club-house, all exhibitors receiving a visitor's card to the club for the two days.

The committee having the show in charge comprises Mr. George Almer Newhall, chairman; Mr. John Parrott, Mr. Joseph B. Crockett, Mr. Francis J. Carolan, Mr. Walter Scott Hobart, Mr. Henry J. Crocker, and Mr. George A. Pope.

The list of classes includes roadsters, harness horses (both novices bred in California and open to all), appointment classes, tandems, four-in-hands, ponies in harness, saddle horses, ponies under saddle, polo ponies, jumping classes, and driving competitions.

A ball will be held at the club-house on Friday evening, September 8th.

Dinner to General Warfield.

A farewell dinner was tendered to Brigadier-General R. H. Warfield, commanding the Second Brigade, N. G. C., by the members of his staff at the California Hotel on Sunday evening, August 27th, prior to his departure for the East on Tuesday. The others present were Colonel Victor Duboce, First California Infantry, U. S. V., and Mrs. Duboce, Colonel J. G. Geisting, N. G. C., and Miss Geisting, Colonel H. P. Bush, N. G. C., Colonel H. G. Hanson, N. G. C., and Mrs. Hanson, Major Charles Jansen, N. G. C., and Mrs. Jansen, Major H. B. Hosmer, N. G. C., and the Misses Hosmer, Mrs. Rust, Major D. S. Dorn, N. G. C., and Mrs. Dorn, Major J. H. Henty, N. G. C., and Mrs. Henty, Major J. C. Evans, N. G. C., Miss Bartlett, Captain S. L. Naphthal, N. G. C., and Mrs. Naphthal, Major J. A. Morgo, N. G. C., and Mrs. Morgo, and Captain A. A. Hanks, N. G. C., and Miss Hanks.

Finish of the Del Monte Sports.

The first round of the final competition of golfers for the Del Monte Cup at the Hotel Del Monte on Thursday, August 24th, left in Messrs. Tufts, May, Jones, Cosby, Fitzgerald, Lovett, Maud, and Hubbard. Messrs. Tufts, Cosby, Fitzgerald, and Maud remained for the semi-finals, and in the finals on Friday, Mr. C. E. Maud defeated Mr. Tufts 5 up and 2 to play, thus winning the tournament.

In the polo match on Thursday, between the Burlingame and Southern California teams, the former won by a score of 9-1. The Burlingame team comprised Mr. R. M. Tobin, Mr. Joseph S. Tobin, Mr. Charles N. Dunphy, and Mr. C. A. Baldwin, Mr. Hobart being too ill to play, while in the Southern California team were Mr. S. W. Stillwell, Mr. C. E. Ealand, Mr. C. E. Maud, and Mr. R. L. Bettner. On Sunday afternoon an impromptu match was played between the Southern California team and the "San Mateo Slashers," in which the Southern Californians won by a score of 9-1.

The base-ball game on Friday was won by the alumni team by 15 to 14. Those on the winning team were Messrs. Follansbee, Lanagan, Kaarsberg, Golinsky, Lewis, McKee, Webber, Heller, Butler, and McLean, Mr. Kaarsberg succeeding Mr. Lanagan as pitcher in the sixth inning. The Burlingame Club team comprised Messrs. Cunha, Smith, Reid, O. Tobin, Dibblee, J. Tobin, C. Tobin, J. S. Tobin, and Scott.

The racing on Saturday was very spirited, and resulted as follows:

Five-eighths of a mile, horses owned by residents of Monterey and Santa Cruz Counties—Mr. C. G.

White's Merry Boy won, Mr. John Hall's Miss Norma second.

Three-sixteenths of a mile, polo ponies, 170 pounds—Mr. P. D. Martin's Lady Peach won, Mr. C. L. Maud's Nancy Lee second, Mr. W. S. Hobart's Brandy third. Time, 0:20.

One mile, open to all horses that had never won a race, 150 pounds—Mr. John Ball's Raja won, Mr. Ball's Miss Norma second, Mr. H. Ealand's Lilly F. third. Time, 1:53.

One mile and a quarter, over hurdles, 170 pounds—Mr. Charles N. Dunphy's Blueber won, Mr. J. J. Moore's Molly second, Mr. F. J. Carolan's Gaffly third. Time, 2:38.

Five-eighths of a mile, ponies, 14½ hands and under, 165 pounds—Mr. Robert L. Bettner's Gertrude won, Mr. C. J. Buckley's Miss Flitters second, Mr. C. E. Maud's Nell Gwynn third. Time, 1:09.

Half-mile, polo ponies, 170 pounds—Mr. Maud's Nancy Lee won, Mr. Hobart's Brandy second, Mr. R. L. Tobin's Rosina third. Time, 0:55½.

One mile, Del Monte Cup, 165 pounds—Mr. Peter Martin's Six Bits won, Mr. Buckley's Miss Flitters second, Mr. Bettner's Gertrude third. Time, 2:00.

Two and a half-miles, steeple-chase, San Mateo Hunt Club Cup, 170 pounds—Mr. Walter Hobart's Ali Baba won, Nestor second, Huntsman third.

The match game of golf between the Southern California team and that chosen to represent the local clubs was played over 27 holes on Saturday and resulted in victory for Southern California, 10 points up. The scores are as follows:

Southern California.	Local.
Maud.....	1 Abbot.....
Tufts.....	6 Fitzgerald.....
Jones.....	0 Hubbard.....
Cosby.....	7 Williamson.....
Sartori.....	0 J. A. Folger.....
Young.....	0 Roberts.....
Cook.....	0 Smith.....
24.....	4.....

After the races on Saturday afternoon a meeting was held at which the Pacific Coast Pony Racing and Steeplechase Association was dissolved and a new organization formed under the name of the Pacific Coast Polo and Racing Association. Among the gentlemen present were:

Major J. L. Rathbone, Mr. Joseph B. Crockett, Mr. Henry J. Crocker, Mr. George A. Pope, Mr. Francis J. Carolan, Mr. Henry T. Scott, Mr. Joseph Sadoc Tobin, Mr. Charles A. Baldwin, Mr. Edward L. Eyre, Mr. C. E. Maud, Mr. R. L. Bettner, Mr. R. M. Tobin, Mr. F. S. Douy, Mr. Stillwell, and Mr. Ealand.

The new organizations will hold two meetings each year such as that just finished, one at Del Monte and the other in December at Santa Barbara. The officers have not yet been chosen, but the general sentiment seemed to be in favor of making Major Rathbone president, Mr. Maud vice-president, Mr. Bettner secretary, and Mr. Douy treasurer.

At the close of the meeting Mr. Crockett made a brief speech on behalf of the others, presenting Mr. Douy with a handsome pair of silver-mounted decanters in token of the association's appreciation of his efficient aid in making the outing a success.

Notes and Gossip.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Genevieve Goad to Mr. Andrew D. Martin. Miss Goad is the youngest daughter of the late W. Frank Goad, and is a sister of Mrs. C. Osgood Hooker, Mrs. Charles K. McIntosh, and Mr. W. Frank Goad. Mr. Martin is the youngest son of Mrs. Eleanor Martin and brother of Mr. Peter D. Martin and Mr. Walter S. Martin. The wedding will take place in this city on September 25th.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Adele Widdfield, daughter of the late R. E. Widdfield, of Honolulu, to Lieutenant James F. Howell, Sixth Artillery, U. S. A. The wedding will take place in the near future.

The marriage of Miss Helen Thornton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Crittenden Thornton, to Mr. Siegfried Schacher took place in London on July 5th. The groom is the son of a wealthy German residing in Paris, where he has prepared a home for the young couple. The bride spent last winter with her mother in Washington, D. C., where they were extensively entertained, and for some months past they have been traveling in Europe with Mrs. Thornton's mother, Mrs. D. D. Colton.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Johnson entertained a number of their friends at dinner at their home in San Rafael on Tuesday last—Mr. and Mrs. Fred H. Green, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Runyon, Mr. W. O'Connor, Mr. E. M. Greenway, and several others.

General Irving Hale, U. S. V., and Mrs. Hale, who returned from the Philippines on August 22d, were the guests of honor at a dinner given at the Occidental Hotel on Saturday evening, August 26th, by Mrs. Potter, wife of Major Samuel O. L. Potter, Surgeon, U. S. V., formerly on General Hale's staff. Covers were laid for fourteen, and many of the gentlemen present were of General Hale's former regiment, the First Colorado Infantry, U. S. V.

A reception was given by the members of the Sketch Club last Wednesday at the home of Mrs. Vanderlyn Stow, the guest of honor being Mr. Ernest Seton-Thompson, the author of "Wild Animals I Have Known," which was noticed in the last issue of the *Argonaut*. Mr. Seton-Thompson gave a talk on animal anatomy and afterwards told a number of anecdotes in the style that has made his books so popular.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Asher-Samuels Concert.

The first concert of the season will be given at Sberman, Clay & Co.'s Hall, under the direction of Mr. Henry Heyman, next Thursday evening, September 7th. It will present for the first time here, after several years' study in Europe, two young San Franciscans who have made names for themselves, Miss Meta Asher, pianiste, and Mr. Harry Samuels, violinist. Mr. Samuels is now located in New York city, and this will be his only public appearance here during his present visit.

The two principals will have the assistance of Mr. Arthur Weiss, violoncellist, and Mr. Arthur Fickenscher, accompanist, and will present a varied and well-chosen programme. The first number is Piani's trio, op. 48, for piano, violin, and 'cello.

An O'Sullivan Recital.

Mr. Denis O'Sullivan will be heard once more in concert before his departure for Europe. He proposes to make this recital a ballad concert, and will include in his programme a number of songs never heard here, some old German and Italian music of the thirteenth and fifteenth centuries, and, besides the usual Irish airs, some Scotch and English ones. Mr. O'Sullivan leaves, with his family, September 18th, for Paris, where he will study this winter with Sbriglia.

A New Yorker who recently returned from Paris says that the advance in prices always expected at the time of expositions has begun to show itself already in a small way. "Cabmen are already looking condescendingly at the customary tip," he said; "and waiters express the mildest satisfaction at fees larger than they are accustomed to receive from the natives. All this change has been caused by the approach of the exposition, which is to make them all wealthy. Expositions send prices up, and they never come down afterward. This has been noticed chiefly by visitors, as the places frequented by them were most affected by the change; but Parisians also experience the difference that invariably follows exposition months."

Coöperative House (No. 643 Folsom Street) was the beneficiary of an entertainment given in the White Room of the Palace Hotel last Thursday evening. A diversified programme was presented, in the course of which Mrs. John A. B. Wilson gave an interesting history of the house. It is a most deserving institution, not a charity, but a coöperative home for self-respecting and self-supporting young women.

The Pearl of Epernay.

By strictly adhering to the conservative traditions of the old, honored custom of the ancient house of Moët & Chandon, the present management's aim is not to turn out immense quantities, but it has well succeeded in its endeavor for recognition on part of the connoisseurs, by catering principally to the aristocratic classes in Europe and better custom all over the world. Their White Seal (Grand Cuvée), justly called the Pearl of Epernay, owing to its pleasant and insinuating properties peculiar to that district, appeals to the palate of the cultured, and in shipping only champagne of its well-known standard quality this establishment, the largest in the world, is kept constantly busy.—*Wine Review*.

Colonial Hotel.

The management wishes to inform its patrons of the completion of the new private bath-rooms in connection with suites of rooms. Reservation for the winter season should be made at once.

—MRS. ALICE BACON WASHINGTON WILL receive pupils for piano instruction at her residence, 1150 O'Farrell St., between Franklin and Gough, after the 1st of September. Present address, Mill Valley.

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Vanderhilt, Jr., and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs are expected to join Mr. Oelrichs in this city in the latter part of this month.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. M. S. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett, Miss Mary Scott, Miss Caro Crockett, and Miss Edith McBean returned to Burlingame on Monday last after a ten days' visit to Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson have returned from a visit to Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins at their home in Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent and Miss Hooker will return on Monday, September 4th, from San Rafael, where they have been spending the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop E. Lester are now in London. Mrs. Lester has been taking a cure at Divonne les Bains on Lake Geneva, and is much improved in health.

Mrs. Richard T. Sprague and the Misses Sprague left on Wednesday for New York, where they purpose remaining a month and then taking steamer for the Mediterranean. After spending the winter in Italy they will join Mr. and Mrs. Richard H. Sprague in Paris to remain through the exposition.

Miss Thérèse Morgan returned to the Hotel Rafael on Tuesday last from a visit to the Misses Hopkins at Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow returned from Del Monte, where they have been spending the summer, on Saturday, September 2d.

Mrs. John D. Spreckels and the Misses Grace and Lillie Spreckels have returned from their summer outing.

Miss Alice Owen has returned to the city from San Rafael, where she has been spending the summer season.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels returned last week from San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. L. N. Breed, of Los Angeles, have taken an apartment at the Hotel Pleasanton for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Crocker have returned from Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Whitney were up from San Mateo in the early part of the week, and registered at the California Hotel.

The Misses Morrison, who have been visiting Mrs. James Phelan in this city, returned to their home in San José on Monday, August 28th.

Miss Hager has been the guest of Miss Daisy Van Ness during the past week, and is now at the Hotel Rafael, where she will be joined on Monday, September 11th, by Miss Ethel Hager, who has been spending the summer at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas and Miss Crockett made a trip to the Tavern of Tamalpais early in the week.

Miss Cora Jane Flood spent the early part of last week at the Hotel Vendome in San José.

Mr. A. K. Whitton, of San José, was a guest at the California Hotel in the early part of the week.

Mr. William O'Connor left on Wednesday for Coronado on a short visit to his sisters, who have been spending the summer there.

Mrs. Paul Jarboe and Mrs. Belvin have left Del Monte, and are now at Santa Cruz.

Dr. and Mrs. Beverly McMonagle spent a few days in San José while returning from Del Monte.

Miss Minnie Houghton is a guest at the Hotel Vendome in San José.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Whittier and Mrs. and Miss Gertrude Carroll have returned from Del Monte.

Mrs. Carter P. Pomeroy returned from the East to her home in San Rafael last week.

Mr. Lawrence Van Winkle has returned from a visit to Southern California, and is now at San Rafael, where he will remain the balance of this season.

Miss Alice C. Hoffman has returned from a visit to friends in San Rafael.

Mrs. and Miss Lawton are among the permanent guests of the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. Theodore Wores, the artist, who returned to San Francisco recently, has taken a studio in the Phelan Building, which he intends to occupy until his departure to Japan and Manila.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope and Miss Carrie Taylor have returned from Del Monte, and are now at Burlingame for the remainder of the season.

Mr. Milton S. Latham returned last week from the Klondike, after an absence of two years. He expects to return there the latter part of next month.

Miss Gertrude Forman has returned from a visit to Southern California.

Mr. Walter S. Martin and Mr. Peter D. Martin have returned from Del Monte and are now at Burlingame.

Mrs. M. Shaughnessy and Miss Shaughnessy, of Salt Lake City, are in the city and registered at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. S. H. Friedlander left for Portland on Tuesday, August 29th, intending to visit the East before he returns.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Gage visited the Tavern of Tamalpais during the week.

Mrs. A. H. Hill and Mrs. Wilhoit, of Stockton, have been spending the summer at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. William H. Keith, the baritone, who has been passing the summer in California, left on Thursday with his mother for Paris.

Mrs. W. A. Wilcox, Mrs. M. W. Longstreet, and Mr. A. H. Wilcox came up from Los Angeles on Tuesday and are at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Throckmorton, who will return from San José next week, will be at the Hotel Pleasanton this winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Carolan have returned from Del Monte to Burlingame.

Mrs. Stanley Stillman was among the passengers

who returned from Europe on the White Star liner *Britannic* on her last trip to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Kip, Mrs. Guy L. Edie, and Miss Mary Kip have returned from a month's visit at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Morgan returned from the Hotel Rafael on Friday last. Miss Thérèse Morgan will remain there for a fortnight longer.

Mrs. Richardson Clover and Miss Dora Clover came down from Napa on Wednesday and registered at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. James A. Robinson, Miss Elena Robinson, and Miss Maria Antonia Lataillade, who left last Sunday for New York, will sail for Europe on September 7th for an extended stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Adolf P. Scheld came down from Sacramento on Thursday and are at the Occidental Hotel.

Mrs. Thomas Breeze, Mrs. Benson, and Miss Breeze have returned to this city from Del Monte.

Miss Julia Peyton, who was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Crocker at Del Monte, has returned to her home in Santa Cruz.

Mrs. C. F. Mullins and Miss Maud Mullins have returned from Del Monte.

Among the week's guests at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Wilson, Dr. J. W. Thorne, Mrs. John T. Scott, Mr. W. M. Lent, of San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brewer and Mr. F. W. Weeks, of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Givens, of Merced, Mr. T. B. Block and Mr. C. P. Wills, of London.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. F. C. White, Mr. A. W. Barrett, and Mr. W. L. Valentine, of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Adams, of Seattle, Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Robertson and Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Macfarlane, of Honolulu, Mrs. M. M. Richardson and Miss Richardson, of Stockton, and Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Girard, of New York.

Among those who returned from Del Monte last Monday were Mrs. George C. Huntsman, Miss Huntsman, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. John Barton, Miss Grace Barton, Mrs. J. A. Folger, Mr. J. A. Ahearne Folger, Mrs. Cunningham, Miss Helen Hecht, Mrs. Chabot, Miss Nettie Chabot, Mr. Peter D. Martin, Miss Tobin, Miss Celia Tobin, Miss Beatrice Tobin, Mrs. W. H. Patton, Miss Ethel Patton, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope, Mrs. James Carolan, and the Misses Emily and Genevieve Carolan.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Admiral A. Kautz, U. S. N., and Mrs. Kautz, returned to the Hotel Rafael on Tuesday, August 29th, after a week's visit to Del Monte.

Captain S. W. Terry, U. S. N., Mrs. Terry, and Miss Eleanor Terry returned from their visit to Del Monte on Monday, September 28th.

Mrs. Henry Berryman, who has been spending some time in San José, will leave for New York about the middle of September, to meet Captain Berryman, U. S. N., upon his return on the *Olympia*. He is chief of staff to Admiral Dewey, and fleet commander.

Commander Bowman H. McCalla, U. S. N., Mrs. McCalla, and Miss McCalla are at the California Hotel.

Dr. Edward G. Parker, U. S. N., is a guest at the California Hotel.

Lieutenant George H. McManus, Third Artillery, U. S. A., and Mrs. McManus are guests at the Occidental Hotel.

Lieutenant Edwin Bell, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., has returned from Alaska, and is at the Occidental Hotel.

The cruiser *Boston* is now at Mare Island with the following officers on board: Lieutenant-Commander Edward M. Hughes, Lieutenants William H. Allen, Reynold T. Hall, John Gibson, James E. Palmer, George R. Slocum, Robert E. Coontz, William A. Moffett, and Orton P. Jackson; Ensigns Leland F. James and Edward McCauley, Jr.; Passed-Assistant Surgeon Brownlee R. Ward; Assistant-Surgeon Jerome S. Chaffee; and Passed-Assistant Paymaster Barron P. Dubois.

The cruiser *Newark* arrived from New York last Tuesday with the following officers on board: Captain C. F. Goodrich, commanding; Lieutenant-Commander W. F. Low, executive officer; Lieutenant-Commander W. G. Cutler, navigating officer; lieutenants—H. F. Bryan, W. V. Pratt, H. F. Pratt, H. F. Carter, George A. Day; Albert Moritz, engineer; naval cadets—J. K. Elson, Charles Boone, J. K. Taussig, C. E. Courtney, C. W. Forman, A. W. Johnson; assistant surgeon, E. O. Huntington.

Tennis and Golf Notes.

Tennis is enjoying a most unusual boom just now. No sooner are the Del Monte Handicap Doubles over and Mr. Sumner Hardy back from Santa Monica, with the singles, doubles, and mixed championships of Southern California, than four of the leading Eastern players visit us and give Californians their first chance to try conclusions with Eastern champion material.

The four men are Mr. Malcolm D. Whitman, champion single tennis-player of the United States, who has this year won in the Longwood, Middle States, Canadian, Massachusetts, New York, and Newport tournaments; Mr. Dwight Davis, runner-up at Newport last year and winner of the doubles championship this year with Mr. Ward; Mr. Holcomb Ward, Mr. Davis's partner; and Mr. Beals Wright, winner of the Newcastle tournament and interscholastic champion last year and this at Newport. With them is Mr. George Wright, of the firm of Wright & Ditson.

They went to Del Monte on Tuesday and will practice on the asphalt courts to be in condition for

the championship doubles in the tournament to be played there on September 7th, 8th, and 9th. Mr. Whitman and Mr. Wright will play together and Mr. Davis and Mr. Ward, and California will pit its best against them in Mr. George A. Whitney, singles champion of the Pacific States, and his brother, Mr. Robert N. Whitney, in one team, and in another Mr. Sumner Hardy, singles, mixed, and doubles champion of Southern California, and Mr. Samuel Hardy, who lost the singles championship to Mr. George Whitney last July, and who, with his brother, holds the doubles championship of the Pacific States.

The San Francisco Golf Club does not expect to formulate its programme for the fall and winter season for two or three weeks, but many members are in town, and are practicing under Instructor Stephenson's supervision.

The Oakland Club begins its programme to-day, (Saturday) September 2d, with the first contest in the tournament for the Macdonald Cup, for men, eighteen holes, handicap, the cup going to the winner of two match games. On Monday, September 4th, there will be mixed foursomes, handicap, match play, over eighteen holes, for silver medals, and on September 9th there will be the third contest in the tournament for the Captain's Cup, with a reception and music at the club-house.

The San Rafael Golf Club has provided a Ladies' Cup, to be competed for on the same terms and dates as the Council's Cup, except that the play will be over only nine holes instead of eighteen. These competitions are open to members, not including the two months and two weeks members. Qualifying rounds must be played at medal-play rules with an authorized scorer on or before Sunday, September 3d, and those making the eight lowest scores will compete in the semi-finals on Monday, September 4th, play beginning at 9:30 A. M. The semi-finals will be played on the morning of September 9th, and the finals that same afternoon. There will also be driving and approaching contests for men and for ladies on Monday afternoon, and on the afternoon of September 9th a ladies' handicap for a silver vase and a men's handicap for a trophy.

RECENT WILLS AND SUCCESSIONS.

By the will of the late Mrs. Martha T. Hitchcock, widow of Dr. Charles Hitchcock, which was filed for probate in this city last Tuesday, the entire estate, valued at \$150,000, is left to the testator's daughter, Mrs. Lillie Hitchcock Coit, widow of the late Howard Coit, with the proviso that \$10,000 be paid to the testator's nephew if certain property in North Carolina be sold for more than \$100,000.

The will of the late Louis P. Drexler was filed for probate on Thursday, August 24th. The petitioner, Mrs. Elise P. Drexler, the widow, states that the estate exceeds \$500,000 in value, but it is roughly estimated to be worth about \$4,000,000. The bequests may be summarized as follows:

To Gertrude, Marion, and Nettie Bybee, nieces, equal life interests in the property known as 30-32 California Street, with power to dispose of their shares by will if all three die without issue; to Mrs. Daisy McCallum, a sister-in-law, \$5,000, and to her children, Donald and Jean, \$2,500 each; to Harvey H. Dana, a nephew, decedent's interest in property in this city jointly owned by them; to Louis P. Choiser, a nephew, \$1,000 and 50 acres of land near Chico; to Louis Prosser, a cousin, \$1,000; to Louis P. Howe 960 acres in Madera County; to former servants and to charities, \$12,500; and the residue to the widow, who is to serve without bonds as executrix.

The will of the late M. Purcell Jones was filed for probate on Monday, August 28th. The estate comprises real property in this State and in the Hawaiian Islands and personal property to the value of about \$1,000,000. The entire estate is bequeathed to the widow, the testator trusting that she will deal justly with their three children, Mr. Webster Jones, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, and Mr. Milton Jones. The widow is named to serve as executrix without bonds.

Bracing and halmy is the air on the heights of Mt. Tamalpais, only two hours from the heat and languor of the murky, dusty city. It is worth a week's vacation—one trip up the mountain. Take a day off and enjoy a pleasant experience. The round trip, via Sausalito, is only \$1.40.

Fads in Note-Papers.

The new papers, "Dawn Grey" and "Wedge-wood Green," which Messrs. Cooper & Co., the Art Stationers, are showing, have met with great success. "Wynne Grey," which this firm has introduced, is also very popular.

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—ALFRED E. BLAKE M. D. DISEASES OF THE mouth and teeth. Telephone R. 586. 28 Geary.

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LEAVE	From August 2, 1899.	ARRIVE
7:00 A	Benicia, Suisun, and Sacramento	5:45 P
7:00 A	Marysville, Oroville, and Redding via Woodland	5:45 P
7:00 A	Elmira, Vacaville, and Rumsey	8:50 P
7:30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa	6:15 P
8:00 A	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	9:45 A
8:30 A	San José, Livermore, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, and Red Bluff	4:15 P
8:30 A	Milton, Oakdale, and Sonoma	4:15 P
8:30 A	Yosemite Valley via Oakdale and Chinese	4:15 P
9:00 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations	12:45 A
9:00 A	Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno	12:15 P
9:00 A	Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans, and East	6:45 P
10:00 A	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations	7:45 P
11:00 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations	2:45 P
12:00 M	Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Sacramento, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville	4:15 P
*1:00 P	Sacramento River Steamers	*8:00 P
3:00 P	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations	5:45 P
4:00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa	9:15 A
4:00 P	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Oroville	10:45 A
4:30 P	Niles, San José, and Stockton	7:15 P
4:30 P	Yosemite Scenic Car for Raymond	12:15 P
5:00 P	The Owl, Tracy, Fresno, Bakersfield, Saugus for Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	9:45 A
5:30 P	Stockton, Merced, and Fresno	12:15 P
5:30 P	Martinez, Tracy, Mendota, Fresno, Mojave, and Los Angeles	8:45 A
5:30 P	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	6:45 P
6:00 P	Chicago-San Francisco Special, Ogden and East	8:50 P
6:00 P	Haywards, Niles, and San José	7:45 A
6:00 P	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Stations	12:15 P
7:00 P	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Stations	19:55 P
8:05 P	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East	8:15 A

COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge), (Foot of Market Street.)		
17:45 A	Santa Cruz Excursion for Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations	18:05 P
8:15 A	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations	5:50 P
*2:15 P	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations	*10:50 A
4:15 P	San José, Glenwood, and Way Stations	9:20 A
4:15 P	Felton, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations	9:20 A

CREAK ROUTE FERRY.		
From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—		
*7:15	9:00	11:00 A. M., 1:00
*4:00	15:00	*6:00 P. M., 7:00
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—		
10:00 A. M.	12:00	*12:00
		*3:00
		*4:00
		*5:00 P. M.

COAST DIVISION (Broad Gauge), (Third and Townsend Streets.)		
*6:10 A	Ocean View, South San Francisco	*6:30 P
7:00 A	San José and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only)	*8:00 A
17:30 A	Sunday Excursion for Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations	18:35 P
9:00 A	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Surf, Lompoc, and Principal Way Stations	4:10 P
10:40 A	San José and Way Stations	6:35 A
11:30 A	San José and Way Stations	9:45 A
*2:45 P	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Hollister, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove	*10:36 A
*3:30 P	San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations	*7:30 P
4:15 P	San José and Principal Way Stations	9:45 A
5:00 P	San José and Principal Way Stations	*8:35 A
5:30 P	San José and Principal Way Stations	*9:00 A
6:30 P	San José and Way Stations	5:30 P
11:45 P	San José and Way Stations	17:30 P

A for Morning. P for Afternoon.
* Sunday excepted. † Sunday only. ‡ Saturday and Monday.
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Bobby Bingo—"How long did it take you to learn how to swim?" *Willie*—"I learned in fourteen lickings."—*Puck*.

Where she "lands" them? *Fisher*—"I'll bet you don't know what a landing-net is." *Miss Anglin* (cooly)—"It's a slang term for hammock, isn't it?"—*Puck*.

A sea-side riddle: *Cholly*—"That girl in the surf reminds me of one of those puzzle-pictures." *Algy*—"How is that?" *Cholly*—"Find the bathing-suit."—*Puck*.

"Do you never work?" said Mrs. Subbuns to a tramp who asked for a handout. "Never, mum," was the proud reply; "I am an immune."—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph*.

"When you returned my book you said you enjoyed it immensely." "Well, I did, for a fact." "I'm glad to hear it. But why didn't you cut the leaves?"—*Chicago Record*.

Literally true: *The cat*—"You have heard, I suppose, that we cats have nine lives?" *The cow*—"That's nothing; I have a record of kicking the bucket ten times in one week."—*Judge*.

"My husband has all the virtues but one," remarked the wife of a struggling young doctor. "What is that?" asked her sympathetic friend. "Patients," replied the young wife.—*Ex*.

Bridget—"I can't stand the missus, sur." *Von Blumer* (sarcastically)—"It's a pity, Bridget, that I couldn't have selected a wife to suit you." *Bridget*—"Sure, sur, we all make mistakes."—*Brooklyn Life*.

Walton (to fishmonger)—"Just throw me half a dozen of those trout." *Fishmonger*—"Throw them?" *Walton*—"Yes; then I can go home and tell my wife I caught 'em. I may be a poor fisherman, but I'm no liar."—*Household Words*.

Reverend Goodman—"Your little boy says he would like to be a missionary to the Filipinos! What put that idea into his head?" *Mrs. Highchurch*—"Why, the dear little fellow wants a shotgun, and his papa won't let him have it!"—*Puck*.

Little Sniffkins (who has been nearly drowned)—"It was simply marvelous. As I sank for the third time all the incidents of my past life came vividly before me." *Robertson* (brutally)—"I say, old chap, did you remember that fiver I lent you last year?"—*Tit-Bits*.

Irate boarder—"Just look at that thermometer—one hundred and six in the shade—and your advertisement called this the coolest spot in the mountains." *Landlord*—"Waal, it was when the advertisement was written." *Irate boarder*—"When was that?" *Landlord*—"Last January."—*Bazar*.

"Poor Dawson; he's been jilted." "Jilted? Dawson?" "Yes, jilted. He went fishing with Miss Higgins, his fiancée, and when he baited her hook, she called him a brute for having no sympathy for the poor worm; and when, the next day, he refused to bait her hook, she said he didn't love her."—*Bazar*.

"Now, Sammy," began the teacher, "I want you to tell me in which battle Lord Nelson was killed." Sammy was in despair, but he must prove himself equal to the emergency. "Did you say Lord Nelson?" he asked, cautiously. "Yes." "Which battle?" "Yes; in which battle was he killed?" "Wai," said Sammy, with apparent surprise at such an easy question, "I 'specs it must er been his last."—*London Spare Moments*.

Chinese premier—"I see that the Province of Wing Wang yields no revenue." *Chinese secretary of treasury*—"Yes, the people are very poor; the land is worthless and the harbors are filling up with sand. I know not what to do with Wing Wang." *Chinese premier*—"Nothing easier. Have somebody kill a missionary there, and the missionary's government will take Wing Wang for an indemnity."—*Boston Transcript*.

Boys haven't always a great imagination, but most of them have a good deal of tenacity. A man wishing to make himself pleasant to the little brother of his betrothed, told him to wish for something, and he would give it to him. "A box of chocolates," said the boy. "What else?" asked the generous lover. "Another box of chocolates." "Oh, but wish for something else; your little stomach couldn't hold all those chocolates." "Well, then," answered the boy, "another stomach."—*Household Words*.

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Miss de Puyster—"I can trace my ancestors back to the Reformation." *De Smith*—"That's nothing; I can trace mine back years and years before they attempted to reform."—*Chicago News*.

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Perhaps the American church understands why its attitude toward seven-day journalism is one of indifference. Possibly it knows why it sends missionaries to the heathen, while the reeking fields of iniquity at home fail to arouse it to more than an impotent protest. Nevertheless, this attitude amazes the secular intelligence so that even those without the fold, and yet concerned for the moral weal of the community, may make bold to inquire as to the apathy, and attempt to dispel it. If the American church chose to crush out seven-day journalism, it could do so, for the English church set the example, although England had for objecting hardly a tithe of the

ground that exists in this country. The Sunday paper of the United States is a veritable blanket of horrors. It is low in tone in every respect. Its pictures are not only inartistic, but *risque* appeals to and exploitations of prurieny. Its sensations are not only crude of construction, but for the most part they are false and foolish. The space-writer seems to have no conscience, and the editor no judgment. There is a continual pandering to vice. Of the bawd is made a heroine. Above the brow of the murderess is placed a halo. Here and there a special writer may have a department devoted to decency and marked by thought, yet this is necessarily lost in the mass of rubbish. When the standard has become so low that the papers, regardless of their day of issue, are often unfit to enter the home, and in their entirety constitute a national disgrace, it would seem to the observer that the time for the American church to make a move had arrived. It makes none, though the clatter of the traffic in degrading literature mingles with the sound of its own bells calling people to prayer.

Various reasons for the suppression of seven-day journalism have been cited, various methods already successfully employed abroad set forth clearly, and yet nothing is done. Are the professions of the American church idle? Do its ministers discourse that which they do not believe? Or do preachers and congregations alike fear the hostility to be excited by assailing a great evil, the hostility all to emanate from the evil itself? There is no reason why they should shrink from an ordeal in which they would be sure of the approval of conscience. There can be no excuse for permitting seven-day journalism to flourish, pernicious, impertinent, useless; at least no excuse which has yet been discerned, unless from the standpoint of the sanctuary, and not revealed. To the outsider, the American church must appear cowardly, ineffective, and insincere. If it will do its duty along lines clearly defined, it will acquire new power and earn the respect and gratitude of people who may not belong to it, for seven-day journalism, aside from its hurtful tendency, its travesty of letters, its mockery of art, its imposition on labor, is a nuisance beyond the power of the police, yet properly subject to abatement.

The worst Sunday papers known are published in New York. Leading them in silliness and morbidity, practically a tie in the race for distaste, are the *Journal* and *World*. Neither has a redeeming feature. Neither suits the mature mind, and neither is fit for the scrutiny of youth. In this city, the *Examiner's* Sunday issue is the leading type of the style of journalism known, for lack of a more scathing term of contempt, as "yellow." These issues are not so bad as their Eastern models only because they lack facilities for copying; but they have similar stupidities, coloring equally gaudy, and when their unworth reaches a total of thirty-two pages, the aggregate is enough to excite alarm and disgust. As to the news portion, a special effort seems to be made Sundays to give prominence to bloodshed and place murder at the front. There is not the least consideration for the day, which many would observe as a time for worship, and which all should have a right to observe as a period of rest. The particular affront, however, is the supplement, conceived in ignorance and born to annoy. For the purpose of emphasizing the affront, this noisome thing is called a "magazine." It always has a number of "stories," nineteen out of twenty of which are absolutely untrue, yet given with the minute detail of seeming veracity. Often these are signed, but generally with fictitious names. The shield of anonymity gives the liar wondrous courage.

Last week's Sunday "Magazine" of the *Examiner* was less decadent than the average, but was not worth publication. No single article in it rose to the dignity of being interesting or instructive. An entire page was given to the portrayal of the feelings of a woman whose sight had been restored, but this page was marred by a senseless picture of purple and orange. More than half a page was given to a fanciful and probably baseless sketch of a young woman who shoots wild horses for a living. Denis Kearney had a page of biography. "Battles Between Two Sea-Monsters," "Fire Raging Under the Surface of San Joaquin Wheat-

Fields," "Heart to Heart Talks with Minerva"—these were samples of the stuff in the "Magazine." Necessity arises for remarking that "Minerva" is the most abject case of idiocy that gets into print anywhere. Her counsel is the essence of foolishness, and the letters to her, if real, argue the world daft. The "Bible Class" is an incongruity, tending not to elevate the *Examiner*, but to bring religion into disrepute. There is nowhere in the "Magazine" a redeeming element. It is bad from cover to cover.

Seven-day journalism is not only a discomfort but a menace. The attention of the American church is once more, respectfully, called to the truth.

Jahart

While the tension in France is strained almost to the breaking point over the trial of Captain Dreyfus, a case that presents somewhat similar points has come to the front in this country. Captain Oberlin M. Carter is the accused officer. Both Dreyfus and Carter are captains in the army; both are accused of having been false to their professional trust for personal gain; both have been tried by courts-martial, and both have been convicted; in the case of both unusual efforts have been made to set aside the verdict, and in both conviction is attributed to conspiracies in which many of their superiors are involved.

Captain Carter is an officer in the engineer corps of the United States army, and for twelve years was in charge of the harbor work at Savannah, Ga. In 1896 he was relieved from duty, to serve on the Nicaragua Canal Commission, and later went to London as military *attaché*. His successor at Savannah, Captain Gillette, discovered evidences of fraud in the work there, and reported to General Wilson, chief of the engineer corps. Carter was recalled to explain, and, protesting that the charges were a result of misunderstanding, asked for an investigation. A board of three officers, at the head of which was Colonel Gillespie, was appointed, and, after thorough investigation, with the assistance of Carter, reported the evidence sufficient to sustain the charges. Upon the ground that the judge-advocate general was not in good health, the papers were referred to Colonel Davis, professor of law at West Point, and he recommended that the charges of fraud be waived because of the difficulty of proving such questions, while they would bring discredit and scandal upon the engineer corps, but that Carter be charged with absence without leave and other minor offenses, that would insure his dismissal. Assistant-Secretary Meiklejohn disapproved of the recommendation, and the charges of fraud were referred to the court-martial with the others.

The *personnel* of the court is important in view of recent charges. It was presided over by General Elwell S. Otis, who is a trained lawyer, and included two members of the engineer corps who had been in commission thirty-seven and thirty-five years, five disbursing officers with many years' experience in dealing with just such vouchers as were in evidence at the trial, and four who had large experience in the trial of cases before courts-martial. The thirteen members represented every branch of the military service.

The charges against Carter were that he defrauded the government by drawing the specifications of contracts loosely so that when favored contractors were successful in their bids inferior material could be used, while against outsiders the strictest construction was enforced. In this way nearly all of the work was concentrated in the bands of Greene and Gaynor, who received immense payments for inferior material. On three of their contracts the fraudulent profits were \$1,720,000. One contract was awarded to a man who knew nothing of the bid until after the work had been done and paid for. The bid was put in by Gaynor, and was in the handwriting of Carter's clerk. The same clerk forged the indorsements to the warrants and the money was paid to Greene and Gaynor. There was much other evidence of a similar nature, though Carter barred a portion of the investigation by pleading the statute of limitations. The court found him guilty.

After the verdict an appeal was made to President McKinley to submit the case to a lawyer unconnected with

War Department, and, though this was a most unusual proceeding, it was done. Ex-Senator Edmunds was the referee, and he reported that while certain evidence was irregularly admitted, there was enough outside of this to justify the conviction. The matter was then referred to the Attorney-General, and it is before him that the present efforts are being made to have it re-opened.

Upon both sides the most sensational charges are being advanced. On one side it is asserted that there is a conspiracy to shield Captain Carter, in which General Wilson, chief of the engineer corps, the Attorney-General, and even President McKinley are involved. There are two grounds for this—first, the reference of the papers to Colonel Davis instead of to the judge-advocate general; the second is the delay in enforcing the penalty decreed by the court-martial. This is very flimsy evidence upon which to base such serious charges that involve the honesty of the President and his advisers. The delay is unusual, but, if President McKinley has doubts in his mind regarding the guilt of the accused, he is more than justified in taking every precaution to ascertain the truth. It would be most unjust to enforce the decree of the court-martial and disgrace Captain Carter forever, until he is convinced of the correctness.

On the other hand, it is asserted in behalf of Carter that the verdict is the result of a conspiracy in which the officers of the court-martial joined. The charge is even more improbable than the other. The army of the United States differs very widely from that of France; there is no ambitious clique which aspires to exercise the chief power in the state and to control the government. It is inconceivable that a general of the highest rank, against whose integrity there has never been a breath of suspicion, should enter into such a conspiracy to ruin a captain in the engineer corps; it is inconceivable that such a conspiracy should involve every branch of the military service. The accusations have been made, however, and the case should not be closed until they have been thoroughly investigated and the truth laid bare.

Colonel Elsdale, in the *Nineteenth Century*, produces what he evidently deems sufficient reasons for declaring that men's brains are deteriorating. He cites Mr. Gladstone as authority to show that the brains of modern Englishmen exhibit a sad falling off from those of good Queen Bess's time, and declares that "scholars and learned men" (what is the difference between those two?) are agreed that "the modern intellect can not compare with that of the ancient Greek." Measuring the rate of this depravation, he dolorously declares that heredity is doing its dire work for the ultimate abolition of brains in the scheme of human affairs.

The doughty warrior's article is more or less amusing—stupid things sometimes are. There is no clown so funny as the serious one. Were it not so palpable that he has treated the subject as an advocate rather than as a judge, and produced testimony that is not evidence, the jury might not be inclined to yawn between its smiles.

The Greeks excelled in sculpture and architecture. In those two things the rest of the world has never been able to approach them. Probably it was because they did so excel that the young savage Alexander, caring no more for art than a cave-dweller for a painted woman, crushed them by the weight of his mighty genius. Probably it was because Rome was so far behind Greece in art that she became mistress of the world and adorned her temples with the masterpieces of her Grecian slaves. Where has there been any match for the daring engineering that created the pyramids of Egypt and was yet unable to cope with the wily tricks of Joseph's people?

If history is a mirror of nature in one thing more than another, it is in the marvelous scheme of compensations that it discloses. Nero, the beast, played the fiddle with a certain grace—and to some purpose. Milton was blind and Beethoven deaf, but one gave us "Paradise Lost," which he could not read, and the other his immortal symphonies, which he could not hear. The woman who is not beautiful is likely to be good. The common cat is less liable to fits than his thorough-bred aristocratic congener.

Modern civilization, with its innumerable temptations to divert and distract the attention of its individual victims, still does not and can not prohibit that concentration of energy, power, and purpose which every man has the privilege of exercising, and by which great individual achievements are assured. The pyramids of Egypt and the great wall of China grew from the power of individual minds controlling hordes of working slaves. Far greater, infinitely more intelligent, incomparably more beneficent than either that power or those achievements are those of that mighty product of modern civilization—coöperation. Splendid and immortal as is the art of Greece, it represents the genius of individuals alone; but the coöperative modern genius that can handle as toys the dreadful plagues before which all the power of Greece stood helpless and inert, is alone a force in

the shaping of human destiny to which the incomparable art of Greece is a bagatelle.

Under the influence of forces so complex that an analysis of them seems impossible, the power of human brains runs in cycles of application. The same order of brains that in small, insular, primitive Greece gave the world statues that are the despair of moderns, may conceivably, under the pressure of different stimuli, have given us Darwin and Pasteur. Another thing: The greatness of great things grows with their recession into the deepening shades of history. Tradition is a powerful force—more powerful than many of us are inclined to believe. The art of Greece comes down to us hallowed and sanctified by the approval of the ages. This sanctification is cumulative—that, indeed, explains the making of saints. It requires the laying on of the hands of the centuries to complete a canonization.

So, whatever greatness there may be in the brains of modern men, we are not its proper judges. Our standards of judgment were created for us by the splendid savages that preceded us, and in turn we shall take our place as the splendid savages that created standards for the ages to follow us.

Finally, any assumption that the brains of men are deteriorating runs counter to the whole philosophy of evolution. Under the increasing stress of civilization, the tendency to a more virile, more elastic, more complex order of brains is the lesson that evolution teaches. But evolution moves with almost inconceivable slowness. The time that has elapsed between the days when Greece was in its glory and those that produced the Brooklyn Bridge is too short to be measured by the instruments that evolution employs. That there has been a distinct advance in the power and complexity of brains since that time there are anthropologists almost ready to assert, partly upon a basis of fact and partly upon logical deduction. The blood of ancient Greece, though long ago dead for evolutionary purposes in Greece itself, has nevertheless been infused to a greater or less extent in the veins of the civilized world at large, where, finding more favorable conditions than at home, it is manifesting its ancient power in many other forms of endeavor and aspiration.

In every large city there are many girls, who, being left without natural guardians, drift easily through gradations of hardship into lives of evil. There could be no duty more benign than the saving of these to an upright womanhood, not for their sakes alone, but for the good of the community to which, if permitted to remain friendless and unchecked, they become a burden and a menace. To be sure, certain efforts in the proper direction have been made locally, but they have by reason of improper methods been to a certain extent barren of success. The girl rescued from the street can not at once be put into the strait-jacket of sectarianism. At such treatment she rebels, and when the restraint is removed, flies to freedom and license.

At Syracuse, N. Y., there is an establishment for girls, and it seems to be founded on right principles and governed by common sense. While the president of the institution is a man, women are active in the management, constituting half the board of trustees, and occupying all the executive offices but the first. The superintendent and assistants are, of course, women, and so is the house physician. The inmates are of four classes. First are girls committed by a magistrate for vagrancy or misdemeanor; second, orphans, dependent or exposed; third, children surrendered by parents unable to provide for or to control them; and fourth, those who voluntarily apply for shelter. All, at the time of admission, must be under sixteen years of age, and the term of residence expires at nineteen. An effort is made to surround them with pleasant and wholesome influences, to equip them for usefulness, and, having taught them how to make a living, to procure places for them. Some of them are sent on probation into private families. If the arrangement is not mutually satisfactory, they have the privilege of returning. People who receive them are not expected to inquire into their histories further back than from the time of admission to the home.

While to a certain limit the girls are subject to discipline, and must be denied a full measure of freedom, the rules are hardly more severe than obtain at a boarding-school. There is a constant effort to make them feel that they are members of a great family, and although a reformatory effect is sought, there is nothing of the atmosphere of the penal reformatory. Girls who are known to be depraved and hardened are not retained, and no chance is taken that the pure shall suffer by contact with the vicious.

Hardly a day passes without demonstration that San Francisco needs such a home. Here the girl-waif must go to a public establishment, where she learns only how to become worse, and from which she emerges ready for a deeper plunge into courses that end in speedy ruin. The Syracuse home is supported for the most part by voluntary contribu-

tions. Here there are hearts as warm and purses as open as in Syracuse, and here the appeal is as constant and urgent. Can not something be done?

That section of the late Democratic party whose creed is the Chicago platform, and which still pins its faith to Bryan, fusion, and financial dishonor, is exhibiting, in its anxiety to carry the next election, a mental condition that borders on hysteria. Three years ago they appealed to the traditionally futile system of party fusion—a system which was again discredited, as it had been in the Greeley campaign of 1872, and as it has almost invariably been since it dragged down to defeat "all the friends of Governor Seymour," in the early 'sixties. This year their fertile imaginations have been busy conjuring up every political trick which might benefit their cause, regardless of principles, with a frenzy that indicates consciousness of an approach to the "last ditch" of their cult. One of the symptoms was the proposition to raise a two-million-dollar campaign fund for 1900, notwithstanding that the use of money in elections has excited the holy horror of good Democrats in every campaign since the Republicans won a national election. The fruitfulness of that scheme promises to be on a par with that of the good seed which "fell among stones."

Another indication of Bryanite neurosis is the proposal, emanating from at least a fraction of the Democratic National Committee, to the effect that the Democratic convention shall be held as early as February next, and a meeting of the committee is to be held in October or November, on the return of Chairman Jones from Europe, to discuss the feasibility of the movement. From the Democratic standpoint it is claimed that it will be necessary to place the national ticket in the field and adopt a party platform as early as February or March, in order to perfect organization and bring together the divergent factions of the party.

To the on-looker who has an interest in something besides politics, the suggestion contains the dire threat of an eight-months' campaign which is simply terrifying to business and a rack for the public nerves. In reality the plan is an outgrowth of the desire on the part of Democrats of the Bryan type whose trade is politics, who are unhappy unless they are continually "speechifying" before the public, and whose names would rapidly drop into oblivion like a new brand of soap if they were not continually advertised. They propose, of course, to dignify their perennial politics by calling it a campaign of education; but we opine that the bulk of the education will be in their own realization that the scheme will not be beneficial to their hopes. The great demand of public sentiment for years has been for shorter campaigns instead of longer. No one who is cognizant of this temper in our people can doubt that a campaign seriously begun in February would pall in weariness and disgust by the middle of the summer. Speeches, arguments, roorhacks, and sensations would fall flat on the minds of voters who would turn to anything but politics for relief long before November. We are having a better educational campaign than the one proposed in the "continuous performance" that is now going on, without the elements of bitterness and partisan rancor which are sure to be developed in the heat of a systematic canvass to make votes.

It is questionable whether the Democratic party can form a unifying platform by February that will successfully deal with the issues upon which they intend to go on record. The subject of expansion or anti-expansion may still be in the air through the still unsettled condition of the military situation in the Philippines and through want of any definite pronouncement from Congress by February. If they expose their anti-expansion plank to the weather through the stress of an eight-months' campaign, it may be weakened by a dry rot superinduced by rapidly changing circumstances. They may simulate a partisan frenzy against trusts, and keep it up through the whole tiresome performance, but such a course may tend to prove only the demagogical character of the issue in Democratic hands, and the fact that the party can not be trusted to deal with a question of such importance.

The Democratic party could never be relied on for constructive legislation, and even less faith will be placed in the Bryan faction. Neither eight months nor eight years will serve to reconcile the gold Democrats to the financial heresies of the Chicago platform. This has had a recent demonstration. General Buckner, of Kentucky, may not be in a position to authoritatively represent the opinion of all those who cast their votes for him in 1896, but his reply to the assurance of the advocates of "16 to 1" that the door through which they left their party in that year is still open inviting their return, is significant of the attitude of his fellow-bolters. He has publicly said that:

"Not until they shall cease to distinguish between principle and temporary expediency; between national faith and national dishonor; between the welfare of the people and the exaltation of aspiring political charlatans; between patriotism and party servility—will the national

Democracy consent to be merged with the motley supporters of that mosaic of populism, anarchy, and public dishonor known as the Chicago platform of 1896."

They stood out on principle, and no length of campaign, and no amount of education which the Bryanites can impart, will induce him, or those who followed him, to stultify their own acts and sneak back into the Bryanized Democracy in the hope of securing personal political advantages. Bryan himself has made unity impossible, while he is occupying the foreground, by his autocratic announcement that the gold men can not return without swearing allegiance to the Chicago platform in its entirety. That wonderful political structure, the Chicago platform, has been steadily tending toward dissolution since 1896, and an interminable campaign, inaugurated by those "whom the gods make mad," may well be the blow which will lay its discredited ruins in the dust.

Aside from the desperation to which the public will be driven, the Republican party may contemplate a long campaign with serenity. It is in the interest of Bryan's candidacy, and probably no man would be easier to defeat than that arch-builder of patch-work platforms.

There seems to be a general misconception of Professor

Harry Thurston Peck's comparison of Shakespeare and Balzac. He recently published a eulogy of the great French novelist, and in the course of it he said: "French critics link his name with that of Shakespeare, while English critics seem to think that a comparison like this is very daring. My own belief is that at the last his name will be placed higher still than Shakespeare's, at the very apex of the pyramid of literary fame. A novelist, if he be as great as Balzac, is far more fortunate than the dramatist; for the novel admits of the perfect evolution of character in its most minute detail, while the dramatist can, at the most, give only a series of impressions."

The qualifying clause, "if he be as great as Balzac," makes all the difference; yet we find a distinguished contemporary accepting the entire declaration to mean that the art of playwriting is inferior to that of the novel, without particular reference to the playwright or the novelist under consideration. No such generalization can be drawn from Professor Peck's assumption; and, although he says at the end that the novel "admits of the perfect evolution of character in its most minute detail, while the dramatist can at the most give only a series of impressions," he has already taken the precaution to say that the novelist must be great. In the comparison of Shakespeare and Balzac, Professor Peck selected the greatest dramatist and the greatest novelist. Hence his real meaning may be taken to be that if a novelist and a dramatist of equal grade are compared, the novelist has the advantage of opportunities to develop character perfectly.

That does not happen to be the position challenged; but, taking it as the seemingly obvious meaning of Professor Peck, it is an exceedingly interesting one and will bear analysis. It is more than interesting; for if it is true, it is important that it be known.

Is it not generally true that a play is better acted than read, and that if it can not be successfully acted it is not a good dramatic production? Some very noble literary productions cast in the form of the drama have failed utterly as dramas, the genius of great actors failing to invest them with the particular characteristics that must be inherent in the dramatic form. Before inquiring broadly into the nature of these characteristics, we must reflect that two distinct forces—one of them a highly variant one—are required in the presentation of a drama. These are the dramatist and the actor. It is an interesting fact that no two great actors have ever interpreted the same drama alike. This means that the personal equation of the actor is required to complete the work of the dramatist; for it is clearly impossible for the dramatist to indicate in his text or otherwise with his pen the infinite number of things that the actor should do in presenting the character as a living, acting personality. This being so, we find that different great actors present different interpretations of the dramatist's characters, and it is this difference that represents the actor's personal equation. But it is this additional force that completes the work of the dramatist. Hence the dramatist's work is incomplete. In Shakespeare's plays, for instance, there are no directions by Shakespeare as to the actor's gestures, the expression of his face, the use of his eyes and voice, and the innumerable other details that go to make up the actor's finished work. Many modern plays are exceedingly full of such directions; but even so, they still leave an immense amount of original work for the actor to do, and, for that matter, are generally ignored by actors who realize that the personal equation is a vital part of the representation.

The novelist finds himself hampered in no such way. No intermediary force is required. Hence the novelist's work is complete. That is to say, the novelist alone holds in his hands all the elements with which his impressions

are made. The great value of this is that his spirit alone dominates the work, and therefore preserves its unity. There may be variations in the effect produced, but so also may there be in the work of an actor. We are here considering the matter in its subjective aspect. Unity is necessary to the finest, truest art.

The development of character is the essential feature of great dramas and great novels. Action without regard to that consideration is profitless and stupid. There are some eminent critics who insist that the proper way for the novelist to develop character is the so-called natural way—that is, the characters should be made to develop themselves, by both speech and action, and the novelist should not interfere by analyzing the characters or otherwise employing extraneous means to give a clear conception of them. It happens that this is just the imperfect method that the dramatist is virtually compelled to employ. Why should the novelist voluntarily limit himself to the enforced limitations of the dramatist? Why should he surrender his supreme advantage of knowing the innermost secret thoughts of his characters, and the opportunity offered by the form of his art to set forth from his knowledge whatever may be required, in addition to speech, to convey a clear conception of them? Balzac was too wise to make any such surrender. In guarding his prerogative and exercising it judiciously, he constructed a series of novels presenting characters of marvelous and unparalleled completeness—a completeness impossible to the art of Shakespeare.

President Arthur T. Hadley, of Yale, is a comparatively

young man, yet his appointment to so dignified a position was regarded as wise. He is in active touch with the world, not alone of education but of affairs. Not even hampered, as the president of a university is so apt to be, by the title "reverend," and the obligation to live up to it, an expression of opinion from him may be regarded as having unusual weight. The influence of the college-bred man is felt in every walk of life, and the head of Yale must impress upon thousands of students the soundness of any view to which he gives utterance or lends approval.

Recently there appeared in the *Yale Review* an article pronouncing the American policy in the Philippines a failure. The writer considered this policy to be the reduction of an unwilling people to subjection, and that this was further from attainment than had been the similar ambition of Spain in Cuba. He thought the people of this country had been placed unawares in a false position, and counseled that they seek a true one; if in the wrong channel, "that they bend to their oars and go back." The people had gladly sacrificed much to give freedom to Cuba. Would they not sacrifice their pride and trade prospects to do as much for the Philippines? It was a central thought in the article that Luzon would better be ruled through Aguinaldo, as Sulu through its sultan, than that the war continue. Attention was called to the somewhat analogous scheme of the Dutch to conquer Achin, a territory the size of Luzon, and having only one-fourth as many people as are embraced in the Tagals alone. In four years sixty thousand soldiers had been made martyrs to the cause, in treasure eighty millions of dollars had been expended, and at all this cost, pacification was only temporary. The paper closed with an appeal for conciliation and sympathy.

At first the expression was supposed to have come from the pen of President Hadley himself; but upon being interviewed he denied the authorship, freely admitting, however, that it had his indorsement. This circumstance demonstrates that the trend of thought in regard to a Philippine policy is changing. At first there was an enthusiastic greeting to the plan of setting up the Stars and Stripes afar, a symbol of liberty and protection. But when the emblem became, instead, the symbol of oppression and assault, people began to realize the false position of which the Yale writer makes mention. Some of them are puzzled. They would retreat or withdraw, could this be done with honor. But does honor consist in violation of the constitution and national tradition, rather than the frank admission that error has been committed? Does a mistake lose its character by being persistently upheld? These are questions everywhere discussed, and nowhere can they be discussed more calmly and fairly than among the class of college men President Hadley represents. Such men are familiar with history, and not likely to have their judgment overwhelmed by impulse.

As the closing days of the Dreyfus trial approach, it becomes more and more apparent that the question of his guilt or innocence cuts very little figure in the investigation. The individual has been swallowed up in the immensity of the situation and its possible consequences. The enemies of the accused seek to create an opinion that will justify, or at least palliate a conviction; his friends seek to combat that opinion.

AFTER THE DREYFUS TRIAL—WHAT?

The signature of the editor is appended to every article in this issue written, dictated, or inspired by him, in accordance with the "signature law," enacted during the last session of the legislature.

The whole proceeding partakes of the nature of a symposium rather than a trial. The witnesses argue and express opinions rather than facts. "I believe the prisoner guilty"; "I believe him innocent"—such is the burden of the story of each witness. Those who have followed the proceedings realize that a failure to prove the guilt of the accused will not necessarily result in acquittal.

The thought that is foremost in the minds of all the actors in this great drama is what is to be the effect of the verdict upon the future of France. M. de Blowitz, in summing up the situation, says that if Dreyfus is condemned, and if the condemnation is not with such blinding clearness as will satisfy the conscience of the world, an immense irritation will spread throughout all civilized societies, and in that case the opening century might very likely bring to France a cruel and dangerous disappointment. If he is acquitted—and here, too, the universal conscience demands equal clearness—the republic must show itself strong enough to repress rebellion, for this acquittal will be the signal for a supreme effort, a final uprising, and the government of the republic will totter and fall at the very moment when it shows itself incapable of imposing upon all Frenchmen respect for such a verdict. This is the same fear that was in the mind of M. de Freycinet when he devoted most of his time upon the stand to an appeal to his hearers to save France.

Throughout the army the opinion is strong that Dreyfus is guilty. The opinion is not of recent growth; he has almost from his first connection with the army been an object of hatred to his fellow-officers, and hatred soon developed into suspicion. Supplementing this is the ambition of the army to rule France and its contempt for the civil officials. Said an officer in a recent interview: "The army is perfectly solid and the army will take charge of things sooner or later, because they must. . . . The moment they [the government] by their acts furnish a sufficient excuse, the army will intervene, as it ought to, and all the best element of the people of France, the most influential and respected newspapers, will indorse their act." Like most violent partisans, he regards those who agree with him as the best people of France.

With such opinions controlling the officials of the army, with the soldiers ready to follow them, with the turbulent masses shouting "Vive l'Armée," how long can disaster be averted? Whether the new century is to see France in the throes of another revolution seems to depend upon the strength that De Gallifet can put forth. Can he suppress the ambitious clique that has controlled the army for so long? Should the Monarchists or the Socialists provoke trouble can the army be depended upon to suppress it? The French Republic is passing through its most critical period; the final struggle seems to be at hand.

The hearty farewell that the people of San Francisco ac-

corded to the volunteer troops when they sailed for Manila one year ago has been thrown into the shade by the reception given them upon their return. The scenes of enthusiasm that this city has witnessed during the last two weeks have probably never been seen elsewhere upon a like occasion. There were some who objected to the unnecessary expenditure of money for decorations and for electrical illuminations such as the world has never before known, urging that the money might better be spent for the comfort of the soldier boys. These objections died out as the festivities proceeded. How else could California adequately express its welcome to the returning volunteers? How else show its appreciation of the manner in which they have performed their work? It is with a thrill of pride that we recall the fact that the California regiment was the first to respond to the country's call for volunteers; was the first to set sail for the far-distant tropical islands. It did not fall to the lot of the California boys to perform some of the brilliant feats that some of the other regiments did; after the first few weeks of fighting their duty lay in the line of work that did not keep them in the public eye, but that was none the less difficult. What fighting they were called upon to do they did with a cheerfulness and earnestness that won for them the admiration of all. They were willing and eager to do more. The few thousands that were spent upon receptions and festivities for them and for the returning sons of other States will not interfere with the more substantial recognition that is to follow. The generosity of the people of this city has secured the soldiers from the possibility of want after they are mustered out. Employers have vied with each other in offers of positions for them. Though they may return to private life, their services will not be forgotten.

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BY APPOINTMENT.

The Story of John Harmon's Reformation.

Penridge, as I had known him, was a cool, self-contained sort of a man, who was not likely to be thrown off his balance, even by such a tragedy as the killing of Harmon presented. When I called at his office, on his own request, the day after the accident, I was not prepared to find him in such a condition of complete nervous collapse, and it was with difficulty that I kept back an exclamation of horror and surprise.

His language and appearance indicated that he had been passing through a struggle, or at least some great mental disturbance, which I, who knew nothing of the facts about the accident, except such as were to be had from the newspapers, was quite at a loss to understand. I knew Harmon, and I knew Penridge well enough, to feel certain that their intimacy or friendship was not of a character to arouse an uncontrollable grief after death. The manner of Harmon's destruction was of course shocking, as all sudden and violent death is like to be, and Penridge had witnessed it, and had, indeed, been the first to lift the lifeless body from the street, where it lay after the horses had trampled it down. They stood together talking on the corner, when the runaway team, swinging the remains of a light wagon behind them, suddenly came in sight. It seemed, so Penridge had stated in his published interview, that the horses were about to dash upon the sidewalk, exactly where they stood, and each ran his own way for safety—Penridge into a store, and Harmon to the street. The horses veered away from the kerb, and in the recoil caught and carried poor Harmon down to the gutter, where he was instantly killed. This was all very terrible, and would be likely to upset the average man or woman, but the complete demoralization of a matter-of-fact person like Penridge, forty years of age and thorough-going man of the world, was not to be so easily accounted for.

"Are you very busy this afternoon?" he asked.

"I am at your service," I answered.

"The inquest will occur presently," said he, "and I feel that I must have some one there that I know, and who knows me. After debating the matter with myself all night long, I have decided to tell the jury about the death as I saw it. It seems to be the only plan by which I can restore my peace of mind. Now, I can not tell the thing to those people—I should feel that they were laughing at me. But you won't laugh, will you? And if I can see your face, it will make the telling a good deal easier."

It seemed very strange to me that Penridge should ask to lean on any one, and I said something to that effect.

"My boy," said he, "do you know that the most terrible thing in this world is to find yourself face to face with a condition that your senses accept but your intellect refuses?—to feel and know that a thing is so, while your reason tells you it is quite impossible? That is the way"—and his voice grew hoarse—"that madness lies."

"Then there is something about Harmon's death that you have not told," said I.

"I was not under oath before the reporters," he answered. "The inquest is different. Come, let us go."

The coroner's office was a short distance away, in a gloomy old building that adjoined the morgue. We were conducted to a large, bare room, in the rear of the building, where the bright light of the afternoon sun struggled through some tall windows heavily frescoed with dirt. In the centre of the room was a big table, about which were gathered the clerks and reporters. The jury, a very respectable set of men, occupied a line of chairs on a narrow platform, at one side of the room. Opposite them was the low witness-stand and a number of scattered chairs for spectators and witnesses. Here we found seats. The coroner greeted us with some deference, for Penridge is an active member of the party to which officer owes his position.

"Shall I call you first, Mr. Penridge," he inquired, "or would you rather wait?"

"Call me last," said Penridge, and the coroner bowed and went back to his seat.

I glanced carelessly at my companion, and noted that the evidences of excitement which had been only too clear a few minutes before were now almost entirely vanished. The coroner explained in a few words the purpose of the inquest and the duties of the jury, and then the witnesses were summoned. They told the story in much the same shape as it had already appeared in the newspapers. As the first of these witnesses was about to leave the stand, Penridge asked the coroner's permission to put one question, and the request was granted.

"Was any one seated in the wagon, as it came toward the corner?"

The witness seemed surprised. "Why, you saw it yourself, sir," said he. "The horses had been running up against posts and jumping over carts, until there was little left of their wagon. It was a wreck, and no one could have held on if he had tried."

"Then you saw no one?"

"There was no one there to see, sir."

This same form of cross-examination he used with each of the witnesses that had seen the team as it approached. The answer was in each case the same: there was no one in the wagon. The asking of these questions elicited no surprise, for Penridge, being an attorney, was supposed to be in pursuit of some special piece of evidence that might be of service in any case that grew out of the accident.

At length, when the afternoon had waned, my friend was called to the stand. The coroner essayed a little introduction: "This, gentlemen of the jury, is Mr. Oliver Penridge, the attorney, who was a most intimate friend of the deceased, and was, indeed, talking with him at the time of his death, and his testimony is most important."

Penridge frowned a little. "I have known Mr. Harmon nearly twenty years," said he, "but I can not claim to have been an intimate friend of his. He had none."

Penridge seated himself in the witness-chair and glanced in the direction of the coroner. "You have summoned me to tell all that I know about the killing of John Harmon," said he, in a clear voice, "and I am under oath. Now I am afraid I shall have to go back a little way with the story, and perhaps at first speak of some matters that may not seem to bear on the accident, but you will pardon me, for I can not make it clear otherwise." He drew his chair around, so that he faced the jury and at the same time could look in my direction. Then he began:

"Any one who has known John Harmon longer than eight or ten years will remember that he formerly bore the reputation of being a hard drinker. Indeed, during his younger manhood, it was predicted by his friends that he would die the death of an inebriate, as his father had before him. It was an inherited failing, which he seemed powerless to combat. Some people were foolish enough to think that marriage would reform him, and they rejoiced when he and little Janet Waterford fell in love with each other. Her father, old Silas Waterford, did not take that view of the case, and forbade the marriage. They were married finally without his consent, and John reformed for a month, and then went back to liquor with fresh enthusiasm. I don't know what the experience of you gentlemen has been in such matters, but for myself I always have hope for the man who drinks and never tries to quit; but the fellow who is eternally 'swearing off' and promising himself and his friends that he will 'never drink another drop,' and who thereby comes to feel a contempt for his own will power—very little is to be expected of him."

"That's right," interpolated two or three of the jury-men.

"There were two terrible years that followed. Harmon sober was a fine fellow, but Harmon drunk was a beast; and it was the beast that Janet had to deal with most of the time. Had she been a woman of firmness and spirit, she doubtless would have left him, as her father many times implored her to do; but, being the faithful, loving, hopeful creature that she was, no power of argument could move her, and they went down the social ladder to the very last step together. Her father tried to help her, but there was little he could do.

"At last she died—of wretchedness and neglect, rather than disease—and her broken-hearted father came to the miserable lodgings, and, finding the husband intoxicated as usual, took the body away to his own home. The next day Harmon presented himself at the funeral, sober, and in his right mind. I was there and saw the dreadful scene that took place between him and Waterford. His manifestation of grief, which seemed entirely sincere, and I have no doubt was so, roused the father to an uncontrollable fury.

"'You scoundrel!' he cried; 'how dare you come here to pretend to grieve over her whom you have murdered!' Harmon put up his hand, like a man warding off a blow. 'For God's sake, don't say that!' he exclaimed, 'I loved her; she knows that I did—and if I could have stopped drinking—' Waterford gave a bitter laugh. 'You stop drinking!' said he; 'you will never stop; and your last drunken breath will be drawn in a gutter. May I be there to see it!' 'It is false!' cried Harmon, vehemently; 'there are a number of my friends here, and I call on them to witness that I am a changed man from this day. Henceforth I shall let liquor alone. If I ever go back to it, may God strike me dead!' He leaned for one moment over the coffin, and left the house, the old man's curses following him to the door.

"He disappeared from among us," continued Penridge, "and for six months no one knew where he was. Then he returned, a new man, entirely different from the Harmon we had known in the past. He was entirely sober—a teetotaler in fact—and was steady, industrious, and successful in his profession. At length he told a few of his friends, myself among the number, what had happened. There was a cure for the drink habit which was just then becoming generally known, and which has since come to be the refuge of the inebriate world over. 'You can not imagine the change it has wrought in me,' said he; 'I no longer love liquor; I loathe it; the mere sight of it fills me with horror—and well it may, if what I am told is true—that for me to return to the habit after taking this cure means insanity. There are a number of well-authenticated cases of that result, and the doctors tell me that I have just the temperament for it to operate in that way.'

"I had my doubts of the correctness of this theory, but I did not express them, for there was reason enough why it was best for Harmon to believe as he did. As the years passed, and he refrained entirely from the use of liquor, I became convinced of the permanent efficacy of the cure, and so did all others that knew him, with one exception, and that one was the man that Harmon himself was the most anxious to have believe—the father of Janet, Silas Waterford. He never failed to speak with contempt and anger of Harmon's reform, and to repeat his prediction that he would die in the gutter. At Harmon's request I labored with the old man on one or two occasions, and sought to effect a reconciliation, but without avail.

"'No,' said he, 'I can not forgive him; I can not trust him. It was his black heart that made him drink, and he has that yet. The cure is a fraud, and his reform mere hypocrisy. However, he is, as you say, my son-in-law, and I have no wish to obtrude my family troubles on others, and when we meet in the presence of other people hereafter, I will speak to him.'

"I forbore to urge the matter further, for the grim justice of the old man's position appealed to me; and this attitude of armed neutrality he preserved for nine years, or until his death, which took place last winter. Harmon was not in this country at the time of Waterford's death, having gone for a long trip through Europe; but in my correspondence with him I mentioned the old man's demise, and even spoke of my serving as a pall-bearer at the funeral. Three days ago," continued Penridge, speaking a little more deliberately, "Harmon returned from Europe, but I did not see him until

a few moments before the accident; and I am now ready to tell about that."

I glanced around the room at the little circle of auditors. They were silent and almost motionless, listening with rapt attention. The afternoon was now far advanced toward dusk, and the shadows were beginning to creep higher and higher over the tall windows.

"I left my office at two o'clock to go to the court-house," said Penridge, "but turned aside on the way, and walked an extra block to visit the store on that corner. My going there was entirely a matter of chance, and I had told no one of my intention; indeed, until a moment before, I had not known it myself. On the corner stood Harmon, looking at his watch. 'You are exact, to the moment,' said he, and he held out his hand; 'now, what was it that you wished to see me about?' The salutation surprised me not a little, and as we shook hands, I looked at him closely. My heart grew heavy as I did so, for I saw in a moment that he had been drinking. The corners of his mouth were drawn down and trembled a little, and his eyes were wild.

"'Who told you to meet me here?'"

"Without a moment's hesitation he answered me, and I heard with a thrill of horror the words that told of the passing of his intellect. 'It was Waterford,' he said, calmly; 'I have just been talking with him. By the way,' he continued, 'why in the name of Heaven did you tell me he was dead? Was that your idea of a proper subject for a joke?' I shook my head in silence, and he went on: 'When I saw him at a distance coming down the street, I said to myself: 'How much that looks like the old man, but it isn't, of course, for he is dead.' Then, as he came nearer, and I saw that it really was Waterford, I give you my word, almost fainted. It was as though he had come back from the grave. Can you imagine it? He stopped and took my hand, and we talked on a friendlier basis than has existed between us for a good many years.' 'And he told you that I was on this corner?' said I, curiously. 'He said it was most important that I should meet you here immediately.' 'Was that all that he said,' I asked, for I felt in his manner that he was keeping back something. He gave a silly little laugh that I had not heard from him for many years, and the odor of brandy came strongly into my face. 'I think what made the old man almost good-natured,' said Harmon, 'was that he noticed that I had been drinking a little, and he spoke of it. 'You have gotten through with that infernal hypocrisy,' said he, 'I knew you would.' You see, Penridge, when I was in Europe, I found this total abstinence plan a profound nuisance, and I just abated it for a time. I have not been drinking to excess at all—only moderately—although I will confess to you that meeting Waterford under such extraordinary circumstances upset me so that I had to take several drinks to get straightened out again.'

"I thought you understood the great risk you ran in returning to drink," said I, sternly. 'Immoderate drinking, yes,' he answered; 'but you don't mean to say that you think I have been overdoing it?' It seemed to me the time to give him his lesson, and, placing my hand on his shoulder, I said, 'Harmon, Janet's father is dead. I helped to bury him six months ago.' I had ill calculated the effect of my words. He turned the color of ashes, and began to tremble all over. 'But I talked with him,' he began, when I interrupted. 'No, you saw somebody you thought was Waterford, and you spoke to him.' 'And he sent me here to you, and I found you just at the time and place that he said?' 'A mere coincidence,' I replied; 'come, my boy, let us go to my rooms. You are feeling out of sorts.' I endeavored to pass my arm through his.

"He drew back hastily. 'Not so fast,' he cried; 'either I saw Waterford or I am—' He drew his hand over his forehead and shuddered. 'We talked together, I tell you, and he told me I—' 'Come,' said I again. 'No, no, I tell you it was the old man. Do you think I don't know him? And he said—he said—great God! I remember now—he said that he would meet us here.' 'Impossible,' said I; 'come with me, Harmon.' 'Not a step till he comes—not a step, do you hear? You tell me that I did not see him? You shall wait and see him yourself!'

"His voice had risen to a scream, and he caught my wrist and gripped it fiercely. At that moment we heard the uproar behind us of the approaching runaway, and we turned together to look. There was only a fragment of time. I tore loose from his grip, and ran into the store. He sprang out over the kerb, and fell in the gutter directly under the horses' feet. He was dead when I reached him a moment later. Now these witnesses have all told you that there was no one in the wagon as it came toward the corner. I have no doubt they speak the truth, and yet, as I stood there, with that man's hand on my wrist, I saw with perfect distinctness the driver of those maddened horses, and it was Waterford."

SAN FRANCISCO, September, 1899. PHILIP FIRMIN.

The government report for the fiscal year of 1898-9 gives some interesting information about the use of tobacco. Domestic cigars are consumed as extensively as ever; for though only 4,530,000,000 were produced, as against 4,542,000,000 the year before, it is explained that the apparent decrease is accounted for by the extreme diligence of the cigar factories early in 1898 to turn out an extra supply of cigars before the tax was raised. The manufacture of cigarettes, after growing steadily for twelve years, until it exceeded 4,000,000,000 a year, has fallen off about 300,000,000. This may be an effect of increased taxation, or may be due to the industry with which the idea has been diffused that cigarettes contain the seeds of every known disease and of every crime. The exportation of American cigarettes, it is observed, has increased considerably. Over a billion were exported last year.

A great auk's egg, four and three-quarters inches long and one of the largest known, was sold in London lately for one thousand five hundred and sixty dollars, though it was slightly cracked.

AT THE WAGNER SHRINE.

Elizabeth Miller Writes of Baireuth and Its Visitors—The Play-House, the Audience, and the Restaurant—"Parsifal" and Perfect Art.

Baireuth is not entirely the idyllic Bavarian village that most people who have not seen it imagine it to be. The Wagner Theatre looms up on the hill a mile and a half from the station, but that does not prevent some of the streets from being as grimy as a New England manufacturing town's, and the pavement as flinty as Baalbec's or Nineveh's. At your restaurant, the well-known "Harmonie," for instance, your ears will be greeted by a polyglot speech; you will be liable to rub elbows with some old friend you thought at the antipodes—as was my luck. You will be served ambiguous food by waitresses of the dance-house type, with very red lips and much tousled hair. Soot will drift in on your *pastrika schnitzel* through the Virginia-creeper arbor overhead. But mine host will stimulate your appetite and assist mastication by spreading open before you a visitors' book at a well-thumbed page, where you can read autographs of Rosa Sucher, Lili Lehmann, Nordica, Sarasate, Leoncavallo, and Humperdinck in such a variety of illegibility that forgery is out of the question.

The climax of the day, to which everything tends, is the *Auffahrt*. The first act begins immutably at four o'clock, but the ardent public sets out for the theatre at three or earlier. Smart people drive; one wonders how the little town can muster such an array of carriages, some quite presentable. Modest purses walk, for the season is short and prices mount accordingly. After the grimy neighborhood of the station is left behind, a charming prospect is afforded by the sloping, tree-planted avenue that leads to the shrine. The whole idle population of Baireuth—and there seem to be a great many of them—turn out to see the show. The walks are lined with open-mouthed women, children, and old people, all there to see the "drive-up." There is nothing specially imposing about the red-brick building, constructed according to Wagner's plans in the 'seventies—unless, perhaps, the unusual height of the stage end, hinting at its scenic possibilities. The interior of the auditorium is equally lacking in anything sensational. The plain cane-bottomed seats rise in a steep incline; no middle aisle, no boxes, except one row at the extreme upper edge—a dozen or so large open ones. No orgy of electric lighting, mere milky globes in wire shields. No circling decorations save a fresco representing a *velum*, drawn Roman amphitheatrically by masts and cords to shut out a would-be blue sky. The classical, horseshoe-shaped auditorium has been abandoned; the large, rectangular space affords room for only sixteen hundred spectators, but all seats at the one price of twenty marks are about equally good, as advertised. The acoustics are perfect, as one would expect.

If you are keen for the "stage-consecration festival play"—it makes a good compound word even in English—you go up at once and grope your way to your number in Egyptian darkness. Other worshipers drift in silently, and when the lights are turned on at three, or so, you are surprised to see the great room half-full. A quarter of an hour passes and a horri resounds. It plays a phrase that, to your despair—like an old acquaintance that you can not "place"—you do not succeed in giving a name. The effect of the *fanfare* is magical. In five minutes every seat is occupied. Everybody stands and stares at everybody else. The boxes are swept with opera-glasses to spy out the notabilities. Those blonde, soft-visaged girls, simply dressed in white, are popular German princesses. The dark-eyed priest with the concentrated air, who sits on your right, is addressed by a succulent Italian voice as "Caro maestro," and you suddenly recognize in him Don Lorenzo Perosi. A physiognomist has a fair field, for it is hard to find a more cosmopolitan fifteen-hundred anywhere. The slim, graceful, *chic* girls generally turn out to be Americans. Extremely attractive, as a rule, they are, doing honor to their Parisian turners-out. The kind one does not care to claim as fellow-countrywomen are there, too. The variety of costume is amusing. Many clinging, airy organdies and gauzes, few of them semi-*décolleté*, are worn. Afternoon or visiting-dress prevails. But next to a "creation" you may see a rumpled shirt-waist, a *loden* costume, a Mexican *sombrero*, or a sweater—I will admit, I only counted two of the latter.

Suddenly the lights go out, the seats clap down as if by magic, a hush falls that lasts a good five minutes, reinforced by a faint "S-s-s" from somewhere. Every breath is held as the first notes of the *Abendmahls spruch* fall on the silence. The strong points of the Baireuth performances, as is well known, are the chorus and orchestra. On this occasion Dr. Hans Richter directed with his matchless skill. One notable feature of his interpretations of the *vorspiel* was the marked phrasing. You had time to meditate, *de vous recueillir*, on each musical sentence before the next one came. Burgstaller sang Parsifal. He is a young man, only slightly known to the great public—a Baireuth product, possessing a beautiful tenor excellently schooled. Some grumbling has been heard this season that Van Dyck did not take the *rolé*. Different explanations are given. Some say he demands shameless prices; others that Frau Cosima is grasping, will not pay what is asked, and prefers bringing out her own *protégés*.

The plot and the poetry of "Parsifal" are too well known to call for analysis here. For the very reason of its exclusivism—for thirteen years of the thirty laid down by Wagner must still expire before the opera can be seen on any but Baireuth boards—people all the world over have bought and studied score and text faithfully. What can not be left unsaid is that the effect of the representation is far more overpowering than even an intimate acquaintance with the work would lead one to expect. Dr. Kraus, the baritone—no kin of Ernst Kraus, the famous tenor, whom we were to hear the following day in "The Meistersinger"—sang and acted the *rolé* of the king admirably. As at the close of the first act the

heavy velvet curtains swirled together on the emptied, domed hall of Monsalvat, the dead hush lasted; the spell remained unbroken. No one thought of applauding—it would have seemed sacrilege. And as to applause in the midst of the music, that is still more undreamed of. After a five-minutes' absorbed pause, life came back to the audience with the turning on of the lights. The statistically inclined pulled out their watches and found that the act had lasted an hour and a quarter. That meant a three-quarters of an hour *entr'acte*, for act two was billed to begin at six.

The room emptied far more promptly than it had filled. A bolt was made on all sides for the *restauration*. I had vowed that I would sit quietly in the darkened *saal*, and not break in on my *stimmung* by mingling with a noisy, hungry crowd, but the temptation to get a sight of the Wagners was too much for me, and I was rewarded. After absorbing a glass of water—the liquid hardest possible to secure in Germany—poured out of a *carafe* snatched from a besieged table, into a champagne glass, I took a look at the scene. Waiters who had quite lost their head dashed about in a frenzy only equalled by that in an American railway eating-house, hooked to feed eight hundred Knights Templar in ten minutes. Beer-glasses were swung like censers, corks popped to the ceiling. Careful people had engaged tables for their family parties days before. They were in luck, and went through a five-course dinner with calm and decorum. The less provident took what they could snatch: sausage, Rhine wine, an ice, eaten standing, waiting on themselves, and holing into the open-air with their booty.

Curiosity had to be sated after hunger. We all strolled out on the terrace waiting for the divinities to appear. The view in itself by sunset light repays one, for the theatre, situated on a height, commands a broad prospect of fertile Bavaria. Soon a rumor ran round that Siegfried Wagner was coming up, talking to Hans Richter. He appeared directly, apparently absorbed in "shop." His exterior is a disappointment, be it frankly admitted. Of medium height, sallow, with a high nose and weak, bluish-bazel eyes, he recalls but faintly the striking man his father was. Hardly had he passed on, lifting his hat to friends and showing tumbled, ash-blond hair—not long, by the way—when the word came that Frau Cosima was drawing near. A "stately apparition," her countrywomen very properly call her. She is tall, graceful, gray-haired, with marked features—what we know commonly as a strong face. Her dress was rich and suitable—black, its flowing lines could have been imagined only by a Parisian *faisleur*. As she talked, she shielded her face with a lace fan—I suggested, to avoid the devouring eyes of the crowd. My friend said, skeptically: "It's the evening sun; the homage is incense to her nostrils." So Von Bülow's ex-wife, with the romantic history, and her companion, Gräfin von Volkenstein, one of Wagner's early adherents, passed from view and were swallowed up by the stage-door. As the show was over and the animals all fed, the audience began to regain their seats, hastened by a second born *motif*.

The second act, containing the scenes with Kundry and Klingsohn, the magician, is as marvelous in its way as the two others, but it is by no means so impressive. All the grandeur of Parsifal's mission returns to overpower one in the last act, when, after his long wanderings in search of Monsalvat, pursued by Kundry's curse, he reenters the sacred precincts on Good Friday morn. The "Charfreitagzauber," familiar to American ears from orchestral renditions, was given under Richter's *bâton* with an unimaginable charm. The repentant and redeemed Kundry receives baptism at the hands of the one whom she had attempted to beguile. Frau Terina made a striking picture in her ashen garb and flowing black locks as, Magdalen-like, she washes Parsifal's feet and wipes them with her hair. The impression of solemnity grows and deepens. The triumphant hero mounts the dais and uncovers the Grail that glows and palpitates in mystic radiance. Amfortas, healed of the "wound that will not close" by the touch of the recovered spear, sinks in ecstasy to the ground, dying, his long-prayed wish granted. As the high, clear boy's voices rise in the final chorus:

"Highest wonder of salvation:
Redemption to the redeemer!"

tears well into one's eyes. Here, indeed, is perfect art, the realm of the ideal. Every heart echoes the words of the old Knight Gurnemanz to the squires in the first scene:

"Heard ye the call? Praise be to God that ye are chosen as its bearers."

ELIZABETH MILLER.

BAIREUTH, August 7, 1899.

Ex-Judge Henry Hilton died at Woodlawn Park, his summer home, near Saratoga, N. Y., August 24th, aged seventy-five. The connection that Judge Hilton formed with A. T. Stewart, the first great dry-goods millionaire of New York, not only laid the foundation of his fortune, but made him at one time a business manager of world-wide notoriety. Stewart's wife and Hilton's wife were cousins, and from the social intimacy sprang the business confidence which led to the making of the young lawyer the merchant prince's implicitly trusted legal adviser. When Stewart died, in 1876, he left Hilton a million dollars and named him as the manager of his immense business. Hilton gave Mrs. Stewart the million and in exchange received real estate, buildings, and an established commercial enterprise doing an annual business of sixty-five millions at a good profit. As an adviser Hilton was much more successful than as an owner. In a very few years his business had dropped to one-tenth of its former importance, and was closed at a great loss. The plans of Stewart for a working-women's home and other philanthropies came to nothing under Hilton's management. The Grand Union Hotel at Saratoga, one of Stewart's investments, was closed to Jewish people under Hilton's ownership, and the action roused a storm of indignation in all parts of the country. Notwithstanding the failure of all of Stewart's business enterprises when they came into Hilton's hands, the judge died the possessor of several millions.

RELIEVING THE RECONCENTRADOS.

By Clara Barton.

It is estimated that a part of the *débris* of the terrible war that has so long been waged in Cuba consists of some fifty thousand destitute children of *reconcentrados* who have in the last few years died of starvation and want. These children are scattered through nearly every city and town which had been of sufficient size and importance to receive the driven-out country people. They are not children of low or doubtful origin; many are of the best of Cuban families. The *reconcentrados* were largely the country people of property—farmers, small planters. They were driven by Weyler into the towns and cities, not because they had *not*, but because they had *something*, and it was suspected that they supported the insurgent bands by supplying them with provisions and money. The fathers were killed or joined the Cuban army and disappeared. The mothers are dead. Almost every living child among them represents the sacrifice of a heroic mother. When there was little food the mother went without and died. The children ate and lived.

Only for the Cuban rations distributed by our army, it would be a sorry lookout for these helpless little ones. They range in number from thirty to seventy-five, and even one hundred, in the various towns; utterly homeless, and no one has the least personal interest in them or responsibility for them. The townspeople still do what they can, but their main dependence is, however, begging of the passengers of every passing train. It sometimes becomes difficult to alight for the crowd of little eager faces and outstretched hands; and yet they are among the brightest, most grateful, and lovable children I have ever seen, when cared for and made comfortable.

To one who knows only ordinary conditions of poverty and destitution the aspect of these children, as found, is often terrifying. It was a subject for both humane and medical study, and together our surgeons and trained nurses thought out and wrought out a system which, we believe, simply followed out as now being pursued, will in less than six months transform these thousands of hapless renegades into clean, wholesome, well-ordered children, learning to work, to read, and to forget the dreadful lives of pain, want, and woe they went through.

As our system is the same for all asylums, a description of one will probably be an index to the hundred to follow, if we shall be so fortunate as to make them. A great, empty bouse was visited in the midst of a grove of cocoanuts and bananas and accepted. A few workmen, water, lime, brooms, whitewash brushes, and other utensils sent for, and all set to work to make that dingy Spanish for a clean, white, comfortable home for the remnants it had left. A telegram went to the warehouse in Havana for enough cots, dishes, food, cloth, needles, shoes, etc., to supply sixty children for two or three weeks. The second day completed the cleaning of the house, and made a row of long, rough board tables, and benches to stand beside them, and some other rough board furniture. The kitchen was found with its little charcoal firepots, the water also found and tested. All the town was beginning to look curiously at the work. Meanwhile, the once-a-day train from Havana arrives, and with it the car of supplies, which are quickly transferred to the building, and as quickly put in a place for use.

Does any one think these children had to be hunted and gathered in? By no means; no one in all the town watched these movements so closely as they. Instinct sharpened by necessity and experience had taught them wisdom. They felt that all this meant something for them, and one invitation was sufficient. Those trained nurses knew how to receive and treat them and how to protect themselves as well. The hair was clipped, the infected rags removed, and all daintily put in a pile to be burned—the little visitor put into a soap and sulphur bath, scrubbed, and treated.

Meanwhile the cots had been set up in long lines, white, clean, and inviting. If the child were well and any ready-made garments were among the supplies, it was immediately dressed; if none were there, the little, pleased, and astonished creatures were put into bed, to wait till there were some. Long before this day was over the good women and ladies of the town had learned that clothes were to be made. At eight o'clock that third morning twelve ladies of the town with their sewing-machines and as many more with their scissors and needles to cut, baste, and finish, were at the house; and before night there was no child without a new, clean, prettily made dress or suit; no vermin, no contagion, unprovided for or against.

The little charcoal fires are started, and the soup, vegetables, etc., put in course of preparation. The long tables are set and the family of sixty little boarders sit down to it. For the first time almost in their remembrance, or perhaps their lives, they sat at a table, and ate with knife, fork, and spoon—with childish awkwardness to be sure—but they ate and ate it all—one would not dare to give them more. The nurses and the ladies taught them to help clear away their dishes and to wash them, and when that was over they came back to the long table and benches, now become a school-room—the little primer with large letters, the delight of a child, and one looked through the tears to see them pointing with their little skeleton fingers to tell the one sitting nearest by that that is "o," and this is "s"—poor, little God-forsaken creatures. Where were you three days ago?

Every asylum has its land; sometimes one or two acres, sometimes ten or fifteen. The farmers frequently volunteer to plow up enough for a garden to commence with; hoes, shovels, and seed are given the asylum, and the larger children, boys and girls, are shown how to use them. With the three or four crops a year of Cuba, these children, small as they are, will not, under these conditions, always remain helpless and hungry. The eagerness with which the townspeople take bold to help shows how thorough they appreciate a little help from outside, and how less they waited for it.—*The Independent*.

THE UNFOUGHT BATTLE.

Newport Season Passing without Conflict between the Factions
of New York Society—The Four Leaders—
Mr. Vanderbilt's Ball.

The Newport season has waxed and waned, but the great social battle has not come off. It was predicted that weighty matters would be settled there in this last summer of the century. The cottagers who from May to September make the pretty Rhode Island village the most luxurious place of residence in the world, live too confined a life, it was thought, to make a collision between the hostile factions of New York society avoidable. The Golf Club and the Casino are the scenes of much of the festivities that constitute the season, and at one or other of them the men and women whose matrimonial complications have drawn on them the eyes of all America were almost sure to meet. But discretion has been deemed the better part of valor, diplomacy has prevailed, and the leaders will soon draw off their cohorts and return to the metropolis unscathed after the perilous summer.

The leaders in the unfought battle are the Vanderbilts and Belmonts. Time was when Mrs. Astor was the social ruler of New York, and her smile or frown could raise a woman to the earthly paradise or banish her to the outer wilds whose denizens are not of the Four Hundred. But others have sprung up of late years who have successfully defied her power, and New York society is now without a recognized leader. No less than four social queens aspire to the throne here and at Newport, and so bitter are the animosities that divide them that any coalition among them seems impossible.

These four women are Mrs. Oliver Belmont, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mrs. Gerry, and Mrs. Astor. Mrs. Belmont was formerly Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, but she secured a divorce from him after an amicable contest, in which the conventional world concedes that he behaved most honorably. The couple seem to have found their marriage a mistake, whereupon Mr. Vanderbilt went abroad, strange tales of his doings in gay Paris floated back to us, and eventually the lady was granted a divorce, the defendant making ample financial provision for her. Then she married Oliver H. P. Belmont, and there was a question whether she should be received. The Episcopal Church—of which she, as well as most of the fashionable set in this city, is a member—forbids the marriage of divorced persons. But Bishop Potter countenanced Mrs. Belmont by attending a dinner at which she and her husband were present, and she was forthwith received back into the fold.

Mrs. Belmont has the support of her son, William K. Vanderbilt, as was evidenced on Sunday, a fortnight ago. The worshippers at Trinity Episcopal Church in Newport were thrown into a great flutter that morning when, just as the service was beginning, Mrs. Belmont hurried down the aisle to the Vanderbilt pew, opened the door, and entering dropped on her knees in prayer. She received rather more attention than the minister, and by the time the service was over every one knew that the pew, which is transferable only by deed, had been given to W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., in the divorce settlement; that he had been attending St. Joseph's Catholic Church since his marriage to Miss Fair; and that during the preceding week he had conveyed the Vanderbilt pew to his mother.

Mrs. Gerry, the wife of ex-Commodore Elbridge T. Gerry, spends enormous sums in entertaining, and for years has been a social power. She has in her train Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., and his wife, and the latter's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Wilson. Young Cornelius, you will remember, married the beautiful Miss Wilson, in direct opposition to his father's wishes, thus creating another breach in the Vanderbilt family. It was supposed that Mrs. Perry Belmont would be at Newport this summer, and if any one gave her countenance it would have been Mrs. Gerry, for they were very intimate before Mrs. Belmont's divorce from Henry T. Sloane and immediate marriage to Belmont. They had intended spending the late summer at Newport, after their honeymoon in Kentucky and a brief trip abroad, but the death, through chagrin, of the clergyman who had married them, gave so tragic a climax to the entire affair that they have extended their European trip, and will doubtless stay away until time has softened the memory of the story.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Sr., counts among her retainers Mr. and Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. Almeric Paget, and Mrs. H. McK. Twombly, social powers not to be despised, while Mrs. Astor still holds the older set and Colonel John Jacob Astor and his wife's people, the Willings, of Philadelphia. But all four of these factions are more or less connected by minor affiliations. For example, young Willie Vanderbilt gave his mother the Vanderbilt pew, but his wife was one of the two ladies who received for William K. Vanderbilt, Sr., at his dance at the Golf Club last Friday night. And associated with her in this hospitable office was the host's sister, Mrs. H. McK. Twombly.

The result of these animosities has been to make the season an especially quiet one. There have been plenty of dinners, where the number of guests could be kept so small as to avoid the bringing together of people who "do not speak." But balls and large dances have been almost impossible. William K. Vanderbilt's entertainments of last week, in fact, are all that saved the season from positive dullness. They were three in number, consisting of two dinner-dances on his yacht *Valiant* and his ball last Friday at the Golf Club, to which two hundred guests were bidden. It is the first ball that has been given in the Golf Club in five years. At that time the directors fixed the rent of the club-house at five hundred dollars for a single night, and even Newport's multi-millionaires stick at such a price.

Mr. Vanderbilt's dance, as he modestly called it, eclipsed magnificence anything that has been done at Newport since James Gordon Bennett saved the season by such an

other ball fifteen years ago. The Golf Club building is in the form of three L's radiating from a central vestibule which is itself a magnificent oval ball-room, and one of the L's is an Italian veranda intended for use as a supper-room. Mr. Vanderbilt used this veranda for additional dancing room, and had the supper served in a room built in between two of the wings of the building. Absolute *carte blanche* was given to the caterers and decorators, and the latter had an army of two hundred workmen employed for a week before the eventful night. The guests arrived at eleven o'clock, and, after dancing for an hour to music furnished by the Hungarian band from Mr. Vanderbilt's yacht *Valiant*, supper was served. Then came the cotillion—led, it goes without saying, by Elisha Dyer, Jr.—which was distinguished by several new and pretty figures. The favors were not so gorgeous as some that have been given at New York balls, but they were dainty trifles of gold and silver and enamel. The ball, in fact, has redeemed the season, and will be long remembered in the annals of Newport gayety.

NEW YORK, August 31, 1899.

FLANEUR.

OLD FAVORITES.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: At your convenience will you kindly reprint "The Valley of Silence," by Father Ryan, and Kipling's poem with the line "And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame." I thank you again for many helps that your pages have given me. Most truly, F.

Song of the Mystic.

I walk down the Valley of Silence—
Down the dim, voiceless valley—alone!
And I hear not the fall of a footstep
Around me, save God's and my own;
And the hush of my heart is as holy
As hovers where angels have flown!

Long ago was I weary of voices
Whose music my heart could not win;
Long ago was I weary of noises
That fretted my soul with their din;
Long ago was I weary of places
Where I met but the human—and sin.

I walked in the world with the worldly;
I craved what the world never gave;
And I said: "In the world each Ideal,
That shines like a star on life's wave,
Is wrecked on the shores of the Real,
And sleeps like a dream in a grave."

And still did I pine for the Perfect,
And still found the False with the True;
I sought 'mid the Human for Heaven,
But caught a mere glimpse of its Blue;
And I wept when the clouds of the Mortal
Veiled even that glimpse from my view.

And I toiled on, heart-tired of the Human,
And I moaned 'mid the mazes of men,
Till I knelt, long ago, at an altar
And I heard a voice call me. Since then
I walk down the Valley of Silence
That lies far beyond mortal ken.

Do you ask what I found in the Valley?
'Tis my Trysting-Place with the Divine.
And I fell at the feet of the Holy,
And above me a voice said: "Be mine."
And there arose from the depths of my spirit
An echo—"My heart shall be thine."

Do you ask how I live in the Valley?
I weep—and I dream—and I pray.
But my tears are as sweet as the dew-drops
That fall on the roses in May;
And my prayer, like a perfume from Censers,
Ascendeth to God night and day.

In the hush of the Valley of Silence
I dream all the songs that I sing;
And the music floats down the dim Valley.
Till each finds a word for a wing,
That to hearts, like the Dove of the Deluge,
A message of Peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows
That never shall break on the beach;
And I have heard songs in the Silence
That never shall float into speech;
And I have had dreams in the Valley
Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen Thoughts in the Valley—
Ah me! how my spirit was stirred!
And they wear holy veils on their faces,
And their footsteps can scarcely be heard:
They pass through the Valley like Virgins,
Too pure for the touch of a word!

Do you ask me the place of the Valley,
Ye hearts that are harrowed by Care?
It lieth afar between mountains,
And God and His angels are there:
And one is the dark mount of Sorrow,
And one the bright mountain of Prayer.

—Abram J. Ryan.

L'Envoi.

When Earth's last picture is painted, and the tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colors have faded, and the youngest critic has died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie down for an æon or two.

Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall set us to work anew.

And those that were good shall be happy: they shall sit in a golden chair;

They shall splash at a ten-leagued canvas with brushes of comets' hair;

They shall find real saints to draw from—Magdalene, Peter, and Paul;

They shall work for an age at a sitting and never be tired at all!

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;

And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame;

But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as They

Are!—Rudyard Kipling.

"Pompeii Alive" is the suggestion of an enthusiastic Italian archaeologist for a novel attraction for the Paris exhibition. He would have the forum, theatre, temples, and characteristic buildings represented as they were before the eruption of Vesuvius. A "Street in Pompeii," with the refreshments and amusements of the Romans of the decadence, would appeal more to the Parisians and their visitors probably.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Sir Julian Pauncefote's new title is to be Baron Pauncefote of Preston, in the County of Gloucester.

Dr. Horace Howard Furness, of Philadelphia, has received the degree of doctor of laws from the University of Cambridge, England, in recognition of his achievements as a Shakespearean scholar and editor.

Dr. Lewis Swift, of Mount Lowe Observatory, California, recently received the ninth medal for astronomical discovery. It was awarded for the discovery of an unexpected comet on March 3d, 1899, and is given by the committee in charge of the Donahue Comet Medal Fund, at this city.

Sir Thomas Lipton employs nearly one thousand persons in his packing-houses and tea-stores in Chicago, and he has engaged a railway-train of seven cars to bring a number of them to New York at the time of the race between the *Columbia* and the *Shamrock*, his yacht, with which he hopes to win the America's Cup.

Maurice Grau, director of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, and Covent Garden, London, has been decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor by M. Delcasse, French minister of foreign affairs, for the signal and valuable services he has rendered to French art, to say nothing of French artists, during his long managerial career.

Prince Sergius Wolkonsky, who has just been made superintendent of the Russian imperial theatres, is fairly well known in America. He visited this country in 1893, the representative of the ministry of education in his own country. He lectured at Harvard and at Cornell, and three years later he delivered a series of lectures in Boston. He is not yet forty, but he has employed his time well. Besides being an author and a lecturer, he has won high rank as an actor on the Russian stage.

Paul Wallot, the German who has come to this country to act as a jurymen in the competition for designs of buildings to suit the needs of the University of California, is perhaps the most prominent architect in Germany. When he was chosen to design the building in Berlin where the parliament met, his plans were fearfully mangled by the emperor. Wallot wished that the assembly-room of the Reichstag should be indicated by a dome. But the emperor regarded this as a reflection on himself, and, declaring that the people of Germany were not sovereign, he forbade the dome.

Señor Don Eduardo López de Romaña, the new president of Peru, was sent to England by his parents when he was only ten years old, to be educated at Stonyhurst College. From that institution he went to the Royal Institute of Engineers at London, where he obtained the degree of civil engineer, and became an honorary member of the institute. His professional knowledge was the cause of his being sent to Brazil by a syndicate which was building a railroad in the mountains of that country. Of thirty engineers sent there twenty-one died, owing to the unhealthy climate and the rough work they were called upon to perform.

Lord Kitchener has arrived in Cairo from London, and is arranging business in the Egyptian war office, which concerns the completion of the Khartoum Railway and various details relating to the Gordon College. Owing to delay in the delivery of the railway plant, the Atbara-Khartoum section of the line will not be ready for traffic until next November, although it had been planned by Lord Kitchener to be finished at the end of August. The embargo laid upon travel beyond Atbara, which was so disappointing to many tourists this summer, will be removed as soon as the railway is finished, and next winter the Egyptians expect to see the general public as far south as Omdurman.

During his stay at Marienbad, the Prince of Wales is occupying rooms at the Hotel Weimar, which is rather higher up than Klinger's, the famous hostelry hitherto always patronized by his royal highness. Unlike most other royal personages, the prince is very fond of trying new hotels. In Paris he has deserted the Hotel Bristol for the Ritz, a fact which has aroused much comment in the hotel world. The only reigning sovereign, by the way, who constantly stays in hotels is the King of the Belgians. When other crowned heads visit foreign capitals they either hire the whole of a hotel—Queen Victoria constantly does so when in the south of France and at Aix-les-Bains—or else engage a private house.

Cissie Loftus, the clever English mimic, who secured a divorce from Justin Huntley McCarthy some months ago, has announced her engagement to Herbert Stewart Stone, of Chicago. Mr. Stone is one of the three sons of Melville E. Stone, the general manager of the Associated Press, who was at one time the proprietor of the *Chicago Daily News*, which he disposed of at an extremely large figure. The prospective bridegroom was graduated from Harvard College, and while at Cambridge, in company with a fellow-student named Kimball, a bi-monthly magazine was published under their direction and called *The Chap Book*. After leaving college, young Stone continued the publication of his magazine in Chicago, making it distinctly of a literary character. During its success he went abroad to engage authors for the magazine, and secured Justin Huntley McCarthy to write for him. It was during this time that Mr. Stone and Mr. McCarthy became friends, and this resulted in the first meeting between Miss Loftus and Mr. Stone. When the actress and her husband came to this country last winter they visited Chicago, and were entertained by Mr. Stone. About a year ago the publication of the magazine was suspended, and the H. S. Stone Publishing Company, now one of the largest publishing concerns in the West, was organized. Associated with him in the business is his brother, Melville E. Stone, Jr.

"T'WAS IN TRAFALGAR BAY."

Career of Nelson, the Glory of England's Navy—The Boy Midshipman—A Captain at Twenty-One—Battle of the Nile—Victory and Death.

In the story of Nelson, "the embodiment of the seapower of Great Britain," Captain A. T. Mahan found a subject possessing every element of interest for the student of naval history, and a career that could not fail to inspire his pen. A second and revised edition of his work, "The Life of Nelson," has been given to the public, and it is a valuable contribution to the records of dominating influences in a most important era. The biography is a volume of eight hundred pages, and among the many devoted to this great figure in history it will take high rank as a complete and authentic work by a writer fully able to sum up and appreciate at their full value the achievements of England's greatest commander.

In September, 1758, was born the fifth son of Edmund Nelson, rector of the parish of Burnham Thorpe, in Norfolk, a county which lies along the eastern coast of England, bordering the North Sea. At the age of twelve the future of this boy was determined:

The immediate occasion of his going to sea was as follows: In 1770 the Falkland Islands, a desolate and then unimportant group lying in the South Atlantic, to the eastward of Patagonia, were claimed as a possession by both Spain and Great Britain. The latter had upon them a settlement called Port Egmont, before which, in the year named, an overwhelming Spanish squadron suddenly appeared, and compelled the British occupants to lower their flag. The insult aroused public indignation in England to the highest pitch; and, while peremptory demands for reparation were dispatched to Spain, a number of ships of war were ordered at once into commission. Among these was the *Raisonable*, of sixty-four guns, to the command of which was appointed Nelson's uncle, Captain Maurice Suckling. The latter had some time before promised to provide for one of his sister's children, the family being very poor; and, the custom of the day permitting naval captains, as a kind of patronage, to take into the king's service on board their own ships a certain number of lads, as midshipmen or otherwise, the opportunity of giving a nephew a start in life was now in his hands. The story is that Horatio, though then but twelve years old, realized the burden of pecuniary care that his father was carrying, and himself volunteered the wish that his uncle would take him to sea. However it happened, the suggestion staggered Suckling, who well knew the lad's puny frame and fragile constitution. "What has poor little Horatio done," cried he, "that he, being so weak, should be sent to rough it at sea? But let him come, and if a cannon-ball takes off his head, he will at least be provided for." Under such gloomy foreboding began the most dazzling career that the sea, the mother of so many heroes, has ever seen.

Spain, after a short hesitation, yielded the British demands, and the *Raisonable* was again put out of commission. Captain Suckling was transferred to the command of the *Triumph*, stationed as a guard-ship in the Medway. His nephew was entered on the books of this vessel, but soon sent on a merchant ship to the West Indies, to learn the elements of his profession. A letter, written long afterward by Nelson, describes his return and the feelings he then beld:

"From this voyage I returned to the *Triumph* at Chatham, in July, 1772; and, if I did not improve in my education, I returned a practical seaman, with a horror of the Royal Navy, and with a saying, then constant with the seamen, 'Aft the most honor, forward the better man!' It was many weeks before I got the least reconciled to a man-of-war, so deep was the prejudice rooted, and what pains were taken to instill this erroneous principle in a young mind. However, as my ambition was to be a seaman, it was always held out as a reward, that if I attended well to my navigation I should go in the cutter and decked long-boat, which was attached to the commanding officer's ship at Chatham. Thus by degrees I became a good pilot, and confident of great comfort to me. In this way I was trained till the expedition toward the North Pole was fitted out, when, although no boys were allowed to go in the ships (as of no use), yet nothing could prevent my using every interest to go with Captain Lutwidge in the *Carcass*; and, as I fancied I was to fill a man's place, I begged I might be his coxswain, which Captain Lutwidge complied with, and has continued the strictest friendship to this moment. When the boats were fitted out to quit the two ships blocked up in the ice, I exerted myself to have the command of a four-oared cutter, which was given me, with twelve men; and I prided myself in fancying I could navigate her better than any other boat in the ship."

After the Arctic expedition Nelson had three years' service on the *Seahorse* in the East Indies, and advanced from seaman to midshipman, and finally to a place on the quarter-deck as an officer. At eighteen he passed his examination and was promoted to an acting appointment as lieutenant. The war with the American colonies had broken out, and with his commission Nelson joined the *Lowestoffe*, a frigate of thirty-two guns, in April, 1777. An incident that occurred near the West Indies is recorded by the young officer:

"Whilst in this frigate an event happened which presaged my character, and as it conveys no dishonor to the officer alluded to, I shall insert it. Blowing a gale of wind and a very heavy sea, the frigate captured an American letter-of-marque. The first lieutenant was ordered to board her, which he did not do, owing to the very heavy sea. On his return the captain said, 'Have I no officer in the ship who can board the prize?' On which the master ran to the gangway to get into the boat, when I stopped him, saying, 'It is my turn now; if I come back, it is yours.' This little incident has often occurred to my mind; and I know it is my disposition that difficulties and dangers do but increase my desire of attempting them."

Here is a picture of Nelson as he appeared to his contemporaries at the time he was made captain of the *Hinchinbrook*, three months before his twenty-first birthday:

"The personal appearance of Captain Nelson at this period of his life, owing to his delicate health and diminutive figure, was far from expressing the greatness of his intellectual powers. From his earliest years, like Cleomenee, the hero of Sparta, he had been enamored of glory, and he possessed a greatness of mind. Nelson preserved, also, a similar temperance and simplicity of manners. Nature, as Plutarch adds of the noble Spartan, had given a spur to his mind which rendered him impetuous in the pursuit of whatever he deemed honorable. The demeanor of this extraordinary young man was entirely the demeanor of a British seaman; when the energies of his mind were not called forth by some object of duty, or professional interest, he seemed to retire within himself, and to care but little for the refined courtesies of polished life. No saving sense of humor seems to have suggested that the profane might here ask, 'Is this the British seaman?'"

Thus, even before his majority, the young officer was safely on the ladder which leads to the highest rank in naval authority:

By the custom of the British navy, then and now, promotions from the grade of captain to that of admiral are made by seniority only. Once a captain, therefore, a man's future was assured, so far as con-

cerned the possibility of juniors passing over his head—neither favor nor merit could procure that; his rank relatively to others was finally fixed. The practical difficulty of getting at a captain of conspicuous ability, to make of him a flag-officer, was met by one of those clumsy yet adequate expedients by which the practical English mind contrives to reconcile respect for precedent with the demands of emergency. There being no legal limit to the number of admirals, a promotion in such case made of all captains down to and including the one wanted; and Lord St. Vincent, one of the most thorough-going of naval statesmen, is credited with the declaration that he would promote a hundred down the list of captains, if necessary, to reach the one demanded by the needs of the country.

After two or three affairs of the heart—one while at Quebec, with a fair Canadian, being quite serious—Nelson met at Nevis, in the West Indies, a Mrs. Nisbet, and after a few months' acquaintance became engaged. Two years elapsed, however, before even this ardent lover could smooth away the obstacles, of which the chief was a lack of means on both sides:

On the eleventh of March, 1787, the marriage of Captain Nelson to Mrs. Nisbet took place at Nevis. Prince William Henry, whose rule it was never to visit in any private house, made an exception on this occasion, having exacted a promise that the wedding should wait until he could be present; and he gave away the bride. Three months later the *Boreas* sailed for England, and on the fourth of July anchored at Spithead. Whether Mrs. Nelson accompanied him in the ship does not appear certainly; but from several expressions in his letters it seems most probable that she did.

In November of the same year the *Boreas* went out of commission, and the next five years Nelson passed on shore, most of the time in Norfolk:

"It is extremely interesting," say his biographers, "to contemplate this great man, when thus removed from the busy scenes in which he had borne so distinguished a part to the remote village of Burnham Thorpe," but the interest seems by their account to be limited to the energy with which he dug in the garden, or from sheer want of something to do, reverted to the bird-nesting of his boyhood. His favorite amusement, we are told, was coursing, and he once shot a partridge; but his habit of carrying his gun at full cock, and firing as soon as a bird rose, without bringing the piece to his shoulder, made him a dangerous companion in a shooting party.

The latter half of the year 1792 was marked by the rapid progress in France of the political distemper, which was so soon to culminate in the worst excesses of the Revolution:

When danger looms close at hand, the best men, if known, are not left in the cold shade of official disfavour. "Post nubila Phœbus," was the expression of Nelson, astonished for a rarity into Latin by the suddenness with which the sun now burst upon him through the clouds. "The admiralty so smile upon me, that really I am as much surprised as when they frowned." On the sixth of January, 1793, the first lord, with many apologies for previous neglect, promised to give him a seventy-four-gun ship as soon as it was in his power to do so, and that meanwhile, if he chose to take a sixty-four, he could have one as soon as she was ready. On the thirtieth he was appointed to the *Agamemnon*, of the latter rate. Within the preceding fortnight Louis the Sixteenth had been beheaded, and the French ambassador ordered to leave England. On February 1, 1793, two days after Nelson's orders were issued, the republic declared war against Great Britain and Holland.

In Nelson's correspondence at this time is one very characteristic sentence, indicative of his mental activity:

Among the various rumors of that troubled time, there came one that the French were fitting their ships with forges to bring their shot to a red heat, and so set fire to the enemy's vessel in which they might lodge. Nelson was promptly ready with a counter and quite adequate tactical move. "This, if true," he wrote, "I humbly conceive would have been as well kept secret; but as it is known, we must take care to get so close that their red shots may go through both sides, when it will not matter whether they are hot or cold."

The Battle of Cape St. Vincent, in 1797, where Nelson captured two Spanish vessels by swift and aggressive action, brought him rewards and promotion. The king made him a Knight of the Bath, and would have made him a baronet had not Nelson given an intimation that he did not want a title his means would not allow him to keep up. He was also promoted to the position of rear-admiral:

Nelson's delight was great and characteristic. Material rewards were not in his eyes the most real or the richest. "Chains and medals," he wrote to his brother, "are what no fortune or connection in England can obtain; and I shall feel prouder of those than all the titles in the king's power to bestow." To his wife he said: "Though we can afford no more than a cottage, yet, with a contented mind, my chains, medals, and ribbons are all sufficient." To receive honor was second to no possession, except that of knowing he had deserved it.

What is called the Battle of the Nile was fought in August, 1798, in Aboukir Bay, on the coast of Egypt, fifteen miles east of Alexandria and about the same distance from the Rosetta mouth of the river. The French fleet was discovered in the afternoon lying at anchor, and before the English vessels could come up it was nearly sunset. The engagement began about half-past six and continued through the night, though the first two hours practically decided the issue of the conflict. Nelson was severely wounded early in the battle, but continued to issue his orders throughout the entire struggle, and his original plan, as well as his later directions, were carried out implicitly:

The following morning it was found that the leading six ships of the French had already struck their colors. The *Orient*, having blown up, there were six survivors. Of these, one, the *Tonnant*, next astern of the *Orient*, though dismasted, was still afloat, a mile behind her former position, having dropped there to avoid the explosion. The *Heureux* and *Mercur*, which had slipped their cables for the same reason, were ashore and helpless. The spars of the three rear ships, the *Guillaume Tell*, *Generoux*, and *Timoleon*, were still standing, and they had received little injury. At about noon these vessels commanded by Rear-Admiral Villeneuve, got under way to go to sea; but the *Timoleon*, cast with her head inshore, and, after an ineffectual attempt to wear, ran aground, bows on, her foremast going over the side as she struck. The crew escaped to the beach, and she was then set on fire by her captain, her colors flying as she burned. The two other ships escaped. If, by the escape of two ships of the line, the British triumph lacked something in technical completeness, the disaster to the French was no less absolute. "Victory," said Nelson, truly, "is not the name for such a scene as I have witnessed."

The recognition of Nelson's great services was not as genial with the admiralty as was to have been expected. He was advanced to the lowest rank of the peerage, as Baron Nelson of the Nile:

Whatever was defective in the formal recognition of his own government was abundantly supplied by the tributes which flowed from other quarters, so various that his own phrase, "the whole world," is scarcely an exaggeration to apply to them. The *Car*, the Sultan, the Kings of Sardinia and of the Two Sicilies, sent messages of congratulation and presents. The *Car* accompanying his with an autograph letter. The Houses of Parliament voted their thanks and a pension of two thousand pounds a year. The East India Company acknowledged the security gained for their Indian possessions by a gift of ten thousand pounds, two thousand pounds of which he, with his wonted generosity, divided at once among his father and family, most of whom were not in prosperous circumstances. Other corporations took appropriate

notice of the great event; instances so far apart as the cities of London and Palermo, and the Island of Zante, showing how wide-spread was the sense of relief. . . . The three great admirals—Lords Howe, Hood, and St. Vincent—the leaders of the navy in rank and distinguished service, wrote to him in the strongest terms of admiration. The last two styled the battle the greatest achievement that history could produce.

Six weeks later Nelson arrived at Naples, while the effect of his great victory was still fresh in the public mind. His reception included an incident which undoubtedly affected his life deeply from that time:

When the *Languard* approached the town, crowds of boats went out to meet her. The king himself came on board when she was still a league from the anchorage. He had been preceded by Sir William and Lady Hamilton. The latter, greatly overcome, dropped her lovely face and by no means slender figure into the arms of the admiral, who, on his part, could scarcely fail to be struck with the pose of one whose attitudes compelled the admiration of the most exacting critics. The emotion stirred by the warmth of his welcome, on this and the following days, showed itself in phrases of unusual tenderness to his wife. "If so affecting to those who were only united to me by bonds of friendship, what must it be to my dearest wife, my friend, my everything which is most dear to me in this world? The scene in the boat was terribly affecting. Up flew her ladyship, and exclaiming, 'O God, is it possible?' she fell in my arm more dead than alive. Tears, however soon set matters to rights." This was the beginning of an intimacy destined, in the end, to affect profoundly and unhappily the future of Nelson.

Very soon Nelson was overcome by the blandishments of Lady Hamilton, whose career had made her proficient in all the arts practiced by her sex, and their intimacy and her power over him were criticised privately and publicly:

Lady Minto, writing from Vienna to her sister in July, 1800, says: "Mr. Rushout and Colonel Rooke, whom I knew in Italy, are here. Mr. Rushout is at last going home. He escaped from Naples at the same time the king did in Nelson's ship, and remained six months at Palermo, so I had a great deal of intelligence concerning the hero and his lady. . . . Nelson and the Hamiltons all lived together in a house of which he bore the expense, which was enormous, and every sort of gaming went on half the night. Nelson used to sit with large parcels of gold before him, and generally go to sleep, Lady Hamilton taking from the heap without counting, and playing with his money to the amount of five hundred pounds a night. Her rage is play, and Sir William says when he is dead she will be a beggar."

In the winter of 1800-1801 came the final break-up in the Nelson household. Lady Nelson resented her husband's frequent mention of Lady Hamilton, and at last left the house after a quarrel about her. They never lived together again:

In later life, we are told by Hotham, who was in the habit of frequently seeing her, up to her death in 1831, "she continually talked of him, and always attempted to palliate his conduct toward her, was warm and enthusiastic in her praises of his public achievements, and bowed down with dignified submission to the errors of his domestic life."

Notwithstanding the force of the great passion which swept Nelson off his feet, the attachment which had lasted undisturbed for many years was a tender one:

"I remember," writes Miss Knight, "that shortly after the Battle of the Nile, when my mother said to him that no doubt he considered the day of that victory as the happiest in his life, he answered, 'No; the happiest was that on which I married Lady Nelson.'"

Made commander-in-chief of the Mediterranean in 1803, Nelson never went on shore from June in that year until July, 1805. In September he paid his last visit to England, and early in October left again for the *Victory* to accomplish what he saw was needed after two and a half years of colorless war, "not a brilliant victory for the British navy, but a crushing defeat for the foe." The biographer quotes Minto's account of his last hours at home:

"I went yesterday to Merton in a great hurry, as Lord Nelson said he was to be at home all day, and he dines at half-past three. But I found he had been sent for to Carleton House, and he and Lady Hamilton did not return till half-past five." The Prince of Wales had sent an urgent command that he particularly wished to see him before he left England. "I stayed till ten at night," continues Minto, "and I took a final leave of him. He goes to Portsmouth to-night. Lady Hamilton was in tears all day yesterday, could not eat, and hardly drink, and near swooning, and all at table. It is a strange picture. She tells me nothing can be more pure and ardent than this flame." Lady Hamilton may have had the self-control of an actress, but clearly not the reticence of a well-bred woman. On the following night Nelson left home finally. His last act before leaving the house, it is said, was to visit the bed where his child, then between four and five, was sleeping, and pray over her. The solemn anticipation of death from this time forward deepened more and more over his fearless spirit as the hour of battle approached.

On October 21st, 1805, off Cape Trafalgar, Nelson engaged the allied fleet of eighteen French and fifteen Spanish warships carrying 2,616 guns, with his force of twenty-six vessels carrying 2,048 guns, and won the victory which will live in history as the crowning act of his career, though the heroic commander lay cold in death before the battle was over. He was struck down on the deck of his vessel, the *Victory*, an hour after the engagement opened:

The stricken hero was at once carried below, himself covering his face and the decorations of his coat with his handkerchief, that the sight of their loss might not affect the ship's company at this critical instant. The cockpit was already cumbered with the wounded and dying, but the handkerchief falling from his face, the surgeon recognized him and came at once to him. "You can do nothing for me, Beatty," he said; "I have but a short time to live." . . . The hour that succeeded his wounding was the decisive one of the fight; not that the issue admitted of much doubt, after once Nelson's plans had received fulfillment and the battle joined, unless the delinquent van of the allies had acted promptly—but in those moments the work was done which was the death-blow for the enemy beyond repair. . . . A short hour had elapsed between Hardy's leaving the cockpit and his returning to it, which brings the time to four o'clock. Strength had ebbed fast meanwhile, and the end was now very near; but Nelson was still conscious. The friends again shook hands, and the captain, before releasing his grasp, congratulated the dying hero upon the brilliancy of the victory. It was complete, he said. How many were captured it was impossible to see, but he was certain fourteen or fifteen. The exact number proved to be eighteen. "That is well," said Nelson, but added, faithful to his exhaustive ideas of sufficiency, "I bargained for twenty." . . . The passing was so quiet that Dr. Scott, still rubbing his breast, did not perceive it, until the surgeon announced that all was over. It was half-past four o'clock, just three hours after the fatal wound was received. Not till an hour later did the last of the eighteen prizes strike, and firing cease altogether; but the substantial results were known to Nelson before consciousness left him. To quote the rugged words of the *Victory's* log: "Partial firing continued until four-thirty, when a victory having been reported to the Right Honorable Lord Viscount Nelson, K. B., he died of his wound."

The volume is illustrated with numerous portraits, maps, and plans of battle, the chapter-headings give the dates of important events and the age of the great captain at the time, and the index is very complete.

Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price \$3.00.

LITERARY NOTES.

The Seamy Side of a Big Strike.

Remarkable in many ways is Cy Warman's book, "Snow on the Headlight." It is peculiar to the eye, the typography presenting many striking departures from the common manner, and in its construction and style it is equally unconventional. But its power is not to be denied. Mr. Warman knows his subject thoroughly, he feels strongly the importance of the sociological problem which it presents, and his tale is told with countless solecisms that may shock the purist, but with a crispness and vigor that hold the reader spellbound page after page to the end.

It is the story of the great Burlington strike of 1888. In the opening chapter we are told of the scene in the general superintendent's office when the committee of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, having stated their grievances and desires, made a Napoleonic demand for a plain "Yes" or "No," and getting the latter, ordered the strike. Next morning trains were run only as far as the division sections, and the engineers walked out, taking with them the switchmen. "The switchman of a decade ago," says Mr. Warman, "could always be counted upon to fight. In behind his comb, toothbrush, and rabbit's foot, he carried a neatly folded, closely written list of grievances upon which he was ready to do battle. Peace troubled his mind."

Mr. Warman aptly describes his book as "a decoy duck stuffed with oysters; the duck is mere fiction, the oysters are facts." To bring home to the reader the grim horrors of a great strike, he has personified some of the leading types in such a contest—the loyal old engineer who, having accepted the leadership of his fellows, will lead them where they will, even to certain defeat if they insist; the blatant demagogue who counsels others to wild acts and is himself the first to desert the sinking ship; the wives whose children sicken and die before their eyes because the husbands must remain true to the brotherhood; the besotted wretch who uses dynamite to avenge his fancied wrongs; the detectives, small and great, those who lure the angry strikers on and betray them into criminality, and those whose swift and unerring action liberates the innocent and punishes the guilty. Weaving a thin film of story about these, Mr. Warman has presented most vividly the facts of a strike with the completeness of the insider and the impartiality of the looker-on.

Not less remarkable than the story is the language in which it is narrated. The slang of the railroad man colors it all. In a foot-note Mr. Warman apologizes for the use of the unpleasant word "scab," but pages before that he had used the word many times and others as unsightly. But the vigor and picturesqueness of Mr. Warman's language more than excuse its unconventionality.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Lord Rosebery's Non-Political Speeches.

An interesting book to meet, in view of its late experiences with the law of England, is Lord Rosebery's "Appreciations and Addresses: Edited by Charles Geake." Mr. Geake is plainly a newspaper man; and it was a fellow newspaper man who made all the trouble over the copyright, for reasons detailed in another column. Perhaps the most remarkable thing about these eighteen speeches is that they were taken with so little disadvantage to their literary style direct from the reporter's note-book, practically as delivered. Lord Rosebery is shown to be a many-sided man of great culture, who has talked interestingly about men—Burke, Burns, Wallace, Stevenson, Gladstone—and about such things as "Bookishness and Statesmanship," "The Duty of Public Service," "The Work of Public Libraries," "The English-Speaking Brotherhood," "Sport," "Golf," and various other matters. The essays are unpretentious and readable.

Published by John Lane, New York; price, \$1.50.

In a Persian Rose-Garden.

"The Gulistan: Being the Rose-Garden of Shaikh Sa'di," comes to us as the latest literary work of Sir Edwin Arnold. The translation is in prose, interspersed with snatches of loosely rhythmical verse. The author of "The Gulistan" was a celebrated Persian sage, Shaikh Sa'di of Shiraz, who was born about 1184 A. D., and died in 1294. At the age of twelve he left home for the famous "madrasah" of Bagdad, where he pursued his education for over thirty years. Then he traveled through India, Arabia, and Africa for twenty-five years, until he retired to his rose-garden at Shiraz, where he compiled his quaint proverbial tales. Sir Edwin Arnold describes the collection as "a sort of intellectual pillow; a literary curry; a kabab of versatile genius, where grave and gay, humor and wisdom, laughter and tears, are threaded together on the skewer of wit, and spiced by a soft worldliness and gentle stoicism that make the dish irresistible, however jaded the mental appetite."

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.00.

More Tales from the Brown Islands.

In his latest book, "Ridan the Devil," Louis See gives to the public some twenty-two additional stories of the life he knows so well in the South Sea Islands; and it will be adequate praise

to say that these tales have in them as much of interest as have the short stories in Mr. Becke's "Rodman the Boatsteerer" series of last year, or the more recent collaboration of "The Mutineer." The title story, "Ridan the Devil," is a study of primitive human nature, in which it is shown how even a Malayman's spirit can not be broken by cruelties practiced upon his flesh, and how it can be melted at once by a kind word or deed. The devil in the poor captive Ridan is driven into the sea by a proffered glass of water, and when the time of peril comes, Ridan gives his life to preserve the lives of his benefactors. Other stories deal variously with the dramatic antitheses of life on civilization's frontier, some of them being tales of the Australian penal colony; but most of them are studies of the brown islands under the beneficent exploitation of the whites, and of all the rude life that centres about the South Sea trade.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.50.

In the Ohio Water-Shed.

In her latest book of tales, "The Queen of the Swamp: and Other Plain Americans," Mary Hartwell Catherwood has collected from various publications, and to the audacious number of thirteen, some very honest studies of life in "the Middle-West"—which means in this case Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, and Illinois. Furthermore, she has done criticism a great service by placing under the title of each story the year in which its action is supposed to have occurred. The title-story, dated 1846, tells of a winter party at the home of Mrs. Macauley, who did not approve of the girl her son had chosen for a wife until the girl fell through the ice and narrowly escaped drowning. This in Ohio. The one Kentucky story, "A Kentucky Princess," is more modern (1857) and also more dramatic. A young Kentuckian, in the presence of his betrothed, is confronted with his illegitimate child and its mother. The girl marries him, nevertheless, adopts the child, and raises it as her own. The Indiana and Illinois stories go back no farther than 1881. They are all quiet in tone, depending for their interest more on faithful coloring and clean outline work in character than on plot.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Anthony Hope's new novel, "The King's Mirror," which has been appearing during the year as a serial in one of the magazines, will be published shortly by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co.

"The Hosts of the Lord," a novel of Indian life which is described as one of absorbing interest and great dramatic power, has been written by Mrs. Flora Annie Steel and will be published as a serial in the *Pall Mall Magazine*.

It is reported that there is much fresh material in "The Life of Charles Dickens" upon which Thomas Wright, of Olney, has been working for several years, and which he has now finished. Prominence is given to many incidents of Dickens's early days, regarding which Forster was totally ignorant.

An Anglo-Spanish romance by Joseph Hatton, entitled "The White King of Manoa," and dealing with the reign of Elizabeth and the life-story of Sir Walter Raleigh, is to be brought out soon.

It is reported that Maurus Jokai, the Hungarian novelist, who is seventy-four years old, is about to marry the Hungarian actress, Arabella Nagy, who is only eighteen.

Egerton Castle's new novel, "Young April," will be published by the Macmillan Company next month.

"Abraham Lincoln: The Man of the People," by Norman Hapgood, will be ready in October from the press of the Macmillan Company.

F. Marion Crawford has just begun writing a story, "In Old Madrid," the first installment of which as a serial will appear in January next.

The memorial to the late William Black, the novelist (which is to take the form of a beacon-light off the island of Mull), is estimated to cost about thirty-five hundred dollars. Of that sum more than twenty-five hundred dollars has been received already, not including the American subscriptions. Duart Point, on which the beacon is to be placed, is the scene of one of Mr. Black's most powerful stories, "Macloed of Dare."

Edgar Fawcett, poet-author and popular favorite, is now in Europe, engaged in superintending the setting of his book, "The New King Arthur," to music, preparatory to bringing it out as a comic-opera.

Major Marchand is occupying his leisure in writing the story of his journey across Africa. He kept throughout a well-posted diary, but does not intend to merely reproduce the entries made in it, but will develop them. The work is to be in two volumes, and will be finished in the autumn.

"Oom Paul's People," by Howard C. Hillegos, which D. Appleton & Co. purpose bringing out next week, presents, from the most authoritative and recent "inside" information, the Boers' side of the case. It is an exposition, told through President

Kruger and his counselors, of the grievances that the Boers have against the English.

It is said that Kipling's latest book, "From Sea to Sea," is already in its thirty-fifth thousand in this country. His latest book of stories, "The Day's Work," is in its one-hundred-and-second thousand.

In the *American Monthly Review of Reviews* the war in the Philippines is summed up by John Barrett; the outcome of The Hague conference is set forth by W. T. Stead; the subject of trusts is discussed by George E. Roberts and by Henry Macfarland; Hezekiah Butterworth writes of "The Future Value of the New England Farm," while Professor L. H. Bailey answers affirmatively the question, "Does Farming Pay?"

Thomas Hardy is the only English novelist of high rank whose work has not appeared in his own country in a sixpenny edition. Such an edition of his "Tess," however, is to be brought out soon.

The Poem.

He lifted his head,
And the Vision that stood there smiled.
"O Poet," she said,
"I have come at thy bidding; no child
Of thy fancy, dead,
But living and breathing, as thou.
Take me now!"

His heart, how it burned!
But he thought, "Tis a dream; if I move,
It will vanish," and yearned
With an infinite yearning, and strove
With his doubts, till she turned—
She, the Vision—and sorrowful went,
Ere he knew her intent.

He leapt to his feet,
And seized on her undulant veil,
With its odor so sweet
As the May time; and lo! it did trail
In his hand, all complete!
She had gone; and he cherished, forlorn,
The veil she had worn.

The veil he upraised.
He showed it to men, and they cried,
As they noted, amazed,
The diaphanous wonder, "What pride
Of invention!" and praised.
But sweeter and sadder he grew,
And replied, "If you knew!"

—Henry Bannister Merwin in the *September Atlantic*.

A few weeks ago the *Argonaut* expressed the opinion that the author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress" was not a former maid of honor but some clever journalist. The *Bookman* says in its September issue: "We are informed on very good authority that there is very little doubt but that the life of the Empress Elizabeth was written by the woman who signs herself 'The Marquise de Fontenoy.' She was attached to the court of the Emperor of Austria, and has an intimate knowledge of his secret history, but she eloped some years ago with an attaché of the English legation in Vienna. They came to America, and both have been very successful in journalism. The husband is a brilliant writer on one of the New York papers. A collection of sketches and articles which have appeared in the press from time to time over the name of the Marquise de Fontenoy is to be published shortly under the title of 'Eve's Glossary.'"

A black-enamel brooch, containing a lock of Oliver Goldsmith's hair, for which his coffin was specially opened, was sold for ten guineas at a recent sale in London. Most of the articles sold formerly belonged to Mary Hornbeck, Mrs. Gwyn, bedchamber woman to Queen Charlotte, and best known as Oliver Goldsmith's "Jessamy Bride."

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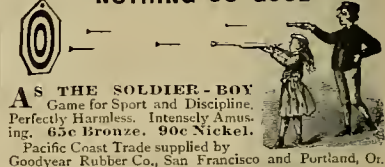


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LITERARY NOTES.

Love in a Castle of Horrors.

Guy Boothby's new story, "Dr. Nikola's Experiment," contains all the romantic and thrilling elements the most jaded novel-readers could desire. The experiment itself is nothing less than an attempt to restore youth and vigor to a moribund nonagenarian, and it is performed in an isolated castle on the English coast, a gloomy old structure honey-combed with secret passages by which the experimentalist's enemies follow his every movement and almost succeed in their attempt upon his life.

Nikola had stolen the secret of rejuvenating old age from a monastic order in the heart of Thibet, and he is always followed thereafter by a member of the order, a hideous Chinese marked by the loss of half an ear, who seeks to recover the sacred formula and to punish the doctor's sacrilege with death. But the doctor has the guile of the serpent, and the Chinese never catches him napping. With the aid of the young physician who narrates the story, he performs his experiment on an aged Spanish don, and actually succeeds in filling out his shrunken frame, imparting fresh vigor to his wasted muscles, and giving him the abounding vitality of a young and healthy man.

The experiment is a great success, but it is also a greater failure, for, while the don is physically perfect, his mind has not been renewed and he has the ungovernable impulses of a mad beast. By hypnotism and then by hypnotics this horrible and terrible animal is kept in subjection for a time; but one night he escapes from his two keepers, and, coming upon the prowling Chinese avenger, a terrific running fight ensues between them, ranging all over the castle and ending in a death-struggle on the battlements, in which both are carried over the edge into the sea far below.

Even love is not lacking in this remarkable tale. The old don's great-granddaughter is a very handsome girl, and it is not unnatural that she and Nikola's young assistant, thrown thus together in the eerie old castle—the horrors of which include even a collection of human monstrosities—develop a pretty romance.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

Biology and Social Evolution.

"From Comte to Benjamin Kidd" is a historical and critical study by Professor Robert Mackintosh of "The Appeal to Biology or Evolution for Human Guidance." The work had its origin in two years' work with a senior class in sociology, and in its preparation the author has examined with care most of the literature of his subject. The theories which are proposed as substitutes for religion are studied closely, and the conclusions presented are hostile to such forces.

In Auguste Comte, the founder or the godfather of sociology, biology counts for a great deal, and subsequent evolutionary speculation has enlarged its claims to infinity. In Mr. Kidd's Social Evolution these claims have been stated in the most extreme form logically possible, and the review which begins with Comte ends naturally with Kidd. The author announces at the outset that he has assumed "the trustworthiness of the moral consciousness, or the reality of the distinction between right and wrong," an assumption which can be justified by philosophy, though he does not enter into it here. He also warns his reader that, although seeking to learn from the theories reviewed, and especially from the interesting and valuable details which they have collected, his analysis will be necessarily antagonistic to a large extent. He has divided his book into four parts, treating respectively of "Comtism, with Some Scattered Parallels"; "Simple Evolution—Spencer, Stephens"; "Darwinism, or Struggle for Existence"; and "Hyper-Darwinism—Weissmann, Kidd."

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

Stories Worth White.

Margaret Sutton Briscoe's stories are distinctive and artistic, with no pessimistic suggestions. The volume entitled "The Sixth Sense, and Other Stories" contains some of her best work, notably the tale which names the book. This is a study of a shy, imaginative girl, whose home-life has held no affectionate interests. The son of a neighbor is reported killed in battle, and this girl, who has never had a lover, happening upon the mother in the first moments of her grief, seizes the opportunity to display a little of the emotion which her nature holds. The mother at once believes that there is something more than sorrowing friendship in the girl's expression, and accepts almost without question the idea of a mutual attachment and promise. Surprised, and yet secretly delighted, the girl allows her passive deception to go on until she is firmly held in the web. After a year of this posing as a mourner in her new home, there is a revelation. The young soldier returns to his home, and denies having been the girl's lover. The result of this entanglement is what might be expected, but the author works it out most skillfully.

There are no hackneyed plots in her stories, no commonplace situations, and yet her characters have a distinct personality, and their passions and language are never above the real. And the lack of

the bitter-almonds flavor, the entire absence of any gawsonic effect, make these sketches worthy of remembrance. There are nine stories in the book and all are worthy, yet some will be special favorites. "Of Her Own Household," "A Will and a Way," and "A Temple of Solomon" are nearly equal in interest to "The Sixth Sense."

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25.

A History of Germany from Earliest Times.

A volume of history which has strong claims for popular approval is Augusta Hale Gifford's "Germany: Her People and Their Story." It is exhaustive in detail, so far as the limits of the work will allow, exact in statement, and yet written in an easy, familiar style which is attractive from the first and sustains its interest throughout.

The story of the German people includes the history of all the powers of Europe, for the Rhineland has been swept again and again by armed invaders from the north, the south, the east, and the west. Her long line of rulers, great and small, includes all types of men, from the petty tyrant to the noblest liberator and statesman, and the records of many of these have no parallels in history. In no other country did a prince ever commit an act which led directly to thirty years of war. The eras of the Reformation, of Frederick the Great, and of Bismarck were momentous ones for Germany and for the world. They are well pictured in this volume. The index is very full and the illustrations worthy of the book.

Published by the Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston; price, \$1.75.

New Publications.

In Appleton's Home-Reading Books a late issue is "Uncle Sam's Soldiers," by Oscar Phelps Austin. It is a story of the war with Spain, and filled with practical information of the details of military organization and army life. The illustrations are numerous and well chosen. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, 75 cents.

The bound volume of the numbers of the *Merchants' Association Review* from September, 1898, to August, 1899, contains many papers and paragraphs of value, concerning trade and municipal questions, and fully deserving preservation in book-form. Published by the Board of Directors of the Merchants' Association, San Francisco.

The "California Blue Book, or State Roster, 1899," compiled by Charles Forrest Curry, Secretary of State, is a volume of four hundred and fifty pages that contains much of interest in addition to the list of office-holders. The illustrations include views of most of the State institutions. The work is issued from the State Printing Office, Sacramento.

An entertaining book designed "to help the finding, studying, and photographing of wild things" in their haunts is "Wild Life at Home," by R. Kearton, F. Z. S. Many unfamiliar birds, beasts, and fishes are described and their habits explained. The illustrations are well-printed reproductions of photographs. Published by Cassell & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

An essay which combines a study of "The Mystery of Evil" and an oration entitled "Ethics and the Cosmic Process," separate works which treat the development of a single theory, is John Fiske's "Through Nature to God." The concluding chapter on the "Everlasting Reality of Religion" is a strong presentation of the writer's argument. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.00.

From the pages of the leading magazines Martha Gilbert Dickinson has reclaimed some fourscore of her poems and given them to the world in a more enduring form. Many of the selections in the little volume had more than passing notice when they first appeared, and they will receive a new welcome. "Separation," "The Sacred Hills," and "Forgiveness Lane" are three good examples of the poet's thought and melody. Published by the Doubleday & McClure Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

What is claimed to be "an Indian romance of pre-historic times," is "The Cliff-Dweller's Daughter," by Charles T. Abbott, M. D. There are some felicitously named characters in the book: the Indian chief, Wisdom; the sub-chief, Thundercloud; the lover, Antelope, who was an Indian and a trader from the far South; and the heroine, Gazelle, the fair daughter of Wisdom; but their speech is unhappily recorded, and their adventures do not thrill. There are no soft illusions in the story. Published by F. Tennyson Neely, New York; price, \$1.25.

A work of great importance to teachers, and indeed to all who have the care of children, is "The Physical Nature of the Child, and How to Study It," by Stuart H. Rowe. The volume is essentially practical in its division of the subject, its line of inquiry, its tests proposed, its suggestions and remedies. The sight, hearing, touch, taste, motor ability, enunciation, nervous manifestations, habits, and conditions of children are given illuminating study, and no instructor or parent can fail to find helpful knowledge in every chapter. The simple, direct style of the author is as admirable as the plan of his work. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

A QUESTION OF COPYRIGHT.

The Reporter of a Speech Becomes Its Owner.

A novelty in copyright is involved in the decision made a few days ago by Mr. Justice North, of the English high court of justice. The case before him was curious. In the recent volume of "Appreciations and Addresses," by Lord Rosebery, were included five speeches taken almost *verbatim* from reports in the London *Times*. Lord Rosebery himself furnished the clippings to his publisher, freely making over all his right and title to them. But the *Times* contended that he had no rights in the premises whatever; that its reports were copyrighted; and it brought suit to restrain publication of the volume containing the alleged infringements on its own copyright. The court has now decided for the newspaper, and has granted an injunction against the publisher.

It certainly seems, at first sight, a moral if not a legal absurdity that one man can so copyright the words of another that the latter has no right to reproduce them (says an editorial writer in the New York *Evening Post*). The value of the speeches lay in the fact that they were Lord Rosebery's. The defense made the most of this line of argument, but the plaintiff pressed home the single legal point which seems to have prevailed with the court. This was that there is no such thing as copyright of ideas; it is all a matter of literary form; and Lord Rosebery having abandoned his ideas and words to the use of the public at large, the reporter who gave them a certain form is entitled to exclusive control of that form. Some other report might be used without his consent, but that particular report is his own, the product of his own labor and skill, and can not be appropriated by another. This was, in brief, the contention of the plaintiff's counsel, and Judge North has evidently upheld it.

The decision is no doubt good law, but it has its humorous features. Some of these were dwelt upon by Lord Rosebery himself, the other day, before the case was decided. He was speaking to the boys at Epsom College, and apologized for the brevity of his remarks on the ground that "there is a question of the copyright of what you are likely to say." The only thing perfectly clear about copyright of a speech was that "the one person who has no property in it is the man who delivers it." For himself, therefore, he felt it would be almost criminal, until the question was settled, to "add to this species of indescribable property which is at this moment in the lost-luggage office of the law." It would prove a serious embarrassment to public speakers, he said, if what they uttered to-day might be decided to-morrow to be stolen goods.

Of course the law of copyright has to rule out all question of literary excellence. It knows nothing but a form of words. A furniture catalogue may be copyrighted just as securely as a poem by Swinburne. Railway time-tables or Stock Exchange reports are just as sacred in the eye of the law, just as deserving of protection, as a novel by Miss Wilkins or even by Laura Jean Libbey. Whether little or much brain and labor has gone to the production of a given arrangement of words, whether their market value be small or great, are questions into which the law of copyright can not enter. It simply undertakes to protect any literary form, no matter how or by whom wrought out; and it is only a legitimate extension of that doctrine to protect the reporter who has produced the form, though the ideas are another's.

One argument advanced in this particular case was that the reporter's work was analogous to that of a translator. Translations are copyrighted, though without a single original idea; so, it was argued, may be the report of a speech. Reporters often are translators of an astonishing sort. They sometimes put an orator's words into such a shape that, far from wishing to assert any property in them, he freely and even indignantly repudiates any responsibility for them. On the other hand, reporters in the guise of translators have been known to do great service to orators—making their speeches read much better than they sounded on delivery. Dr. Johnson was the original reporter of this kind, taking care, he said, so to report the speeches in Parliament that the Whig dogs should not have the best of it. A modern instance is given in connection with the late Sir John Macdonald. He had given orders to the leading Ottawa paper that his speeches were always to be reported *verbatim*, as he prided himself on the perfection of his extempore style. But once, when he spoke after dining generously, the reporter's notes turned out so incoherent that the editor took fright, and sent the young man to get Sir John's own revision of his remarks. That statesman gravely corrected the reporter's literal transcript of what he had said, and as gravely said to him on taking leave, "Young man, let me give you a piece of advice, of which I fear you stand in need; never touch liquor."

Harry Farjeon, eldest son of the novelist, and grandson of Joe Jefferson, has composed the music for a two-act opera, "Floretta," for which his younger sister, Eleanor, wrote the book, which has been performed with success in London. Young Farjeon is twenty-one years of age, and his sister is eighteen, but she had completed the play when she was sixteen.

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There is one serious objection to Felix Morris's play at the Orpheum. There is not enough of it. You are just beginning to get used to the thought that it is a really bright thing really well done, when M. Dufard gives his daughter a savage pinch in the arm, she gives a piercing shriek, and the curtain falls. I suppose the Orpheum management feel that their duty and their contract to Charley Case, and the Mouliere Sisters, and Montrell, the juggler, and all the rest of them, make it necessary to restrict Felix Morris to a brief span of some fifteen minutes. Why could not they have suppressed the others and given us more of the true star of the occasion?

It would have been reasonable enough, for the whole house seemed to delight in "Behind the Scenes." It was not above anybody's head, which can not be said of the Boys' Hungarian Band. When they confined themselves to a Sousa march and so well-known an overture as "Mignon," all was well. But the "Second Hungarian Rhapsody" failed to catch the fancy of the audience. And the gentle rustle which betokens an irritated restlessness passed back and forth over the house as the wild and tumultuous music swept out into the auditorium. The boys played excellently, if somewhat automatically, and they look as if they enjoyed themselves. Especially the one with the cymbals. How he did crash and smash those brass disks against one another! Tinkling cymbals, indeed! He really displayed a little too much energy, and if that handsome conductor, with the military carriage and the graceful back, cares for a word of advice, I should suggest to him that he moderate the cymbal-wielder's noble rage.

Is it a good thing or a misfortune that we do not all like the same sort of theatrical amusements? If I had had my way with the Orpheum programme I should have stolen time from Charley Case and the dancing children and given it to Felix Morris. Yet it was a question as to whether Case or Morris was the success of the evening, judging by the applause. The monologist—that is what they call him on the programme—threw the audience into paroxysms of mirth. Some of his stories were undoubtedly funny, but many of them were of that type of humor which called forth from Robert Louis Stevenson the remark that the humor of the lower classes was brutal and cruel. Several of the monologist's anecdotes recalled this criticism, notably that one of his father and the circus-tent. Some other writer—George Eliot, I believe—wrote somewhere once that a difference in the sense of humor was one of the most trying tests of affection. The full force of this remark never was revealed to me till I took to going to the Orpheum. I think one would almost hate a person who thought that anecdote really funny. Nevertheless, I must add for the sake of truth and fairness that whatever the monologist had to tell was well told. He was like French cooking—all sorts of queer, unsavory odds and ends elaborately treated and attractively served.

The other features of the programme were interesting and varied. There were two muscular ladies who, in little green shirts and trunks, like bathing-suits, twirled round on horizontal bars. When they alighted on the ground they made three bows—to the left, to the right, to the centre. At intervals a tall, melancholy looking man, in a dress-suit, came in from the wings and gave them a helping hand, of which they did not seem in the least in need. Then there were two children who danced against a series of mirrors which reflected their figures in a variety of pretty poses. The dancing was of that sort which is more like a cake-walk than a regular dance. It is not very graceful, but it is something new. Beside these there was a juggler who juggled with balls and lighted torches, and in whom the audience seemed to take the keenest interest. The attraction of the programme is its diversity. It generally amuses, and certainly does not fatigue. For myself I think I am getting the Orpheum Habit, from which several of my friends are hopeless sufferers. I see myself going every Monday night, and reading the programme with an anxious eye for the names of my special pets. Only I do wish before that time arrives that the management could prevail upon the gentlemen about the entrance not to spit quite so profusely. Or if it can not be helped, to furnish for the afflicted beings who must expectorate or die, a similar convenience to those used in French-Canadian churches—a large box about the size of a child's coffin filled with saw-dust. It might be made somewhat larger, it might even be for the demand warrants it—run along the entire length of the wall. The management really ought to consider it.

I intended writing of nothing but Mr. Morris, and

now I have hardly any room left. He has been told so often that he is an artist that it is superfluous telling it again. Only it is agreeable to the oppressed critic who tries to be at once truthful, just, and not unkind or prejudiced to be able to say the pleasant things which come to the tip of the pen with the readiness that enthusiasm prompts. Mr. Morris has undoubtedly to broaden his methods for his environment, and the play he appears in this week is so squeezed and cut that there is only the meagerest remnant of it left. But for such let us be thankful.

To see an artist in a poor play, holding a vast concourse of people who have been educated on farce-comedies and cheap vaudeville, is really an elevating sight. The only trouble is that Mr. Morris is above his situation. Nevertheless, I think he is better placed than he was when I saw him two winters ago in New York, when he was playing small character parts in the Lyceum Company. I shall never forget him in "The Princess and the Butterfly"—the one piece of real acting in the performance, and quite crowded into the background by the flamboyant splendors of Miss Opp and the wooden stiffness of James Hackett.

There was a small audience at the Columbia on Tuesday night to see Clay Clement in "The Bells." Yet the play was extremely well done, and, to my thinking, more grisly in its picture of haunted horror than when given here by Irving. I have never seen Mr. Clement before, and was much impressed by him. He is an actor of dignity, force, and intelligence. There was something almost sickening in the strangling terror that gripped Mathias in the dream scene.

This act, which is certainly one of the most horrible in the modern drama, was arranged and played with a careful attention to the fact that it was a dream. The unaccountable awfulness that belongs to the phantom visions of sleep, brooded over it. Of course the setting was not in any way comparable with Irving's, where the whole scene had a large, vague obscurity from which slow voices and dim forms emerged with spectral fearfulness. But in Mr. Clement's performance the dream effect is gained by some odd and yet telling devices. The jury in an answer to Mathias's agonized query, give their "no" in a long, dull drone—one of those sounds, unnatural, weird, and strangely terrifying that belong only to the realms of tortured sleep. The voices of judge and mesmerist are heavy with a vast, formless dread. And when the sentence of conviction is delivered the leaden repetition of the word dead—"till you are dead—dead—dead"—sends through the palpitating silence a chill of creeping horror.

Mr. Clement treats this scene from the standpoint of realism, touched into exaggerated agony by the medium of sleep. Where Irving was subtle, fine, and delicately shaded, he is wild, frantic, mad in the throes of his phantasmal terror. The simulated murder of the Jew was unspeakably gresome, because so vigorously realistic. Clearly visible in the searching ray of light that follows him as he moves, he rehearses the deed that made him the richest and the most miserable man in the village. He lifts the axe and it descends; there is a struggle, something falls, from which Mathias shrinks in sickening fear, and as he stares at it wild-eyed and yet hideously curious, the sleigh-bells shaken by the galloping horse die slowly away. The lifting of the body on his back, his bowed and gasping walk to the lime-kiln, the final wrench which sends the murdered man into the burning kiln, were all dominated by a broad and haunting horror which gave to the act the phantasmagoric grisliness of a veritable nightmare.

In the earlier acts Mr. Clement was not so successful. His lack of delicacy failed to make the most of Mathias's secret and sometimes sleeping fears. It requires a very subtle talent to give the degrees of suspicion, the ups and downs of dread and hope, the struggles for courage, and the ever-gnawing fear of detection that possessed the burgomaster. Mr. Clement in the lighter scenes, where a bluff good nature was necessary, was excellent. When under the strain of alarm or suspicion, he has a curious trick of moving his head from side to side, like a person who is in a state of irritated restlessness. This movement, which at first is very telling, becomes monotonous toward the close of the play.

It is remarkable that "The Bells" does not sound more old-fashioned. Without an incident for two acts, and with the simplest and baldest dialogue, it moves along briskly enough, and while it does not engross until the end, it does not bore. It is really like an elaborate study of a case of terrific nervous prostration. As a moral lesson, nothing could be more effective. Imaginative people, whose nervous organization is high-strung, should not commit murder.

GERALDINE BONNER.

The twenty-first of August was the quinqucentenary of the surrender of Richard the Second to the Earl of Bolingbroke in 1399, and as this took place at Flint Castle, the mayor and corporation of Flint arranged for a memorial performance of Shakespeare's "King Richard the Second," which was given *ad fresco* by F. R. Benson and his London company. A stage was erected for this notable performance in front of one of the towers of the castle, with the estuary of the Dee on one side and the tower and the Flintshire hills on the other.

Jahart

LATE VERSE.

A Slumber-Song for the Fisherman's Child.

Furl your sail, my little boatie;
Here's the harbor, still and deep,
Where the dreaming tides, in-streaming,
Up the channel creep.
See, the sunset breeze is dying;
Hark, the plover, landward flying,
Softly down the twilight crying;
Come to anchor, little boatie,
In the port of Sleep.

Far away, my little boatie,
Roaring waves are white with foam;
Ships are striving, onward driving,
Day and night they roam.
Father's at the deep-sea trawling,
In the darkness, rowing, hauling,
While the hungry winds are calling,—
God protect him, little boatie,
Bring him safely home!

Not for you, my little boatie,
Is the wide and weary sea;
You're too slender, and too tender,
You must rest with me.
All day long you have been straying
Up and down the shore and playing;
Come to port, make no delaying!
Day is over, little boatie,
Night falls suddenly.

Furl your sail, my little boatie;
Fold your wings, my tired dove.
Dews are sprinkling, stars are twinkling
Drowsily above.
Cease from sailing, cease from rowing;
Rock upon the dream-tide, knowing
Safely o'er your rest are glowing,
All the night, my little boatie,
Harbor-lights of love.

—Henry Van Dyke in *Scribner's Magazine* for September.

"One Day."

Some day, some day, or you, or I alone,
Must look upon the scenes we two have known,
Must tread the self-same paths we two have trod,
And cry in vain to one who is with God,
To lean down from the Silent Realms and say,
"I love you," in the old familiar way.

Some day—and each day, beauteous though it be,
Brings closer that dread hour for you or me.
Fleet-footed Joy, who hurries time along,
Is yet a secret foe who does us wrong,
Speeding us gayly, though he well doth know
Of yonder pathway where but one may go.

Oh, heart of mine, through all these perfect days,
Whether of white Decembers or green Mays,
There runs a dark thought like a creeping snake,
Or like a black thread, which by some mistake
Life has strung the pearls of happy years:
A thought which borders all my joy with tears.

Aye, one will go. To go is sweet, I wis—
Yet God must needs invent some special bliss
To make His Paradise seem very dear
To one who goes and leaves the other here.
To sever souls so bound by love and time,
For any one but God, would be a crime.

Yet Death will entertain his own, I think.
To one who stays, life gives the gall to drink.
To one who stays, or be it you or me,
There waits the Garden of Gethsemane.
O dark, inevitable, and awful day,
When one of us must go and one must stay!

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in the *September Pall Mall Magazine*.

The Norseman's Right.

[In ancient times, among the Norsemen, a new-born child was laid in its father's arms, that he might decide whether it should be reared or exposed to die.]

Ay, three were sons enough for one to claim
Who would not see them spearless in the fight,
And I, thy father, have the Norseman's right
To send the new-born spirit whence it came.

So, straight and strong, thou wert not fashioned ill,
Who knows the meaning of that hand and head?
If thou hadst been the eldest— From her bed
The mother watches hollow-eyed and still.

The voice of Lars, the first-born, clear and bold,
Rings down the crags whereon he climbs apart,
The glory of the Vikings in his heart.
What if it be another Lars I hold?

And busy Olaf, with his eager mind,
His love of musty lore, could ill be spared;
And sunny little Eric, ruddy bairn—
O God, if I had left him to the wind!

Yet for his life or death a weary while
I pondered, and my spirit paused and shook,
Even as now it falters. (Mind thy look!
The mother's lips are trembling to a smile.)

'Twere such a little thing to end it now.
The swinging gates in life are scarcely passed
And down the frozen causeway leaps a blast
With death in every glance for such as thou.

'Tis little I can give them at the best;
A portion must await, in sacred fee,
The woman-child we look to find in thee.
Thou wouldst not choose to live and cheat the rest?

A Norseman holds the sacred right to slay,
And three were sons enough (though not to spare).
Yet—would they had not made thee straight and fair,
And would thy mother's eyes might look away!

—Juliet Wilbur Tompkins in the *Criterion*.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

"Lohengrin" and "Othello."

Bizet's "Carmen" will be sung at the Tivoli Opera House this (Saturday) evening, and Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet" on Sunday evening. Next week Wagner's "Lohengrin" will be given on Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday evenings, and Verdi's "Othello" will be produced on Tuesday, Thursday, and Sunday nights and Saturday matinee.

The cast for "Lohengrin" will be an especially strong one, including Barron Berthold in his favorite rôle of the Knight of the Holy Grail, in which he won renown in a single night; Mary Linck as Ortrud, Ella Prosnitz as Elsa, William Mertens as Telramund, William Schuster as Henry, King of Germany, and Signor Zani as the herald. In Verdi's "Othello," which will be heard for the first time at popular prices—for the veteran composer had always refused permission for the opera to be played at popular prices until the Tivoli management recently secured permission to do so—Signor Avedano is to have the title rôle, Signor Salassa will be seen as Iago, Anna Lichter as Desdemona, Miss Beckwith as Emilia, and Signor Fonari, Marcel Perron, Arthur Mesmer, and Signor Zani will all be seen to advantage.

At the Orpheum.

The most notable attraction at the Orpheum next week will be the Bachelor Club Quartet. The four gentlemen who make up this organization are said to give the audience a charming peep into duddom. Vocal music and light comedy are cleverly combined, and the whole act is said to be unique and refined. The other new-comers are the Crawford Sisters, two *chic* character artists, who will introduce a wealth of new songs, dances, and witty repartee.

Those retained from this week's bill include the Hungarian Boys' Military Band, which is a great favorite with San Francisco theatre-goers. It has improved greatly during its two years' absence, and the varied selections are received each evening with much enthusiasm. Charley Case, the monologue comedian, who "talks about his father and brother," is exceedingly droll and keeps the audience laughing and applauding all the time he is on the stage. Arnold Grazer and little Hazel Callaghan do a novel mirror-dance, which for beautiful and startling light-effects has not been equaled since Papinta was last here. Montrell, the juggler, and the Biograph complete the bill.

A Revival of "Fatinitza."

Sousa's "El Capitan" will give way on Monday night at the Grand Opera House to an elaborate revival of Von Suppé's charming comic opera, "Fatinitza," which has not been heard here for some time. The following is a splendid cast: Count Timofey Cavrilovitch Kanchukoff, a Russian general, William Wolff; Princess Lydia Imanovan, his niece, Edith Mason; Izzet Pasha, governor of the Turkish fortress at Rutchuk, Winfred Goff; Captain Vasil Staravieff, A. E. Arnold; Lieutenant Ossip Safeneff, Charles Arling; Ivan, a cadet, Meindel Dreyfus; Dimitri, another cadet, Julie Cotte; Stepan, a sergeant, Arthur Wooley; Julian Hardy, a New York war-correspondent, Thomas H. Persse; Vladimir Samoiloff, lieutenant in a Circassian cavalry regiment, Hattie Belle Ladd; Hassan Bey, leader of a squad of Bashi-Bazouks, Herbert Sinclair; Hursidah, favorite wife of Izzet Pasha, Julie Cotte; Zuleika, second wife of Izzet Pasha, Mindel Dreyfus; Diane, third wife of Izzet Pasha, Ida Stubbs; Besika, fourth wife of Izzet Pasha, Jeanette Fredericks; Mustapha, guardian of the harem, Nace Bonville; Harsaldshi, Bessie Fairbairn.

Modjeska in "Marie Antoinette."

Clay Clement will close his engagement on Sunday evening in "The Bells," and for two weeks, beginning on Monday next, the Columbia Theatre will remain dark. The opening attraction of the fall and winter season, on September 25th, will be Modjeska, supported by an excellent company headed by John E. Kellard, who was last seen here at the Baldwin Theatre with Marie Burroughs in "The Profligate" and "Judah."

The novelty of Modjeska's repertoire will be Clinton Stuart's new play, "Marie Antoinette," which was given its initial performance at the Fisher Opera House in San Diego on Monday evening and scored a genuine success. The play was written expressly for Mme. Modjeska, and her interpretation of it was received with marked enthusiasm. The play was magnificently staged by John C. Fisher, Modjeska's manager, and the scenery, painted by a New York artist, Thomas Moses, was much admired. Kellard, as Louis the Sixteenth, and Wadsworth Harris, as Mirabeau, both acted with subtlety and power.

The Mechanics' Fair.

The thirty-first industrial exposition of the Mechanics' Institute opened last Saturday night under conditions that promise to make it even more successful than any of its predecessors. In addition to the many attractive exhibits of the merchants, the tea houses, candy kiosks, great towers of baking powder and coffee, pyramids of jelly, dainty pavilions of perfumery, and cozy little restaurants, there are two distinct novelties. The first of these is the Yo-Ki-A Indian village, in which six Mendocino aborigines toil around the camp-fire making baskets,

arrows and spears, and acorn pastry. The second is the Filipino village, which occupies the small hall on the Hayes Street side of the pavilion. Upstairs there has been constructed for them a large circus-ring, around which has been arranged seats. Every day during the exposition they will give performances there. The exposition will continue until October 7th, Sundays excepted, with concerts every afternoon and evening.

THE NEW YORK THEATRICAL SEASON.

The long summer fast from dramatic food is at an end for New Yorkers. Last week no less than eleven play-houses opened their doors, and in a fortnight all the leading theatres will have entered the theatrical arena. The most notable new pieces that were seen and passed judgment upon during last week were "The Girl from Mexico," by George Feydeau, who was one of the authors of "The Gay Parisians," in which Josephine Hall and W. J. Ferguson made big hits at the Criterion; "A Little Ray of Sunshine," by Mark Ambient and Wilton Heriot, which came to Wallack's from the Royalty Theatre, London, with the original English company, including, among others, William Elton, the leading man, who appeared in New York many years ago with the famous Wallack Company in "The Parvenue," "The Governor," "The World," "The Rivals," "She Stoops to Conquer," "Youth," "As You Like It," and "Hoodman Blind"; Broadhurst's "Why Smith Left Home," with practically the same company which produced it here at the California Theatre last year; "The Last of the Robans" at the Academy of Music, with Andrew Mack in the leading rôle; "A Young Wife," a melodrama, by J. K. Tillotson, at the Fourteenth Street; and "Mr. Smooth," by Willie Collier, who is said to have scored even a greater success in his own farce at the Manhattan than he earned in "The Man from Mexico."

"His Excellency the Governor" has taken up its run at the Empire, where it left off during the first part of July, and on Monday evening Mrs. Leslie Carter opened the Garrick with a revival of "Zaza." Annie Russell in "Miss Hobbs," at the Lyceum, and Minnie Seligman in "In Paradise," at the Bijou, were the other novelties. Next week E. H. Sothern and Virginia Harned will re-open Daly's with the stirring "The King's Musketeers"; John Drew will succeed "His Excellency the Governor," at the Empire, in Haddon Chambers's "The Tyranny of Tears," which has been one of the most prosperous productions of the past London season; and Mrs. Fiske will be seen in the title rôle of "Becky Sharp," based on Thackeray's masterpiece.

Later, Sir Henry Irving, accompanied by Ellen Terry and his London Lyceum Theatre company, will come to America to act "Robespierre" and several of the best plays of his repertoire; Richard Mansfield will continue for the present on tour in "Cyrano de Bergerac," and during the holidays will appear at the Garden Theatre, New York, in a new heroic drama, entitled "Jeffreys," by Emile Mareau, who was a collaborator with Victorien Sardou in "Madame Sans-Gêne"; Francis Wilson is to bring out an operatic version of Rostand's long-nosed hero; Stuart Robson will be seen in a dramatization of "The Gadfly"; Julia Marlowe will impersonate Barbara Frietchie, transformed into a heroine of romance by Clyde Fitch; William H. Crane will have a play, "Peter Stuyvesant," by Brander Matthews and Bronson Howard, which promises to be the most important piece he has produced; Nat Goodwin will try Clyde Fitch's "The Cowboy and the Lady," which was indifferently received in London; Julia Arthur has a new play, of fine pictorial quality, treating of the Empress Josephine, and called in the French original "Plus que Reine"; William Gillette will create the principal rôle in "Sherlock Holmes," dramatized from Conan Doyle's detective stories; Maud Adams is to continue this season in Barrie's "The Little Minister" and Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet"; and Viola Allen will go on tour with Hall Caine's "The Christian."

Among the other plays from novels will be Israel Zangwill's "The Children of the Ghetto," in which Blanche Bates and a strong company will appear; Henry Miller in "The Only Way," taken from Dickens's "A Tale of Two Cities"; James K. Hackett in "The Pride of Jennico"; E. H. Sothern in a new "Monte Cristo"; General Lew Wallace's "Ben Hur"; Henry Jewett in James Lane Allen's "The Choir Invisible"; Julia Marlowe in Charles Major's "When Knighthood Was in Flower"; and Winston Churchill's "Richard Carvel."

That New York will not lack for novelties is evident from the foregoing announcements. It is interesting, in this connection, to speculate how many of the best of these productions will reach the coast this season. None, we fear, unless Henry Miller again decides to pay us a visit next summer with a batch of new Frohman successes in his repertoire.

Hildesheim's famous thousand-year-old rose-bush, which it had been feared in the last two years was dying, has sent out new shoots and runners from a thick root stock this year, and seems now to be safe to last for a good many years to come. The plant has not blossomed this summer.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Three Kinds of Patriotism.

PALO ALTO, September 5, 1899.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In the *Argonaut* of the fourth inst., "M. V. D." has truthfully called attention to "two kinds of patriotism." There is one other which I wish to add to his exposition. The people of the State, the city of San Francisco, lawyers, doctors, ministers, lecturers, college professors, editors, poets, and declaimers have all joined in the universal jubilee in welcoming home twelve hundred or more of our California boys. These boys deserve all the praise and glory given them. The battle-ships and sailors deserve far more than has been given them. But are there not in California others who deserve something at our hands?—others who seem to be forgotten in the wild rush to do honor to the brave boys coming home after an absence of twelve or fifteen months?

In 1865 a most memorable war closed, and the citizen-soldiers returned to their homes after an absence of three or four years. The soldiers in that sad war did not fight Spaniards or Filipinos, but Americans—brothers, relatives, men of equal courage and equal bravery. I do not make any comparison between the two wars—history will do that. The veterans of the Civil War, more than eight hundred thousand in number, quietly and joyously returned to the ranks of citizens. More than six thousand of them are to-day in California. What honors, what esteem, what favors are shown them? Let me quote from the *Chronicle* of the first inst.:

"Warden Aguirre again swung his axe to-day. . . . He surprised every one last night by the discharge of Silas Parker, an old soldier, who has been a guard for a number of years. Parker is a veteran of the Civil War and a member of the Grand Army of the Republic. As far as known he has an excellent record."

The veterans of the Civil War are thrown out of positions in the mint, from the police force, throughout the State, but no protest is heard coming from the aforesaid editors, ministers, lawyers, doctors, college professors, or the general public.

The six thousand members of the Grand Army of the Republic living in California should mark well this treatment of their comrades, and should resent it when casting ballots at coming elections.

G. A. R.

An Appreciative Reader.

29 FLORENCE ROAD, PRESTON PARK,

BRIGHTON, July 21, 1899.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I am advised to write direct to you to ask if you would be good enough to send me the *Argonaut* for one year. I have had it sent from Glastonbury after my friends there had read it, and passed it on to quite five persons, but my friend is dead, and I do not know how to proceed to get it, or would not trouble you. It is the only paper we care to read, being quite unique in character and so full of varied interest that we find no English paper to compare with it.

Will you kindly let me know how much it will be and whether English money will be good?

Yours faithfully, EMILY BOOTH.

Sibyl Sanderson Terry has recently been one of the most interesting members of the American colony at Aix-les-Bains, where she has been taking the cure. She is said to be much improved in health, and confirmation of this good news might be found in her promise to sing there for the benefit of a local charity. This will be Mme. Terry's first appearance in public since her marriage, and is not likely to fore-shadow any intention of a permanent return to the operatic stage, as the American singer has announced her retirement as final, in spite of the somewhat complicated condition of her late husband's affairs. He left very much less than was expected, in view of his family's wealth, and Mme. Terry will not be as rich as her friends thought she would. Her own earnings were probably not more than enough to pay for her costumes and the other expenses incidental to an operatic career, so there is no ground for wonder that nothing should remain from what she had earned during her career as singer. Mme. Terry's stepdaughter is with her, and there is said to exist between them a deep attachment. The Cuban estates owned by her husband were heavily mortgaged before his death, according to rumors, and the pair's home, in which Mme. Terry and her husband lived, was given up soon after his death in favor of a less expensive establishment. Mme. Terry's recovery is said to be much more complete than her physician ever hoped.

Jabart

The popularity of golf in England is proving a godsend to the farmers and land-holders in the vicinity of the larger towns. In many cases fabulous prices have been paid for club-grounds, and lands which had hitherto been considered worthless for agricultural purposes have acquired a particular value, and are being sold or leased for sums of which their owners scarcely dreamed before the general introduction of the game.

Jabart

Maros Ujvar, in Hungary, a manufacturing town of thirty-five hundred inhabitants, may be expected to grow rapidly. A Hungarian singer, who undertook to give a concert there, found it impossible, as there was not a single piano in the town, and he had not brought one with him.

Jabart

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WOMANLY BEAUTY.

How to Gain It. How to Retain It.

JOHN V. SHOEMAKER, A. M., M. D.,

Professor of Materia Medica, Therapeutics, Clinical Medicine and Diseases of the Skin in the Medico-Chirurgical College of Philadelphia; Physician to the Hospital; Member of the American and British Medical Associations; Fellow of the Medical Society of London, etc.

Is the author of a comprehensive new book entitled:

"HEREDITY, HEALTH, AND PERSONAL BEAUTY."

Here is a partial list of subjects from its Table of Contents:

The General Laws of Health: Physical beauty dependent on their observance—The spendthrift tendency as to health—Imprudence in exercise—City-bred and country-bred—The secret of enjoyable life.

The Source of Beauty in the Fair Sex—Causes chiefly concerned in producing the relative beauty of the fair sex—Men choose the best-favored—Women the sedulous care of enlightened nations—Beauty-producing prevalence of romantic love—The influence of sexual selection.

The Regulative Law of Life and Growth—Evolution—Comparison of theories—History of the discussion.

The Evolution of the American Girl—Dressing for adornment—Dressing of American women—Of foreign women—Modifying fashions to suit forms—Beauty of American women compared with French—Fifty years of fashion—From simplicity to luxury—The Countess of Jersey on improvement in hygienic practices—The female form—Its proportions—Points of elegance—Beauty of the bosom—Warning against quacks—Tight shoes and gloves—Tight-lacing—Blonde and brunette types—The grace of Spanish women—Conditions tending to make American women the handsomest type of the world.

Nature's Evidence of the Law of Life and growth—The relation between species—Effects of sexual selection upon animals—The courting of birds—Rare case of the female courting the male—Nature's relinquishment of unused organs.

Man's Physical Place in Nature—Educated man and the savage—Likeness to the anthropoid apes—Types of brain conformation.

Food for Health and Beauty—Tastes of nations—Acquirement of taste—Plain cooking—English and French cooking—The palate and digestion—Pleasures of the table contributory to health and beauty.

Clothing in its Relation to Health—Protective, healthful, and agreeable aspects of clothing—The uses of linen—Of wool and cotton—Silk underwear—The climate and the almanac.

Ventilation—Cool Air and Pure Air Distinguished—Natural and mechanical ventilation contrasted—How to ventilate for sick and well—Night air—The cellar air—House-tops as resorts.

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"I can not understand *ze* language," said the despairing Frenchman; "I learn how to pronounce *ze* word 'hydrophobia,' and *zen* I learn that *ze* word sometimes pronounce it fatal."—*As*

VANITY FAIR.

The enormous development of hotels in recent years and the increasing tendency of the people to escape the difficulties of housekeeping by taking up permanent residence in public caravansaries furnish the excuse for a very comprehensive article on "Hotels at Home and Abroad," by Arthur Griffiths, in a recent issue of the *Fortnightly Review*. Although the English have not yet come to that system of more or less permanent residence in hotels which obtains in America, the Continent is overrun with hotel nomads, who, in the language of Mr. Griffiths, "drag on in a ceaseless round from winter station to summer health resort, who are walking hotel-guides, who have long since lost their identity in a mere numerical expression, and whose entire belongings are limited to a few portmanteaus and their responsibility to the power of discharging their weekly bills." As the huge hosteleries are constantly multiplying, and as hotel-keeping fills so large a part of the ethics of life, Mr. Griffiths believes it is pertinent to inquire how far they are meeting the requirements of the public. He asks: "Is there still truth in the old expression, 'to take mine ease in mine inn'? Is privacy possible amid a herd? Can peace and quiet be attained where there is perpetual rush and scurry and a constantly moving crowd? Has not real, solid comfort been sacrificed for garish, empty splendor? Do we, in short, get full value for what we pay, and is there any hope of improvement in accommodation, service, and, most especially, in food?"

Mr. Griffiths does not attempt to answer all of these questions himself, but contents himself with elaborating the most glaring deficiency of modern hotel management—the neglect of individual idiosyncrasies. "They are rather inclined," he says, "to lump their clients together in one mass, to be dealt with mechanically, so that each identity is lost, distinctive names are effaced, people become mere numbers, units in a great regiment which is located, fed, dragooned, indeed, and driven like sheep along the same beaten track. The great caravansary is, in truth, often governed by rather arbitrary rules: this is forbidden and that must be done; meals must be eaten at the hours advertised or not at all; nothing may be served in bedrooms except on medical certificate; tables must be reserved or must not, and so on. The justification often urged is, that the greatest good for the greatest number is thus secured. There is, nevertheless, good ground for the complaint that the personal *ego* is too much ignored, and in the keen struggle now in progress between the two classes of hotel—the monster and the modest—it is probable that the one which treats its patrons individually rather than collectively may count upon the most abiding success."

A rule imposed at the most recently opened hotel in London—the Carlton—making evening-dress compulsory at dinner has raised some important protests and may lead to litigation. No hotel proprietor here has ever tried to enforce such a rule (says the *New York Sun*). The nearest approach to this in New York was made last winter by a restaurant which gave a series of so-called *diners de luxe* every Sunday night, and required, not only of the men, but of the women who came, that they should be in evening-dress. Just now the greatest latitude in this respect prevails at the most fashionable restaurants. The extent of men's evening-dress in New York during the summer months is likely to be a dinner-coat, one of those tailless garments which scarcely count as full-dress in London, even during the summer. A New Yorker who was recently in Berlin had an experience which proved to him in what little respect the dinner-coat was held in foreign countries. He attended a semi-official, semi-public function, to which only persons were admitted who went in full-dress. He was traveling and thought his dinner-coat formal enough for the occasion, but the custodian would not admit him. He saw Germans passing in with coats of antique pattern and strange build, but they had tails and satisfied the requirements in that particular. Some of them were dressed just as they had been during the rest of the day at business, but they had on dress-coats of the conventional kind, while the American wearing a dinner-coat, built in accordance with the best London traditions, was kept out. To the minds of the authorities no man was in evening-dress when he neglected anything so important as the tails of his coat. In New York the man who is seen in a long-tail dress-coat may easily be put down as a visitor from some other city.

To the crusty old bachelor or the woman who is out of the running, the marriage question is assuming some rather amusing phases in foreign countries (remarks the *Bazar*). The Diet of Hesse has introduced a tax on unmarried men, they being compelled to pay twenty-five per cent. more taxes than their married brethren, and it is said that the effect of this resolution by the government is being watched with great interest by the maidens of Hesse, who are actually having an epidemic of proposals. While in India the ever-recurring question of the remarriage of widows has again popped up, the Eastern fathers suddenly realizing that by giving the widows a

second chance, the opportunities of getting rid of their unmarried daughters is being considerably narrowed. English statistics show that one out of every five widows seizes the opportunity to a second time stand before the altar of Hymen. It is said that in the United States the female population is very little larger than the male, for the surplus women of New England are balanced by the men of the mining communities of the Far West.

Caddies have recently been the subject of evangelical discussion in a Western town, where a pastor has been questioning the moral right of golfers to ask them to work on the links on the Sabbath. Such missionary work would have no field in the East. Regarding Sunday golfing the clubmen take the stand that it is simply a question of individual opinion whether a golfer plays or not, and, to preserve the right of local option in the matter, the golfers have always organized and fought with success the efforts made in certain towns in New York, Connecticut, and New Jersey to banish Sunday golf by the enforcement of the so-called "blue-law" legislation. It has been conceded that when a course is too close to the heart of a community, the sight of men playing golf on Sunday might shock the sensibilities of the church-going element, that it is good taste to refrain from the sport, and on this account there is no Sunday play on certain links. But in regard to the employment of caddies in the East, the golfers, while reserving the right to play on Sunday whenever they do not scandalize the church-goers, have always refused to ask a junior caddie to work for them on that day. At Shinnecock Hills the by-laws forbid members to have caddies on Sunday, unless persons over the age of twenty-one years are employed, and at the other country clubs it is a matter of etiquette not to ask a caddie to serve on the Sabbath. The members, when starting, will hire caddies should any volunteer, but they will not engage the boys in advance. The regard for the welfare of the boys does not end with this, for on many links no caddies are allowed to serve, unless adults, until after midday, so that they may attend church in the morning should they so desire. On week days the green committees of the clubs work hand-in-glove with the local school-masters, and do all in their power to keep boys from playing truant to serve on the links.

According to a writer in the *Chicago Times-Herald* it is no longer considered a disgrace among the English aristocracy to work. A glance at the list of the nobility shows that some of them are not above making the convenient dollar. Lord Chylesmore derives the greater portion of his income from his ribbon manufactures in and around Coventry. Lord Masham is a wool-spinner, while Lord Armstrong may be described as the British Krupp. The Earl of Dysart formerly edited *Vanity Fair*, and is now one of that publication's regular contributors, while Lord Mountmorres is editor of Lady Colin Campbell's weekly paper, the *Realist*. Another journalist is Lady Greville, wife of Lord Greville, who sends weekly articles to the *London Graphic*. The Marquis of Lorne, son-in-law of the queen, adds to his income by his work as a designer and partner in a firm of house-decorators. Lord Londonderry and Lord Dudley, besides many other peers, not only mine coal, but retail it, having it peddled in the streets of London in carts bearing their names and coronets. It is in vehicles similarly adorned that Lord Rosebery, Lord Rayleigh, and the Marquis of Abergavenny retail milk to metropolitan customers. On several occasions have these noble lords been found suing petty dealers in the London courts for having encroached upon their milk routes. Lord Portsmouth does not seem to gain additional income as a greengrocer, and carts bearing his name and title may be met selling vegetables from house to house in the neighborhood of his beautiful place in Hampshire. The number of peers who are interested in the beer, ale, and liquor trade is legion, some of them even owning the public-houses, or saloons, in which the liquors are retailed.

It is amusing, in looking over the columns in American newspapers devoted to the art of entertaining, or to dinners and luncheons (says Rebecca Harding Davis in the *Independent*), to find how much alike all efforts at hospitality are throughout this country. A fashionable leader in New York, who ventured twelve years ago out to Chicago, wrote back: "I assure you that the dinners here are served precisely as at home, and the *chefs* and wines are quite as good as ours in New York." A new fashion in table effects, as in hats, sweeps over the country from sea to sea, much faster than the hot and cold waves about which the weather bureau daily vex our souls. "Teas" in the flamboyant American style have reached Porto Rico, and I have heard of "Kaffee Klatsches" on Pike's Peak. This universal habit of imitation in the ways of entertaining is due to us women, who always are foremost in the great social scramble upward. We are afraid to be original even in our soups. Your regular diner-out in the cities eats the same meal, from oysters to *liqueurs*, every night in the winter in a different house, until his stomach, if not his soul, is weary within him. Why should not each hostess during the coming winter welcome her guests in a way which would speak of her own habits, and

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fancy, and taste? She is used to leave the decoration of the table, the choice of dishes, and the serving of them to florists, cooks, and butlers. They, properly enough, follow "the fashion." And so comes "the damning iteration" of which society sickens. Surely here is a reform not too petty for the mind of our hostess.

jshart

There is to be another, and probably ineffectual, effort to reform women's dress on the occasion of the Paris exposition. Why, one can not guess, since it is a well-known fact that the mass of women do not wish their dress to be fashioned according to the laws of health, but rather, and always, by the details of fashion. However, "the fiat has gone forth, the word has been spoken," and although it may accomplish nothing, the dress-reform congress will meet.

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THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Tuesday, September 5, 1899, were as follows:

BONDS.		Closed.	
Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Contra C. Water 5%.	1,000 @ 110	109 3/4	110
Market St. Ry. 5%.	12,000 @ 115 1/4	115 1/4	115 3/4
N. R. of Cal. 5%.	1,000 @ 115 1/4	115 1/4	116
Los An. Ry. 5%.	7,000 @ 106 1/2	106 1/2	106 3/4
Park & C. H. Ry. 6%.	4,000 @ 107 1/2	107 1/2	108
S. F. & N. P. Ry. 5%.	10,000 @ 114 1/4	114 1/4	115
STOCKS.		Closed.	
Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Contra Costa Water.	400 @ 75 1/2 - 76	75 1/2	75 3/4
Springs Valley Water.	285 @ 102 1/2 - 102 1/2	102	102 1/2
Gas and Electric.			
Mutual Electric.	145 @ 16 1/2 - 16 1/2	16 1/2	16 3/4
S. F. Gas & Electric.	120 @ 65 1/2 - 69 1/2	65 1/2	66
S. F. Gas.	15 @ 3 1/2	3 1/2	3 3/4
Banks.			
Anglo-California.	40 @ 65	65	
Bank of Cal.	95 @ 28 1/2 - 28 1/2	28 1/2	28 3/4
First National.	10 @ 23 1/2	23 1/2	
Street R. R.			
Market St.	100 @ 62 1/2 - 62 1/2	62 1/2	
Powders.			
California.	10 @ 160	150	165
Giant Con.	335 @ 73 1/2 - 74 1/2	73 1/2	74
Vigorit.	575 @ 2 1/2 - 2 1/2	2 1/2	2 3/4
Sugars.			
Hana P. Co.	775 @ 15 1/2 - 15 1/2	15	15 1/2
Hutchinson.	1,035 @ 31 1/2 - 31 1/2	31 1/2	32
Kilauea S. Co.	160 @ 30 1/2 - 30 1/2	30 1/2	31
Makaweli S. Co.	1,130 @ 50 1/2 - 51	51	
Onomea S. Co.	290 @ 39 1/2 - 40 1/2	40 1/2	
Paauhau S. P. Co.	920 @ 38 1/2 - 40	39 1/2	39 3/4
Miscellaneous.			
Alaska Packers.	40 @ 117 1/2 - 118	117 1/2	118
Oceanic Steam Co.	170 @ 89 1/2 - 89 1/2	89 1/2	90

The sugar stocks were strong and made small gains on the increase of dividends—Onomea increasing its dividend from 30 cents to 35 cents per month, Paauhau from 30 cents to 35 cents, and Makaweli from 40 cents to 50 cents per month. Kilauea also declared a dividend of 25 cents per share monthly.

The market has been quiet on account of the holidays; Tuesday being very light on account of the Jewish new year.

The gas and electric stocks have been very quiet, San Francisco Gas and Electric selling down to 65 1/2, but closing at 65 3/4 bid.

The powder stocks have been moderately active, Giant selling up to 75, but closed off at 73 1/2 bid. Vigorit sold at 2 1/2.

Market Street Railway was strong and sold up to 62 1/2 on snail buying.

INVESTMENTS.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A pugilist, in Chicago, was giving an interview to a reporter recently. The pugilist is from Australia, and has traveled in South Africa, so the reporter asked him if he had met Cecil Rhodes "Rhodes," replied the Australian; "what's his weight?"

A British tourist wandered into the Rustlers' Retreat, in an Arizona town recently, and languidly asked for a "igh ball." "Jake," called the accommodating barkeeper to his assistant, "the gent wants a eye-ball; I dunno wat fer, but he wants it. Go out and ketch a Chinaman."

Friends of the two remember the quarrels that used to go on between the late Sir Rowland Hill and Anthony Trollope when they both were connected with the post-office. A discussion arose one day as to the meaning of "official" language and "private" language. "In official life," said Sir Rowland, glaring at Trollope, "I am accustomed to describe myself as your obedient servant, whereas in real life you know very well that I am nothing of the sort!"

A French delegate to the recent Woman's Congress in London resisted for a long time the efforts of Lady Aberdeen to induce her to "draw her remarks to a close." At last the chairwoman was obliged to order the speaker peremptorily to resume her seat. The French lady turned in hot indignation, and whisked herself back to her chair. As she did so, she angrily crumpled up her priceless manuscript and muttered audibly: "Mon Dieu! C'est un autre Fashoda!"

Jerry Simpson tells a story of a traveler who, just as he was writing his name on the register of a Leavenworth hotel, saw a *cimex lectularius* which took its way across the page. The man paused and remarked: "I've been hied by St. Joseph fleas, bitten by Kansas City spiders, and interviewed by Fort Scott graybacks, but I'll be darned if I was ever in a place before where the hugs looked over the hotel register to find out where your room was."

A young couple were entertaining their friends, and among the guests was one whose continued rudeness made him extremely objectionable to the rest of the company. His conduct was put up with for some time, until at supper he held up on his fork a piece of meat which had been served to him, and in a vein of intended humor, he looked round and remarked: "Is this pig?" This immediately drew forth the remark from a quiet-looking individual sitting at the other end of the table: "Which end of the fork do you refer to?"

Johannes Gelert, the New York sculptor, was in his studio one day when a man and woman called. They were apparently a well-to-do farmer and his wife, who were making their first tour in the world of art. The sculptor explained to them the mysteries of modeling and casting. At the end the man said: "I think I understand it pretty well now, but there is still one thing that puzzles me." "What is it?" asked the artist. "I understand how a statue is in the piece of marble that you buy, but how do you cut away the stuff which is around it?"

A boy of thirteen sends a story of a German who, being pursued by a policeman, ran into the store of a friend who was a crockery merchant, and hid himself in a bag. The policeman, coming in after him, knocked on all the bags and baskets to find out where he was. When he came to the bag where the German was hid he knocked, and, not hearing the rattle of china, said: "The German must be in here, for if it was china it would go 'tinkle, tinkle.'" "Dingle, dingle," said the German inside. The boy neglects to state whether or not the policeman was deceived.

Colonel Cody helped to build a church at North Platte, and was persuaded by his wife and daughter to accompany them to the opening. The minister gave out the hymn, which commenced with the words: "Oh, for ten thousand tongues to sing," etc. The organist, who played by ear, started the tune in too high a key, and had to try again. A second attempt ended like the first in failure. "Oh, for ten thousand tongues to sing my great—" came the opening words for the third time, followed by a squeak from the organ and a relapse into painful silence. Cody could contain himself no longer, and hurried out: "Start it at five thousand, and mehbe some of the rest of us can get in."

In Justin McCarthy "Reminiscences" there is a story about Thomas Carlyle and his friend Allingham, the poet and essayist, one of the gentlest of men. One thing that would never have occurred to any of his friends as possible was the chance of his taking on himself to dispute with Carlyle. But once when Carlyle was denouncing an English statesman, he gently urged that something might be said on the other side. "Eh, William Allingham," Carlyle broke forth, "you're just about the most disputatious man I ever met. Eh! man, when you're

in one of your humors you'd just disparte about anything."

Mrs. Sallie Marshall Hardy, who is a descendant of Chief-Justice Marshall, visited the supreme court chambers in Washington recently, and was introduced to Justice Harlan by a functionary of the court. She was then seated under the bust of her distinguished ancestor, and Justice Harlan whispered to Chief-Justice Fuller: "That little woman there under Marshall's bust is his great-granddaughter." The chief-justice looked toward the little woman, and then said: "Tell her I am afraid the bust may fall on her." "I'm not afraid," returned Mrs. Hardy; "nothing on earth could please me so much as to have my great-grandfather's head fall on my shoulders."

A DAY AT A FRENCH TRIAL.

Betrayal of Army Cook-Book Secrets the Charge.

SCENE:

Théâtre Comique stage.—The prisoner, charged with betraying secrets of the cuisine by selling pages of the army cook-book to a Vienna restaurant, in irons and gagged. Seven judges in full uniform in hammocks, twelve rapid-fire guns aimed at the prisoner, in rear. Witnesses seated in orchestra-chairs, drinking absinthe. Outside three thousand gendarmes and eleven hundred detectives, disguised as Irish comedians, Filipinos, lepers, bill-collectors, rough riders, etc. Beyond, the populace, or ho! polloi, shouting "Vive l'Armée," "à bas the Republic," "conspuez the prisoner," and other witticisms. M. SOUP DE BOUILLON, expert on handwriting, is on the witness-chair, surrounded by microscopes, cameras, X-ray apparatus, etc. He holds a paper.

M. SOUP DE BOUILLON—Yes, this document surely convicts the pig of a prisoner, the scoundrel! It is in his writing, I swear it, but written with his left hand. It is a letter to the Chinese emperor. I do not understand the language, but it is certainly a treasonable document, therefore I have signed the prisoner's name to it. I will now soak it in nitric acid and offer it as evidence.

GENERAL BOYSDUFFER [with much heat]—I testify that with seven of the officers of the army of the republic, which stands to-day in direct danger of an attack by the Germans, Russians, and Coxey's army, and which calls in tearful, heart-stirring tones upon all the patriots to rise and exterminate the Jew, I discovered this document in the bedroom of this dastardly scoundrel who has betrayed la belle France. *Vive l'Armée!*

[Dances in front of the prisoner, froths at the mouth and almost throws an apoplectic fit. Several fights start among the audience. Vitiol is thrown by somebody in the corner. Bayonet charge by little soldiers in baggy trousers. Prisoner's counsel introduces WING SING, a Chinese laundryman from 16 Rue de Celestials.]

WING SING [smiling]—Yep. Allee same know papel. [Reads]. Two shirtee, one pail sockee, six cuffee, one bath-lobe, one colset-covel. Me write it—allee samee laundly checkee—fifty centime.

[Sensation in court. WING retires.]
[Seventeen generals, twelve colonels, and nine captains follow and solemnly swear that they recognize the laundry check as the prisoner's writing, and declare him guilty of arson, bigamy, mayhem, shop-lifting, chicken stealing, and other petty crimes. Some draw swords and threaten the prisoner.]

GENERAL MUSSYHAIR [ex-minister of marine]—I swear on my honor as an officer that the dog yonder is guilty of treason. Why not? What would you? I have listened to him in his sleep, and twice he has said, "I open the pot." It is enough? *A bas the miscreant!* Also, when I walked down the avenue of the Second Arrondissement, he has been winked at by a woman in a green veil whom he pretended not to recognize. Afterward she winked at the English attaché. I discovered also that he kept a parrot, and a man who will keep a parrot will betray his country. Ah—my fatherland—[overcome with emotion, wipes his eyes on coat-tails.] Yes, he is a traitor! I recognize the document. I saw it in his hands on the 12th of July, 1894.

PRESIDENT OF COURT [frowning severely]—That is not what you told me at our petit souper last night. You then said July 14th. What is the use of rehearsing your testimony if you forget it thus.

GENERAL MUSSYHAIR [confused]—Er—I mean the 14th! *Vive l'Armée!*
[Judges and audience rise and shout "Vive l'Armée!"]

PRISONER'S COUNSEL [rising]—I rise to say I regret to announce that my assistant has been half-shot by an unknown assassin, a short man about six feet tall, with blue-black blonde hair, wearing a bicycle plug-hat of green fur with ear-tabs and a pair of roller-skates!

[Great excitement. Nearly all rush outdoors.]
GENERAL CHIGNON [to GENERAL ROUGE DE BLANC-NOIR]—Ah—the canaille! Our agent, Pilleboute-Renouard, he has fooled it!

CAPTAIN MOUCHOIR [entering quickly]—Peste! He never fired a revolver before, and the chief detective tells me he was so excited he tried to stah the

counsel with the pistol and it went off! *Diable—sacre-bleu!* Gottam!

[Court resumes sitting, with COLONEL PATE DE CRAB on the stand. He exhibits a set of photographs of all the actresses in Paris, several theatre programmes, a return check, a recipe for bleaching hair, a piece of black court-plaster, and three one-dollar bills, which it is asserted the prisoner exchanged for nickels to go against a slot-machine in the Rue des Melancholies.]

PATE DE CRAB—Here is the convincing evidence, all except one thing, which reasons of state compel me to keep secret. All the incriminating documents were captured by the bureau of detection after the prisoner had thrown them out of his window, with the exception of the money which bears evidence on its face that it came from the Russian embassy. It smells of Russia leather.

[Court smells of the money and president pockets it, winking at the witness, who goes up and whispers to him, whereupon the president gives him a dollar.]

COLONEL BONVIVANT DE GALL, chief of army stables [Taking the stand and glaring at the prisoner]—Ah! Canaille! Cochon! Yes—he is the one, O, beloved France, that you should be trodden under foot by such vermin! *[Continues in this strain for over half an hour.]* But oh, my colonel, he is guilty! How I know it I can not tell, for I know nothing whatever of the case, but as I have here my flageolet I will play for you the "Marseillaise."

[Plays for half an hour, affecting court and audience to tears.]

[GENERAL LOUP-GAROU taking the stand in full uniform, with coat covered front and back with medals and carrying a slight overnight bag, accompanied by a sergeant of the Street Cleaning Corps, bearing a mass of papers. He makes a long speech, explaining how the Chinese letter was captured by BOYSDUFFER, and exhibits a trolley-car transfer which the prisoner used while making a secret visit to the frontier, and a large bicycle road-map of Paris, with the asphalted streets marked in red ink, which he said GENERAL BOYSDUFFER told him MUSSYHAIR had stated that COLONEL CHEROOT had informed the Bureau of Incumbrances was dropped by the pig of a prisoner some time in 1894. He then exhibited a letter, of which he only allowed the judges to see the signature, as a full reading of the document would cause a revolution in Paris and perhaps a war with the Triple Alliance.]

PRESIDENT OF THE COURT—Aha! Prisoner, what have you to answer to that?

PRISONER'S COUNSEL—Is that the letter from Paterson, N. J.?

GENERAL LOUP-GAROU—It is, and it proves the guilt of the prisoner, beyond question.

COUNSEL—Is that the original letter you hold in your hand?

GENERAL LOUP-GAROU [much confused]—It is a photograph of the original which is now in the Department of Chirographical Investigation.

COUNSEL—It is in the hands of the proprietor of a Musée Centime in the Boulevard Hydraulique, that's where it is. You sold it to him.

GENERAL LOUP-GAROU [dramatically]—I demand to be confronted by the man of the Musée Centime.

[Great excitement. The proprietor is summoned and confronts the general.]

LOUP-GAROU—You say that I am a liar! I, the general of l'Armée! *Sacre!* That I sold you the letter!

MUSEE PROPRIETOR—I have said it.

LOUP-GAROU [strikes his chest]—Ha—now I will expose you. [Turns to court.] Yes—I sold it! I needed the money to track the traitor among the cafés and bagnios! And now to show the detestable character of this witness and his evidence I tell you that the hundred-franc bank-note which he paid me for the letter was counterfeit.

[Great sensation. Threats of mobbing the witness heard on all sides.]

MUSEE PROPRIETOR [produces letter]—Bien! Here is the letter from the prisoner's brother in Paterson, N. J., wherever that is, and it was written to his father in 1849, some years before the prisoner was born.

PRESIDENT—I sentence the witness to four years in the Cherche-Midi Prison for contempt of court. The session is adjourned for the day.—*New York Sun.*

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"Benny," said the pretty schoolma'am, "you may give me a synonym for the expression, 'He had an end in view.'" "He sees his finish," replied Benny, promptly.—*Judge.*

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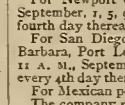


S. S. Australia, for Honolulu only, Wednesday, Sept. 20, 2 p.m.
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For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports, 9 A. M., September 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, October 3, and every fourth day thereafter.
For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 A. M., September 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, October 1, and every 4th day thereafter. For further information see folder.
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SOCIETY.

The Open-Air Horse Show.

The Burlingame Country Club will hold its second annual open-air horse show on the club grounds at Burlingame on Friday and Saturday, September 8th and 9th, from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. each day. Trains will leave Third and Townsend Streets at 9, 10:30, and 11:30 A. M. each day, and return from Burlingame at 4:34 and 6:36 P. M.

A table-d'hôte luncheon will be served at the clubhouse, and any exhibitor, not a member of the club, may obtain a card, entitling him to the privileges of the club, from the secretary.

The exhibits will be entered in forty classes, including roadsters, harness horses, appointment classes, tandems, four-in-hands, ponies in harness, saddle-horses, ponies under saddle, polo ponies, jumping classes, and driving competitions, and the prizes will include blue, red, and white ribbons, and eight special cups. Mr. Charles A. Baldwin will judge the appointment classes, Mr. Robert L. Bettner, of Riverside, will pass upon the ponies, and the harness horses will be judged by Mr. Stillwell, of Santa Barbara.

There will be a hunt ball for members and their guests at the club-house on Friday evening, September 9th, at 9 o'clock.

The committee having the matter in charge includes Mr. George Almer Newhall, chairman; Mr. John Parrott, Mr. Joseph B. Crockett, Mr. F. J. Carolan, Mr. Walter S. Hobart, Mr. Henry J. Crocker, and Mr. George A. Pope.

Golf and Tennis Notes.

The fall season on the Oakland Golf Club's links at Adams Point was opened on Saturday, September 2d, by the first tournament, handicap, over eighteen holes, for the Macdonald Cup. The results were as follows:

Mr. Ernest R. Folger, Mr. Robert M. Fitzgerald, and Mr. P. H. Remillard drew byes; Mr. Harry J. Knowles (scratch) beat Mr. James C. McKee (scratch) 1 up; Mr. Charles P. Hubbard (scratch) beat Mr. William Pierce Johnson (handicap 8) 4 up; Mr. V. Bakewell (4) beat Mr. George D. Greenwood (scratch) 1 up; Mr. J. Ames (4) beat Mr. T. Knowles (18) 8 up and 7 to play; Mr. H. H. Smith (4) beat Mr. Chauncey R. Winslow (4) 7 up and 5 to play. Second round: Mr. Folger beat Mr. Fitzgerald 1 up.

At the Oakland links on Saturday, September 9th, the third contest in the tournament for the Captain's Cup will take place. There will be a reception in the afternoon, with music at the clubhouse.

The San Rafael Golf Club began on Monday, September 4th, the first of its bi-weekly tournaments to be held through the winter. In the semi-finals for the Council's Cup, Mr. E. J. McCutcheon beat Mr. Samuel H. Boardman, 4 up and 3 to play; Mr. R. Gilman Brown beat Mr. Clement Arnold, 3 up and 2 to play; Baron J. H. von Schröder beat Dr. H. O. Howitt, 2 up and 3 to play; and Mr. C. P. Eells beat Mr. C. P. Pomeroy, 4 up and 3 to play. In the semi-finals for the Ladies' Cup, Mrs. Frank S. Johnson beat Mrs. F. H. Green, 2 up; Mrs. B. H. McCalla beat Mrs. William Gerstle, 6 up; Mrs. R. Gilman Brown beat Miss Grace Hecht, 9 up; and Mrs. Jonathan J. Crooks beat Mrs. Albert Kautz, 1 up. Both contests will be completed on Saturday, September 9th.

On Monday the San Rafael Club also had approaching and driving contests for both men and women. The winners were Baron Alex von Schröder, who made a drive of 120 yards over a net forty feet wide and ten feet high three times out of five; Mrs. F. H. Green, whose average approach was 67 feet, 11 inches; Miss Goodwin, of Boston, who made a drive of 145 yards; and Baron J. H. von Schröder, who made a clear drive of 142 against the wind.

The annual tennis tournament of the Pacific States Lawn Tennis Association is now on at Del Monte, and it is especially interesting this year by reason of the Eastern players—Mr. Malcolm Whitman, singles champion of the United States; Messrs. Davis and Ward, doubles champion of the United States; and Mr. Beals C. Wright, singles interscholastic champion of the United States. This is the first time first-class Eastern players have visited the coast.

The tournament began with a round-robin tournament in which the four Eastern players met each of the four Western players. The matches took place on Tuesday, September 5th, and Wednesday, and resulted as follows:

Mr. Whitman defeated Mr. R. N. Whitney, 6-3, 4-6, 6-2, 6-1; Mr. Ward defeated Mr. Samuel Hardy, 9-7, 3-6, 6-4, 6-1; Mr. Davis defeated Mr. George Whitney, 6-2, 6-1, 6-2; Mr. Sumner Hardy defeated Mr. Wright, 7-5, 6-2, 6-3;

Mr. Davis defeated Mr. Samuel Hardy, 6-1, 6-3, 6-0; Mr. Ward defeated Mr. R. N. Whitney, 6-4, 6-1, 6-4; Mr. Whitman defeated Mr. Sumner Hardy, 7-5, 3-6, 6-4, 7-5; Mr. Wright defeated Mr. George Whitney, 9-11, 6-2, 8-6, 7-5.

The result of Wednesday's games was as follows: Mr. Davis defeated Mr. R. N. Whitney, 6-3, 6-0, 6-1; Mr. Whitman defeated Mr. George Whitney, 6-1, 8-6, 6-0; Mr. Wright defeated Mr. Samuel Hardy, 6-3, 6-1, 8-6; Mr. Sumner Hardy defeated Mr. Ward, 6-3, 6-2, 6-3; Mr. Whitman defeated Mr. Samuel Hardy, 6-2, 6-1, 2-6, 6-2; Mr. Ward defeated Mr. George Whitney, 6-3, 6-1, 6-1; Mr. Davis defeated Mr. Sumner Hardy, 2-6, 6-4, 6-3, 0-6, 6-1.

On Thursday the ladies' singles championship of the Pacific Coast will be determined, with Miss Bee Hooper and Miss Violet Sutton, of Los Angeles, as the leading competitors.

On Friday and Saturday the doubles championship of the Pacific States will be determined, and also a consolation doubles tournament. The Eastern players will compete for the Western championship, Messrs. Whitman and Wright forming one team and Messrs. Davis and Ward another. Against them will be the Messrs. Whitney and a dozen or more other teams, while the Messrs. Hardy, present holders, will defend their title against the winners of the tournament.

The drawings for the doubles championship were held Tuesday evening, and resulted as follows:

Eckart and Upham versus Code and Bliven, Whitney and Whitney versus Hunt and Seager, McFarlen and Stewart versus McChesney and Playe, Little and Helms versus Cornell and Crowell, Kaiser and Roseborough versus Fatjo and Warburton, Stauff and Bowen versus Braley and Bell, Nicholson and Johnson versus Davis and Ward, Wright and Whitman versus Collier and Root.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Sarah Harnden, of Alameda, to Mr. James Austin Wilder, of Honolulu, will take place at the home of the bride's parents, 1137 Broadway, on Tuesday, September 12th. Only the immediate friends of the contracting parties will be present.

Company B, First California Volunteers, was given a banquet at the Occidental Hotel on Wednesday evening last by ex-members of Company B (City Guard), N. G. C. Colonel George R. Burdick acted as toastmaster, and among the others present were Major-General John H. Dickinson, N. G. C., Major-General Walter Turnbull, N. G. C., Colonel G. W. Grannis, N. G. C., Colonel W. C. Little, N. G. C., Major A. D. Greenwood, N. G. C., Judge J. C. B. Hebbard, Captain George Filmer, N. G. C., and Lieutenants Sturdivant, Ramm, and Frank J. Warren, N. G. C.

At its asylum on Sutter Street, the Golden Gate Commandery, Knights Templar, entertained Colonel Victor Duboce, of the First California Volunteers, at a banquet on Monday evening.

The "Old Farmer's Almanac" still hangs under the clock in nearly every New England kitchen. Credulous people in other sections of the country may trust a government weather bureau, if they like; but your true-blue New Englander prefers to pin his faith on local signs, supplemented by the "Old Farmer's Almanac." The success of this popular almanac was founded on a miracle (according to a writer in the Springfield Republican). In the second or third year of its existence the proprietor, a famous mathematician and prognosticator, was ill, and the completion of that year's almanac devolved upon his son, a graceless wag. The calculation for a certain date in July was not made out. The young man in charge calmly predicted "snow," and sent the edition to press. Upon the date in question snow actually fell in New England, and the fame of the "Old Farmer's Almanac" was established for all time.

The custom that teanis have of turning to the left in England is held to be good sense, in that the driver, who sits on the right-hand side, just as with us, is better enabled to watch his wheels, and see that they do not collide with those of the teams met. In the rugged regions of the Black Forest in Germany, teams turn to the right, as they do in America; and there they reason that it is better so because each man can thus watch his outside wheels and see that they do not go over a precipice. The turning of foot-people to the right is a custom descended from less civilized times, when every gentleman carried a sword. Keeping to the right, left his sword-arm free for offense or defense, as the case might be.

Count Munster, who was not long ago raised to the dignity of "fuerst" by the Kaiser, was the first, with one exception, to receive that title since it was conferred upon Bismarck. "Fuerst" by the way, is wrongly, though commonly, translated "prince." In the British peerage it is most analogous to marquis, coming between that and the next higher rank of duke, the German equivalent of which is "herzog." So "fuerst" can not be translated with exactness. It would be convenient to have a general title to apply in such cases, as in England "lord" is used in speaking of all the lower orders of the nobility. The Germans, in fact, are coming to adopt "lord," for which there is no German equivalent.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Asher-Samuels Concert.

A concert was given under the direction of Mr. Henry Heyman at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall last Thursday evening which attracted a large audience. The principal performers were Miss Meta Asher, pianist, and Mr. Harry Samuels, violinist, who have recently returned from study abroad, Miss Asher to remain here, while Mr. Samuels will soon return to New York. They had the assistance of Mr. Arthur Weiss, cellist, and Mr. Arthur Feckenschner, accompanist, in presenting the following programme:

Trio, op. 48, for piano, violin, and violoncello, allegro appassionato, scherzo, andante, allegro marziale, Pirani, Miss Meta Asher, Mr. Harry Samuels, and Mr. Arthur Weiss; piano, (a) variations in C-minor, Beethoven, (b) arabesque, (c) Vogel als Prophet, Schumann, Miss Meta Asher; violin, "Faust Fantaisie," Wieniawski, Mr. Harry Samuels; piano, (a) berceuse, (b) ballade in A-flat, Chopin, (c) etincelles, Moszkowski, Miss Meta Asher; violin, (a) romanza andaluz, Sarasate, (b) introduction et rondo capriccioso, Saint-Saëns, Mr. Harry Samuels; duo for piano and violin, "Abschied," from "Pensées Fugitives," Heller and Ernst, Miss Meta Asher and Mr. Harry Samuels.

Mr. O'Sullivan's Farewell.

On Tuesday evening, September 12th, lovers of music will be able to hear Mr. Denis O'Sullivan sing some twenty ballads, ranging from the lays of the mediaeval troubadours to the most complicated compositions of our own times. The concert will be held in Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall, where Mr. O'Sullivan gave his very successful Irish recital earlier in the summer. The singer will be assisted by Miss Edith Ladd and Mr. Frederick Maurer.

Arthur Sherburne Hardy and his wife sailed for Antwerp last week, Mr. Hardy going to begin his duties as United States minister at Athens, after a rest since June, when he came home from his service as minister to Persia. Mr. and Mrs. Hardy have spent the vacation at Bar Harbor and at Woodstock, Conn.

In Santa Fé, N. M., there is a seven-years-old woman's board of trade whose members keep the old palace of the Spanish régime in good order, look after both the beauty and cleanliness of the city, run a public library, reading-room, lecture course, and several charities.

The Pearl of Epernay.

By strictly adhering to the conservative traditions of the old, honored custom of the ancient house of Moët & Chandon, the present management's aim is not to turn out immense quantities, but it has well succeeded in its endeavor for recognition on part of the connoisseurs, by catering principally to the aristocratic classes in Europe and better custom all over the world. Their White Seal (Grand Cuvée), justly called the Pearl of Epernay, owing to its pleasant and insinuating properties peculiar to that district, appeals to the palate of the cultured, and in shipping only champagne of its well-known standard quality this establishment, the largest in the world, is kept constantly busy.—Wine Review.

Colonial Hotel.

The management wishes to inform its patrons of the completion of the new private bath-rooms in connection with suites of rooms. Reservation for the winter season should be made at once.

—MRS. ALICE BACON WASHINGTON will receive pupils for piano instruction at her residence, 1150 O'Farrell St., between Franklin and Gough, after the 1st of September. Present address, Mill Valley.

A new woman's club is to be started in London to which no one under six feet in height will be admitted.

Pears'

Pretty boxes and odors are used to sell such soaps as no one would touch if he saw them undisguised. Beware of a soap that depends on something outside of it.

Pears', the finest soap in the world is scented or not, as you wish; and the money is in the merchandise, not in the box.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people are using it.

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WHILE words tell, statistics prove. The importation of G. H. MUMM & CO.'S EXTRA DRY in 1898 aggregating 86,855 cases, or 52,649 cases more than of any other brand, is certainly the most striking evidence of the great popularity of this famous brand of champagne, and particular attention is called to the fine quality, purity, and natural dryness of the wine now coming to this market. Used at almost all notable banquets, balls, weddings, etc.

Vendome—Country Home.

Surrounded by a 12-acre park, it resembles a country mansion—and only two blocks from the railroad station, where twenty-five daily trains connect it with the outside world. Over 250 rooms. Suites magnificently furnished with toilet and bath. Tourists' headquarters for Lick Observatory and all interesting points in Santa Clara County.

GEO. P. SNELL, Manager, San José, Cal.

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ROYAL Baking Powder
Absolutely Pure.
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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Scott Hobart are still at Del Monte, where Mr. Hobart's health has much improved. He was able to watch the tennis games on Tuesday last.

Mrs. Henry E. Huntington and the Misses Elizabeth and Marion Huntington returned last Sunday from their tour of Canada. Mr. Huntington and Miss Huntington will remain in the East for some weeks longer.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Covode, of New York, *nee* Miss Louisa Moulder, are spending the month of September with Mrs. A. J. Moulder at her residence, 812 Bush Street.

Mr. William Keith, the artist, returned last week from a three months' trip to Europe.

Mr. Arthur Matthews, head-master in the School of Design, has returned from a year's study and travel in Europe.

The Misses Helen and Josephine Hyde sailed last week for Japan, where they purpose spending a year.

Mrs. Mesick and Miss Mesick have taken up their residence at the Hotel Pleasanton for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Dougherty and family will return next week to the Hotel Pleasanton from Alameda.

Dr. Henry C. Watt, of the Hawaiian Islands, is a guest at the Occidental Hotel.

Miss Bee Hooper is visiting Mrs. Thomas L. Breeze and her daughters at Del Monte.

Baron Badenhausen, of Berlin, is a guest at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Larzelere have returned to the city and taken apartments at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. George R. Shreve is in New York city for a short visit.

Mr. Drury Melone, of Oak Knoll, was a guest at the Palace Hotel this week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Kianey, of Honolulu, are registered at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Dr. Clark Burnham left for a two months' visit in the East on Wednesday. He will pass most of the time in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Reynolds are among the permanent guests of the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. Gerritt P. Wilder, of Honolulu, is a guest at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Devlin, of Sacramento, registered at the California Hotel during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Dean, Miss Helen Dean, and Mr. Walter E. Dean, Jr., are passing a few days at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. Harold W. Crowell went down to Del Monte on Tuesday to remain through the week.

Mr. William B. Collier, Jr., came down from Mare Island early in the week, and is now at Del Monte.

Mrs. George A. Hendrick, of Honolulu, was at the California Hotel during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Bowen and Miss Mary Bowen were guests at the Hotel Rafael a few days ago.

Mr. Alfred H. Wilcox and Mr. Harry N. Stetson paid a brief visit to Del Monte last week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Schwabacher and family, accompanied by Miss Mina A. Schwabacher, leave for Europe on the sixteenth of this month. They will probably be away a year or more.

Among the week's guests at the Hotel Rafael are Mrs. I. Lawrence Poole, Miss Carroll, Miss Frances Carroll, Mr. Fred A. Greenwood, Lieutenant Gaines Roberts, U. S. N., Mr. H. B. Taylor, Mr. H. H. Hewlett, of Stockton, and Mr. and Mrs. James Daniell, of London.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel are Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Kunkamp, of New York, Mr. C. O. Berger, of Honolulu, Mrs. M. DeForest, of San Leandro, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Tetley, of San Rafael, Mr. W. H. Hurlbut, of Portland, Or., Mr. W. H. Harkness, of Philadelphia, Mrs. E. A. Ramsey and Miss Mabel Cochran, of Memphis, Mrs. A. M. D. Wingfield and Mr. W. L. Clark, of Benicia, and Mr. H. Marquis, of Melbourne.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Dr. Luther L. von Wedekind, passed assistant-surgeon, U. S. N., late of the *Oregon*, arrived from Manila, by way of Japan, on Saturday, September 2d, on the Toyo Kisen Kaisha liner *Nippon Maru*, and is a guest at the Palace Hotel.

Dr. S. G. Evans, passed assistant-surgeon, U. S. N., of the *Marblehead*, is a guest at the Palace Hotel. Major P. J. Harney, U. S. A., Mrs. Harney, and Miss Harney have taken apartments at the Occidental Hotel.

Dr. George A. Lung, passed assistant-surgeon, U. S. N., of the cruiser *Philadelphia*, is a guest at the Palace Hotel.

Major B. B. Ray, U. S. A., went down to Del Monte early in the week.

Chaplain Walter G. Isaacs, U. S. N., is a guest at the California Hotel.

Major-General William R. Shafter, U. S. A., was among last week's visitors at Del Monte.

Captain S. W. Terry, U. S. N., Mrs. Terry, and Miss Eleanor Terry have been passing the week at the Hotel Rafael.

Lieutenant G. H. Estes, Second Infantry, U. S. A., is a guest at the California Hotel.

Brigadier-General C. McC. Reeve, U. S. A., has returned from the East and is a guest at the Occidental Hotel.

Lieutenant H. C. Barnes, U. S. A., and Mrs. Barnes came up from Pasadena early in the week, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Lieutenant-Commander Gustavus C. Hanus, U. S. N., was among the passengers on the Toyo Kisen

Kaisha liner *Nippon Maru* which arrived from Japan on Saturday, September 2d.

Colonel Charles R. Greenleaf, Assistant Surgeon-General and Medical Inspector, U. S. A., will leave in a few days for Honolulu.

The cruiser *Marblehead* arrived in port on Tuesday from the Atlantic Station, with the following officers on board: Commander H. G. O. Colby, commanding; Lieutenant-Commander John A. H. Nickels, executive officer; Lieutenant-Commander George S. Willits, engineer; Lieutenant S. M. Garrett, navigating officer; lieutenants—C. S. Williams and W. D. Brotherton; Passed Assistant-Surgeon S. G. Evans; Paymaster H. A. Dent; naval cadets—A. P. Cronan and R. D. White; Pay Clerk W. B. Ottwell.

A Real Daughter of the Revolution.

Mrs. Sara Doron Terry, of Philadelphia, is one hundred and eight years old, and her memory reaches back to the childhood of the nation. Her father was a famous soldier in the Revolutionary War, and she remembers many views of General Washington (according to a correspondent of *Leslie's Weekly*). She saw Victoria, a plump, rosy little girl of twelve, with flaxen hair and blue eyes, playing around the gardens of Kensington Palace. "I was companion, then, my dear, to Mrs. Pedersen, the wife of the Danish minister," chirrups the old lady, smoothing her trembling hands on the front of her apron. "I thought that the little princess—no one ever imagined she'd be queen then—had the sweetest child's face I ever saw; and she is a good woman if there ever lived one in this world."

Closest of all is her remembrance of the dashing Lafayette. The old lady is not exactly flattering to the men of to-day. She tells us that they are nincompoops—that they don't compare with the men of the past. She never saw anything to equal Lafayette's eloquent, beautiful brown eyes—"that seemed to look you through and through and through," or his hands, long, slim, and delicate. "And oh, how he could dance the minuet!" she cries, half-rising from her chair at the recollection.

"They tell me I have been made a Daughter of the Revolution. Well, they might have saved themselves the trouble. It is very kind of them, but I don't need to be elected a daughter. I am a daughter of the Revolution—the only genuine daughter left. How can they make me twice over? They can't take me back to the past, they can't bring me forward to the present. I have no place in this world or among these people. I want to close my eyes."

Two cadets recently resigned from the Military Academy at West Point, and the story was circulated that they were forced out because they were Jews. This yarn was wholly fabulous (says *Harper's Weekly*). One of the cadets was a Jew, but the two resigned not because life at West Point is any more wearisome to a Hebrew than to a Christian, but apparently because they had unwisely beguiled certain of their leisure by spread-eagling a plebe. Plebes do not much mind being spread-eagled, but the officers of the Academy hate it, and discourage experiments in it with rigorous severity. Cadet Albert, who resigned rather than stand trial for his indiscretion, says his being a Jew never made him any trouble at West Point, and Apfel, the former cadet of the same class, who also resigned, has accounted for it by acknowledging that he found the restraints of West Point discipline irksome. Moreover, he could see no very bright outlook for a young man in the army, and concluded that there was more money in the law business than in soldiering anyway. But "as for cadets or professors persecuting Hebrews, the story," says Apfel, "is absurd."

One of the most interesting and novel schemes that are resorted to when it comes to "doctoring" up a horse for sale is "peroxidizing." Horses just suitable for carriage work, save that they do not quite match in color, are now "chemically hlundered" to the tint desired in the twinkling of an eye. A "peroxidized horse" shows what has been done to him soon after his new owner takes him away, and frequently he has to be "touched up." This bleaching does not injure the horses any more than it does the average girl; but the chemically tinted coat seldom looks well when closely examined, the dark roots of the hair showing on careful inspection. Yet it deceives the average buyer, and so answers its purpose.

An estate in Germany worth \$63,000,000 and another in Baltimore worth over \$12,000,000, are claimed by the heirs of Mathias Sittler, a German baron who died in 1745 leaving, it is said, his property in charge of the crown for one hundred years, and of his sons, Mathias and Abraham, who emigrated from Germany and settled in Baltimore, where they bought much real estate and leased it for ninety-nine year periods. There are two hundred heirs to the German estate, and one hundred and fifty claimants for a part of the Baltimore property.

The panoramic view from the heights of Mt. Tamalpais is incomparable. From it one can see the Farallones at sea, San Francisco and the bay, Alameda, Oakland, and Berkeley, Tihuron and its landing, Mill Valley in its romantic redwood cañon, San Quentin and its prison, San Rafael, and San Anselmo.

WAR VERSE.

Home They Brought Her Warrior Dead.

Home they brought her warrior dead;
She nor swooned, nor uttered cry:
All her maidens, watching, said,
"She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,
Called him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe;
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lighly to the warrior stept,
Took the face-cloth from the face;
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee—
Like summer tempest came the tears—
"Sweet my child, I live for thee."

—Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

On the March.

Down the cañon of the street,
Hear the muffled marching feet!
Hear the thousand-throated hum,
As the soldiers nearer come!
Eagerly the people crowd:
Faintly now, and now more loud,
While we listen, breathless, dumb,
Comes the droning of the drum.

Marching down the western light,
Bursts the column on our sight!
Through the myriad golden notes
Splendidly our banner floats!
Then the sudden-swellling cheer,
Voicing all we hold most dear,
Wondrous, swelling wave of sound,
Till the whirring drum is drowned!

Now the marching men have passed:
We have watched them to the last,
Till the column disappears
In a mist of sudden tears.
Loves and hates before unguessed
Tremble in the troubled breast;
Loves and hates and hopes and fears
Waking from the sleep of years.

—Herbert Muller Hopkins.

The Old Flag.

Off with your hat as the flag goes by!
And let the heart have its say;
You're man enough for a tear in your eye
That you will not wipe away.

You're man enough for a thrill that goes
To your very finger-tips—
Ay! the lump just then in your throat that rose
Spoke more than your parted lips.

Lift up the boy on your shoulder, high,
And show him the faded shred—
Those stripes would be red as the sunset sky
If Death could have dyed them red.

Off with your hat as the flag goes by!
Uncover the youngster's head!
Teach him to hold it holy and high
For the sake of its sacred red.

—H. C. Bunner.

On June 30th of last year there were five widows of Revolutionary soldiers borne on the pension rolls of the government. One of these, Nancy Jones, has just died at Jonesboro, Tenn. She was about ninety years old, and married Darling Jones, who fought at King's Mountain, S. C., when she was sixteen and he was over sixty. This would indicate that Jones was about twenty years old at the close of the Revolution, and that he married the young girl about 1825. Thus it comes about that the government is paying Revolutionary pensions more than one hundred and fifteen years after the close of the war.

At the French Hospital on Monday, Colin M. Smith died, a victim of typhoid fever. He was born in Mississippi, fifty-three years ago, and came to this city shortly after the close of the Civil War. Mr. Smith has been widely known, particularly in the Southern set, and was a favorite in society and club circles. He was a prominent member of the Bohemian Club.

The canny Scot of the Highlands is slowly but surely being crowded out by the grouse and the deer, for sport pays better than farming, and the whole country, in spite of Sir George Trevelyan's statistics as to the acreage suitable for cultivation, seems fated to become one huge game preserve.

The Perfection of Stationery.

The popularity of the "Fleur-de-Lis" Linen is increasing, and the many users thereof will be pleased to know that it is now made in delicate shades of azure. Messrs. Cooper & Co., the Art Stationers, have just received a large invoice of this new paper in all the various fashionable sizes.

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—A PLACE OF INTEREST FOR VISITORS IS THE Gump Art Gallery of Paintings, by European masters. No. 113 Geary Street.



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SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY, (PACIFIC SYSTEM.) Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO. (Main Line, Foot of Market Street.)

LEAVE	From August 2, 1899.	ARRIVE
7:00 A	Benicia, Suisun, and Sacramento....	5:45 P
7:00 A	Marysville, Oroville, and Redding via Woodland, and Rumsay.....	5:45 P
7:00 A	Elmira, Vacaville, and Rumsay.....	8:50 P
7:30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	6:15 P
8:00 A	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.....	9:45 A
8:30 A	San José, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, and Red Bluff.....	4:15 P
8:30 A	*Milton, Oakdale, and Sonoma.....	4:15 P
8:30 A	Yosemite Valley via Oakdale and Chinese.....	4:15 P
9:00 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	12:45 A
9:00 A	Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.....	12:15 P
9:00 A	Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	6:45 P
10:00 A	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations.....	7:45 P
11:00 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	2:45 P
12:00 M	Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Sacramento, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville.....	4:15 P
*1:00 P	Sacramento River Steamers.....	3:00 P
3:00 P	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	5:45 P
4:00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	9:15 A
4:00 P	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Oroville.....	10:45 A
4:30 P	Niles, San José, and Stockton.....	7:45 A
4:30 P	Yosemite Sleeping Car for Raymond.....	12:15 P
5:00 P	The Owl, Tracy, Fresno, Bakersfield, Saugus for Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	9:45 A
5:30 P	Stockton, Merced, and Way Stations.....	12:15 P
5:30 P	Martinez, Tracy, Mendota, Fresno, Mojave, and Los Angeles.....	8:45 A
5:30 P	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	6:45 P
6:00 P	Chicago-San Francisco Special, Ogden and East.....	8:50 P
6:00 P	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	7:45 A
*6:00 P	Vallejo.....	12:15 P
17:00 P	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Stations.....	19:55 P
8:05 P	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	8:15 A

COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge). (Foot of Market Street.)

17:45 A	Santa Cruz Excursion for Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations.....	18:05 P
8:15 A	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	5:50 P
*2:15 P	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations.....	10:50 A
4:15 P	San José, Glenwood, and Way Stations.....	9:20 A
4:15 P	Felton, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	9:20 A

CREEK ROUTE FERRY. From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—

*7:15	9:00	11:00 A. M.	11:00	*2:00	13:00
*4:00	5:00	6:00 P. M.			

From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—

10:00 A. M.	11:00	*12:00	*3:00	14:00	*5:00 P. M.
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COAST DIVISION (Broad Gauge). (Third and Townsend Streets.)

*6:10 A	Ocean View, South San Francisco.....	*6:30 P
*7:00 A	San José and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only).....	*8:00 A
17:30 A	Sunday Excursion for Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations.....	
9:00 A	San José, Tracy, Pittsburg, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Surf, Lompoc, and Principal Way Stations.....	4:10 P
10:40 A	San José and Way Stations.....	6:35 A
11:30 A	Felton, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	1:30 P
*2:45 P	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Hollister, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.....	*10:36 A
*3:30 P	San José, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations.....	*7:30 P
*4:15 P	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	*9:45 A
*5:00 P	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	*9:00 A
	Way Stations.....	5:30 P
	ns.....	17:30 P

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Pa, what is an illustrated song?" "Goodness, Dickey! ask your Aunt Kitty; when she sings she makes faces."—Puck.

"Can't the Democrats of this town get together?" inquired the political exhorter in Kentucky. "Get together!" answered the man with court-plaster on his ear; "why, it takes eleven deputy-sheriffs to keep 'em apart!"—Washington Star.

Tommy's mother—"Why is it, Tommy, that you are always fighting with Willie Simpkins? I never heard of you quarreling with any of the other boys in the neighborhood." Tommy—"He's th' on'y one I kin lick."—Indianapolis State Journal.

Tomewell—"It's a wise man who knows when he is well off." Page—"Yes?" Tomewell—"Jackard told me that everybody was talking about my new book." Page—"And what then?" Tomewell—"I was foolish enough to ask what they said."—Boston Transcript.

Cattison—"I don't know what to do with that boy of mine; he is weak, vacillating, apparently without any mind of his own, and ready to do what any one else tells him." Hatterson—"Never mind, old man; that boy may be President of the United States some day."—Life.

Judge—"Did you steal the hog, or did you not?" Prisoner—"No, judge, I did not; but if you kind ob thinks I've lyin' about it, and am gwine to give me six months for lyin', I'd sooner lie about it and say I did steal de hog, and get two months for stealin' de hog I didn't stole!"—Puck.

A. Conan Doyle says that for absent-mindedness he holds the world's championship, but we doubt if he could win out against the Colorado woman who put her baby in the oven to roast, and sang a lullaby in an endeavor to soothe to sleep the stuffed turkey she rocked in the cradle.—Denver Post.

Diplomacy: "Why did you place such a tough fowl before me?" asked the indignant lady patron of the waiter in a down-town restaurant. "Age before beauty, always, you know, madam," was the gallant reply. And then, woman-like, she smiled and paid her bill without a murmur.—Chicago News.

"That's the best I can do for you," said the theatrical manager. "You've been idle all season, so far; now, will you stay idle the rest of the season, or take this small part?" "I'll take it," said Lowe Comerdy; "in this case a small rôle is better than a whole loaf."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Guest—"You charge more for a porterhouse steak than you used to. Why is it?" Proprietor of restaurant—"I have to pay more for it. The price of beef has gone up." Guest—"The steak is smaller than it used to be, too." Proprietor of restaurant—"That, of course, is on account of the scarcity of beef."—Chicago Tribune.

Jingle—"To-day I saw a man raising a glass of beer to his lips. I called to him to stop, spoke three words to him, and instead of drinking it he dashed it to the ground, splintering the glass into a thousand pieces." Mingle—"My stars! You must be a second John B. Gough for eloquence. What did you say to him?" Jingle—"I said, 'That's non-union beer.'"—New York Weekly.

A Filipino fable: A boy who had a brindle dog on a string was so tired that the dog was on the point of achieving independence, when a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals accosted the boy and chided him for not giving the dog his freedom, and finally bought the string for the sum of twenty-five cents. The last boy saw of the kind-hearted stranger he was kicking the stuffing out of the dog because it hung back when he pulled on the string.—Judge Charles G. Garrison, of New Jersey.

French evidence: "You say, sare, zat you ar-r-re convinced of zee guilt of zee prisonaire. On vat do you base zees confidence?" "I vill tell you my general. I vas told by a washerwoman of the Rue Sebastopol zat she found in zee insite pocket of zee vite vest of a hor-r-se rubbaire of zee Petit Picpus, a lettre from a scavenger of zee Quartier Latin, in wheech he say zat he has just over-r-r-heard a boulevardier say to zee crossing-sweepaire in front of zee Gr-r-and Oper-r-ra House zat hees gr-r-annozaire called out in her sleep zat D-r-r-eyfus vas guilty!" Profound sensation.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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France stands to-day at the bar of the world's tribunal disgraced and dishonored. The nation has been dragged in the mire by the infamy of those who had its honor in their keeping. Day by day, as the trial at Rennes has dragged along, the world has come to a realization of the fact that the purpose of the court-martial was to protect the general staff, even at the cost of punishing and degrading an innocent victim. Those who have followed the proceedings know that there has not been a semblance of evidence upon which conviction could be based. The dominant consideration with the five judges was that voiced by Major Carrière in his closing address for

the prosecution. "Weigh the importance of the two categories of witnesses—those for and those against the prisoner," he said. That was the whole question. Upon the one side were the generals of the army—the superior officers, who could make or unmake every one of the judges, and who were proving in that very trial how bitterly they could hate; how deadly a thing their enmity might be—upon the other side, a mere hrevet captain, an insignificant probationer.

It is difficult for people in this country, for those familiar with the ideas of honor and justice that obtain here, to understand how such a verdict can be possible. No judge or body of judges, civil or military, in the United States would dare to have public indignation by being guilty of such an outrage. Yet in France it was not only possible but popular. A verdict that recognizes extenuating circumstances in an act of treason seems grotesquely impossible here; it has been seriously received by the countrymen of Dreyfus. To render the situation in any degree comprehensible it is necessary to recall the mental attitude of the French toward their army. The army is at once the hope and the pride of every Frenchman; he worships it with a reverence and a fervor that reflects his patriotism; every male child that is born is hailed as a possible recruit for the force that some day is to wipe out the stain of defeat and crush Germany in the dust. The utmost sacrifices of their strength and their resources are freely made to maintain and increase its efficiency. That Dreyfus should seek an acquittal at the cost of disgracing the general staff, was treason almost as rank as to have been actually guilty of the charges made against him. His own knowledge of his innocence may have been an extenuating circumstance, but it was not sufficient to render him undeserving of punishment. It may be that the judges and their supporters among the French people were not wholly conscious of this course of reasoning, yet were they candid they would admit in their hearts that many of the general staff have been guilty of wrong-doing; they would admit to themselves that the outside world, actuated solely by an unbiased sense of justice, believe their generals more than culpable. This in itself is hard enough to hear, but that France should reduce belief to certainty and acknowledge its misfortune to the world by punishing the guilty—that is inconceivable. Ostrich-like, they hope to conceal their weakness by hurrying their heads in the sand.

The result of such blindness is certain to be the very reverse of what they are striving for. The forces in control of the army to-day are a menace rather than a source of strength to France. Theoretically, in its active branch and in the reserves the army represents the whole country; practically, it is controlled by a clique of officers who are, in turn, under the control of the aristocracy and the Church of Rome. M. Urbain Gobier, a French military writer, has shown that the list of officers contains the names of all the aristocratic families that were found at the revolution among the *émigrés*. Since the laws of 1881, aimed at the Roman Catholics, have become a dead-letter, the schools and colleges conducted by the Jesuits and Dominicans have made a point of preparing pupils for the army. A leading English review declared recently that "at present the entire war ministry, the whole general staff, two-thirds of the cavalry officers, and about one-half of all the other officers are pupils of the Jesuit fathers and devout children of the church."

These officers form a military caste which guards its privileges most jealously. Opposition within the ranks is punished with the utmost severity, and those who entertain extreme opinions are sent to the disciplinary companies in Africa, where Picquart was exiled when he expressed too openly his opinion of the innocence of Dreyfus. Opposition from without the army is as effectually put down. By word and action they express their contempt for the civil power, and strive to withdraw their action from its control. Lest there should be some one person to call to account, they abstain from putting an effective commander at the head of the army, and diffuse responsibility among the members of the general staff. The chambers have neither the military knowledge nor the courage to oppose them: General de Galifet is the first minister of war who has

shown such ability and fearlessness, and his success is by no means assured as yet.

Such is the organization upon which the French people look with such reverence and support with such loyalty. It is under the control and devoted to the interests of the enemies of the republic; it is concerned more with the work of perfecting its control and increasing its power than it is with striking a blow at the ancient enemy of France. No army can be efficient so long as such forces are in control; no nation can be strong that refuses, lest the honor of the army should be sullied, to root out such injustice and such abuses. The honor of the army has already been sullied; the respect of the world has already been lost. The honor of the nation itself has now been smirched; it can not be cleansed so long as this injustice is permitted to continue.

Any dominant thing in a people's civilization discloses and portrays the conscience and intelligence of the civilization that the people affects. Thus, the American Sunday newspaper discloses, in the community in which it is tolerated, just such a condition of that community's intelligence or special trend as the lynching of negroes in the South, or the labor strikes in the Cœur d'Alène, or the Kearney agitation that gave us the great and glorious constitution of California. The daily newspaper openly and professedly occupies the position of a shadow. It shamelessly declares that it is merely an echo of the times—a caterer, a time-server, a panderer, a devil-fish of so elastic tentacles that it readily fashions itself to the shape of its prey. That is its own confessed and proclaimed estimate of itself. That confession, however, has not been necessary to its accurate cataloguing. To the thoughtful observer the Sunday newspaper is more eloquent as an expression and exponent of the intelligence of the community in which it thrives than as an active instrument of evil for the degradation of the popular morality.

Morality is based on intelligence. To the extent that the Sunday newspaper—having particular reference to the screaming yellow variety—thrives in any community, to that extent the community lacks in effective intelligence and morality. It is a significant fact that the two most fertile fields for enterprises of this sort are New York and San Francisco, standing at the opposite geographical extremes of America. In fine and elegant old Baltimore there is a weak approach to the journalistic vulgarity of New York and San Francisco, but only one. The two most enlightened cities in America, Boston and Philadelphia, are hardly represented in the contest, a small exception in Boston furnishing the awful example. Chicago, of course—for Chicago, being everything, is nothing—claims its place as an exponent of American vulgarity; but it need not be taken into the account. St. Louis tries to show in a feeble way that it can be as vulgar as the rest, but it long ago lost heart in the contest with Chicago. Many other cities are left; and it happens that while they are short on vulgar Sunday newspapers, particularly the cities in the Southern States and New England, at other geographical extremes of the country, it is those cities that disclose the true American culture and conscience.

Keeping in mind the fact that whatever thing thrives in a community is a true exposition of that community's intelligence and morality, we are forced to conclude that if the thing is evil and degrading, the uplifting forces of the community, moral and intellectual, are ineffective, however numerous. Therefore New York and San Francisco, having the vilest newspapers in America, are the most lacking among American cities in the finer and higher forces that make to the moral elevation of the people.

The interesting feature of this argument is that the facts exist ahead of the deduction. When we begin to inquire closely, we find that the social conditions of New York and San Francisco are singularly similar. Both are the dumping-ground of the world. New York receives the first, San Francisco the last, of the world's outcasts and adventurers. These two cities, among all the cities of America, cherish the most startling records of unique, original, daring, and revolting crimes. They have produced the most pictures—

of scoundrel political bosses, the openest and most aggressive corporations given to the corruption of public officers, and the most scandalous municipal governments. Is it surprising that the *World* and the *Journal* should thrive in New York and the *Examiner* in San Francisco?

The Sunday editions of such papers as these are nothing apart from their regular editions. Every writer who has been trained in the office of a daily newspaper knows that the Sunday supplement is merely what its name implies—a supplement, an elaboration of the character, spirit, and policy of the regular week-day edition. It can not possibly be treated as a separate entity. It is, in fact, as it is in profession, a supplement, whether it call itself a "supplement" or a "magazine." The extent of its acceptance or toleration measures the quality of the community's intelligence, which is the foundation of the community's morality, and measures also the countervailing influence of all the forces working for the advancement of the community's intelligence and morality. To the extent that the Sunday newspaper thrives, we know to an absolute mathematical certainty the shortcoming of the schools, the churches, the social clubs, the political organizations, the benevolent societies, the charitable bodies, and all the other collective and individual forces working however sedulously in their small separate ways for the community good. This is a wonderfully heterogeneous city, as also is New York—a fact due largely to their cosmopolitanism. When it shall happen in the evolution of these two cities that the various and diverse—let us say unfriendly—forces working for the common good pull heartily together, the Sunday newspaper will have lost its field, together with corrupt politicians and corrupting corporations.

Is a united Democratic party probable or possible in 1900?

THE OUTLOOK FOR DEMOCRATIC HARMONY.

That is the vital question which is agitating the belligerent factions of "our friends, the enemy." It is only a few days since we collated a batch of Democratic opinions, relating to the question of the selection of a unifying issue of the party, which had been collected by the National Democratic League. The consensus of those opinions was decidedly adverse, it will be remembered, to the further exploitation of the currency issues on a basis of free silver at 16 to 1. Since that time the Boston *Sunday Globe* has made an excursion among the Democratic wisecracks of Massachusetts, and propounding to them the all-important query: "How can the Democratic party be united?" has returned with a few expressions of individual opinion which it deemed worthy of publication for their local effect on Massachusetts politics, and which at the same time may be taken as straws indicating some currents in the national political atmosphere.

Colonel A. C. Drinkwater says in effect: "There ought to be harmony. There can be harmony if the minority will submit to the will of the majority." That is a statement utterly beyond contradiction, but the author of it proceeds to evolve it from false premises. He says that six million five hundred thousand Democrats declared for Bryan and the Chicago platform in 1896, "a few hundred thousand" supported Palmer and Buckner, and "a few hundred thousand more" voted for McKinley. He takes it for granted, without evidence, that the six million five hundred thousand still hunger for Bryan and free silver, taking no account of the Populists who can not be longer counted for fusion, and no thought of the Silver Republican vote which has returned to the fold. If, as he says, he can discover no reason why the minority should not return to the Democratic party through the door they went out, and partake of the fatted calf which he claims is preparing, we think he may find one in the sentiments expressed by General Buckner which we quoted last week.

Hon. Henry F. Napfen believes that "the Democratic party is already united in spirit." By which he means that both factions are unanimous in their opposition to a Republican administration, to "combinations of capital," and to an imperialistic policy in the Philippines. He appears to have overlooked entirely the existence of Mr. Bryan and the tumult which is raging around the issue of free silver and the Chicago platform. Hon. Charles S. Hamlin is more practical. He says that the Democratic party "can hope to elect a President in 1900 only by taking issue with the Republicans on the questions which are foremost in the public mind." He believes that "the American desire is to pass upon the whole question of expansion" and the "important domestic question of the regulation of so-called trusts." Common prudence suggests to him that the silver question "which hopelessly disrupted the party in the campaign of 1896" should be avoided as the "height of folly," and the only issue which can "bring unity into Republican ranks and disaster into those of the Democrats."

Mr. Charles Warren points out that Governor Russell carried Massachusetts in 1892 by a majority of 186,377, and Cleveland in the same year received 176,813 votes in the State. The Bryan vote in 1896 was only 93,934, and in the State election of 1898 the Democratic vote was 107,-

960. "What is it," asks Mr. Warren, "that keeps at least 80,000 Democrats from voting the party ticket now?" His own answer is: "The absolute lack of the qualities of political leadership and horse sense in the men now attempting to lead the party," as shown in their insistence that the test of partisanship shall be the acceptance of the doctrine of free silver at 16 to 1. He regards it as a sign of political folly that the silverites of Massachusetts are more frantic than even those of the original Western silver States. The first great question which Mr. Warren thinks should bring Democrats together is "the suppression of trusts and the corrupt political use of power by great money corporations." The second is "the question of imperialism in some phase," which he is not certain about how to attack successfully. In his opinion the Democrats should either denounce "the conduct of the war, the standing army, the increase of taxation, the censorship and violation of the mails," or take up "our disposition of the islands, provided we shall have conquered them."

Hon. John R. Thayer agrees that the prominent issues next year will be "imperialism, the question of trusts, and the extravagances, blunders, and inefficiency of the military administration of President McKinley." Though he finds nothing to say of free silver, he believes that "the people generally will insist in 1900 on ignoring practically any other issues" save those mentioned.

From these expressions, and those of other prominent Democrats whom we have quoted from time to time, it is becoming clearer every day that the majority of Democratic sentiment of the most intelligent variety is profoundly in favor of waging the next campaign on the issues of trusts and expansion. It is equally clear that a very large portion of the party will have none of free silver, many opposing it openly as pernicious in itself, and others antagonizing it as impolitic as a measure looking toward party success. These people are not uniting with the opposite wing except on their own terms, which means the collapse of free silver and the Chicago platform.

Is there any tendency toward harmony on the other side? There are evidences that the majority faction—in other words, William J. Bryan—is coquetting with the Chicago platform bolters for a compromise which shall make trusts and expansion the dominant issues, but at the same time offer such perfunctory sop to free silver as will preserve the consistency of Mr. Bryan's leadership and hold the votes of silver fanatics. It will be difficult to bring it about. Bryan's campaign has now dwindled to one of personal politics. If a vote were now taken purely on the silver question, untrammelled by party influence and personalities, the subject would be buried too deep for resurrection during this generation. Bryan holds the vote together to a large extent by the sheer power of his personal popularity, and he is continually running about the country in a frantic endeavor to maintain his hold on that. With him it is Bryan or nobody. If we understand the temper of his antagonists they will prefer defeat to victory under his leadership.

There is already evidence that the formulation of a scheme for the government of Porto Rico is a complex and difficult problem. The late commission—consisting of General Kennedy, Judge Curtis, and Major Watson—has made a report setting forth the plan deemed by it desirable, and yet the plan, albeit containing many elements of good, is not in consonance with the spirit of our institutions, and will lack both popular and congressional approval. To its success the former would be useful, but the latter is indispensable. Congress is in no mood to have its prerogatives swept aside at the suggestion of three men, and power taken from it to be placed in the hands of the President.

The report, in its recommendations that an American school system and a system of courts akin to our own be introduced, will meet with favor. In most other respects it is plainly imperialistic, and tends to make more potent the manifestation of a spirit contrary to honored precedent, and one the workings of which are only accepted now with regret and under protest. The grave fault with the report is that it would take from the legislative arm of authority and give to the executive arm. In place of congressional act, it would have a Presidential decree. As an excuse for this it asserts that the first course would so change the status of the island as to make it constitutional territory rather than permitting it to remain a colony. A search of the constitution, a paper still regarded as of dignified importance, fails to disclose any provision for thus exalting the executive or for the maintenance of dependent colonies. These truths, the members of the commission appear to have overlooked. The President of the United States is not a law-giver; the Congress is not a body to be ignored. The commission will hear from it.

An extraordinary feature of the report is that it does not provide for elections, but, on the contrary, presents a somewhat elaborate and wholly illogical defense for making all

offices appointive. As to this, a quotation from it may be instructive:

"We are abundantly satisfied that the people of Porto Rico are not ready to exercise the elective franchise. Not over ten per cent. of the inhabitants read and write and own property. No one advocates making suffrage universal to the ignorant and improvident, as well as to the intelligent. To give control to ten per cent. over the other ninety is not establishing a government by the consent of the governed, and is not according to our system. After these laws have been in force for a few years, and the schools have afforded opportunities for the people to learn, they will be better fitted than now to enter upon the work of territorial or State government."

Thus the commission contends that because not all the people are prepared for self-rule, those who are prepared shall be deprived of the right. This view is inconsistent with facts. A limited franchise is not of necessity unjust, and indeed prevails in this country. If ten per cent. of the Porto Ricans are intelligent enough to be given the ballot, the contention of the commission is that giving it to them would not be an example of government by consent of the governed. However, it would more nearly approximate that than would concentration of authority in the executive at Washington. To govern by decree is surely not in the nature of according to the governed the right of consent. The gentlemen have been led into confusion by their eagerness and haste. They have chosen the easiest way out, as to themselves, but the value of their findings is doubtful.

Naturally following the absence of elections is a provision making all offices appointive, thus opening to the carpet-bagger a new field and enriching the store of spoils which by political consent falls to the victors. The appointive style of government might be subject to gross abuses, if not now, then under some later administration. And what becomes of the cherished "consent of the governed" when they have no voice either in the making of statutes, nor the selection of those intrusted with their execution?

Finally, the commission advocates speed in putting its ideas into effect, so that Congress may attend to later legislation concerning the matter. This shows, at least, that the gentlemen recognize the existence of Congress, which must be taken as a concession on their part. The allusion to the body might almost be considered as jocular, bearing with it as it does the insinuation that to the will of the commission Congress is subordinate and incidental. Upon the convening of Congress the subject of Porto Rico will doubtless be prominent, and experienced statesmen will reach conclusions satisfactory as possible to the whole country. Meanwhile, there does not appear any imperative demand for hasty action. The military government now given the island is firm and fair, decently corrective of abuses, and devoid of scandal. It might stand for a considerable time, and certainly work upon the Porto Ricans no greater hardship than would be involved in non-elective government by decree.

The excellences in the report will, of course, be given due weight—for where it touches upon the schools, courts, financial and trade conditions it seems to draw no unwarranted conclusions. It was only when the commissioners undertook to throw precedent to the winds and ignore essential teachings of the constitution that they approached the danger of becoming ridiculous. That they lent to the work their best efforts and that their error was inadvertent is not to be questioned.

There is no instance in which greed is guilty of an economic crime more flagrant than in laying waste the forests of the country and doing nothing to alleviate the devastation. In securing logs for lumber, operators seem utterly oblivious to anything but the immediate dollar. They do not pause to think of the future when noble acres of timber shall be barren, the supply for commercial purpose exhausted, and the absence of protecting foliage shall have caused rivers either to run dry, or washing away their banks sweep unrestrained, bearing desolation on their torrents. Yet these must all be inevitable results provided the axe be unrestricted, the fire permitted to rage with every summer season, and no provision made to replace that destroyed by industry or accident. The injury has already been so great as to be irreparable, but happily a public interest has been aroused in the subject, and the iconoclast who levels forests for gain, or the fool who gives them to the flames, may be checked. Common sense has detected the future danger. Science has been enlisted and forestry has become a profession. To this branch is devoted a section of the Agricultural Department. The government is doing all it can to conserve the timber, papers are advocating the necessity for promoting the same end, exploiting means and emphasizing the importance.

California would, in losing her forests, sustain a more grievous blow than a similar experience would inflict upon any other State, and the occasion for preventing such a catastrophe is apparent. To make the wilderness bloom as the rose has been the ideal task of humanity; yet, in some parts of California, the wilderness is a creation of man, made to supplant the richly shaded slopes where once noble trees stood enwrapped in vines, and all about their roots clustered an undergrowth. Now nothing but blackened stumps remain.

The vines died with the pines to which they clung, and the undergrowth could not exist without the shelter. The ground, once firmly held by roots, has been washed away or cut into ravines. The rich top-soil has been carried off by floods and lost. The land is left drear, and but for the purpose of giving an object-lesson, useless. It can grow nothing, nor furnish subsistence to a living creature. About the making of such deserts there has been no scruple; yet to permit it was error and to perpetrate it a sin.

In order of destructiveness has been the axe, the flame, and the grazing of herds. A band of sheep can do in a season more harm than their mutton and hides are worth in ten generations. Nevertheless, if the sheepmen could turn their flocks into Yosemite, they would do so. If the lumberman could fell its grandest trees, he would not hold his hand, while if the camper knew his evening blaze would turn the valley groves to ashes, he would light it. Such are some of the conditions to be met. Dr. Marsden Manson has lately called attention to important facts in relation to forestry. He understands fully how the deplorable status has been brought about, and appreciates the necessity for action. In the course of a recent paper the doctor made many statements of such interest that they may well be quoted. For instance:

"The coast range in Lake County presents some of the worst of the early stages of denudation. The herding of sheep has been so close and continuous that the forage plants and grasses have nearly disappeared. Over large areas it is now difficult, if not impossible, to find a single specimen of once abundant forage flora. Many acres of valley land are being washed away; the beds of streams are widening by cutting away alluvial deposits of past ages and leaving bars of cobble and gravel in their stead. These evidences of rapid deterioration are characteristic of all the public and much of the private land in the county."

God made a land of beauty and of plenty. Man passed over it, and left behind a wilderness. The blind folly into which avarice led him excites a feeling of indignation and shame. The penalty he incurred his children must repay. Yet the work of destruction goes on, and but for the clamor that has been aroused of late years would be as complete as ever. That the wiping out of timber growths from land not needed for cultivation is a senseless process, has received ample demonstration. The lumbermen of the East have learned the wisdom of sparing trees that have not reached a diameter of ten inches; in some places twelve inches is the rule. This permits a steady increase, gives shoots time to root deeply, protects the underbrush, and creates no new wildernesses. Farmers are adopting the same rule, and in seeking for fuel destroy only defective trees, judiciously thinning their groves. They also plant trees, and in many cases have done so with direct profit. In prairie countries these serve as wind-breaks, and in time may acquire a market value. Trees are slow of maturity, and the man planting one may not live to rest under its shade, yet if all improvement of utility to the people of the future rather than to those of the present were for this reason to cease, the world would speedily reach a stage of stagnation.

The government is collecting information as to what is being accomplished along these lines, and the result is encouraging. Precautions are being taken as never before against fire and wanton destruction. An intelligent system of selection and of replacement is in vogue. Altogether, the people seem to have learned the lesson taught by the artificial deserts of the Pacific slope.

The theory that ex-Governor Boies, of Iowa, desires to pose as a humorist is perhaps untenable, yet it is difficult to understand upon what other basis his latest lucubration is to be justified. In reply to a query as to the possibility of all those who formerly acted with the Democracy being brought together again, he delivered himself as follows:

"If it is true, as the dominant element in the party claims, that free coinage, of itself, at the ratio insisted on, will maintain parity of the metals when coined, no possible harm could come to any one from any pledge that could be given that such parity shall be maintained, and if, on the other side, all that the minority ask is that our currency shall be kept as good as it is to-day, and that every dollar of one metal shall be as good as every dollar of the other, all that is required to insure that end is an unequivocal pledge in the party platform that parity of the metals when coined shall at all times and under all circumstances be sacredly maintained. To give the pledge upon one side, to accept it upon the other, is nothing less than a patriotic duty that every true Democrat owes his country at this time."

This is so simple a remedy for the malady that has afflicted the party for the last three years that it seems more than strange that it has not suggested itself to Dr. Bryan, the eminent physician who has attended the invalid during the whole of its indisposition. There can be no question that he would gladly give a pledge that his reasoning is not at fault; no question that a large number of his followers would back him up in doing so. But did it ever occur to Governor Boies that this is just the point at issue? When the Chicago platform was promulgated for the amusement of a wondering world, there were many Democrats who disagreed with its financial heresies with such vehemence that they refused to support the platform or its candidate. His indorsement of the sixteen-to-one issue was in itself a pledge

that in his opinion the parity between the two metals would be maintained. Nobody thought that Bryan really desired a single silver standard. But seven and one-quarter millions of voters declared at the polls that they believed the silver standard would be the result of the free coinage of silver. They declared that they would not accept his pledge or his opinion. Why should the pledge have any more weight at the present time? Of what value would the pledge be if the experiment should be tried and universal financial experience repeated? Governor Boies has given an interesting exhibit of Democratic financial reasoning, but its value as an aid in getting the disrupted party together is open to question. Mr. Bryan seems certain to be the candidate of the Democracy; he seems quite as certain to be defeated.

Bliss Carman has been publishing some very suggestive things about the proper functions of the literary critic. He finds them differentiable two-wise—one the scientific, the other the artistic. Thus, in an analysis of the means employed by the poet to give vent to the thing that is in him, Mr. Carman points to the already obvious fact that there is a close relation between the metre and the thought expressed through it; blank verse is associated with certain planes, the various metres of "Mother Goose" with others. This means merely to say that the various kinds of art have their proper forms of expression. These forms, argues Mr. Carman, are amenable to scientific analysis, and their expressible values may be as accurately classified as the bugs caught in the entomologist's net. That is the scientific phase of the critic's work. The other, the artistic, is the one that takes us into deep water, since, in its final analysis, the critic's judgment depends for its interest and value upon the individual opinion of the critic himself; and this, being infinitely variable, becomes as elastic as art itself, and is an art.

It may be inferred that Mr. Carman's analysis of the critic's right place in the scheme of things was inspired by a somewhat prevalent recent movement to criticise the critic. This lordly and condescending creature has been for long amusing himself by assuming the rôle of the ruler of creative brains—about the only kind of brains worth having in this crooked, incoherent world of ours. It is the creative, not the critical mind that leads, that strengthens, that instructs, that inspires, that establishes the forms and standards of art with which the critic so solemnly concerns himself. The creative, the achieving mind needs no criticism; it fears no opposition. Even Augusta Evans and Marie Corelli (not to mention Disraeli) openly and insolently snapped their fingers at the critics and defied them to do their worst, and thrived in spite of it.

Were it not for the almost universal attitude of condescension among the critics; were it not for their assumption of superiority; and were it not, with all this, that they are eternally disagreeing among themselves, and thus exposing the inherent weakness of their position, they might accomplish a great deal of good, and be useful assistants to the creative masters. This has particular reference to American critics; the fault is not so general in England. In consequence of this difference between the critics of the two nations, there are numerous great critics in England, but how many are there in America? John Burroughs occasionally criticises something, and he does so with the dignity of a trained naturalist in whom the spirit of reverence is well developed. Brander Matthews also takes a critical flight at times, and his realization that he is himself a creator lends a prudent tolerance to his work. But neither of these is a professional critic; and outside of these two, where are there any American critics? We have nothing to compare with England's Saintsbury, her Sharp, her Matthew Arnold, and a half-dozen other trained, educated men, seeking intelligently and earnestly for the good that the generation produces, and deeming worthless work sufficiently full of the elements of its own decay.

Yet every American cross-roads newspaper has its "literary critic." The first purpose of these, as a rule, is to seek, in the book under review, something to condemn, else how could he show his superiority, how manifest his condescension? His tone is flippant, his manner insolent and vulgar. Rarely or never does he studiously weigh the matter in hand; generally he reads but a small part of it, and even that in a most cursory fashion. The deductions that he draws from what he reads are mostly inaccurate and shallow, and his opinions are worthless. Were this not so, his power for harm would be enormous.

There is, then, no intelligent, influential, helpful criticism in America—or at least there is not sufficient to serve as a useful factor in assisting American creators to mold an American literature. This may be one of the reasons why the grade of popular American literature is generally so low. And yet the literature of a people is the truest exponent of its civilization, which in turn is the measure of its intelligence. The fact that Bliss Carman is discussing the proper

functions of the critic may be taken as an indication that with the advancement of our national culture a sense of national shame is awakening. It is time that the proper work of critics were discussed, for it is time that the eminent native ability that might be employed in that pursuit were active. As the respectful and helpful coadjutor of the creative mind, and as a dignified guide within bounds to the unformed intelligence of the masses, the critic has a mighty and noble work to do in the field of American current literature. And if he is capable of accomplishing no more, limited as he is to a subsidiary position in letters, he may at least present his secondary art to the people in a way that will interest, instruct, and refine them. But the higher art of the critic—the one not touched by Mr. Carman—should be to show the people how they may form a judgment of their own. There is altogether too much of this assumption that it is better to govern people than to teach them to govern themselves. This is a democratic country, and it is important that individuals be taught the art of relying upon their own judgment after their minds have been sufficiently developed and trained.

In his speech delivered in this city recently, the perennial Mr. William Jennings Bryan paid his respects to the trust issue among other things. This was to have been expected, and it was, moreover, to have been expected that he would arraign the Republican party as responsible for their existence. As the party in power, having control of both the legislative and the executive branches of the government, the Republicans can not wholly escape responsibility on the score of having made no effort to cure the evils that flow from these gigantic trade combinations. It is true that the Sherman anti-trust law was enacted, but that measure has remained a dead letter upon the statute books while a Republican executive has remained in the Presidential chair. Attorney-General Griggs has explained that it is useless to attempt to enforce the law, since Congress had no constitutional power to enact it in the first place. Congress has power to regulate interstate commerce, but the organization of a trust is not an act of commerce, interstate or internal. This reasoning is in agreement with the decision of the supreme court in the sugar-trust case, but it is by no means the last word to be said on the subject. If Congress has not the power to regulate trusts, it can be given that power. There is nothing more certain than that any effective blow against the trust must be struck by the federal government. A writer in the *Review of Reviews* suggests the very obvious course of adopting a constitutional amendment. The resolution submitting it would require a two-thirds vote in each House of Congress, and the Republicans have no such majority. It would be hard to find any Democrats to vote against it, however, and, should they defeat it, the responsibility would lie with them. Under any circumstances the trust question would be eliminated from the campaign and would be advanced a long way toward solution.

President McKinley has been ordered out on strike, and if he does not recognize the order he will be discharged in disgrace from his union. It is not generally known that the President is a member in good standing of the ancient and honorable order of bricklayers. Yet such is the case, and as a loyal trades-union man he is bound to obey the walking-delegates of that organization. The unfortunate situation was brought about by the fact that the President was invited to lay the corner-stone of the new post-office building at Chicago. President Gubbins, who is a recognized authority on that extraordinary body of rules known as trades-union law, discovered the fact that no non-union man can handle a trowel in Cook County, and, as President McKinley was not a member of the bricklayers' union, he could not accept the invitation. This was unfortunate, but the Gubbins intellect was equal to the emergency. President McKinley was not a member of the union, but there was no reason why he should not become a member. A card of honorary membership was accordingly made out, and the President became a full-fledged union man. But here a new complication arose, or did the great Gubbins have a card up his sleeve? It was discovered, again by the Gubbins, that the corner-stone that the President was to lay had been prepared by non-union labor, and it would be contamination for a union man to touch it. So President McKinley can not lay the corner-stone after all. Now a strike of all the building trades on the post-office building has been called, and McKinley can have nothing more to do with the building. Can he, as a good union man, do any work for the government at all?

The signature of the editor is appended to every article in this issue written, dictated, or inspired by him, in accordance with the "signature law," enacted during the last session of the legislature.

THE BEAUTIFUL MRS. KENNEDY.

A Delusion and a Dream.

Count de Hautesaigues to Lieutenant de Hautesaigues, gar-
risoned at Bordeaux :

PARIS, December 28, 1892.

... And now that I have sent you my good wishes for the new year, *cher petit frère*, I will pass on to matters of news. By this I mean the news you can not gather from the letters from Hautesaigues, the seat of war from which *maman* continues to direct operations. You are aware that they wanted me to meet little cousin Suzanne de Bétarel, who never leaves Limoges, and whom I have not seen since she has got into long frocks. By chance Suzanne and her father were passing through Paris (I am skeptical of this chance). They were putting up at the Grand Hôtel—a curious place for a matrimonial interview, by the way. To go and call upon them, to find them in—chance again, of course!—to be invited to *table d'hôte* with them, the whole matter took hardly twenty minutes. We come to the dinner now; but be prepared for a surprise.

Chance—real chance this time—placed me between Suzanne and an American whom I would not mention (you hate foreigners, even of the feminine gender, Chauvinist!) if on his right the Yankee had not had his wife, an angel! Unfortunately, he had not Uncle Bétarel's reasons for loving me to enjoy his companion's propinquity. The husband had had the wretched taste to interpose his odious person between your unlucky brother and the most fascinating of the New World's daughters. Have patience! The brute shall pay for it!

I was reduced to squinting like a cockatoo, taking up a position contrary to that assumed by the scoundrel, stooping over my plate when he leaned back, and *vice versa*. When the horizon cleared, with the tail of my eye I could catch a glimpse of blue-black hair, smoothly parted à la *Vierge*; I swear I can't tell why that special style of hair-dressing goes under that name, for the three or four *Parisiennes* who have the monopoly of it would be infallibly blackballed at the club of the Vestals. Leaving the name out of the question, there is nothing more becoming; but it is not the fashion, and the French woman, a slave to what is worn and what is done, never ventures to rebel against the tradespeople who concoct *toupets* and *chignons* for her, only worthy of a wigmaker's show-window. The American woman is more intelligent and more independent. She knows what suits her beauty, and adopts it. But let us follow my enchantress's profile. Don't be frightened; you won't be bored by a journey in a flat country. Be prepared for neither a Greek, a Roman, nor even a Montmartre profile. Hers is none of these—it is finer than all of these, for it is all of these put together. What makes American beauty so seductive, so enslaving, is the fact of its being the product of moral and physical selection. This woman's great-grandfather was, perhaps, one of Lafayette's companions, perhaps a murderer pursued by the law—it does not signify. He was a *man*, not a *bourgeois*, married late in life to a rich, ugly woman. Perhaps her great grandmother was a superb octoroon, the belle of the plantation. As if it mattered to me! Look at those eyes, in which a flame dances; those nostrils, quivering for some unknown reason—is it because her husband is addressing her in a low tone, or because the truffles on her plate smell good? Look at those full lips, as red as the crayfish whose savory meat she is eagerly sucking out. But, above all, look at her proud, exultant, splendid breast, as untamed and untrammelled as a young Texas stallion's, just driven into the corral. Look at the contour, the rich pallor; admire it, contemplate it; the beauty is *décolleté*. I hear you saying, "Nobody but an American would wear a low body at the *McKinley*!" Don't complain. It is the *revanche* of the McKinley bill. This living statue pays fifty francs a day to France, represented by the hotel-cashier, to exhibit to us lines that three generations of corsets have not dishonored in the worst of slavery. Ah, my friend! I admit that Suzanne de Bétarel has fewer uncertainties in her stock; but I fear that her husband—whenever he may be—will never congratulate himself on the *certainities* that must cheer the existence of my right-hand neighbor.

By the way, I've not said anything about Suzanne, have I? What would you have? I hardly saw her, but it's really not my fault. What sort of a figure can be cut by a good, simple, straightforward country lass in a high frock, by the side of an extra-heady *Américaine* with arms, shoulders, and throat—the throat is marvelous—the secret of which has been lost by our Old World civilization.

After dinner we went into the drawing-room, and I chose an arm-chair from which I could study superb Flossie in her ensemble—I caught her charming name, so original, so new to French ears, given her by her lord and master. Oh! *mon ami*! In the huge room filled with women there was but one woman for me. You would probably have thought her toilet too rich, her diamond ear-drops a little too big. But she carried it all so well! One can see that the radiant creature opened her eyes in a cradle stuffed with bank-notes. *Hé! mon Dieu!* I am not one of those who kneel before the golden calf; but—leaving my own self out of the question—old French society is growing poorer day by day, and when I reflect that Suzanne de Bétarel's dowry is only five hundred thousand francs! If it were only in dollars!

Before leaving the *hôtel*, I inquired the name of the pair from the *portier*: Kennedy, of Baltimore. I was already aware that Baltimore is the town of beautiful women in the country *par excellence* of beautiful women. When I got home, I hunted up a geography and found: Baltimore, latitude north 39 degrees, 17 minutes, 48 seconds. Pursuing my studies, I demonstrated that this latitude is that of Lisbon, of Toledo, and of Vesuvius, approximately. Ah! *lois*! Flossie! now I understand your eyes, your lips, and your nostrils.

It is two o'clock in the morning. Perhaps I can sleep now. What a luminous idea! Our friend Chavoix, now in

St. Petersburg, used to be French consul at Baltimore. You follow me?

So I must scribble ten lines before I turn in and sleep—if I can. *Bon soir.* Yours, GERARD.

Count de Hautesaigues to Baron Chavoix, secretary of the
embassy at St. Petersburg :

PARIS, December 28, 1892.

DEAR FRIEND: When you were in Baltimore, did you know a tall, thin man, with a drooping moustache and a look of having no nonsense about him? His name is Arthur W. H. Kennedy. I would be greatly indebted to you if you would give me an introduction to him. His wife is adorable. But do not be alarmed. I know that American husbands are not to be trifled with. I merely hope to do some business with him. Thanking you beforehand, Always yours, HAUTESAIGUES.

Count de Hautesaigues to Lieutenant de Hautesaigues at
Bordeaux :

PARIS, January 5, 1893.

... I have not got Chavoix's answer yet, but I've seen the Kennedys again, still at the Grand Hôtel. This time there was no little *cousine* to bother about—the Bétarels have gone—and as the most jealous of husbands can't sit at one and the same time on both sides of his wife, I dined—did I really dine at all?—next to lovely Flossie. I can't conceal it from myself any longer, old fellow: there is no room for anything but America in my head. Write to mamma, and make her understand that she must give up all her plans about Suzanne de Bétarel. Feeling as I do, it would not be the square thing to get any nearer matrimony.

I have not the shadow of an episode to relate to you, however. I once more feasted my eyes on one of Nature's masterpieces. My ears listened to music. I detest English—in the mouth of an American—I don't understand the language, by the way. But haven't you noticed how melodious American women can make the tongue "where the yes resounds"? And, then—oh, joy!—*she* speaks French. "Pray, hand the lobster to monsieur." I almost wept with delight when I heard this simple sentence, pronounced with charming hesitation in an adorable accent that made the Parisian slang of my other neighbor sound horribly flat. How well she speaks French in spite of her piquant *outré* flavor! Among the women whom we know, how many could ask for lobster in English at a New York *table d'hôte*? She understands German, too, for she had been casting her eye over some *Illustrirte Zeitung* in the reading-room, and she read a few sentences out of it to her husband.

Haven't you asked yourself a dozen times how these American women find leisure to learn all they know? At eighteen they all have eighteen passages across to the good. Their whole life seems to be spent traveling, riding, waltzing, skating, flirting—for they are unrivaled in all sports. And then if you get to talking seriously with them, you discover they are frightfully learned—history, literature, music, philosophy, four or five languages.

As to flirting, I have not got beyond guesses as to beautiful Mrs. Kennedy's *savoir-faire*. It is true that I concealed my admiration for her about as you conceal your sword when you are on parade. On such an occasion the Frenchwoman knows no mean, no half-way. Either she assumes an indignant, sulky, furious air, an affected prudery, or else it's the whole octave of coquetry and killing glances. Nothing of this in my frank and charming creature. Neither rage nor swoons; but something imperceptible in the glance that she turned straight on me and that meant, "I have no reason to be angry if you think me beautiful." You can see that this woman, from sixteen up, has been accustomed to going out alone, on foot, on horseback, in a carriage with her admirers, protected by the notion of self-defense that our feminine education foolishly replaces by grated convent doors and duennas. If ever I have a daughter she shall be brought up like Flossie.

On the whole, I am not dissatisfied with these preliminaries, and when Chavoix's answer will have opened the door of the temple to me—But I shall reserve the chronicle of the interview for my next.

There is nothing new elsewhere. *Maman's* letter of this morning asked me how I was getting on with the Bétarels. *Parbleu!* How I am getting on? I have got to where one usually gets after a few years of wedded life. One should be looking to the right when one is turned squarely to the left! Poor Suzanne! Yet she is really very nice. But I find myself sharing the opinion of our old uncle, the member of the Institute—the future belongs to America.

Baron de Chavoix to Count de Hautesaigues, delivered at
five o'clock, p. m. :

ST. PETERSBURG, January 2, 1893.

MY DEAR FRIEND: Here is the introduction to Kennedy for which you asked me. I saw a great deal of him in Baltimore in his first wife's life-time. The second wife—the actual one—is, as you no doubt know, a Parisian governess that he had for his little girl. Between ourselves, she is a gay one, and if you meet her perhaps you had better not refer to me nor to her life in Baltimore. It is hardly likely that she'll ever go back there. But she is married now, right enough, and all these old stories can't interest you, since it is business that you have in mind.

I trust you'll make a million or two with the husband of the girl we used to call *la belle Florine*—her name for short; translated "Flossie" in America. May I be blest if I ever expected to see you taking to business!

Always yours, faithfully,

CHAVOIX.

Count de Hautesaigues to Lieutenant de Hautesaigues :

PARIS, January 6, 1893.

You will be surprised at this, after my yesterday's letter. *Eh bien, mon ami!* I have been reflecting and I've given up seeing Mrs. Kennedy again. What will it lead to? To victory? Perhaps. But what victory has not a to-morrow! Love is prone to many vicissitudes to make it prudent to

put another trump into the hand of adverse fate. To love? What heroic courage! To love a foreigner? What madness! It is like building a card-house on a sleeping-car table. What if I should really fall in love head over breech, and the husband should give orders to have the trunks packed the next day? Can't you imagine me following my beloved to the four corners of the globe?

Yes, I must confess it—her prestige as a foreigner had gone to my head. We are so foolish, we French! Wherein lies the superiority, the matchlessness of these women that drop down on us from no one knows where? They have a stamp of their own. The very woman who turns Paris upside down, bearing the American hall-mark, would barely be looked at if we had seen her grow up at home.

Enfin, one thing is certain: I have not seen Mrs. Kennedy again. I shall not see her again; I shall not refer to her again, and you will oblige me by doing likewise. I mean what I say; so much so, that I have written *maman* to go on with the Bétarel affair. After all, you see, it is our duty to put into our children's veins the pure, well-known, tested blood of good old French stock.

So, according to all probabilities, you can be prepared to get a leave for Easter.

The Dowager-Countess de Hautesaigues to Lieutenant de
Hautesaigues :

CHATEAU DE HAUTESAIGUES, January 15, 1893.

MY DEAR CHILD: I am very happy once more. You deserve a scolding for the fright you gave me. Your last letter gave me the impression that Gérard had confided in you, and that the Bétarel alliance did not meet his approval. What put into your head that "he was not ripe for marriage?" Alas! that was just what I feared. On the contrary, he writes me to hurry on things as fast as I can manage. Between ourselves, I've only to press on a half-opened door. The Bétarels are merely waiting for a word, I'm quite convinced. It seems your brother was rather timid with Suzanne during the interview. And I was sure that from the outset the little darling would turn your brother's head. At the bottom, he has all the ideas that my dear sons should have concerning the indispensable qualities of their future life-companions. At mass this morning I returned ardent thanks to God for the favor granted me.

YOUR MOTHER,

Who loves you with all her heart.—Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Léon de Tinséau.

Ex-Senator Washburn, of Minnesota, the owner of extensive flouring-mill interests in Minneapolis, expressed himself as follows on the question of trusts, when interviewed in New York recently by a *Tribune* reporter :

"The trust craze has changed the whole nature of doing things. When I was a young man—I am now sixty-eight—I had the world before me, and there was absolutely a fair field for me. Take all of our most successful business men of to-day and their experiences were like mine. They entered the race without a handicap, and their grip and capacity won. Now this building up of trusts puts a stop to fair and equal opportunities to young men of to-day. The young man just out of college has no opening. As a rule he can not begin business on his own account against organized capital. He must join the procession. He must content himself with being a mere clerk, and the chances are that he will never get any further, because there are so many in his class. This makes the situation a serious one, and I am sorry for the young man of to-day. I've studied the situation and I am sure of what I am saying. The almost universal over-capitalization of trusts and the manipulation of prices to produce exorbitant profits must eventually result in a general collapse. There is one thing that greatly disturbs me. The Republican party, whether justly or unjustly, is associated with trusts in the minds of the masses. As a party we have reached a crisis where we have got to call a halt. The Republican party has got to disconnect itself from trusts. It has got to do something more than adopt platform planks against trusts. It has got to put forth its full strength and legislate against them. The feeling against the trust idea is intense in the West. It is so intense in the Republican party that the party will break ranks unless something is done. The undertow of sentiment in the Western Republican States against trusts is not understood in the East. The revolt may strike us as early as next year."

A correspondent of the *Outlook* complains bitterly of the "senseless detail" and delay in the system of red tape which governs all transactions with the War Department, and relates his experience at Camp Meade, Pennsylvania. Five copies were required of an insignificant contract, covering a possible expenditure of twenty dollars a year, and when it was discovered in Washington that a word had been written erroneously in an unessential part of the contract, the papers were returned and a new document in quintuplicate demanded. The usual signature of the firm was not allowed, as the War Department clerk had used the abbreviation "Co." The bills rendered in duplicate required hours of careful study. The correspondent concludes with this savage query: "Is it any wonder that the War Department needs about six hundred funerals in high official life?"

The Berlin University has again signified its disregard of Kaiser Wilhelm's political prejudices. The government had insisted for the second time that Dr. Leo Arons, *privat docent*, or instructor, should be debarred from teaching, simply on the ground that he was a Social-Democrat. The faculty of the university tried him formally, but as no instances of improper teaching were shown, the arguments turned solely on the iniquity of Social Democracy. In spite of the Kaiser's dictum on the party, Berlin University decided that "the fact that an instructor belongs to the Social-Democrat party was no reason for his dismissal." An appeal has been taken to the minister, but the first Prussian university still holds out for independence in teaching.

Mr. McDougall of the London County Council is afraid that the Thames will run dry owing to the dams that are being built in the upper reaches of the river. Last year eight hundred and forty-three million gallons of water a day passed over Teddington Weir in May; the figures for this year are five hundred and fifty million gallons in May. It is feared that the result may be an epidemic of disease, arising from the undiluted sewage of the city.

THE GROUSE-SHOOTING SEASON.

London Deserted by the Fashionable World—The Flight to the Moors—Famous English Coverts—Shootings in Scotland—Delights Found by the Sportsman.

Although the extreme heat of July ended with the month and the weather has been more tolerable, the longing for the cool breezes of the moors is irresistible among those who could not go with the earliest when the grouse-shooting began. Coves held delights for hundreds, to whom yachting is of all sports the noblest, and Goodwood attracted many more who enjoy the excitement of the racing, but the shootings draw thousands, and soon after the twelfth, the opening of the grouse season, London is deserted by the fashionable world. By the end of the week all the sportsmen will be away to the far north or to moors nearer home. The season promises to be a good one. Late frosts kept the young birds back in some places and heavy floods late in July inflicted some loss, as in Roxburghshire, but encouraging reports come from nearly all the keepers, and grouse will be plentiful.

Scotland is the most alluring field for the sportsman, though there are many moors in England well worth shooting over. The something more than two thousand shootings in the Highlands gain in value every year. The competition for even the smaller moors has been very sharp this season, and only men of means could hope to secure one. The lairds who are the fortunate possessors of more than a single shooting, reserve but one and let the others. The Earl of Ancaster lets the Lochearnside Moors to Mr. Cadwalader, of Philadelphia, and enjoys the season for himself at Auchinnee in the Glenartney Forest. Mr. Waldorf Astor is at Aberchilly Castle, not far from Mr. Cadwalader. Mr. Rudyard Kipling has leased a fine shooting in Perthshire. The Balma-cann estate in Inverness, which the Bradley-Martins have had for several years, is one of the most famous of shootings. Many of the small moors have been joined this year and let with the best house on the estate. Formerly it was calculated that each brace of grouse cost the tenant-sportsman a sovereign, and it is safe to say that a guinea will be nearer the mark this year.

The season opened promptly. The Duke of York was a guest of Lord Ripon, at Studley Royal, Yorkshire, and on the twelfth assisted in making an excellent bag on the Dalwrigg Moors. The next day his royal highness visited the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, at Bolton Abbey, and the party found excellent sport, though the record of the opening day, when three hundred brace were accounted for, was not equaled. Next week the duke goes to Tulchan Lodge, Morayshire, a favorite shooting now rented by Mr. Arthur Sassoon. The Prince of Wales visited Tulchan Lodge two years ago, and it is said will go there next year.

The Prince of Wales, now at Marienbad, is an enthusiastic sportsman, and the best shot in the royal family. Some big hags have been made when his royal highness was present, and there are few famous shootings which the prince has not visited. One of the few occasions when the Prince and Princess of Wales have honored a commoner by accepting his hospitality, was for a week during the shooting season at Westdean, in West Sussex, where their host and hostess were Mr. and Mrs. Willie James. The house-party brought together to meet the prince and princess was an exceptionally brilliant one. Mrs. James is a daughter of Helen, Lady Forbes of Newe, who has always been a favorite with the royal family.

Three years ago the Prince and Princess of Wales visited the newly married Duke and Duchess of Marlborough at Blenheim Palace, an occasion which was made notable by the presence in the house-party of many of the countrymen and countrywomen of the young duchess. During the royal visit eight thousand four hundred head of game were killed in four days. This record was nearly equaled at Wynyard Park, the estate and home of Lord and Lady Londonderry, where, during a visit of the prince and princess some years ago, seven thousand head fell to seven guns in four days, the largest bag being two thousand seven hundred.

Shooting-parties at Sandringham are not rare, for the Prince and Princess of Wales have friends with them at their country home at all times, unless in the deepest mourning. Those who have had the privilege of taking part in these shooting-parties have enjoyed them greatly. Norfolk is famed for its variety of game, and the pheasants and partridges are reared with great care at Sandringham. The head-keeper has an army of men under him in various capacities, and on shooting days they turn out in uniform—royal-blue housings, low-crowned hats, knickerbockers, and long, brown gaiters. While the parties are never larger than ten guns, some excellent hags have been made there, one day's accounting some years ago being three thousand head, including twenty-one hundred and seventy-five pheasants. No game hagg at Sandringham is ever sold; a large share is packed the same day and sent to hospitals near or in London.

The actual reign of the head-keeper on all the shootings is inaugurated on the twelfth of August, for on that day, with the beginning of the sport, the direction of affairs is in his hands and his perquisites begin. There have been guests at shooting-parties who were more liberally supplied with brass than with brains, and who flung about five-pound notes with no discretion, tipping head and under-keepers, heaters, and cartridge-carriers with a munificence that was something more than disconcerting to those not disposed to follow the example. As a consequence, some individuals were favored by the gamekeeper when he posted the guns, and others could look forward to almost certain disappointment however numerous the birds. Of late the custom has grown of the host posting the guns—a most desirable vogue. Another custom has been introduced which aids the gun who is in doubt as to time and amount when he desires to offer a gratuity. A box, plainly marked, is placed in a prominent position in the house, and in this the guest can deposit his

offering on his departure, being requested to give no gratuities to keepers or attendants during his shooting. The full amount deposited is afterward divided among the keepers and their assistants in the proportions thought to be just by the host. The guns on the moors have always reckoned about ten shillings a day for their gratuity account, and it is considered none too little by those qualified to judge; indeed, many choose to give not less than four pounds for a week's shooting, and believe this to be not extravagant. Those who can not afford to tip in a suitable manner should decline invitations to the shootings.

The charms of grouse-shooting appeal to all who can enjoy the keen air, the beautiful scenery of the moors, the vigorous and long-continued exercise and excitement of the day. The genuine sportsman prefers to shoot over the dogs rather than to post himself beside a rock and have the birds driven to him by the heaters; but in either case the ever-varying success keeps his perceptions alert and his pulse quick and strong. At luncheon-time the ladies of the party come out and join the shooters, and an ample and suitable meal is enjoyed in their company. At the end of the day there is the counting of the hags, the drive homeward, and the dinner, and afterward the adjournment to the smoking-room or the library, where guns and game, pointers and pipes, are discussed with thorough contentment. Evening dances are not unknown in this sporting season, and romances have sprung from many of the August parties on the moors.

LONDON, August 19, 1899.

A SONG OF SEA-KINGS.

Effingham, Grenville, Raleigh, Drake,
Here's to the bold and free!
Benbow, Collingwood, Byron, Blake,
Hail to the Kings of the Sea!
Admirals all, for England's sake,
Honor be yours and fame!
And honor, as long as waves shall break,
To Nelson's peerless name!

Admirals all, for England's sake,
Honor be yours and fame!
And honor, as long as waves shall break,
To Nelson's peerless name!

Essex was fretting in Cadiz Bay
With the galleons fair in sight;
Howard at last must give him his way,
And the word was passed to fight.
Never was school-boy gayer than he
Since holidays first began;
He tossed his bonnet to wind and sea,
And under the guns he ran.

Drake nor devil nor Spaniard feared,
Their cities he put to the sack;
He sang his Catholic Majesty's heard,
And harried his ships to wrack.
He was playing at Plymouth a rubber of bowls
When the great Armada came;
But he said, "They must wait their turn, good souls,"
And he stopped and finished the game.

Fifteen sail were the Dutchmen hold,
Duncan he had but two;
But he anchored them fast where the *Texel* shoaled,
And his colors aloft he flew.
"I've taken the depth to a fathom," he cried,
"And I'll sink with a right good will,
For I know when we're all of us under the tide
My flag will be fluttering still."

Splinters were flying above, below,
When Nelson sailed the Sound;
"Mark you, I wouldn't be elsewhere now,"
Said he, "for a thousand pound!"
The Admiral's signal had him fly,
But he wickedly wagged his head;
He clapped the glass to his sightless eye,
And "I'm damned if I see it!" he said.

Admirals all, they said their say
(The echoes are ringing still),
Admirals all, they went their way
To the haven under the hill.
But they left us a kingdom none can take—
The realm of the circling sea—
To be ruled by the rightful sons of Blake,
And the Rodneys yet to be.

Admirals all, for England's sake,
Honor be yours and fame!
And honor, as long as waves shall break,
To Nelson's peerless name!
—Henry Newbold in "Admirals All."

A rumor has come from London that *Punch* is to undergo some alterations in the style of its contents, its size, and price—a report somewhat disquieting to those who believe in British stability and reverence for a steadfast course. These restless times must have changed public taste if *Punch* feels the need of novelties. One of the difficulties of maintaining a humorous paper (says *Harper's Weekly*) is the tendency of the men who make it to grow old. Du Maurier never grew old in *Punch*; neither did Leech nor Keene, and Tenniel's work is not of a sort to be impaired by the seriousness which is liable to develop with maturity. There should always be a strong infusion of youth—real youth—in a humorous paper. Very likely it would be well for *Punch*, and all papers of its sort, to drown or pension off its editor every ten or fifteen years, and get a new one, to whom some jokes will seem new, and whom the follies of mankind will not impress like old familiar friends which it is brutal to assail and unkind to laugh at.

The *Intransigent* and the *Patrie* are included in the proceedings for libel which Maitre Lahori, counsel for Captain Dreyfus, is about to institute against the *Croix* and the *Libre Parole*. He will also begin an action upon the same charge against M. Drumont, the proprietor and director of the *Libre Parole*. The ground of the proceedings is the insinuation that the recent attempt upon M. Lahori's life at Rennes was an "impudent fake" on the part of M. Lahori, designed to draw sympathy to Dreyfus and himself. M. Lahori deposited with the *procureur* at Rennes his bullet-pierced and bloodstained coat as evidence.

HAZING AT WEST POINT.

Tortures Which the Authorities Are Trying to Suppress.

Cadet Philip S. Smith, of Nebraska, who a year ago when a member of the second class was tried by a general court-martial for hazing a "plebe" and sentenced to suspension, was dismissed from the military academy just twenty-four hours after he had reported back to join the present third class, having been caught by one of the tactical officers hazing the son of General Frederick D. Grant. Smith was suspended on September 21, 1898, until August 28, 1899. The furlough class came home August 29th, about one o'clock. Among them was Smith. He attended the hall in the evening. The next morning one of the officers of the tactical department caught him hazing a plebe and immediately placed him under arrest. His dismissal in disgrace followed quickly. Colonel Mills has determined to stamp out hazing, and all cadets caught at it will meet with a similar fate. This is the first time in the history of the academy that a cadet has been dismissed for hazing without a trial.

There is a slight parallel between West Point and college hazing, explains a writer in the *New York Sun*. It obtains only to the extent that in either case the victim is the new student—in the one case the "plebe," in the other the "freshman." In West Point the three upper classes indulge in it at will; in the colleges the sophomore alone stoops to it. These abuses, or tortures—for they are nothing else—all fall under the general name of "exercising." They are known in the corps as "eagling," "sweat-baths," "hanging on stretcher," "plebe rest," "hox holding," "wooden-willying," "chinning," "foot-halls," "qualifying." These are the severer forms of hazing at West Point. They afford no amusement to the inquisitor. They simply torture, exquisitely torture, the plebe. The inflicting of the entire category, or part of it, constitutes a "soirée," and according to the amount of exercise exacted it is called a light or a heavy "soirée," as the case may be.

The plebe for an alleged infraction of alleged rules is ordered to report at some other plebe's tent, reports—if he does not, he knows that worse trouble will be in store for him—and is ordered to "eagle." This exercise is executed by hending the knees as far as possible toward the ground, and at the same time extending the arms out from the sides to the height of the shoulder, perpendicular with the body, and gently moving the hands up and down. The original position is then resumed, and one eagle has been done. The movement, simple in itself, soon demonstrates that a number of muscles is called into play. The plebe soon becomes weary. Fifty eagles produce fatigue, one hundred, aching muscles. But three hundred, three hundred and fifty, and four hundred are forced upon the plebe. The time soon comes when in lowering himself to the ground the muscles give out and he falls to his knees. The plebe occupants of the tent in which the "soirée" is held are peremptorily ordered to set the man on his feet. That done, he is told to eagle again. The muscles, already overtaxed, give out again. He falls, is placed on his feet again, and goes on. In doing four hundred eagles this takes place usually three or four times. Sometimes the plebe faints. It is better so, for in that case fright causes the yearling to desist. In the event, however, of his continued resistance to collapse, the yearling at last tells him to "come off that" and take a rest on the "stretcher."

The "stretcher" rest is hanging by the hands until nature refuses to endure the strain; "hox-holding" and "chinning" are other ingenious forms of torture through muscular strain; the "sweat-bath" is an ordeal in heavy clothing, overcoats, and heavy blankets; "qualifying" is being forced to eat prescribed amounts of some particular food or ration, always, of course, beyond the capacity of the sufferer. Refusal to submit results in a challenge to fight, and the hestruiser in the class is brought forward to discipline the plebe, and the latter has no chance to win. Even if his courage and science enable him to gain a victory, this does not suffice, for other combats follow until he is beaten into submission.

A single instance will illustrate how the "code of honor" holds the cadets. Through some hook or crook the name of a cadet who had been hazed until he had convulsions came to the authorities. A court of inquiry was at once ordered. The cadet denied that he had been hazed. His attention was then called to the rules of the academy, the first being absolute and instant obedience to orders. The question was then put to him again. He asked if he was ordered to answer. He was informed that the commandant ordered him to answer, and then he answered until it came to telling the names of the men who had hazed him or caused his hazing. He was informed that the commandant order him to tell the names. He replied that the commandant could not force him to incriminate himself under the rules, and he did not answer. The rules are that a man who is hazed shall report the fact at once to the officers, together with the names of the men who do the hazing. Failure so to report makes the victim of the hazing equally guilty. The court of inquiry came to naught.

There are forty cadets undergoing punishment at the academy at the present time for firing guns in their tents at night. These cadets were forced to fire their guns by the upper classmen. If any one of them had refused he would have been called out in the morning and would have had to stand a licking from the hestruiser in the class. One of the cadets who has been treated in the most brutal fashion, and who has been hazed into convulsions no less than three times, is the son of one of America's harvest generals, a man who is to-day fighting for his country. The son of another great general, a man whose memory the whole nation honors, was forced to take part in the hazing of this youth. It is said that the Secretary of War has announced in connection with the recent troubles that he will summary punishment upon cadets caught in the act of hazing.

BIG SIX AND THE SUN.

The New York Printers' War on the Paper that "Shines for All"—Manager Laffan Rebels and Throws Off the Yoke of Organized Labor.

The town has been vastly interested during the past month in the firm fight the *Sun* has been making against "Big Six." "Big Six," be it understood, is the popular name for Typographical Union, No. 6, one of the most powerful and most domineering labor organizations in the country. It controls every newspaper office in Greater New York except those of the *Evening Post* and *Brooklyn Eagle*—or did, until the *Sun* rebelled under its tyrannous demands and threw off the yoke.

The first intimation the public had of trouble between the *Sun* and its compositors was on Sunday, August 6th, when the news part of the paper comprised only four instead of twelve pages. Since that day it has been running short, many articles being leaded and the daily issues being ten instead of twelve pages. Moreover, its columns have been spattered with typographical errors, showing the 'prentice hand at work in the composing-room and at the proof-reader's desk. But it has been coming out right along.

The present trouble dates back some months for its inception. The *Sun* held out for hand-composition a long time after the other papers had adopted type-setting machines, its reason being that it was not satisfied with the machine in most general use. At last it got the kind of machine it wanted, and made heavy purchases. The new machine differed from the more common variety in that the preparation of the matrices of the type-lines was done by one machine operated like a type-writer, and the type-casting was done by a distinct machine, instead of the two operations being done practically at once, as in the Mergenthaler. It required a compositor to operate the key-board and one machinist to look after every three casting machines. The Typographical Union demanded that compositors be employed instead of machinists to oil, wipe, and otherwise tend the machines, one to each machine. The *Sun* had no alternative, if it wished to avoid a strike, and so it was compelled to accede to this arbitrary demand. For several weeks it has been paying compositor's wages (twenty-four to twenty-seven dollars a week) to one extra compositor for each machine in its plant, in addition to the key-board men and machinists.

Mr. Laffan, the manager of the *Sun* company, decided then that he could stand the union's tyranny no longer. He accordingly made arrangements to get a hundred compositors from Philadelphia, to be ready if his men struck, and then drew up a circular to be given to the compositors on their next pay-day, informing them that from that date all positions were vacant, but that such of them as wished to work under rules made by the *Sun* owners instead of by "Big Six" would be taken back immediately. Unfortunately, the union was given copies of this circular by employees of the shop where it was being printed, and on Saturday night, August 5th, at ten o'clock—that is to say, at the hour in the whole week when their defection would most seriously cripple the paper—the union representatives declared that, as they understood that a system was to be adopted which would practically oust all union men from the *Sun* office, some one must sign a binding contract whereby only members of the Allied Printing Trades Council should be employed. This demand it was impossible to comply with. The union declared the strike, and one hundred and ten men and eight boys walked out of the composing-room, and ten stereotypers followed them.

The *Sun* apologized in a few lines next morning for its curtailed appearance, but the other papers gave fuller details—the *Herald* especially. Mr. Bennett's journal has been at enmity with the *Sun* ever since it withdrew from the combination that took the *Sun*'s news service, and the *Sun* has since been attacking it mercilessly on every possible occasion. Last summer it more than insinuated that the *Herald* was appropriating the money it was collecting for the poor people's ice-fund; it accused the *Herald* of aiding Spain with sympathy and information in the late war; and it has done its best to stir up the postal authorities over the *Herald*'s infamous "Personals" and have action taken against the paper for transmitting obscene matter through the mails. Naturally the *Herald* was glad of an opportunity to retaliate, and it made the most of the striking printers' meetings. These were many, and other typographical unions sent many expressions of sympathy, to which the *Herald* gave much space. These expressions of sympathy, by the way, often took tangible form, including the offer of a loan of ten thousand dollars from the London printers and a similar offer from the international conference in Detroit. As "Big Six" has a fund of forty thousand dollars of its own, it is pretty well supplied with the sinews of war. The newsdealers, too, joined with the Typographical Union, and even the Federated Trades, irritated by the *Sun*'s persistent denunciation of strikers, threatened a general boycott against all who patronized the *Sun* with subscriptions or advertising.

It was not until a fortnight had passed that the *Sun* put forth its side of the question, but its statement has been a revelation to those who know nothing of the inner workings of a newspaper office. The long list of exactions to which the *Sun* has submitted seems incredible to the lay mind, but those who have had to do with composing-rooms can readily believe it true. In one case an advertisement was set up by an advertiser in his own type, but the union insisted that the compositors, who were paid by the day, should set the advertisement up and distribute it. They got no more money, but they wasted a little of their employer's time. On another occasion, a printer got drunk, and, swaggering into the editorial-rooms, began to raise Ned with anybody he could find. He was discharged immediately, but the union insisted that he be taken back next day and be given work for an hour or so and then allowed to resign. A pro-

fessional disturber, who was chairman of the chapel—the name given the unofficial body into which the compositors on any paper form themselves—resigned to the managing editor one day, but the union insisted, and successfully, that he had not resigned to the foreman of the composing-room, in accordance with the rules of the union, and that therefore his resignation was not valid. The union passed a rule forbidding the managing editor of the *Evening Sun* to speak to the chairman of the chapel; all communication with his employees must be held through the foreman. Finally the union formulated a rule in regard to substitute compositors—those who take a regular employee's place when he wants a day off—that "the regular shall be the person to select his own substitute, and he shall in no way be responsible for any work performed by the same."

These are only a few extracts from the list of exactions to which the *Sun* submitted—and the other morning papers still submit—at the hands of "Big Six." The position is so monstrous that comment is unnecessary. It speaks for itself. However, the *Sun* has at last rebelled, and I am glad to say that it shows no sign of weakening. The paper is smaller and its advertising patronage has fallen off a little. But the sympathy of all fair-minded men is with it, and its battle against anarchy must redound to its lasting advantage. NEW YORK, September 8, 1899. FLANEUR.

OLD FAVORITES.

DAVTON, O., August 26, 1899.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: Your paper has so persistently reprinted "Old Favorites" by request that I am tempted to inquire if you can republish the poem beginning:

"Happy the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
On his own ground?"

The balance of the lines and the name of the author are unknown to me. DAYTON CLUB.

Ode on Solitude.

Happy the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away;
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day.

Sound sleep by night, sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most does please,
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
Thus unlamented let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.—Alexander Pope.

VANCOUVER, B. C., August 22, 1899.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: Having been for many years a subscriber to the *Argonaut*, may I ask you to insert among "Old Favorites" "The Sisters," by Whittier, and oblige, Yours truly, STANLEY HENDERSON.

The Sisters.

Annie and Rhoda, sisters twain,
Woke in the night to the sound of rain,
The rush of wind, the ramp and roar
Of great waves climbing a rocky shore.
Annie rose up in her bed-gown white,
And looked out into the storm and night.
"Hush and hearken!" she cried in fear,
"Hearst thou nothing, sister dear?"

"I hear the sea, and the splash of rain,
And roar of the north-east hurricane.
Get thee back to the bed so warm,
No good comes of watching a storm.
What is it to thee, I fain would know,
That waves are roaring and wild winds blow?
No lover of thine's afloat to miss
The harbor-lights on a night like this."

"But I heard a voice cry out my name;
Up from the sea on the wind it came!
Twice and thrice have I heard it call,
And the voice is the voice of Estwick Hall!"

On her pillow the sister tossed her head,
"Hall of the Heron is safe," she said.
"In the tautest schooner that ever swam
He rides at anchor in Annisquam.
And if in peril from swamping sea
Or lee shore rocks, would he call on thee?"

But the girl heard only the wind and tide,
And wringing her small white hands she cried:
"O sister Rhoda, there's something wrong;
I hear it again, so loud and long.
Annie! Annie! I hear it call,
And the voice is the voice of Estwick Hall!"

Up sprang the elder, with eyes aflame,
"Thou liest! He never would call thy name!
If he did, I would pray the wind and sea
To keep him forever from thee and me!"

Then out of the sea blew a dreadful blast;
Like the cry of a dying man it passed.
The young girl hushed on her lips a groan,
But through her tears a strange light shone,—
The solemn joy of her heart's release
To own and cherish its love in peace.
"Dearest!" she whispered, under breath,
"Life was a lie, but true is death.
The love I hid from myself away
Shall crown me now in the light of day.
My ears shall never to wooer list,
Never by lover my lips be kissed,
Sacred to thee am I henceforth,
Thou in heaven and I on earth!"

She came and stood by her sister's bed:
"Hall of the Heron is dead!" she said.
"The wind and the waves their work have done,
We shall see him no more beneath the sun.
Little will reck that heart of thine,
It loved him not with a love like mine.
I for his sake, were he but here,
Could hem and broder thy bridal gear,
Though hands should tremble and eyes be wet,
And stitch for stitch in my heart be set.
But now my soul with his soul I wed;
Thine the living, and mine the dead!"

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

General Ottolenghi, military governor of Turin, is the first Jew to attain the rank of full general in the Italian army.

George W. Scoville, once a prominent lawyer, now lives as a hermit near Kokomo, Ind. He defended the assassin of President Garfield, and expected to win prestige in his profession in the trial.

Dr. C. J. Hoadley, the Connecticut State librarian, has now in his possession an old placard, or dodger, which was distributed ten days after Washington's death, announcing a memorial service in Hartford.

Roscoe Wells Davis, a millionaire, whose great sheep ranch stretches over three counties in Western Texas, rode one hundred and eighty-five miles on horseback to a railroad station week before last, in order that he might reach San Antonio without delay and enlist there in the Thirty-Third Infantry for service in the Philippines. He was accepted, and he now wears the uniform of a lieutenant in one of the companies of that regiment.

After an absence of thirty-seven years, Platt Hodges returned to his old home at Miller's Station, near Franklin, Pa., on August 31st. In 1862 he left his family and went West to seek his fortune. For several years he wrote to his family, but his letters finally ceased. Believing him to be dead, Mrs. Hodges remarried. Her second husband died a few months ago. Last spring, while in Mexico, Hodges decided to return. He beat his way to New Orleans on freight-trains, and from there walked to his old home. He and his wife, it is said, expect to live together the rest of their lives.

General P. J. Joubert is the most celebrated fighter in South Africa. He is vice-president and the commander-in-chief of the Boer army, and is looked on as the country's saviour in the event of war with England. The general is sixty-eight years old now, and scarred by many a wound from English bullet and native assegai, yet he is sturdy of frame and keen of eye. He led the Boers at Majuba Hill, where two hundred and eighty English gave up their lives, General Joubert losing but five men. He beat the English at Laing's Neck, commanded the forces at Bronkhorst and Spruit, and finally caught Jameson like a rat in a trap through quick mobilization of troops.

According to the London *Mail*, Dom Antonio Barroso, the newly consecrated Bishop of Oporto, is the only Roman Catholic bishop in Europe who is allowed to wear a beard. While acting as missionary in Africa, Dom Antonio Barroso's life was crowded with adventure. Among other notable achievements, he founded the mission of St. Salvador do Congo. On his return to Italy he had an audience with the Pope, who spoke highly of his good work. Dom Antonio Barroso begged one favor—to be allowed, for the sake of his health, to cultivate a beard. The Pope readily granted the permission. Thus it came about that Dom Antonio Barroso is the only bishop of the Roman Catholic Church in Europe who is other than clean shaven.

Dr. Kate Perry Cain, of Covington, Ky., has been given the title of the "Turnpike Queen," which was gained in the following manner: Her father, who was the principal stockholder of the Covington and Independent turnpike, on his death left all his stock to his daughter. She was unable to sell it, so undertook the management of the turnpike, which is one of the best and most traveled in the State. Dr. Cain studied road-making, applied her knowledge, and as a result vastly improved her property. One of her improvements is the planting of maple-trees on either side of the turnpike for the distance of twenty-two miles. Her business enterprises by no means absorb all her time. She practiced her profession until her marriage, and is an ardent club woman.

Edward Hanlon Ten Eyck, of the Wachusett Boat Club, of Worcester, has again demonstrated that he is the peer of any other amateur oarsman in the world. He captured the diamond skulls at Henley in 1897 and the amateur championship at Philadelphia a year ago. At Boston he recently won the grand championship senior single-scul race, held under the auspices of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen on the Charles River, his opponent being Joseph Maguire, of the Bradford Boat Club, of Boston. A few days later Ten Eyck was the hero of the single-scul race at Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester, where the Quinsigamond international regatta was held. The great event was witnessed by nearly twenty thousand people. In this contest Ten Eyck defeated Lubie, of the Springfield Boat Club, establishing a new record, covering the course in nine minutes forty-six and three-fifths seconds. The best previous record was nine minutes fifty-eight and two-fifths seconds, made by himself a year ago over the same course.

Captain Caspar Frederick Goodrich, U. S. N., who has just been transferred from the command of the *Newark* to the battle-ship *Iowa*, to succeed Captain Terry, is one of the naval officers who saw active service during the war with Spain. He was assigned to the remodeled cruiser *St. Louis*, and did good work for several months in the Cuban waters. Captain Goodrich is a native of Pennsylvania, but was appointed to the United States Naval Academy from Connecticut. He went to Annapolis soon after the outbreak of the Civil War, and was so successful in his preparation there that he graduated at the head of his class in 1864. He was attached to the steam frigate *Concord*, the flag-ship of the European squadron, and for many years he followed the ordinary life of a naval officer in time of peace. His duties carried him repeatedly around the world, and he had some important shore assignments. In 1882 he was naval attaché on the staff of Lieutenant-General Wolseley during the Tel-el-Kebir campaign. He became a commander in 1884. In 1897 he was made president of the naval war college. He is a gold-medalist of the naval institute.

DAWSON AND THE KLONDIKE.

Social Conditions of the Metropolis of the Far North—Its Dance-Halls and Various Places of Amusement—The "Red" Aristocracy—Some Absurd Prices.

Angelo Heilprin's "Alaska and the Klondike," one of the most unprejudiced and carefully written narratives of the true conditions in the Far North, will be found entertaining, not only by those specially interested in the practical possibilities of the region, but by those who enjoy a well-told story of adventure. His descriptions of the features of his summer journey last year, going in by White Pass and coming out by the Chilkoot, the character of the country and the life of the mining-camps are extremely graphic and devoid of the exaggeration and distortion which colors so much that has been written about the Klondike.

Our extracts principally concern Dawson, which Mr. Heilprin aptly terms the "San Francisco of the North," in which so many of the conditions that made this city famous in the early 'fifties have been repeated. In his opening chapter, he says:

The modern history of Dawson begins with the middle of 1896, shortly after the "public" discovery of gold in the Klondike tract. Three or four months previous there was hardly a habitation, whether tent or of logs, to deface the landscape, and the voice of animate nature was hushed only in the sound of many waters. At the close of the past year, as nearly as estimate can make it, there were probably not less than from fourteen thousand to fifteen thousand men, women, and children settled on the strip of land that borders the Yukon, both as lowland and highland, for about two miles of its course near the confluence of the Klondike. Many of these have located for a permanence, others only to give way to successors more fortunate than themselves. Some of the richest claims of the Bonanza, now a famed gold creek of the world, are located hardly twelve miles distant, and the wealth of the Eldorado is discharged within a radius of less than twenty miles. Over the mountains that closely limit the head springs of Bonanza and Eldorado, Hunker, Dominion, and Sulphur Creeks tread their own valleys of gold in deep hollows of beautiful woodland, fascinating even to-day, but already badly scarred by the work that man has so assiduously pressed in the region. This is the Klondike, a land full of promise and of equal disappointment, brought to public notice in the early part of 1897, when intelligence was received by the outside world regarding the first important gold location on Bonanza Creek in August of the year previous.

It is not often that the selection of a route of travel is determined by the odorous or malodorous qualities which appertain thereto. Such a case, however, was presented to Mr. Heilprin:

It was not the depth of mud alone which was to deter one from essaying the White Pass route; sturdy pioneers who had toiled long and hard in opening up one or more new regions laid emphasis upon the stench of decaying horse-flesh as a factor of first consideration in the choice of route. So far as stench and decaying horse-flesh was concerned, they were in strong evidence. The Desert of Sahara, with its lines of skeletons, can boast of no such exhibition of carcasses. Long before Bennett was reached I had taken count of more than a thousand unfortunate nose-bodies now made part of the trail; frequently we were obliged to pass directly over these ghastly figures of bide, and sometimes, indeed, broke into them. Men whose veracity need not be questioned assured me that what I saw was in no way the full picture of the "life" of the trail; the carcasses of that time were less than one-third of the full number which in April and May gave grim character to the route to the new Eldorado. Equally spread out, this number would mean one dead animal for every fifty feet of distance! The poor beasts succumbed not so much to the hardships of the trail as to lack of care and the inhuman treatment which they received at the hands of their owners. Once out of the line of the mad rush, perhaps unable to extricate themselves from the holding meshes of soft snow and of quagmires, they were allowed to remain where they were, a food-offering to the army of carrion eaters which were hovering about, only too certain of the meal which was being prepared for them. Oftentimes pack-saddles, and sometimes even the packs, were allowed to remain with the struggling or sunken animal—such was the mad race which the greed of gold inspired.

Bennett, at the time of his visit, was no longer the Bennett of three or four months before:

Then it was a busy ship-building port, turning out more boats in a given time than probably any other town in the world, large or small. The skilled and the unskilled were hewing and calking, all bent upon the one common theme of having a boat, and by means of it of reaching Dawson or some place in near proximity to the gold fields. No more inspiring lesson, teaching man's ingenuity and determination to have got suited and fitted, and within a period of some two months not less than three thousand craft—sail-boats, scows, and canoes, many of the lighter ones brought bodily over the passes—were launched upon the still icy waters of Lake Bennett. At that time the water-front was lined or packed with tents, for a population of several thousand had suddenly been planted where before a few individual souls were considered sufficient to admire the beauties of Nature by which they were surrounded. On the first day of August the once busy spot bore the air of almost hopeless desolation. Some tents, shacks, and "hotels" there still were, for the population had not entirely departed, but the thousands had dwindled to a lingering hundred or two hundred, whose necessities, apart from food, were more than met by a goodly number of stores and depots of merchandise.

At Tagish Post, on the Yukon, where an official registry is made of the number and style of craft going down the river, Mr. Heilprin visited the quarters of the North-West Mounted Police, occupying a charming site of cleared land surrounded by beautiful woods and copses:

The residences, or *baureaux*, were all well-constructed log-cabins, rambling in their extent, and most inviting in their neat and solidly established interiors. A number of robust and proud-looking dogs, some of them of the Indian or Eskimo breed, others of Newfoundland or St. Bernard extraction, took lazy possession of the sunshine, scattering themselves about regardless of that rule of order which determines their distribution elsewhere. They were now enjoying their season of rest, the period of labor beginning with the incoming of snow and ice, when their place is in the harness ahead of the lash. It was here that the charms of the northern vegetation were first brought home to me—the rich, green forests of pine, spruce, and juniper, with their scattering of cottonwood, birch, and willow, and a shrubbery of composite nature, brilliant with the floral elements that entered into it. The omnipresent pink fireweed and blue lupine were in themselves sufficient to illumine any landscape, but they were far from being alone in their showing. Here, again, was the forget-me-not in its most azure blue, and with it the starwort, anemone, and primrose. The wild rose was wonderfully abundant, but unfortunately nearly all the flowers had blown by this time, and we were treated principally to the hips. Captain Strickland assured me that only a few days previously the members of the post had regaled themselves upon the last crop of native and delicious strawberries; the blueberry was still *en faveur*. So much for the barrenness of this region of the Far North!

Dawson extends up the river for about two miles, virtually coalescing with and taking in what has been euphoniously called Lousetown and also Klondike City:

These more southerly points carry with them certain characteristics which are either wanting in the main city or are there but feebly represented. The closely packed tents remind one of an army gathering,

or of the furniture of some religious camp-meeting; walking between them might almost be considered a branch of navigation. Inscriptions on the canvas tell us of certain "brothers from St. Louis," being occupants here, and of "The Jolly Four from ——" occupants elsewhere. Representatives of the press, physicians, and attorneys all have their inscriptions. But the most interesting constructions, picturesque as much as they are instructive, are the elevated platform *caches*, diminutive log-cabins, which on high stilts store a multitude of articles in safe-keeping and beyond the reach of the army of hungry dogs which are everywhere prowling about and carousing upon all manner of odds and ends. Their appearance, especially where they are placed among trees and bushes, is such that the observer can hardly resist the feeling that he is traveling in a region of primitive pile-dwellings—it may be the interior of New Guinea, or the forest tract of one of the Guianas.

Of the streets and sidewalks of Dawson the writer says:

The mud lay in great pools along the main street—First Avenue or Front Street—but hardly in sufficient depth to make walking dangerous. Dogs and goats could alone drown in it. It is true that an occasional wading burro or even a mule would find it a dangerously low level, but I am not aware that any in this condition had added to a list of serious casualties. The Dawson is not entirely oblivious to the discomforts of mud, for an effort is being made to block it out with sawdust, of which the three or four saw-mills in the town furnish a goodly supply. In some parts a rough corduroy has been attempted, but the price of lumber—two hundred dollars per thousand linear feet—renders this form of construction too expensive for general use, especially in a community all of whose members, female as well as male, are prepared to stem the tide with high-top boots. About one-half the street length shows the pretense of wooden sidewalks, but no one has yet recognized a special responsibility for repairs, or seemingly considered that a continuous walk requires a continuous support. Walking is a succession of ups and downs; boards are missing here, others are smashed elsewhere, and the whole walk gives the impression of having been in existence for centuries rather than for the period of a short twelvemonth.

Much of the better element that might be thought to make up society is found not in Dawson itself, but in the outskirts which constitute the gold regions:

Many a pleasant hour can there be spent discoursing from the cutting edges of flumes and sluice-boxes, or by the babbling brookside, with its banks of leaves and flowers. And the conversation need not turn, either, on gold, and on "right and left limits," upon "bench claims," upon "bed-rock" or "rim-rock," or upon the woes of the Edmonton and Stuckee routes; but if you have been astute enough to discover in your neighbor or "pardner" the gamut of his or her knowledge, it will not be amiss at times to direct the conversation in the lines of New Zealand terraces, the aims and prospects of polar explorations, of Austrian politics, or the virtues of "Quo Vadis." Naturally, the American-Spanish War came in for the greatest amount of consideration, and while much national spirit and enthusiasm were manifested on both the American and British sides, it can not be said that the undertaking was everywhere received with that open expression of approval which humanitarian enterprises ordinarily call forth.

A more intimate acquaintance with the saloons made it plain that they were patronized both for the drinks which were sold over the bar for fifty cents or more, and for the gaming-tables which in open evidence betrayed a surpassingly strong interest in *faro*, *rouge et noir*, and *roulette*:

Crowds were watching the fortunes of the play at every turn. From the front entrance quite to the rear some of the more favored halls were packed, but with an element that seemed little disposed to disturbance of any kind. While the drinking of spirituous liquors is very largely indulged in, I believe that during all my stay in Dawson only three cases of obtrusive drunkenness were brought to my attention; and of riotism my experience was wholly negative. Life and property are considered safe even in the most doubtful establishments, and it is not uncommon for a man to pass bours in a crowded dance-hall with virtually all his possessions, possibly a few hundred dollars, or it may be thousands, carried in the form of gold-dust in his trousers pockets. Two main factors are involved in this condition of security, or in the feeling that it exists. The first of these is, perhaps, a wholesome dread of the Canadian Mounted Police, whose efficiency in the direction of controlling order is conceded by every one; and the second, the circumstance that the inhabitants of Dawson and of the adjoining Klondike region are not, as is so largely supposed, a mere assortment of rough prospectors, intent upon doing anything for the sake of acquiring gold, but a fair representation of good and indifferent elements borrowed from all professions and stations of life, and not from one country alone, but from nearly all parts of the civilized globe.

The female portion of the population does not sustain the male, either in character or diversity:

A large proportion of those who are in evidence, and perhaps even by far the greater number, belong to the "red" aristocracy, or at least to that side where steady principles are treated with little consideration and respect. I use the word "aristocracy" advisedly, for it is a notorious fact that an amount of deference is paid to these creatures of shame which is not given to the virtuous or self-respecting woman; and that they themselves, recognizing their standing, are apt to look down upon the rest of the kin, and to even question their proper privileges. . . . They flaunt their careers before you undisguised, wear silks and velvets as in any metropolitan city, and ask and receive recognition on the street in the manner of the *grande dame*. Their influence in matters that may be official to you is not to be ignored; the reward which they have received is measured by some of the best claims in the region.

Woman is a privileged character in Dawson:

She has immediate *entrée* into the depositories of mails, of records, and of claims. Others may sit or stand waiting their turn for days or more in a row; she walks in by the side door with an air of superiority which is as impressive as it is refreshing. She files her claim in the recorder's office with dignity, while her trousered rival, who may have staked five days' earlier, is still studying the entrance from the outside. She reads her mail with smiles and satisfaction, while others are informed that the sorting will not be a *fait accompli* for still a week or more, or that they have already inquired once during the same fortnight.

One of the most interesting sights was the large number of letters awaiting ownership which were tacked up to the front and sides of different buildings in the most public way petitioning for rapid delivery:

My first letter in Dawson was obtained by stripping it from a door-jamb, but it was three weeks before my attention had been directed to it by a friendly discoverer. To obtain anything from the post-office was a most exhaustive process and usually required a long wait before entry could be obtained into the small room where the sorting, distribution, and dispensation of mail-matter were being effected. Even when finally issued, this mail was usually of several weeks' antiquity of arrival, the sorting of tons of substance being much beyond the capacity of the few official hands that were engaged in the work.

Concerning the dance-halls and places of amusement, Mr. Heilprin writes:

The latter consisted at the time of my arrival of four "theatres" or "opera-houses"—the "Combination," "Monte Carlo," "Masco," and "Pavilion"—two of which suspended or closed up before the "season" had fairly opened. Ordinarily, the price of a drink at the bar of entrance paid for admission to the performance with seat, and many will agree with me in believing that the admission was fully paid. The acting need not be worse at any theatre, and the singing could hardly be surpassed in its eccentricities; yet the performances appeared to satisfy a general demand, as ordinarily the houses were packed to their full capacity evening after evening. Needless is it to say that the performances are not intended for women in good standing, and few such are ever present, unless heavily screened behind the curtains of the "boxes." The plays are all of a low order, but the worst is not much worse than some of the plays that are tolerated in all their nastiness in some of our own legitimate theatres. It is singular and interesting as

showing the influence of necessity that a sacred Sunday concert in aid of the fire department was successfully carried through in the capacious halls of one of the most notorious dancing resorts.

Here are some interesting data relative to the condition of a part of the Dawson "market" during the time of Mr. Heilprin's visit:

Oranges and lemons, 75 cents apiece (later in the season, two or three for 50 cents); apples, 25 cents, or, in some places, two for a quarter; potatoes and onions, 75 cents the pound; butter, 51 the pound; eggs, presumably fresh, but ordinarily with a stale inheritance, 52.50 a dozen; radishes, 75 cents a bunch of five pieces; cabbages, 51 the pound; ordinary beer, 51 a bottle; Bass's ale, 52.50 a pint; sugar, 90 cents a pound; canned tomatoes and meats, 75 cents a can; flour, 510 a sack of fifty pounds. Some of these articles could be had for considerably less later in the season; others had advanced, and will continue to advance progressively until the new spring importations.

Among what might with a certain flavor be properly classed as luxuries were the following:

A few watermelons, which were disposed of for 525 apiece—the last one at a dollar the slice—and a number of cucumbers, which the vender, with a regretful remembrance of the low sale, told me he had sold for 55 apiece. He felt certain that he could just as well have leveled to the extent of 55 or 57. Pineapples brought but little more than cucumbers, and coconuts tumbled to 51 the nut. Chickens, which earlier in the season had sold for \$100 for three, were obtainable at 510 apiece; pies were still 75 cents the pie, but chewing-gum had dropped to 25 cents the package.

What was most calculated to excite wonder at the possibility of high rates was the price of hay:

About two weeks before my arrival it was commanding 51,200 the ton; on the first of August it was still selling for \$800, and even toward the close of September a chance purchase for \$400 could not be guaranteed. For hauling thirty-four poles of no great size from the steamboat landing over a distance of only half a mile, \$280 had to be paid. It is the cost of hourly or daily labor which sets the scale of prices, and is responsible for much of the unwarranted valuations.

There are three weekly newspapers published in Dawson—the *Nugget*, *Midnight Sun*, and *Dawson Miner*:

The first two sell for fifty cents a copy, and the last for twenty-five cents. Though the substance and especially the typography of the journals are quite good, the demand for reading matter is such that almost anything could realize a subscription list. The long-bated New York journals seem to command a steady sale on the news-stands, where one also sees displayed the small and (in our country) gratuitously distributed scenic books of the transcontinental railways put up for fifty cents. The *Argosy*, *Strand*, *Manxey's*, and *Cosmopolitan* were the ruling magazines during my visit, and each of these could be had for seventy-five cents a number. . . . There are news-vendors, the same as with us, and the cries of "*Nugget*" and "*Midnight Sun*" appear hardly more strange than the more robust ones which from time to time announce the arrival of the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* or the *Portland Oregonian*. . . . At the Grand Forks village, the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* of about two weeks' standing was selling in stray copies for a dollar a copy—a mild return compared with the fifty dollars that it is said was given for a first copy of the same journal which brought the intelligence of the destruction of Cervera's fleet, and from which the news was subsequently dispensed in a rented hall at a tariff that earned the purchaser a profit of several hundred dollars.

With a claim to having seen many distant lands, Mr. Heilprin says that never before had it been his fortune to experience such a succession of wonderful summer days as during his stay in the region about Dawson:

From August 6th to September 20th, barring three days of partial rain, and perhaps a fourth of cloudiness and mist, the weather was simply perfection—a genial, steady, mild summer, with a temperature rising at its highest to about eighty degrees or eighty-two degrees Fahrenheit in the shade. Even at midnight in September the mercury at its lowest did not fall below about freezing. In August, when daylight hung well on toward the midnight hour, the evenings were but little less pleasant than the days, the balmy night air rarely necessitating clothing warmer than that which was ordinarily worn. "Old-time" residents tell me that there had been continuous fine weather since June, and that already in May, when the waters of the Yukon were running freely with ice, spring had been well ushered in with sunshine and warmth.

As regards the winter climate of Dawson and the Klondike, it would be futile, says the writer, to attempt to argue away an exceedingly low temperature:

At the same time it may be taken for certain that the extreme low range of the mercury—70 degrees to 75 degrees Fahrenheit—which has so often been "officially" claimed for the region, has never been recorded from a really reliable thermometer. . . . Most of the Dawsonites are inclined to make light of the winter's cold, and assure you that, except for head and foot wear, they take little stock in that over-burdening with heavy clothing which outsiders so delight in foisting, as "absolute necessities," upon the too credulous tenderfoot. A good quality of warm underclothing, moderately heavy woolen overgarments, such as are worn in civilized parts of the United States and Canada, and a Russian "parkee," as a protection against possible wind, are the essentials for good-keeping and potentials of work. The much-advertised mackinaws, which by judicious soliciting have brought to themselves a very general distribution, are condemned as articles of winter wear, beyond answering as moderately warm or comfortable pieces of clothing. . . . Notices that furs were used in but insignificant quantity, and the much-vaunted sleeping-bag was very generally replaced by a good outfit of double blankets. The ears, nose, and throat are the articles of tender mercy which have to be specially guarded, for they have a method of leaving one without putting out anticipatory signals of distress.

He also found little use for the mosquito tents, mosquito bead-veilings, head-cages, and other articles which the outfit-fitters and sundry manufacturers recommend. He says:

I had provided almost everything that was necessary to resist attack, for, from accounts that had been most widely circulated, it was easy to believe that the atmosphere of the Klondike was about one-half charged with mosquitoes. My preparations for capture were laid in vain—the enemy was not forthcoming. During my entire stay in Dawson I saw not a single mosquito, although doubtless some were present about town; and I am assured that even in what might be considered to be the true mosquito season—May, June, and July—there are not enough of the insects to call for even passing notice. This experience was repeated in the entire Klondike tract that was visited by me, and miners on several of the larger creeks assured me that they paid little or no attention to the existence or non-existence of the little pierce.

An estimate for the gold output for 1899, measurably entitled to consideration as emanating from an expert, is as follows:

Eldorado and Bonanza Creeks, \$5,000,000; Big and Little Shookums, together with Gold and French Hills, \$5,000,000; Dominion, \$5,000,000; Hunker and Quartz Creeks, \$5,000,000. It will be observed that Sulphur Creek is entirely eliminated from this enumeration, as are likewise Eureka and Bear and a number of minor streams in which Klondikers have considerable faith, and which, from favorable prospects already obtained, are not unlikely to prove moderately productive.

The volume is illustrated with nearly three dozen well-chosen half-tone photographs, contains three excellent maps, and is supplemented with an elaborate index.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York: \$2.00.

LITERARY NOTES.

An Idyl of the Cumberlands.

There is something very fascinating about the tales of these Kentucky writers, James Lane Allen, John Fox, Jr., and Charles Egbert Craddock. The beauty of the blue Cumberlands seems to impregnate their souls, and to give to the world singularly beautiful stories of strong and noble characters uncontaminated by the narrowing conventions of our complex civilization.

The latest production in this school is "A Mountain Europa," by John Fox, Jr., author of "The Kentuckians." It is an idyl, little more than a novelette, but it will leave a sweet fragrance in the reader's mind long after many more pretentious works of fiction have been forgotten.

The Europa is a mountain girl whom Clayton, a young engineer in charge of some Cumberland mining property, first meets as she is riding a bull home to her father's clearing high up in the mountains. She has profound contempt for this "furriner," as the mountain folk regard all visitors from the outside world, who can not control his dog when it sees her strange steed, and his curious trick of lifting his hat to her is very puzzling. But he shoots well and so wins her admiration, and they become fast friends. She soon accepts his word as law, and her infinite trust inspires him with a wish to raise her, and through her neighbors, above her ignorance and crudity. He thinks his interest in the girl is purely platonic, in spite of her great beauty, but another suitor, discarded since his coming, opens his eyes, and he sees that what had been mere friendship to him meant a life-passion to this primitive young woman.

After threshing the question out, he becomes, not unwillingly, engaged to her; but a visit to his home in New York, where he meets many beautiful and refined women, brings out all her defects in bold relief. It is a bitter fight, but his sense of honor prevails, and he goes back to the mountains to accept the life he has brought on himself. There he finds that she has wrought wonders in his absence, making so great an improvement in her dress and manners that, with her great beauty of face and character, he is confident she will in time be able to hold her own with his stately mother and cultured sisters. Her father, a moonshiner who is in hiding for killing an exciseman, is a rough brute, and grates on Clayton's sensibilities, but he endures his coarseness for the girl's sake, and the marriage takes place with the rough festivities of the mountains. But the father is a demon in his cups, and at the wedding feast he drinks until his worst nature gets the upper hand, and the climax comes in a tragedy where the bride of an hour gives up her life to save that of the man she loves.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25.

Jahart

Adventures with a Spanish Spy.

A romance of adventure, the scenes of which are largely laid in America, and the time of which is to-day—why not? The hook is already at hand, in Anna Robeson Brown's "A Cosmopolitan Comedy." The story runs somewhat in this wise: The Princess Sarrazine, formerly a Miss Ivors, of Hartford, is offered by the Spanish Government a priceless pearl if she will obtain plans of the New England sea-coast defenses from her cousin, Hugh Carnegie, who is an ordnance expert. She, owning a country-seat on an island off the coast, invites her cousin to visit her, and after much plotting, with the assistance of the Duke d'Arcos, who is a Spanish spy, captures Hugh's private yacht. Hugh himself escapes with his life and telegraphs for aid, whereupon swift United States patrol vessels pursue and recapture the yacht. The princess flees to Canada, the captured Duke d'Arcos takes poison, and that ends the war. In the meanwhile, however, there is a very pretty love-story growing up around the relations between Hugh and a boy-artist, Peter Brent, whom he has found in the woods, and in whom he takes a great interest, it transpiring that Peter is none other than Tatiana Sarrazine, sister-in-law to the false princess, and who had previously come to America in disguise in order to avoid a distasteful marriage. The interest is well maintained.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

Jahart

The Science of First Principles.

The Gifford lectures delivered before the University of Aberdeen in 1896, 1897, and 1898, by Professor James Ward, have been collected in two volumes and published under the title "Naturalism and Agnosticism." The lecturer, in his preface, states frankly that the books do not form a systematic treatise, but "discuss in a popular way certain assumptions of 'modern science' which have led to a wide-spread, but more or less tacit, rejection of idealistic views of the world."

The ten lectures in the first volume are divided in two groups, treating the "Mechanical Theory" and the "Theory of Evolution." The theism of Newton and Laplace, the blended naturalism and agnosticism of Huxley, the claims of Spencer for the principles and definitions of science, and the "emotional" theology of Tyndall, are briefly examined in the introduction, but in the nine addresses following the doctrines and methods of Spencer are the main themes of the discussion. The second volume

presents three subjects, the "Theory of Psycho-Physical Parallelism," "Refutation of Dualism," and "Spiritualistic Monism," to which ten lectures were given.

No brief review could give even a summary of the critical points in this discussion. It is enough to say that Professor Ward's lectures read well, and that his conclusions appeal to the judgment with a power almost equal to that they must have exerted when delivered upon the platform.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$4.00.

Jahart

Problems in Education.

"Discussions in Education," by the late Dr. Francis A. Walker, sometime president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, comes to us, "printed in accordance with the expressed intention" of its author. Trained in one of the more conservative colleges, and himself a teacher in his youth of Latin and Greek, Dr. Walker later found himself, nevertheless, in full sympathy with the modern systems, in which the pure and applied sciences take an equal position, as agents of culture, with the classics. The papers fall into four main groups: "Technological Education," "Manual Education," "The Teaching of Arithmetic," and "College Problems." In all there are seventeen headings, embracing such subjects as "Immediate Problems in Technological Education," "The Relation of Professional and Technical to General Education," "The Problem of English," "The Relation of Manual Training to Certain Mental Defects," and "College Athletics."

Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; price, \$3.00.

Jahart

The Coming of Love.

Some one has said that there are no two novels in the world exactly alike; and the statement is credible. Love will have his variance, spite of all. In one of the latest of this year's novels, "The Professor's Daughter," by Anna Farquhar, the complication is between a brilliant young doctor with a mysterious past and a beautiful young woman who has not any blood in her body. This professor's daughter comes near to losing her eyesight, and is ordered to the sea-coast where eyes are mended. The story tells how she was there transformed from "a woman of bones, covered with spirit instead of flesh," into the heroine of an interesting love-story, with a heart to be fought for and won by the right man in the end. The characters of the sub-plot speak in dialect, as they should, so that there is no danger of getting things mixed.

Published by the Doubleday & McClure Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

Jahart

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

A new volume of stories by Richard Harding Davis, entitled "The Lion and the Unicorn," with six illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy, has just been published. This is the only volume of short stories Mr. Davis has brought out for more than three years.

The title and subject of E. F. Benson's new novel, which is to be published at once by D. Appleton & Co., suggests that Mr. Benson has temporarily, at least, abandoned the Grecian Archipelago as a background for romance, and has returned to the scenes of his lighter efforts. The name of his forthcoming volume is "Mammoth and Company," and the heroine is an American girl.

The first translation of Maurus Jokai's "The Poor Plutocrat," by R. Nisbet Bain, is to be published soon.

John Chipperfield, the original of Lamps, in Dickens's tale of "The Gentleman from Nowhere," died the other day at Tilbury, where he had spent most of his life. His old fellow-workmen remember how the novelist often talked to Chippy in the lamp-trimming shed, and testify to the truth of Lamps's portrait.

Hamlin Garland has added several new stories to the revised and definite edition of "Main Traveled Roads," which the Macmillan Company are bringing out.

Mrs. Latimer has just completed a volume entitled "Judea from Cyrus to Titus 537 B. C.—70 A. D.," a record of the political and religious experiences of the Jewish people for six hundred years, without bias toward any particular school of Biblical criticism.

Sir Walter Besant will probably publish next spring the first volume of his survey of London. Three or four volumes, we are told, are already written. The illustrations provided are said to be remarkable.

Lilian Whiting's "Kate Field: A Record" is to be brought out soon.

In Winston Spencer Churchill's "The River War," which will shortly appear in two volumes, the author will describe in exact military detail Lord Kitchener's campaigns—the expedition to Dongola, the expedition to Khartum, and the operations on the Blue Nile. The work has been edited by Colonel F. Rhodes.

Among literary quests of recent interest is one instituted by the London *Critic*, which resulted in the

decision that Meredith's "Diana of the Crossways," Moore's "Lalla Rookh," and "Warren's "Ten Thousand a Year" were the three leading "unappreciated works of English literature written in the Victorian era." The lists sent in showed a wonderful range of sympathy.

One of the interesting books of the fall season will be published under the title of "Tramping With Tramps," by Josiah Flynt, whose accounts of his varied experiences in our "hobo" world, and that of other countries, has been furnishing much entertainment through the columns of the various magazines.

The new edition of the life and works of Tennyson, which the Macmillan Company will bring out next month, is to be limited to one thousand sets, and will be printed on special paper and sold only in the set. It is an edition of ten volumes.

Some of the "diplomatic" letters written by James Russell Lowell during his occupancy of the American legation in Madrid have been gathered into book-form, edited by Joseph B. Gilder, and will be published immediately.

The extent of Robert Louis Stevenson's popularity as a novelist may be partially gathered from the following table of sales: "Treasure Island," 1883, 82,000; "Kidnapped," 1886, 60,000; "The Black Arrow," 1888, 30,000; "The Master of Ballantrae," 1889, 39,000; "The Wrecker," 1892, 29,000; "Island Nights' Entertainments," 1893, 11,000.

Jahart

An Old Poet.

My hand, my pen, lie still,
My voice is dumb.
No more, unsought, at will,
Fair visions come;
No more on fairy meads
The light forms dance,
Nor horn by winged steeds
Speeds swift Romance;
Along the rugged road,
With toiling paces slow,
Bent by Time's heavy load
The dull feet go.

The clear Dawns now shall grow
For younger eyes,
I mark no more the glow
On sunset skies;
White winged across the foam
The gay barks fleet,
But mine no more may roam
Since rest grows sweet,
Toil brings its fitting meed,
The baven's rest;
Toil has its joys indeed,
But this is best.

Let younger footsteps soar
To snows untrod,
I strive, I climb no more—
Musing with God.
Through the closed gates of home,
Unheeded, half forgot,
Fainter the memories come
Of what is not;
The Past shows like a dream,
The Present hurries fast;
Courage! Life's seaward stream
Runs calm at last!

—Lewis Morris in *Literature*.

It is safest—in London second-hand book-stalls at least—to look into a book before buying it. A London bookseller has just confessed in court that he and others had the habit of "buying up old books and sticking covers on 'em." It appears that the plaintiff had found, on buying "Nicholas Nickleby" and "Oliver Twist," that there was never a word about Nicholas and Oliver in them.

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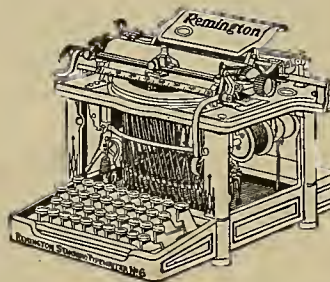
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LITERARY NOTES.

Tommy McGuire, Railroad Man.

Only a week ago a railroad novel by Cy Warman was noticed in these columns, and now comes a second tale of much the same kind. In "Snow on the Headlight" Mr. Warman presented his opinions of a great socio-economical problem by picturing the miseries that followed on the great Burlington strike. His latest novel, "The White Mail," is strong, pure, and simple, detailing the rise of a railroad man from the obscure post of bridge-tender to the presidency of an important line. Novel is, perhaps, too dignified a title for "The White Mail"; in fact, it is nothing more than a boys' story. But its hero is a brave, self-reliant little chap such as make the best type of citizens, and in following his career one learns much that is curious and interesting about the life of the railroad man.

Tommy McGuire is the hero of the story—an Irish-American lad whose father is a section-boss, but who has in him the making of a ruler of men. His first notable feat is to save a train when the bridge he is tending washes away. He rides on an old mule up the track, and the on-coming train knocks steed and rider into the river, but only the mule is hurt. Then he overhears the plotting of a gang of train-robbers, and foils their plan. These feats lead to promotion, and his adaptability and shrewdness take him along the line from advertising manager, telegraph operator, switchman, yard-master, brakeman, conductor, and general manager, to the presidency. He also has his success in love as in the struggle of business life, and, after a courtship which seems to the non-railroading mind a trifle impossible, wins the beautiful daughter of a heavy stockholder in the line of which he is elected president.

The story is a fairly entertaining one, especially for young readers, and it teaches the great lesson that success in life is to be attained by industry, integrity, and the mastery of the various branches of the trade or profession one elects as one's life-work. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

Studies of the Great Masters of Art.

The subject of Mary Knight Potter's volume, "Love in Art," was well chosen, and the author has shown insight and feeling as well as scholarly research and literary skill in her presentation. Her summary of the most remarkable pictures and statues is necessarily incomplete, but her choice of examples is commendable. The references in the volume are arranged in historical order, and Greek art, the Renaissance, and modern art are divided in natural periods. "Love in Greek Art," "Biblical Love Stories," "Venus and Cupid," "Painters' Loves," "Mythologic and Ideal Love Scenes," are chapter-headings showing the development of the author's theme, and her view is always clear and her exposition impressive and unaffected. The illustrations, thirty-seven in number, are nearly all photographic reproductions of famous paintings, and many of the art legacies of the world are shown in an attractive way. All the great painters whose genius illuminated the tender passion are represented in the engravings.

A companion volume in the Art Series is "Angels in Art," by Clara Erskine Clement, and it is no less deserving. The author has treated with delicacy of thought and careful phrase one of the most fruitful sources of inspiration for artists of the past, and in her study has found many ideal representations among the works of modern painters and sculptors. The work is illustrated with artistic skill and judgment.

Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price, \$2.00 each.

An Impossible Heroine.

Josephine Bontecou Steffens has written a novel to demonstrate the injustice of the social code which recognizes two distinct standards of moral excellence—one for each sex. The theme has engaged many pens, but few that have treated it with more literary skill. The story has no little interest, its pictures of life are well done in most instances, and the working out of the plot is artistic with rare exceptions. The one great and inexcusable weakness is in the description of the character of the heroine at the beginning. To furnish the elements required for the conclusion the author has drawn upon her imagination for a creature who lacks a quality essential in true womanliness, and that lack could not be charged to the system of education under which the heroine grew from youth to womanhood.

"Letitia Berkeley, A. M.," is the title of the novel and of the central figure. The daughter of a professor in a New England school for girls, motherless from her childhood, she comes to woman's estate with no knowledge of the world save that gained from books and her companions in the college. She has dreams of a real life outside the dreary existence around her, and against her father's wishes goes to New York and becomes a teacher of pupils gained among the people to whom her letters introduce her. Chance makes her the secretary of a woman of wealth and fashionable ambition, and in this woman's house she meets a young man of social accomplishments, who admires her for her beauty and plans her conquest. His success seems plausible with such a character as the author has described; but the awakening that follows introduces

a new creature, not the woman without moral sensibility, whose career was faintly sketched up to the time of her coming out into the world.

In her agony of shame and repentance Letitia goes home, finds her father on his death-bed, and, a little later, with no living friend or counselor, goes to Europe and studies medicine. In the college in Paris, after two years of study, she meets a young American physician, and loves and is loved in return. The young society leader had followed her from New York and offered her marriage, but she had repulsed him with horror. Her new lover has her full respect and trust, and she feels it incumbent upon her to confess the sin of her past. The result is easily apprehended. The end could not be otherwise than saddening, and with no good purpose.

Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

Essays on Men and Letters.

Richard Burton believes in the future of the essay. His latest book, "Literary Likings," consists wholly of essays, some of them critical, some of them not, but all of them justified in their being by graces of style and thought. The book begins with a beautiful appreciation of Robert Louis Stevenson that will rank among the most helpful of the criticisms upon the life and work of the great Scotchman. In the succeeding chapters Mr. Burton discusses such subjects as the "Democratic and Aristocratic in Literature," "The Predominance of the Novel," "The Persistence of the Romance," "Novels and Novel-Readers," "Björnson, Daudet, James," "Ideals in American Literature," "Old English Poetry," "American English," and "Literature for Children."

Published by Copeland & Day, Boston; price, \$1.50.

New Publications.

"Within the Hedge," the recent volume of Martha Gilbert Dickinson's poems, is published by the Doubleday & McClure Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

Paul Heyse's "L'Arrabiata," in German, edited for school use, with material in English for prose composition, by Max Lentz, and including a German vocabulary with English definitions, is published by the American Book Company; price, 30 cents.

"From the Child's Standpoint" is a volume of essays by Florence Hull Winterburn, which should be read by every parent and teacher. The author is a pleasing and effective writer, as well as a close and sympathetic student of child-life. Published by the Baker & Taylor Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

"Spoondyke Sketches" is the title of a paper-covered volume which contains the humorous productions of the late Stanley Huntley. Many of the sketches are really humorous and deserve the wide circulation given them by the press. Published by the Brooklyn Daily Eagle, Brooklyn-New York; price, 25 cents.

The story of a wronged husband's revenge is told in a matter-of-fact and rather slipshod way in "An Atlantic Tragedy," by W. Clark Russell. The action takes place on board "a full-rigged ship" while she "was quietly steaming her way homeward from Rio." The book is well printed and bound. Published by Drexel Biddle, Philadelphia; price, \$1.25.

A first book of botany which has many points of merit—notably its development of the subject, its simple and direct style, and its numerous beautiful illustrations—is Professor John M. Coulter's "Plant Relations." The volume is one of the Twentieth Century Text-Books, a certain index to its value. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.10.

The choicest relic of mediæval literature, the *chante-fable* of "Aucassin and Nicolette," has been rendered in English prose and verse by A. Rodney Macdonough, an appreciative introduction has been written by E. C. Stedman, and the publishers have made the volume most attractive in illustrations, print, and binding. Published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York; price, \$1.00.

Six lectures designed "to show that the Bible marks out the road along which conscience must travel, if it would treat our life on earth with abiding seriousness," are included in "Ethics and Revelation," by Henry S. Nash. The disposition of the lecturer is favorable to modern methods of criticism, and his work is clear and forcible. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

Questions involved in the ownership, operation, and proper regulation of municipal public service industries, are ably and exhaustively discussed in "Municipal Public Service Industries," by Allen Ripley Foote. Among the more important chapter headings are: "How Should the Franchise Question Be Settled?" "Powers of Municipalities," and "Cost of Service to Users and Taxpayers." Mr. Foote has given years to investigation of these subjects, and he is the author of the leading work on the law of incorporated companies operating under municipal franchises. His knowledge is thorough, his reasoning sound. Published by the Other Side Publishing Company, Chicago; price, \$1.00.

THE HOME OF RUSKIN.

Scenes in the Evening of the Teacher's Life.

There is infinite pathos in the contemplation of Mr. Ruskin's home life in the seclusion of his beloved Brantwood (says the London *Daily News*). The master, as so many still love to think of him, is failing fast. He has passed his eightieth birthday, and the weaknesses incidental to such an advanced age have taken possession of mind and body. He is now practically confined to the house, save for occasional airings in a bath-chair on sunny mornings. It is over a year since he gave up his daily walks, and this has necessarily curtailed the length of his morning exercises. The form once so familiar as it strode along the road by the shore of Coniston Lake, or breasted the moor at the rear of Brantwood, is now only rarely seen outside the lodge gates. For, although Mr. Ruskin enjoys fairly good health, and makes few demands upon his medical attendant, physical exercise is becoming more and more out of the question. He walks about the house with difficulty, leaning heavily upon the supporting arm of his valet. For the most part, he sits still or looks from his window upon the familiar view of lake and mountain. He never reads, though he still derives keen enjoyment from listening to others. Nor does he write. The hand that once tuned the pen to such eloquent music has no longer any use for it—nay, it would almost fall from his fingers if he essayed to pick it up. Mr. Ruskin has given his last message to the world. For him it is the evening of life. The comforting thought is that in the decline of his strength he has the ministry of loving friends to make him happy in the home he loves so well and has made so famous by its association with his name.

Although Coniston is outside the beaten track of the average visitor to the lakes, it is none the less a place of pilgrimage, having a fame of its own as the home of John Ruskin. For twenty years or more it has been associated with his name. It is visited every year by thousands who would not travel a mile to see a lake or a mountain. They journey to Coniston to gaze upon the walls which shelter "the professor," and to take their chance of a glimpse at his venerable form. The house itself is one of the best-known buildings in the lake district. It stands close to the road, some three miles distant from Coniston village. Mr. Ruskin has never been a recluse in the sense that Tennyson was. He never in his life hid himself behind a bush to keep out of sight of a tourist; nor did he ever pull his hat down over his face and run away on purpose to disappoint a knot of waiting worshipers. Though he never courted publicity, and, indeed, disliked it, he was never willfully churlish to those who had journeyed long distances to see him.

A parrot was once the medium by which a party of tourists obtained an introduction to Mr. Ruskin. The bird was a pet and belonged to Mrs. Severn. It escaped from the house, and a party of visitors had the good fortune to capture it. Learning to whom it belonged, they set off to return it to Brantwood. On the way they met a member of the Severn family, to whom they handed it over. Just at that moment Mr. Ruskin passed by, on his return from a walk. The story of the parrot's escape and recovery being narrated to him, he at once turned to its captors and shook hands with every one of them. They had doubtless hoped their lucky find might obtain them a sight of Mr. Ruskin, but to be distinguished by a handshake was certainly more than the most sanguine had hoped for. It was a joke in Coniston for a long time afterward that every party of tourists seemed to be on the lookout for a lost parrot, but the bird was never considerate enough to wander so far from home again.

It is pathetic to hear some of the villagers talk about Mr. Ruskin. They know little about him as master and teacher. They call him "Professor" Ruskin, though many perchance could hardly say why. They know, however, that he is one of the most famous Englishmen of the time. They know that Coniston has been made famous all over the world by reason of his association with it. In a measure, they feel that his own glory has been reflected upon their beautiful district. Mr. Ruskin has honor wherever English is spoken. Unlike some prophets, he has also honor in his own village. The name of John Ruskin is still the greatest of all living names in that part of the lake district of which Coniston is the centre. And to none is his present condition more pathetically interesting than to the simple peasantry around his mountain home.

Among the entertaining articles in the *Universal Brotherhood* for September is the fifth paper on "Egypt and the Egyptians," by Alexander Wilder, M. D.; the first installment of "Richard Wagner's Prose Works," by Basil Crump; a sketch entitled "Quezalcoatl," by Mildred Sevannell; articles on "Brotherhood," by Ben Madighan and C. L. Carpenter; and "Lessons in Practical Occultism," by F. M. Pierce.

More than twenty-four thousand persons paid for admission to Shakespeare's birthplace, Stratford-on-Avon, during the fiscal year recently closed, and more than ten thousand persons paid for admission to Anne Hathaway's cottage.

WOMANLY BEAUTY.

How to Gain It. How to Retain It.

JOHN V. SHOEMAKER, A. M., M. D.,

Professor of Materia Medica, Therapeutics, Clinical Medicine and Diseases of the Skin in the Medico-Chirurgical College of Philadelphia; Physician to the Hospital; Member of the American and British Medical Associations; Fellow of the Medical Society of London, etc.

Is the author of a comprehensive new book entitled:

"HEREDITY, HEALTH, AND PERSONAL BEAUTY."

Here is a partial list of subjects from its Table of Contents:

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The Source of Beauty in the Fair Sex—Causes chiefly concerned in producing the relative beauty of the fair sex—Men choose the best-favored—Women the sedulous care of enlightened nations—Beauty-producing prevalence of romantic love—The influence of sexual selection.

The Regulative Law of Life and Growth—Evolution—Comparison of theories—History of the discussion.

The Evolution of the American Girl—Dressing for adornment—Dressing of American women—Of foreign women—Modifying fashions to suit forms—Beauty of American women compared with French—Fifty years of fashion—From simplicity to luxury—The Countess of Jersey on improvement in hygienic practices—The female form—Its proportions—Points of elegance—Beauty of the bosom—Warning against quacks—Tight shoes and gloves—Tight-lacing—Blonde and brunette types—The grace of Spanish women—Conditions tending to make American women the handsomest type of the world.

Nature's Evidence of the Law of Life and growth—The relation between species—Effects of sexual selection upon animals—The courting of birds—Rare case of the female courting the male—Nature's relinquishment of unused organs.

Man's Physical Place in Nature—Educated man and the savage—Likeness to the anthropoid apes—Types of brain conformation.

Food for Health and Beauty—Tastes of nations—Acquirement of taste—Plain cooking—English and French cooking—The palate and digestion—Pleasures of the table contributory to health and beauty.

Clothing in its Relation to Health—Protective, healthful, and agreeable aspects of clothing—The uses of linen—Of wool and cotton—Silk underwear—The climate and the almanac.

Ventilation—Cool Air and Pure Air Distinguished—Natural and mechanical ventilation contrasted—How to ventilate for sick and well—Night air—The cellar air—House-tops as resorts.

The Circulation and Digestion—Respiration of the lungs and skin—The higher modes of circulation.

Cosmetic Treatment and Articles—Elegant preparations for the toilet—Recipes for cologne, bandoline, jelly of roses, Japanese potpourri—Recipes for dandruff, hair-dyes, face-powders, hair- tonic, toilet vinegar, and pomades—Five recipes for Florida water—Four for brilliancy.

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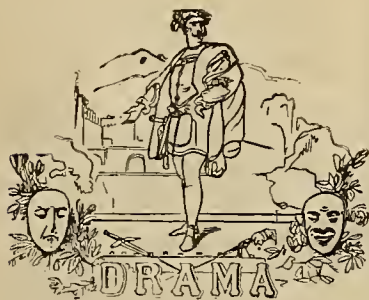
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Once more we have wandered with Wagner through the magic fields of fairyland, o'er the meadows pranked with poisonous flowers, by meandering rivers which bear enchanted swans and superhuman knights. Once more we have shaken the dust of daily prose off our feet and touched the poetry of the mystic ages—the witchcraft of the necromancer, the mystery of the Holy Grail, the idealism which incites to lofty deeds. Herein lies the secret of Wagner's charm for the many to whom his music would not otherwise appeal: out of a utilitarian age he transports us to the days of high-flown dreams; from a fretful, self-seeking generation, which deems life scarce worth living, he takes us to a calm, reflective race which reckons nobility of purpose and self-sacrifice sufficient life aims. Above all, in lieu of neurotic complexity of feeling, he offers us the elemental human passions that have swayed man's existence from all time. Love and hate, hope and fear, malice and tenderness, curiosity and secrecy—the primary passions that shook our forefather's blood into healthful energy—these are what we are asked to study. As we watch the beautiful parable unfold, we breathe a purer moral atmosphere, we are swayed by wholesome emotion.

Hence it is that to the average spectator "Lohengrin" must ever be a drama first and an opera afterward. While the musician follows with keen delight the story as told in the delicate wail or loud blast of the orchestra, the interest of the general audience centres round the two principal figures—the knight who rescued an injured maid and the maid whose curiosity was stronger than her love. It is an old, old story, this of Elsa who could not be content with happiness; the story of Pandora, and Psyche, and Mrs. Bluebeard—to say nothing of the original Mother Eve—in mediæval dress; each man and woman present feels that a potential factor in their own lives is in question, and the fate of Elsa and her companion becomes almost a personal matter.

Last Monday evening the Tivoli management gave us a knight and a maid who fully justified such sympathy. Fraulein Prosnitz is not only gifted with a clear, full, well-trained voice, but she also has the strong dramatic instinct, the power of self-reserve essential to such a part as Elsa's. In the first act, indeed, her dramatic rather than her vocal gift was apparent; intense nervousness became painfully evident in the trembling notes that smote weakly on the air, and for a time it seemed doubtful whether Elsa's musical energy would be able to cope with some of Wagner's vigorous orchestration, "Lohengrin" being by no means an opera in which a voice "sweet and low" is a desideratum. But ere the end of the first act we knew that Elsa was taking herself in hand; sweetness and purity of tone distanced nervousness in her plaintive prayer, with its delicate orchestral accompaniment; and from that moment her self-control increased till at length notes rang out that gave full promise of Wagnerian richness. In the second act the promise was realized; with the first phrase of "Ye Wand'ring Breezes," Elsa's singing was as poetic as her appearance, and there was no more stirring or dramatic moment in the opera than that of her tender pleading with Ortrud. Song and action alike were instinct with the "art that conceals art," and henceforth we had before us not Elsa the artist, but Elsa the genuine mediæval princess.

But what of her knight of the Holy Grail? Barron Bertbold, as Lohengrin, is a charmer dangerous to look upon for susceptible seventeen; he has walked straight out of a mediæval portrait gallery, and his traditional garb is worn as by one unto the manner born. In very sooth a knight worthy of the beautiful Elsa, as he steps out of his diminutive water carriage and intones the melodious farewell to his "faithful swan." Lohengrin's sonorous notes ring firm and true into the very hearts of his audience; his bearing, his walk, his glance, his love-making, are firm and true likewise; there is no shiftless philandering, no half-hearted acting about this embodiment of chivalric legend; his precision of attack in song, his round, rich, sustained notes, are in keeping with his finished dramatic work; he is not only a knight *sans peur* as in duty bound, he is also emphatically a knight *sans slur*, which is by no means a universal artistic peculiarity.

And having such excellent good people to show, what about our wicked folk? To begin with, Frederick and Ortrud, man and wife, have linguistic proclivities which irresistibly suggest Hotspur and his

"This is the deadly spite which angers me,
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh."

At best the Tivoli gives us a curious international opera, German being in chief favor with the prin-

cipals, while English and Italian occasionally intrude. But when it comes to Count Telramund flinging anathemas at his countess in broad German, and Countess Telramund burling back defiance at her lord in clear English, the effect is funny enough for comic opera, suggesting a divergence of views that will not even accept the same language. However, William Mertens has no doubt excellent reasons for sticking to the German which he sang so sturdily, and he adapted himself excellently to his part. The same can scarce be said of Mary Linck, whose voice is far too highly taxed by the rôle of Ortrud; it is a rôle requiring infinite strength and subtlety, and the singer was strained beyond her powers to thin shrillness; once or twice, indeed, supported by Elsa, she showed herself at her best; once or twice her dramatic action rose to real dignity; but, as a whole, she was distinctly overweighed, with inevitable exaggeration as a result. None the less did the audience bestow liberal applause on Witch Ortrud; and with quite impartial favor an almost identical hunch of carnations was handed up to each rival successively.

William Schuster gave us a really fine King of Germany—in German. Henry the First's most important business is to look dignified and hies paternal an exceptionally interesting young couple, and this he accomplishes to perfection; but he has musical moments likewise, and his fine vocal organ sustained well the stately melodies allotted to him.

But, judged from a musical standpoint, what would "Lohengrin" artists be without their orchestra, or with an indifferent orchestra? True, there are moments when, if you be not a rabid Wagnerian, brass strikes you in the light of a doubtful blessing, and percussion well nigh deadens your ear to sweet sounds; but there are other moments when the storm of clashing noise melts into phrasing of inexpressible sweetness, and alike in the earthquake and the still, small voice the amazing little Tivoli orchestra proves equal to its task. The overture was but a sample of the orchestral work throughout; from the first soft, hushed prayer, trembling on the wailing strings, it was taken with a sympathetic *elan* which hushed the usual conversational whisper, and put the entire audience *en rapport* with the Master. Alas, that we should say it, the audience, but not the chorus!

Miserere, what shall he said of the chorus! For which of our manifold sins were we doomed to sit out the chorus? And why could we not have "Lohengrin" without a chorus, if the chorus was there only to set our ears on edge? To be sure there is considerable excuse: a chorus which gives two successive first nights of two such operas as "Lohengrin" and "Othello" must be expected to indulge in throat weakness with deplorable results. And the results were distinctly deplorable. The ladies of the chorus were pretty bad, the gentlemen of the chorus considerably worse, and the combination—or to be exact, the lack of combination—proved excruciating. True, now and again the poor chorus attempted to retrieve its position, notably in the wedding march, which it attacked with some vigor and carried in triumph; but the wedding march of "Lohengrin" has been so extensively popularized and hurdy-gurdyed that no sort of chorus with a shred of self-respect would attempt to go wrong there.

And really and truly, if a little more fault-finding he permissible, one may take exception to the attitude of the chorus, apart from its artistic shortcomings. To look bored by its own performance might be permissible, but has it any justification for looking bored—on a first night of all nights in the year—by the performance of the principals? Wrongs might be righted, innocence justified, villainy punished, Elsa might wail, Lohengrin make startling revelations, even the dainty swan disclose itself as a delicately fair youth, and still the chorus preserved intact its fashionable air of professional ennui. The four pretty and prettily dressed pages who group themselves about the king know that their obvious mission is to look charming, and they fulfill their mission; but surely it would be permissible to thrill occasionally with a suggestion of human sympathy, and the drama would lose nothing in realism by some evidence of intelligent attention on the part of its stage spectators, who apparently look upon themselves as stage properties only.

The other properties are marvelously good, considering the resources of the theatre. The staging of "Lohengrin" on such a small scale is an ambitious effort, and procession and spectacular effect have to be taken considerably on trust; but scenery and play of light are excellent so far as they go, costumes have been carefully devised, and the dresses of the principals would do credit to a much larger stage. Ortrud, in her *toilette de cérémonie*, is becomingly and gorgeously arrayed, while Elsa's graceful robing culminates in a magnificent wedding-gown which must be a very dangerous incentive to the young damsels among her audience.

ROSE-SOLEY.

The opening price for grouse was in Scotland twelve shillings a brace, and in London twenty-five shillings; this was for birds which, according to the opinion of many people, should still have been on the moors. But the illegal sale of game appears to have become a recognized thing, and no official inquiry is made into the fact that the birds which are sold in London early on the morning of the twelfth of August can not possibly have been legally shot.

JAHART

THE VASE OF IBN MOKBIL.

In the house of Ibn Mokbil
Stands a vase;
Masters, if you ask us
What within its heart is dreaming,
Heart of gold and crystal gleaming,
We shall answer:
All the riches of Damascus,
Cairo, or Shiraz.

No man—even Ibn Mokbil—
Ever guessed,
Whence it came—who brought it:
But it stood there one fair morning,
All the simple place adorning
With its beauty—
People said the Jinn had wrought it—
Faith is best.

In the house of Ibn Mokbil,
Till it came,
There was nothing, only
Just his books and herbs for healing,
And his prayer-mat worn with kneeling,
And the old man,
With his sleepless eyes and lonely
Heart of flame.

Full of woe was Ibn Mokbil
To behold
Brothers overtaken
By misfortune—sitting restless
In his house forlorn and guestless,
With a larger
Empty, and a purse forsaken
Of its gold.

For the spirit of the fakir
Loved the light,
And the burden weighing,
Deeper still with every morrow,
Of the people's want and sorrow
Bent and aged him,
And his knees were sore with praying
Day and night.

Then somehow to Ibn Mokbil
Came the vase.
And the tale would task us,
Half to tell what meat and treasure
Things of help and things of pleasure,
Overbrimmed it—
All the riches of Damascus,
Cairo, or Shiraz.

Now the doors of Ibn Mokbil
Open wide—
Moan is heard no longer—
Now the gifts are overflowing;
Coming round the vase and going,
Crowd the people:
None that ail, and none that hunger,
Are denied.

For the vase, a magic fountain,
By unseen
Hands at midnight churning—
Jinn, they say—its store reneweth
Ready for the lip that sueth,
First at morning,
Heaped about the flashing margin,
Gold and green.

Yet one law for Ibn Mokbil,
If he break,
Spoils and ends the treasure:
Round the vase it runs in letters,
Woven like a wreath of fetters:
Not one tittle
Must the fakir for his pleasure
Touch or take.

Never murmurs Ibn Mokbil,
Nor complains:
Though the fierce and greedy
Enter at his gate for plunder,
Scattered by no bolt of thunder,
Yet untroubled,
He, a fakir, poor and needy,
Still remains.

In the house of Ibn Mokbil
Nothing stays,
Of the gifts returning:
All is empty; it is lonely;
Save the books and prayer-mat only,
And the fakir,
With his gleaming eyes and burning
Heart of praise.

For the vase beyond the crystal
To his eyes—
Now when day is sinking—
Opens like a rift of heaven,
And the things of Allah given—
Dreams and visions—
Pour upon his spirit, drinking
Paradise.

To the ears of Ibn Mokbil
Angels tell
Stories how the bringer
Of the faith of old still careth
For the foot that strictly fareth.
As he listens,
Falls a voice divine, the singer,
Israfel.

—The late Archibald Lampman in the Independent.

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SARAH BERNHARDT'S BIOGRAPHY.

M. Jules Huret's Enthusiastic Account of Her Triumphs, Caprices, Quarrels, and Various Tours.

Sarah Bernhardt is a curious instance of a not altogether uncommon fact—that success can be won in a calling for which the artist has not only had no original liking, but from it a positive repulsion. According to her own confession, she began her studies at the Conservatoire without enthusiasm. "I was there because I had been taken there, but I had no taste for it, and felt no inclination whatever. Truly, the stage did not attract me, it rather made me unhappy to be there, and often I wept bitterly. Moreover, I was terribly timid. When I talked about my inclination with Mlle. de Brabander, my teacher, I thought that I would rather be a painter." In his recent biography, which is reviewed in the September Critic, M. Jules Huret says that if there had been any other prospect, doubtless it would have been embraced in preference. It might have been marriage only that among the three offers received at the time—from a neighboring glover, a tanner, and from the pharmacist from whom she used to buy her marshmallows—there was none found to please.

Accordingly, Sarah continued her studies, her fellow-student, Coquelin, being nearly her only friend. At the first concours she won the second prize for tragedy, and in her last year the second prize for comedy. "I never was able to win first prize." After the award of the tragedy prize, Sarah was kept at the Conservatoire by the Comédie-Française, whose directors even then saw promise of a brilliant future:

"At last it was decided that I should make my debut at the Français in 'Iphigénie.' I knew nobody of the company, except Coquelin, who had just joined it and continued to be my good friend. I can not remember that I felt any deep emotion, except a very real stage-fright. But I do remember that when I lifted my thin—oh, so thin!—arms at the sacrifice, the whole audience burst out laughing. Then I played Valérie (in Scribner's play of that name) to Coquelin's Ambroise. My distaste for the stage did not leave me; I never went near the theatre, except when I played. And, in fact, even now—this will seem paradoxical—I know hardly any plays, and have hardly seen any players, but those in which and with whom I have acted myself."

Within a year after her debut, Sarah violently broke her connection with the Français by slapping the face of Mme. Nathalie and calling her a "fat goose." Madame had pushed her sister Régina for stepping on her train. Another engagement was hard to find, and finally the young artist took a part in a fairy play, "La Biche au Bois," at the Porte Saint-Martin, whence, in 1863, she went to the Odéon, whither she returned after a trip to Spain, playing several parts with varying success. "I never loved the stage," she again tells us, "but, since it was to be, I resolved to vegetate no longer. I would be among the greatest."

Then came the Franco-German War. Sarah organized the famous hospital at the Odéon, supervising and directing everything herself with the inexhaustible energy that characterizes her to this day. After the suppression of the Commune, she took up again her career, scoring a great success in André Theuriet's "Jean-Marie" (October 14, 1871), the curtain-raiser that to this day figures in her repertoire. This play first brought her the praise of Francisque Sarcy, who, with the other critics of the day—Paul de Saint-Victor, Auguste Vitu, and Albert Wolff among them—for several years thereafter vacillated in his opinion of her talent, praising her extravagantly one day, and apparently despairing of her ultimate success on the next.

In 1872 Victor Hugo returned to Paris from his exile, selected Sarah to play the Queen in "Hernani." The next morning the critics of Paris unanimously demanded her reengagement at the Théâtre Français. She broke her contract with the directorate of the Odéon, and made her second debut at the Maison de Molière on November 5, 1872, in "Madeleine de Belle Isle." From this moment dates the success of Sarah Bernhardt as a great actress, although it was not until December of 1874, when she played her greatest part, "Phédre," for the first time, that her fame was firmly established.

Henceforth her career is too well known to need recapitulation here. It is one long chronicle of triumphs, of caprices, of ruptures, of tours through Europe and the Americas. M. Huret rises to the occasion, and does full justice to this wonderful woman's marvelous career. Nor does he forget the personal side of the actress's life. Many of the cherished legends about her pets, he declares, are fables, though he admits the coffin, which he thus describes:

"One day, she orders a coffin—is measured for it—and has it sent to her home. This coffin, which she has boldly placed at the foot of her bed, is made of pear-tree wood, and bears no ornament but the initials 'S. B.' and the device 'Quand Mème.' It is upholstered in white satin. Mattress, pillows, all are of the same material: a coquette's couch, as you see. But for the lid, always ready to be closed, one would be tempted to recline upon this gay, perfumed bed. But, unhappily, the lid is there. There is something else as well. By a strange and poetic caprice, Mme. Bernhardt has upholstered the bottom of this coffin with all her souvenirs: love-letters and faded bouquets are there, thrown together, awaiting

her who has received them and won them, to recall in the tomb hours happy and sorrowful passed together."

Her marriage, her huge earnings, violent quarrels, her immense voyages, and her stupendous triumphs are all told in detail:

"In Brazil," says Jules Lemaitre, "ridiculously rich men—men with black beards, covered with precious stones like idols—await her at the end of the performance, and spread their handkerchiefs before her on the ground, that the dust may not soil the feet of Phédre or Theodora. In Rio Janeiro she was recalled two hundred times after a performance of 'Phédre'!"

M. Huret even finds room for a notice of "Hamlet," produced in Paris last May, and an account of that great day in December, 1896, when Mme. Bernhardt received the homage of all literary and artistic Paris, and had five poets reciting sonnets at her on the stage of her own theatre, the Renaissance.

Edmond Rostand, who owes to Mme. Bernhardt his first success, contributes a short preface that in enthusiasm is in no way inferior to M. Huret's own work. For instance, he says:

"I think that Sarah Bernhardt's life will perhaps be the wonder of the nineteenth century. It will become a fairy tale. Ah, when the time comes to write the epic of those tours, to describe all their pomp, all their personages, their beauties and humors; to make the locomotives and the ocean steamers talk; to represent the undulations of so many seas, so many dresses; to make choruses of poets and savages, of kings and of wild animals speak and sing and shout—will need the pen of some Homer uniting within himself the gifts of a Théophile Gautier, a Jules Verne, and a Rudyard Kipling!"

STAGE GOSSIP.

"The Drum-Major's Daughter."

At the Grand Opera House on Monday evening Von Suppe's popular comic opera, "Fatinizta," is to give way to an elaborate production of Offenbach's famous military and romantic comic opera, "The Drum-Major's Daughter." Tuesday evening will commemorate the two-hundredth performance of the season, when four hundred of the returned South Dakota regiment will attend Wednesday, also a military night, will be under the patronage of the Minnesota regiment. "The Drum-Major's Daughter" will be cast as follows: Stella, the drum-major's daughter, Edith Mason; Giolet, a drummer-boy, Hattie Belle Ladd; Claudine, a vivandière, Georgie Cooper; the Duchess Della Volta, Bessie Fairbairn; Monthabor, the drum-major, William Wolff; Captain Robert, Thomas H. Persse; Duke Della Volta, Arthur Wooley; Marquis Bambini, Winfred Goff; Lady Superior, Addie Arnold; Bianca, Ida St. Aubin; Francesca, Irene du Vell; Lorenza, Ethel Strachan; Clampas and Gregorio, Nace Bonville; notaries, A. E. Arnold and Joseph Witt.

The Orpheum's Excellent Bill.

There are to be four new acts at the Orpheum next week, including Fred Hallen and Mollie Fuller, two great favorites here, in an entertaining new skit; Terry and Lambert, who will introduce a novel singing specialty; Stinson and Merton, in an original comedy sketch, which is said to be full of clever situations and wholesome fun; and the Brothers Bright, who do some sensational acrobatic work. Among the hold-overs are the Bachelor Club, the Boys' Hungarian Band, Charley Case, and the Crawford Sisters.

"Othello" and "La Traviata" at the Tivoli.

The success of Verdi's "Othello" at the Tivoli Opera House has been so pronounced that the management has wisely decided to again include it in next week's bill. Verdi's "La Traviata," which has proved one of the company's strongest presentations, is to be sung again on Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday evenings, with Barron Berthold, Anna Lichter, William Mertens, William Schuster, Arthur Mesmer, Hannah Davis, and Charlotte Beckwith in the principal rôles. In "Othello," which is to be the bill on Tuesday, Thursday, and Sunday evenings, and Saturday matinée, Avedano will again sing the title-rôle, in which he has scored a big hit, Salassa will repeat his excellent performance of Iago, and Ella Prosnitz will be the Desdemona instead of Miss Lichter, whose appearance in "La Traviata" prevents her continuing in the rôle.

At the Mechanics' Fair.

Now that all the interesting exhibits of the merchants are in place, and new attractions are constantly being offered by the management, the Mechanics' Fair is crowded nightly. The pupils of the Lowell High School, the John Swett, and Humboldt Schools were given a hearty reception on Wednesday, and on Thursday the Hearst Grammar, Moulder Primary, and the Peabody Primary Schools were the guests of the institute, while on Friday evening the organ recital of Dr. H. J. Stewart was especially enjoyed. The Yo-ki-a Indian village and the Filipino village and circus continue to be the most notable features of the exposition. An interesting addition to the exhibits at the fair is the saddle of General Montenegro, the insurgent leader, captured by Sergeant Fred Boyd and companions, of the American Volunteers, at the Battle of Malolos.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Soothing of the Sultan of Sulu.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 26, 1899.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In an editorial (issue of August 14th) headed "The Cost and the Reward," you say that any territory taken in the present war in the Philippines is "taken from its rightful owners." Another editorial (issue of August 21st) is headed "Sectarian Cloak for a Crime"; the crime is buying up the Sultan of Sulu. As a matter of rhetoric, perhaps this language is admissible. It is scarcely correct usage, however, since the phrases "rightful owner" and "crime" are strictly applicable only in regard to the standards of conduct—i. e., laws and customs habitually recognized and sustained by a sovereign. A sovereign, however, being the supreme power in the state, has no superior who may impose laws upon it. Thus it has no legal rights or duties which another sovereign may violate. Hence it is impossible for the American Government to take the Philippines from their "rightful owners" or to commit any "crimes." So much for the legal aspect of the case.

If a more liberal use of these phrases is intended, the remaining of two possible alternatives may be accepted. You may say that, judged by "a moral law higher than any written of man" (issue of August 21st), these actions can only be termed violations of rightful ownership and crimes. It is well to notice that in taking this position you affirm the existence of unchangeable distinctions of right and wrong independent of human enactment, or even of human recognition.

Admitting the existence of such distinctions, how could they be applied to the present case? The Sultan of Sulu was a vassal, in more or less complete subjection, to Spain, holding his power neither by election nor divine right, but by Spanish sufferance. The treaty with Spain gave the United States such sovereignty over him as Spain had. The United States found the sultan in a position where, with the support of the more adventuresome of his tribesmen, he might revolt. This would stir up anarchy through his territory. But by means of a gift of a few thousand dollars he seems likely to be won over and made a useful instrument in spreading order and the advantages of peace. No one dreams that the sultan is to be intrusted with permanent and complete control; but as soon as a better régime can be established without stirring up lawlessness, doubtless it will be. All this would seem to accord with the teachings of positive morality, whose teachings are well expressed, I take it, in the Ten Commandments, the ethics of Aristotle, and of Thomas Hill Green (perhaps the greatest of English philosophers), and in the American Declaration of Independence.

The fact that Sulumen and Filipinos do not at first like American government and institutions is no more remarkable than that most of us do not like the Ten Commandments very well; and yet we do not feel that our freedom is abused by making us obey them. The Declaration of Independence does not say that every one should always govern himself; but that when a long series of abuses evince a design to reduce a people under absolute tyranny, they should set up new guards for their future security.

C. M. BUF—

Gibbon on Invasions.

OAKLAND, CAL., August 18, 1899.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Apropos to your article "Continuing a Military Mistake" in a recent issue of the Argonaut, and to our retarded military policy now being pursued, I submit the following citation from Gibbon's "Rome": "Experience has shown that the success of an invader most commonly depends on the vigor and celerity of his operations. The strength and sharpness of the first impression are blunted by delay; the health and spirit of the troops insensibly languish in a distant climate; the naval and military force, a mighty effort which perhaps can never be repeated, is silently consumed; and every hour that is wasted in negotiation accustoms the enemy to contemplate and examine those hostile terrors, which, on their first appearance he deemed irresistible."

The writings of so eminent and authentic a historian must be of weight to all nations, and especially should they so be to a nation who for the first time have become invaders.

GEO. D. WHITE, JR.

Mme. Nellie Melba has bought a house in London and will make her headquarters there next winter, when she fills the European engagements which are to occupy her time during the coming season. She will sing in Russia and some of the Austrian and German cities. Mme. Melba is just now the most popular drawing-room singer in London, and her vogue there is likely to continue long enough to make it worth her while to live permanently in England. She formerly made her home in Paris, where both Mme. Calvé and Mme. Eames have their houses. Mme. Sembrich's home is in Dresden, but, like the other singers, she spends only a few weeks of every year there. Mme. Melba's friends have recently been denying the report that she made an attempt to be presented at court, but was informed that no divorced woman could be received there.

There is a prospect of many morganatic marriages within a few years, as there are now seventy-one European princesses of reigning houses of a marriageable age, and only forty-seven corresponding princes. If the young women want to escape single life their only chance is to sacrifice their rank and marry men who do not belong to royal families, as did Princess Frederica of Hanover.

Athens's National Theatre.

Athens is to have a new national theatre modeled in every particular on the Comédie-Française in Paris. The King of Greece has contributed liberally to the project, which is to be carried out in elaborate fashion. The lighting arrangements alone have cost fifty thousand dollars. This sum was contributed by the king personally. The members of the company will bear the same relation to the theatre as the others of the Comédie-Française do. Grecian plays will be given in addition to the modern works of other countries. The best-known dramatist of Greece to-day is Demetrios Bernakardis, who was born on the island of Lesbos and lives there now. He was educated in Germany at the universities of Munich and Berlin. "Fausta" is considered his greatest play, and in that the Greek actress who is known as Evangelina Paraskevopoulos has made her greatest impression. She belonged, until a short time ago, to one of the traveling theatrical companies which suffer greater hardships in Europe than they do anywhere else in the world. Last year she was fortunate enough to be summoned to court to act in "Fausta." It was the actress and the play that led the king to interest himself in behalf of a national theatre. The intendant is an author and finds no lack of actors. They are abundant, but plays of a national character are scarce. French and Italian melodramas and comedies of infidelity form the principal material of the traveling companies. Only two modern plays of native authorship, apart from "Fausta," are said to have retained their place in the repertoire of any Greek theatres.

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VANITY FAIR.

The next time the cottagers of Newport are seeking to give one of their friends a surprise they will select some one other than Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish as an object of their deception. Surprise-parties are always most enjoyable occasions, but when the surprisers are surprised, as was the case there a fortnight ago, the situation assumes a very funny aspect indeed. It all happened this way: Some weeks ago it was arranged to give a surprise-party in honor of Mrs. Fish. She learned that she was to be surprised, and, without letting more than a few of her friends into the secret, immediately began to prepare for the entertainment. On the appointed Friday night she dined out, and soon after her return to "Crossways" the surprise-party guests began to arrive in battalions from dinner-parties given by Mrs. I. Townsend Burden, Mrs. H. Mortimer Brooks, Mrs. Potter Palmer, and several other cottagers. Mrs. Fish, of course, was ready to receive them, and surprise them as well. The cotillion, led by Worthington Whitehouse, introduced several novel figures, arranged or suggested by Mrs. Fish. The favors were distributed by a pretty maiden in Dresden costume. One of the most effective of the several figures was a sort of burlesque on the rosebud figure, which was one of the features of a party given by Mrs. Jefferson in London last season, and was copied at Mr. Vanderbilt's dance at the Newport Golf Club last week. Four young women were tied to a marble pillar, the tethers being Roman gash ribbons. Over them on the column was a golden lyre, and above it a card with the words, "Five Lyres Together." At a signal the men dancers made for the captives to release them; those who succeeded obtained the right to dance with the young women. There was also a May-pole figure, in which the women received floral sashes and their partners floral badges. In another figure there were small fish-globes containing gold fishes and silver thimbles, pocket-knives and pencils, and in still another figure the women received chattering parrots in handsome cages, and the men embroidered suspenders. It was the surprise-party of the Newport season, and will rank with the enjoyable things of the summer.

As was only to be expected (says the New York Herald's Paris correspondent), a campaign against automobiles on account of their conductors' recklessness is being inaugurated. The Marquis de Labriffe, supported by several of his colleagues, has laid upon the table of the Seine-et-Oise general council a motion for the complete suppression of automobile races in that department. This stringent resolution, if adopted, although excessive, is not entirely unwarranted. Automobilists are becoming so numerous that it will soon be as much as one's life is worth to try to cross a street in Paris. The newly initiated "chauffeurs" are the worst sinners in respect to speed-making. They dash along the streets of the city as though fleeing from the wrath to come. As for the police or gendarmes, they are helpless. What is a man afoot to do against a machine getting over space at the rate of forty miles an hour? The *Petit Journal* says the suburban population is greatly exercised over this very question. Many complaints have been made by people living along the roads to Saint Cloud, Versailles, and Ville d'Avray, where, it is said, not only is it dangerous for a child to show its nose outdoors on account of the automobiles, but even adults find it pretty difficult to keep alive for the same reason. In fact, there has been some talk about putting beams across the road to Versailles by some irate householders, and there have been several hand-carried and paving-stones left in a very carefully careless way just where they would do most danger to an unobservant "chauffeur" whose machine was not well in hand. In Picardy some automobilists exceeding regulation speed have been stoned. This is their own affair, but there is a chance that another automobilist keeping well within the limits may be made to suffer for his more reckless confrère. So it has been decided that a united effort should be made by the "chauffeurs" themselves to regulate the speed of automobiles, both in town and country, while, so far as racing goes, some agreement might be made by which certain routes and the hour for the starts could be laid down.

Desiring to introduce an entirely new scheme in decorative art, Mortimer Menpes, the noted English artist, while on a recent visit to China and to Japan, discovered the value of native labor. Armed with his own plans, designs, and blocks—for the gifted artist combines the practical knowledge of carpentering with that of adornment—he employed for the greater part of a year nearly seventy Chinese and Japanese workmen, all of whom he pronounces to be "true artists," to carry out his schemes. Metal workers, wood-carvers, porcelain painters, silk weavers, together with a host of other skilled laborers, worked under his directions, with the ultimate result that he has created in Cadogan Gardens a house of infinite beauty—a veritable work of art—which is described at length in the London *Daily News*. The idea throughout is obviously "flowers," from the entrance-halls, three in number, to the living-rooms, which come first under notice. The scheme of decoration that runs through each room is a different flower carried out to its minutest detail. Thus, the drawing-room, peonies; the studio,

camellias; the dining-room, cherry-blossoms; the halls, chrysanthemums. To begin with the "peonies"—the ceiling consists of a series of square panels with the flower carved in polished blackwood, mounted on a base of gold; there are apparently about two hundred panels, yet no two alike. The cornice, which may be described as an arch half-circle, with the slim, black curves showing the gold base through the spaces, connects the ceiling with a fringe of the same flower, except where it breaks over the slender divisions of the great latticed window-panes that are covered with transparent paper. The walls are hung with richest silk of pale-gold color, specially woven in the looms of China, as are also the entire upholstery of every chair and couch. The doors, four in number, are carved in the same design, and studded at the corners with bronze worked in with the same flower, while their very handles represent raised peonies.

The "camellia" studio adjoins. In this lofty studio two musicians' galleries occupy one side, and are divided by a door leading into a private staircase. All are richly carved with the distinctive flower—the stove is concealed by a delicate network of bronze stars that suggests lace-work. The ceiling is similar to the others in design, and, to utilize space—all part of the artist's scheme—no pictures hang on the walls, while the furniture, worked on the same plan, even in the sleeping-rooms, is all built in. Below, in the "cherry-blossom" dining-room, every detail and scheme of color is carried out in the same manner. The bulk of the beautiful porcelain services for dinner, breakfast, etc., is the work of Mr. Menpes's own brush, painted in Japanese pigments and fired in that country's kilns. The great polished blackwood dining-table is peculiarly worthy of note, because of the wonderful scheme of electric lighting introduced. Standing upon it, a slightly elevated narrow table, so to speak, is of frosted glass, the top decorated with lovely thick Chinese silk, the sides left clear; eight diffused lamps, cunningly concealed below the spaces, shed brilliant light upon the plates, but subdued upon the diners—an arrangement that can not fail to find favor with the fair sex. The ceilings of the "chrysanthemum" halls are gorgeously carved; the entrance is by the middle, and on the left, where hangs a magnificent carving, eight feet long by four feet broad, is the second hall, which breaks out half-way up into a gallery, and runs up to the top of the house through the staircase. The third hall, on the right, contains a truly marvelous carving, on one single plank, of chrysanthemums standing out five inches in thickness; also, mounted in plain black frame, a gigantic embroidery-like cloth of gold, than which nothing finer can be found in Japan. In the little morning-room the decorations are carried on in like fashion, except that fishes take the place of flowers—fishes, big and little, disport themselves on the paneled ceilings, with their base of gold; on the carved doors, with their bronze corners, fishes form the handles—fishes everywhere.

Whatever the faults of the Cuban may be, he has one great redeeming virtue. That is temperance in the matter of strong drinks. A drunkard is looked upon with disgust. A few admiring natives, in the early days of Santiago, and with the first blush of gratitude to the great American nation still mantling the land, essayed our national product of the rye. But the experiment was not a success, and next morning their vows of abstinence from the devil drinks of the Americans were made—and in most instances kept. Except an occasional pony of French cognac, or the island's rum, the Cuban confines himself strictly to those drinks designated as "refrescos," long, soft, and cooling. Wine, which all over Cuba is cheap and of good quality, he drinks of liberally. At every meal at a *café* a bottle of "Rioja Clarete" is placed at the elbow of the diner, and at the private boarding-houses it is not an extra in the monthly bill. The price is about ten cents a pint in bottle. "Vino Catalan," the better grade table-wine, is dark claret colored, of good body and not so acid as the French claret. "Vino Blanco," a heavy, sweet white wine, is much less used. The favorite non-alcoholic drink is "leche con panales." The "panale" is the white of eggs beaten with sugar until when dry it forms a cloud-like substance, crisp, brittle, and similar in shape to a morning roll. "Panale" making is a regular profession in Havana, and a good manufacturer commands high wages in the *cafés* and restaurants. "Naranjada" is composed of several slices of oranges, a little lime, seltzer, ice, and sugar. "Ensalada" is a curious cold fruit stew of sliced pine, mango, orange, lime, pear, seltzer, ice, and sugar. "Orchata" is a mild milk-punch. "Cebada," a favorite drink in the interior, is made of sweetened barley water slightly fermented. "Agraz" is the juice of unripe grapes diluted with seltzer and sweetened with honey. "Gorapina" is a pungent, fermented infusion of pineapple-rind sweetened with sugar. "Yacamaya" is an aerated cider, strong and heavy. In addition to these there are the ordinary sodas and pops with which Americans are acquainted at home.

A cemetery for dogs is the latest thing in Paris. "I received this morning by the post a copy of a newspaper of eight pages for dogs," writes Katharine de Forest in the *Bazar*. "Whether the pre-

cocious pets of the present are educated up to the point of reading it, it does not say, but *L'Ami des Chiens* is at least entirely devoted to their interests." The advertisements are curious:

MAISON LENOIR,
TAILOR FOR DOGS.

Furnisher to the Foreign Courts.
Specialty of Collars and Blankets *de luxe* for little Dogs, is a specimen. Three hospitals for dogs are advertised, and the plan of a new library and museum is given. This will contain such things as portraits of all celebrated dogs, the collars of honor that they have been given, and all books concerning the canine race. The cemetery will be managed by a stock company, whose shares are put at a hundred francs each. This has both a sanitary and sentimental aim. It is certain that society owes more respect than it shows at present to any such faithful, devoted, and often heroic companion of mankind as the dog.

The newest fashionable fad in London is the Kitchener mustache. Hair-dressers are pushing it. You can not go into one of the first-class hair-dressers' establishments there now but what, upon the wall, right in front of your chair where you sit to be clipped and combed, hangs a portrait of the Sirdar, showing to the best advantage his handsome, well-groomed, expressive mustache. Barbers proclaim it a model of what a mustache should be. They are devoting themselves to training it on their customers, with more or less success. Certainly there are not many really very good imitations of the Kitchener mustache to be seen about the fashionable thoroughfares yet, though those young gentlemen of no occupation—known as dandies and duds for lack of better designation—who formerly wore clean-shaven visages, are starting to let the hair grow on their upper lips. It looks as if the Kitchener mustache were going to be a good thing for London barbers.

She—"Tell me, when you were in the army, were you cool in the hour of danger?" He—"Cool! Why I shivered."—*Tit-Bits*.

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, September 13, 1899, amounted to 138,100 bonds and 9,763 shares of stock, as follows:

	BONDS.		Closed.	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
U. S. Coup. 3%.....	1,100	@ 108 1/2	108 1/2	109
Los An. Ry. 5%.....	42,000	@ 106 1/2	107 1/2	108 1/2
Market St. Ry. 6%.....	1,000	@ 127	126 1/2	
Market St. Ry. 5%.....	11,000	@ 115 1/2	115 1/2	
N. R. of Cal. 5%.....	20,000	@ 115 1/2	115 1/2	
Oakland Gas 5%.....	1,000	@ 110 1/2	110 1/2	
Oakland Transit 6%.....	1,000	@ 112	112	112 1/2
S. F. & N. P. Ry. 5%.....	10,000	@ 114 1/2-115	114	114 1/2
S. F. & S. J. Ry. 5%.....	32,000	@ 115 1/2	115 1/2	116
S. P. Branch 6%.....	7,000	@ 125 1/2	125	125 1/2
S. V. Water 6%.....	11,000	@ 114 1/2	113	115
S. V. Water 4%.....	1,000	@ 104 1/2	104 1/2	104 1/2
	STOCKS.		Closed.	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Contra Costa Water.....	270	@ 75 1/2-76	75 1/2	75 1/2
Spring Valley Water.....	380	@ 102-102 1/2	102	102 1/2
Gas and Electric.				
Equitable Gaslight.....	220	@ 3 1/2-5	3 1/2	
Mutual Electric.....	675	@ 17-17 1/2	16 1/2	17
Oakland G. & L. H.....	160	@ 49-49 1/2	49	49 1/2
S. F. Gas & Electric.....	798	@ 68 1/2-68 3/4	66	67 1/2
Banks.				
Cal. S. D. & T. Co.....	32	@ 98		98
Bank of Cal.....	165	@ 28 1/2-28 3/4	28 1/2	28 3/4
Street R. R.				
Market St.....	296	@ 62-63 1/4		62 3/4
Powders.				
Giant Con.....	809	@ 73-76 1/2	76 1/2	76 1/2
Vigorit.....	950	@ 2 1/4-2 1/2	2 1/4	2 1/2
Sugars.				
Hana P. Co.....	550	@ 15-15 1/2	15	15 1/2
Hawaiian.....	705	@ 95-96 1/2	96 1/2	
Hutchinson.....	75	@ 31 1/2-31 3/4	31 1/2	31 3/4
Kilauea S. Co.....	150	@ 30		31
Makaweli S. Co.....	1,055	@ 51 1/2	51 1/2	51 1/2
Onomea S. Co.....	935	@ 39-40	39	
Paahau S. P. Co.....	1,355	@ 38 1/2-39 1/2	38 1/2	
Miscellaneous.				
Alaska Packers.....	122	@ 117 1/4-118 3/4	117 1/2	118
Oceanic Steam. Co.....	50	@ 89		88 1/2

The market has been quiet, with narrow fluctuations. The sugar stocks were weak, selling down about a point and a half, being a disappointment to holders, as an advance was expected on the increase of dividends.

Gas and Electric was stronger, advancing two and a half points to 68, but closed at 67 1/2 asked.

Giant Powder was strong, and advanced three points on good buying, closing at 76 1/2 bid. There are rumors on the street that this company will increase their dividends to 75 cents per share.

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No trouble to make—a pinch of salt and pepper, a cup of hot water, and it is ready to serve.

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From 30 to 120 inches wide; and a complete assortment of all qualities, 28 1/2-inch Duck, from 7 Ounces to 15 Ounces, inclusive.

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Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,187,617.90
Capital actually paid up in cash.....1,000,000.00
Deposits June 30, 1899.....27,656,133.03

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532 California Street.
Deposits, July 1, 1899.....\$24,920,395
Paid-Up Capital.....1,000,000
Reserve Fund.....205,215
Contingent Fund.....442,763

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CAPITAL.....\$3,000,000
SURPLUS.....1,000,000
PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.....2,337,829
July 1, 1899.

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CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
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OF HARTFORD.
Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$3,702,300; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$2,112,546.

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.
COLIN M. BOYD, Agent for San Francisco,
411 California Street

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Dr. Hawtrey, a famous English schoolmaster, was noted for his unkempt appearance. It is said that he was scolding, for being late at morning lessons, some boy, who replied that he had no time to dress. "But I can dress in time," said the doctor. "Yes," replied the boy, "hut I wash."

William E. Evarts, Secretary of State under President Hayes, made perhaps his best and his worst puns from railway platforms while traveling with the Presidential party. They had ascended Mount Washington by the steep cable-road, and other tourists, gathered from all parts of the country, called for a speech. "We are not strangers," said Mr. Evarts, genially; "we have all been born and brought up here."

Old General Abercrombie "who never tasted water," was once asked why it was that he had such a natural dislike for water. "I'll tell you of an incident that'll help to explain it," was the frank old soldier's reply; "a good many years ago I was crossing the great continental divide. It was colder than Greenland. In one of my saddle-pockets I had a jug of whisky, and in the other a jug of water. Well, it was so cold that the jug of water froze up and hustled. Supposing it had been inside of me!"

A whist-player who imagined himself an authority on the game, after boring his friends with verbal comments, suggestions, and advice upon the methods of play, at last wrote and published a book. One copy was sent to a famous player for his opinion about it. In about a week the book was returned to him with the following letter: "MY DEAR SIR: Your favor of the — inst., accompanied by your book, was duly received. I have read it very carefully. It seems to be a very good game, but I don't think it is as good a game as whist. Sincerely yours, —"

Lawyer Chapman, of Los Angeles, was once associated with Senator Stephen M. White in a certain case. Chapman loves a good dinner, and one day, just before the big case was to come up in court, ate more than he ought. The next day he was sick, and White took a doctor around to see him. Chapman was groaning with pain, and the doctor was puzzled. At last the doctor noticed a red spot on Chapman's cheek-bone, and came to the conclusion that Chapman needed a dentist, and told him so. "You have an ulcerated tooth. That's what ails you," Chapman quit groaning long enough to turn to his wife and say: "Just hand me my plates off the bureau, so I can see which one of those d—n teeth is aching."

An American farmer near Guadalajara cleverly convinced his Mexican neighbors that oxen could do more work under American yokes than under the old-fashioned head-yokes, so generally used in the republic. The American brought several modern yokes from the States and used them with success. The curiosity of his Mexican friends was aroused, and they proceeded to ask questions. "Well," said the American, "when you lasso a steer and the lasso gets around his neck, what do you do?" "Turn him loose," was the reply. "Why?" "Because he's too strong for us that way." "That's it," answered the American; "his strength is in his neck, not in his horns." The Mexicans saw the point, and now yokes of United States manufacture are generally used in that neighborhood.

An English traveler once met a companion, sitting in a state of the most woeful despair, and apparently near the last agonies, by the side of one of the mountain lakes of Switzerland. He inquired the cause of his sufferings. "Oh," said the latter, "I was very hot and thirsty, and took a large draught of the clear water of the lake, and then sat down on this stone to consult my guide-book. To my astonishment, I found that the water of this lake is very poisonous! Oh! I am a gone man—I feel it running all over me. I have only a few minutes to live! Remember me to —" "Let me see the guide-book," said his friend. Turning to the passage, he found, "L'eau du lac est bien poisseuse!"—"the water of this lake abounds in fish." "Is that the meaning of it?" "Certainly." The dyvog man looked up with a radiant countenance. "What would have become of you," said his friend, "if I had not met you?" "I should have died of imperfect knowledge of the French language."

A few years ago Collis P. Huntington's private secretary, Mr. Miles, asked for an increase of salary. "Do you need any more money?" asked Mr. Huntington, thoughtfully. "No, sir, I don't exactly need it," replied Mr. Miles, "but still, I'd be glad to get a little more." "Ah—hum-m-m," mused his employer, "can you get along without the advance for the present?" "Oh, yes," answered the secretary, "I guess so," and the matter was dropped. A couple of years later a new boy appeared at the Miles home and the secretary thought the time propitious to renew the application. "Why, my dear sir," said Mr. Huntington, when he heard

him through, "I raised your salary when you asked me before." "I never heard anything about it," said the secretary in amazement. "Probably not," returned Mr. Huntington, "in fact, I used that money to buy a piece of property for you. I'd just let it stand for a while if I were you." Mr. Miles thanked him warmly and retired somewhat mystified. Recently Mr. Huntington called him into his private office. "By the way, Miles," he said, "I have sold that real estate of yours at a pretty good advance. Here is the check." The amount was fifty thousand dollars. The property was part of a large section purchased by the railway king as an investment for his wife.

DEWEY VERSE.

Fun in the Press.

"Dewey's comin'—hear 'em hummin'—
Hear the regiments a drummin'!
Flags unfurled
O'er half the world—
"Dewey's comin'—comin'!"
That's the chorus
Ringin' o'er us;
"Dewey's comin'—comin'!"
"Dewey's comin'—hear 'em hummin'—
All the nation's glory summin'!
Banners glorious
And victorious—
"Dewey's comin'—comin'!"
—Atlanta Constitution.

Dewey's Danger.

When he sailed into the Spaniards
On that fateful first of May,
He took his chances, surely,
Did Uncle George; but, say—
The risks he ran were nothing
To the dangers yet in store
For George Heroic Dewey
When he reaches native shore.
Here's a hundred-dollar banquet
Facing George in New York;
Don't you hear the wine a-fizzing?
List the popping of the cork!
Picture George the morning after
In dyspepsia's wild embrace;
That is just one of the dangers
That the hero's got to face.

"Mr. Chairman," says the keeper
Of the Wayback blacksmith forge,
"We've assembled here this evenin'
To prepare to honor George.
He must have the finest dinner
That the tavern marm kin cook."
Here is one more of the dangers
Tow'rd which G. D. must look.

"I've been reading in the papers,"
Says the sweet thing—forty-three—
"That our hero is returning
From his post across the sea.
Now, we must arrange to greet him
At the landiog with a kiss."
Well the Admiral may shudder
At the danger stowed in this.

And the dangers will grow thicker
As he penetrates the land
And the thousands crowd about him,
Making pumpsticks of his hand.
And here his bravery shows itself—
His courage knows no ends;
He fears no Spanish squadron
Nor receptions by his friends.

—Philadelphia North American.

Dewey's Comin' Home.

From Maine to California, throughout our mighty
land,
Ther's somethin' agitatin' us a child could under-
stand—
A patriotic sentiment as strong an' warm an' true
As ever cheered the heart of man and thrilled it
through an' through;
No partisan or race or creed or low or upper crust
Can gather in this feelin' an' control it with a trust.
An' pretty soon from mine-pit up to heaven's distant
dome
That pent-up feelin' will explode—for Dewey's
comin' home.

Ther's never been an admiral who had a better way
Of takin' up an argument an' settlin' it to stay—
For when his side has had its say—his broadside, in
a word—

The opposition argument is very seldom heard.
You never hear him quibble an' he never hesitates
When he is makin' history for the United States.
Oh, talk of cheerin' Caesar once upon a time in
Rome—

We'll knock that cheerin' galley west—for Dewey's
comin' home.

He's modest as they make 'em, an' there's no one
charges that
Since he has won his victories he wears a bigger hat.
He's had all kinds of trials, an' there's no one ever
said

That he was ever rattled or he ever lost his head.
No wonder that his countrymen will swear that he's
about
As perfect an American as ever was ground out.
So hurry up, Olympia, an' churn the briny foam—
An' everybody whoop 'er up—for Dewey's comin'
home.—Chicago Record.

Carefully Examined.

Every quart of milk offered at any one of the
many coodensaries where the Gail Borden Eagle
Brand Condensed Milk is produced, is scientifically
tested and must be of the highest standard. Valu-
able book entitled "Bahies," sent free.

CHIMMIE FADDEN'S VISIT.

Calls on Bat'-House John at Manhattan Beach—
What the Chicago Fashion Plate
Thinks of New York.

Mr. Paul says to me: "Chimmie," he says, "let
us go down to Manhattan Beach," says he, "and
call upon our fren', Bat'-House Alderman John
Coughlin, of Chicago," he says, and I says "Sure."
Well, we chases ourselves down dere, and I finds
me fren' John standin' like he was being modded
for a Dewey arch figure on de board walk hy de
ocean, and he was saying to de waves—for he's a
poet for fair, all right, all right—he was saying:

Rolling ocean, long and green,
Nowhere else have I e'er seen,
In de world dat I've roamed o'er,
Long green in such rolls before!

So I says to him, says I, "John," I says, "how
does de little old Atlantic size up alongside of de
Chicago River?" I says.

"Chimmie," says he, "Chimmie, de ocean re-
minds me of Chicago," he says, "because it's always
tumbling. Did you read about de tumble our new
steel-arch exposition building had out dere—hnt no
matter; let it go. Everything goes in Chicago.
But de ocean ain't in it alogside of de Chicago River.
De ocean is green, which is a good enough color for
dress-suits, but not for water. De Chicago River,"
he says, "is a lovely mahogany brown, and is just as
good for paving streets as for poiposes of naviga-
tion."

"Den tings in little old New York has not met
wid your extinguished aprobation?" says Mr. Paul,
using dose dude woids what don't mean nothing.

"On de reverse quite de contrary," says John, who
is a honey-cooler for woids himself. "As a alder-
man of Chicago I has been taking notes on New
York, and I find t'ings whot I'll introduce as soon as
I gets back into harness."

"As for instance which?" says Mr. Paul, as we
chase up to de veranda, where he orders a waiter to
pull de plug outter a quart.

"Well, in de foist place," says me fren' John,
putting a glass of fizz in his face like it didn't hurt,
"Chicago has got to go into de kindergarten class
for a while, so as not to make a holler every time it
makes de bell ring. De trouble wid us—and I'll
make a better alderman for coppin' it—is dat we
yells like we had win de Surburban race, when we has
only said we'd build a race-track. New York is de
real t'ing, while Chicago is 'a diamond for a dollar,'
and de woist of it is we don't know where we is at."

"Youse is still wearing a dollar diamond and
wondering why it don't dazzle people's eyes out,"
says Mr. Paul.

"That's right, all right, for fair," says John.
"Chicago people," says he, "should never he let to
visit New York, or made to visit it twice a year," he
says, "so as dey'd know nothin' or sometin'. Why,
if I'd pull de plugs outter as many pints in Chicago
in a year as I has done here on de beach in a week,
me constituents would tink I'd gone dotty or robbed
a bank. When I gets back home I'll have to put a
padlock on de pockets of me jeans, or de gang will
tink I has bought Willy Astor's real estate and is
drawing his rent. Waiter, anodder quart," says he.
"It has been me privilege," says Mr. Paul, hist-
ing his glass to John, "to visit Chicago only onct,
when dey had a fair dere, and, as I remember, de
town was on de banks of a lake. Is de lake still
dere?"

At dat me fren' John looks at Mr. Paul and starts
to speak, and den he changes his mind and took a
drink, and den he tries again to speak, and den he
has a small fit, and den he says, kinder choking,
while Mr. Paul was giving him de baby stare all de
time. "No," he says. "No, Mr. Paul," says he—
"no, dere is no lake dere. I was tinkin, before
you spoke of it, dat dere was a lake dere, but I taut
again, and me present opinion is dat Chicago is not
on a lake—it's on a pond!"

"I wasn't sure," says Mr. Paul, "hut I taut so.
Let us go down hy de beach again," he says, "and
look off to de Sout' Pole and tink how cold it is
dere. You know dis hotel faces de Sout' Pole."

And me fren' John never said a ting hut winked to
de waiter to pull a plug from anodder bot.—Edward
W. Townsend in New York World.

"They call clam-bakes now Dewey breakfasts."
"Why so?" "Stupid! because they're eaten be-
tween shells."—Baltimore American.

Discovery of Life Plant.

Science has discovered a plant so full of life that if
one of its leaves be broken off and merely pinned
to a warm wall another plant will grow from it. It
is these same vitalizing principles which enable
Hostetter's Stomach Bitters to arouse to life and
duty the overworked stomach, the weak blood, and
sluggish liver. The sufferer from dyspepsia or any
stomach trouble needs Hostetter's Stomach Bitters.
See that a private Revenue Stamp covers the neck
of the bottle.

The Arctic explorer called his little baad together,
and admonished them sternly on the danger of sloth-
fulness. "We must make haste," he said, emphat-
ically; "why, even now the relief expedition sent
out to rescue us is two hundred miles in advance."
—Life.

COOK'S ROUND THE WORLD PARTIES.

THREE PARTIES LEAVE THE
Pacific Coast during September, October, and
November, spending from 4 to 6 months in a
GRAND COMPREHENSIVE TOUR OF
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extremely moderate. See Illustrated Pro-
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YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,
calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and
connecting at Hong Kong with Steamers for India, etc.
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1899.
Coptic. (Via Honolulu).....Friday, Sept. 29
Gaelic. (Via Honolulu).....Tuesday, October 24
Doric. (Via Honolulu).....Friday, November 17
Coptic. (Via Honolulu).....Wednesday, Dec. 13
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connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc.
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

America Maru.....Friday, October 6
Hongkong Maru.....Wednesday, November 1
Nippon Maru.....Saturday, November 25

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Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:
For Alaskan ports, 10 A. M., Septem-
ber 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, October 3, change to
company's steamers at Seattle.
For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 10
A. M., September 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28,
October 3, and every fifth day thereafter.
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 2 P. M.,
September 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, Octo-
ber 1, and every fifth day thereafter.
For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports, 9 A. M.,
September 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, October 3, and every
fourth day thereafter.
For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa
Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles),
11 A. M., September 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, October 1, and
every 4th day thereafter. For further information see folder.
For Mexican ports, 10 A. M., seventh of each month.
The company reserves the right to change, without pre-
vious notice, steamers, sailing dates and hours of sailing.
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OCEANIC
The Largest Vessel in the World.
17,040 tons, length 704 ft., width 68 ft. 4 1/2 in.
First sailing from New York, Wednesday, September
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TEUTONIC and MAJESTIC
Twin Screw.
10,000 tons, 582 feet long.
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Twin Screw, 12,552 tons, 600 feet long,
one of the largest steamships afloat.

GERMANIC and BRITANNIC
Wednesday sailings from New York.

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For passage apply to G. W. FLETCHER, 613 Mar-
ket Street, or to official railway and steamship office,
Pacific Coast.

SOCIETY.

The Folger-Cunningham Wedding.

A notable wedding took place on Tuesday afternoon, September 12th, at the residence of Mrs. George Whittell, 1155 California Street, when her sister, Mrs. Clara E. Cunningham, was united to Mr. J. Athearn Folger. Only the immediate relatives of the contracting parties were present at the ceremony, which was performed by the Rev. Father Ramm at five o'clock. The bride was given away by her brother-in-law, Mr. George Whittell, and Mr. Ernest R. Folger acted as best man for his brother.

The bride, who is a daughter of the late Nicholas Luning, has been a prominent figure in local society since her *debut*. Mr. Folger is a son of the late James A. Folger and is well known in society on this side of the bay and in Oakland, where he has lived for many years. He is a member of the Pacific-Union, Bohemian, and Cosmos Clubs, and of the Oakland Golf Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Folger left on Tuesday evening for a brief trip to New York.

The Sutton-Robbins Wedding.

The marriage of Miss Mary Emma Robbins to Mr. John G. Sutton took place on Thursday, September 14th. The ceremony took place at noon at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Robbins, in Suisun, the Rt. Rev. William H. Moreland, D. D., Bishop of the Northern Diocese of California, officiating. Miss Marie Robbins, sister of the bride, was the maid of honor, and Mr. A. L. Stone, of Oakland, a classmate of Mr. Sutton in the University of California, acted as best man. As only relatives and a few intimate friends were present, there were no ushers or bridesmaids.

After the ceremony a wedding-breakfast was enjoyed, and later in the day Mr. and Mrs. Sutton departed on a wedding trip through the southern part of the State. On their return they will reside in this city at 2002 Pierce Street.

The Hitchcock-Drum Wedding.

Miss Cassie Drum, daughter of the late John S. Drum, of Oakland, and sister of Mr. Frank G. Drum, Mr. John S. Drum, and Mr. William G. Drum, was married to Mr. William Geer Hitchcock, of New York, on Tuesday last. The ceremony was performed at the Drum home, 2524 Broadway, at four o'clock, by the Rev. Father McSweeney. Mr. Frank G. Drum gave the bride away and Miss Sara Drum was the maid of honor. Mr. Edward C. Sessions acted as the groom's best man.

About sixty guests were present at the ceremony, which was followed by a wedding feast, and later the young couple started on a short trip to the south. They will return in a few days and then go to New York, where they will make their home.

The Alexander Dinner-Dance.

The eighteenth birthday of Miss Mary Crocker, daughter of the late Colonel C. F. Crocker, was celebrated on September 6th by a dinner-dance, given at the Crocker family residence, 1100 California Street, by Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, of New York.

Each table bore a distinctive decoration, and on the gentlemen's dinner-cards were the name of the lady he was to take in and the designation by color of the table where they were to sit. At each table covers were laid for eight. After dinner the company adjourned to the ball-room, where dancing was enjoyed until a late hour. Among those invited to meet Miss Crocker were:

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Green, Mrs. A. M. Easton, Mr. and Mrs. Ansel Easton, Miss McCook, of New York, Miss Cadwalader, the Messrs. Cadwalader, Miss Center, Miss Hazel King, Miss Alice Rutherford, Miss Celia Tobin, Miss Beatrice Tobin, Miss Ethel Hager, Miss Helen Hopkins, Miss George Hopkins, Miss Emily Carolan, Miss Genevieve Carolan, Miss Carrie Taylor, Miss Edith McBean, Miss Mary Scott, Miss Caro Crocker, Miss Addie Mills, Mr. Edgar Mills, Mr. Richard M. Tobin, Mr. Emile Bruguère, Mr. Louis Bruguère, Mr. Lawson S. Adams, Mr. Lawrence Scott, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. John Lawson, the Rev. Mr. O'Rooke, Mr. Alexander B. Williamson, Mr. Alexander Rutherford, Mr. Augustus C. Taylor, Mr. W. H. Taylor, Jr., Mr. Prescott Scott, and Mr. Harry Scott.

The Burlingame Country Club.

The second annual open-air horse show held by the Burlingame Country Club on Friday and Saturday, September 8th and 9th, was the most successful public function the club has yet held. An

amphitheatre had been specially constructed in front of the broad piazza of the club-house, and here forty classes of entries were shown in the two days, including blooded high-steppers, fine equipages, and jumpers. On Friday a hunt dinner was enjoyed in the club-house, and later the members and their guests, to the number of one hundred and forty, danced until the early morning hours.

The judges, Mr. John C. Kirkpatrick, Mr. Charles A. Baldwin, and Mr. Norman Brough, awarded the prizes as follows:

Mr. Francis J. Carolan, Pacific Coast Horse Show Association cup for best harness horse, P. C. H. S. A. cup for best California bred harness team, thirteen firsts, six seconds, and two thirds; Mr. Barton's Pleasure, driven by Miss Caro Crockett, P. C. H. S. A. cup for best horse to well-appointed trap with lady driver, and his Merry Boy, P. C. H. S. A. cup for best high-jumper; Mr. Joseph Sadoc Tobin, the Beylard cup for best horse in roundabout, the P. C. H. S. A. cup for best pair driven by a lady (Mrs. Tobin), a special cup for quickest and best-formed polo pony, three firsts, and one second; Mr. George A. Pope, P. C. H. S. A. cup for best high-stepper in championship class, the Charles B. Alexander special cup for four-in-hand park teams, three firsts and two seconds; Mr. Richard M. Tobin, three firsts, and two seconds; Mr. John Parrott, six firsts, four seconds, and seven thirds; Mr. J. Dyer, two firsts and one third; Mr. Oliver Tobin, two firsts; Mrs. F. P. Frank, two firsts and two thirds; Mr. Henry J. Crocker, three seconds and one third; Mr. George Almer Newhall, one second and one third; Mr. Timothy Hopkins, one second; Mr. A. B. Williamson, one second; Mr. E. D. Beylard, one first, one second, and three thirds; Mr. Peter D. Martin, two seconds; Princess Poniatowski, two seconds and one third; Mr. Joseph D. Grant, two seconds and one third; Miss Mary Crocker, one third; Mr. Henry T. Scott, one second and one third; Mr. George A. Kohn, one second; and Baby Gillespie, one second.

On Sunday the club held its annual meeting and elected the following officers:

President, Mr. George Almer Newhall, term expiring in 1901; vice-president, Mr. Henry T. Scott, 1900; secretary and treasurer, Mr. A. B. Ford, 1902; directors, Major J. L. Rathbone, Mr. Julius Kruttschnitt, and Mr. Richard M. Tobin, 1900, Mr. Joseph B. Crockett, Mr. Joseph D. Grant, and Mr. Frederick S. Moody, 1901, and Captain A. H. Payson, Mr. Francis J. Carolan, and Mr. Mountford S. Wilson, 1902.

The out-going officers' reports showed the club to be in a remarkably prosperous condition. It owns its grounds; the cost of the new club-house (twenty-five thousand dollars) is covered by four-per-cent. bonds held exclusively by members, and of which all but eleven hundred dollars has been taken up; and the membership numbers about one hundred and twenty. As the club desires to have about thirty more members, the directors have been empowered to remit, in their discretion, the initiation fee of new members until the desired membership is filled. Already a number of new names have been put up for election, and the initiation fee will doubtless be restored in a few weeks.

Notes and Gossip.

Mr. and Mrs. Osgood Hooker have sent out invitations to the marriage of their sister, Miss Genevieve Goad, to Mr. Andrew Martin, which will take place on Tuesday, September 26th, at twelve o'clock, at the Goad residence, 2000 Washington Street.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Kate Thornton Salisbury to Mr. Alexander D. Keyes. Miss Salisbury is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Salisbury and a grand-daughter of the late Tod Robinson. Mr. Keyes is a native of Maryland, but has lived in this city for several years. He is a son of the late General Keyes. The wedding day has not yet been set, but it will be early in the winter.

Miss Madeline Rose Miller, sister of Mr. H. Clay Miller, was married to Mr. Frank Beatty Findley at Christ Church, Sausalito, by the Rev. Charles L. Miel, on Wednesday, September 13th. Miss Alice Bird Findley was the maid of honor and Mr. J. Bryant Grimwood best man. After a few weeks at Lake Tahoe, Mr. and Mrs. Findley will reside in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King gave a dinner at their home on Leavenworth Street recently in honor of their two daughters, the Misses Genevieve and Hazel King.

A very pretty luncheon was given at the Bohemian Club last week in the Red Room by one of the members to several friends. The table was one of the most beautifully decorated the club has ever seen. Appropriate music was played during the service of the luncheon. Those at the table were Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Alexander, of New York, Miss McCook, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Crocker, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Miss Mary Crocker, Mrs. J. B. Crockett, Miss Caro Crockett, Miss Mary Scott, Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Wilson, Mr. Horace G. Platt, Major Robert H. Noble, U. S. A., Mr. L. S. Adams, Mr. Joseph S. Tobin, Mr. H. B. Taylor, Mr. E. M. Greenway, and Mr. Walter Martin.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Sloss entertained Mr. Harry Samuels, the violinist, at dinner on Sunday evening last at their summer-home in San Rafael. During the evening Mr. Samuels gave a violin recital under the direction of Sir Henry Heyman. On Tuesday morning Mr. Samuels left for New York city.

TWO NOBLE WOMEN.

The Munificence of Mrs. Stanford and Mrs. Hearst.

Californians have felt a just pride in the broad-mindedness which Mrs. Phebe Hearst has shown in the exercise of her philanthropic liberality. The wealth which she has drawn upon so freely in furthering her great plan of replacing the college buildings at Berkeley University by structures of beauty, utility, and permanence, was gained upon this coast. Yet no narrow or restrictive local spirit has been shown by her in her plans for its future disbursement. The public press of all art-loving nations has chronicled the architectural contest of which she was the moving spirit; and her name and high purposes have been lauded in many languages. The eyes of the art-world of Europe and America have been turned in spirit toward the rolling Berkeley hills, upon whose heights will some day rise a beautiful presentment in hewn stone of Benard's magnificent plan.

Few public-spirited citizens who have wished like Mrs. Hearst to devote their wealth toward some worthy object have planned their expenditures on the vast scale at which she aims. It has remained for two women of the Pacific Coast to show with what splendid bounty philanthropy can be practiced. One of them, with unstinted and lofty-minded generosity, has already signed away a princely fortune for the public good. The other is about to do so. She has begun by summoning the world-masters of architecture to this remote coast to aid her with their experience and genius in wisely and intelligently planning the expenditures that she designs in the future. She, too, intends to devote her enormous fortune to the upbuilding of a university. To what more noble end could she dedicate her many millions? Let us hope that she will live to see the day when the templed hills of Berkeley will bear beautiful and lasting witness to the generosity of a woman's heart.

Golf and Tennis Notes.

The competitions for the Council's Cup and the Ladies' Cup of the San Rafael Golf Club were completed on Saturday, September 9th, resulting in the victories of Mr. E. J. McCutchen and Mrs. R. Gilman Brown. The ladies' handicap, nine holes, medal play, was won by Mrs. Denis Donohoe, Jr., and the men's handicap, eighteen holes, medal play, was won by Mr. Samuel H. Boardman.

This (Saturday) afternoon, September 16th, there will be putting and approaching contests at the Oakland Golf Club's links, with prizes for both ladies and gentlemen.

The most notable event in years in local tennis circles has been the visit of the Eastern champions, who took part in the annual tournament of the Pacific Coast Lawn Tennis Association at Del Monte last week. The tournament began with a round-robin match, in which each of the Eastern men—Mr. Malcolm D. Whitman, singles champion of the United States; Mr. Dwight F. Davis and Mr. Holcombe Ward, doubles champion of the United States; and Mr. Beals C. Wright, interscholastic champion of the United States—met each of the Western champions—Mr. George F. Whitney, Mr. Robert N. Whitney, Mr. Sumner Hardy, and Mr. Samuel Hardy. The only Western man who could stand against the Eastern players was Mr. Sumner Hardy, who defeated Mr. Holcombe Ward and Mr. Beals C. Wright.

In the doubles tournament all four Eastern men entered, and Mr. Whitman and Mr. Wright defeated all comers, including the United States champions, Messrs. Davis and Ward. But they were beaten three straight sets by the holders of the Pacific Coast championship, Messrs. Sumner and Samuel Hardy, in a very exciting contest, the Hardys scoring 6-6, 6-2, 6-4. The consolation doubles were won by Mr. Reuben G. Hunt and Dr. Seager, and Miss Violet Sutton, champion of Southern California, won the ladies' singles championship of the Pacific States.

A military reception in honor of Governor Gage was given at the Occidental Hotel on Friday evening, September 15th, by the officers of the First California, U. S. V., and the California Heavy Artillery, U. S. V.

The Pearl of Epernay.

By strictly adhering to the conservative traditions of the old, honored custom of the ancient house of Moët & Chandon, the present management's aim is not to turn out immense quantities, but it has well succeeded in its endeavor for recognition on part of the connoisseurs, by catering principally to the aristocratic classes in Europe and better custom all over the world. Their White Seal (Grand Cuvée), justly called the Pearl of Epernay, owing to its pleasant and insinuating properties peculiar to that district, appeals to the palate of the cultured, and in shipping only champagne of its well-known standard quality this establishment, the largest in the world, is kept constantly busy.—*Wine Review*.

Colonial Hotel.

The management wishes to inform its patrons of the completion of the new private bath-rooms in connection with suites of rooms. Reservation for the winter season should be made at once.

—MRS. ALICE BACON WASHINGTON WILL receive pupils for piano instruction at her residence, 1150 O'Farrell St., between Franklin and Gough, after the 1st of September. Present address, Mill Valley.

Pears'

It is a wonderful soap that takes hold quick and does no harm.

No harm! It leaves the skin soft like a baby's; no alkali in it, nothing but soap. The harm is done by alkali. Still more harm is done by not washing. So, bad soap is better than none.

What is bad soap? Imperfectly made; the fat and alkali not well balanced or not combined.

What is good soap? Pears'.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

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WHILE words tell, statistics prove. The importation of G. H. MUMM & CO.'S EXTRA DRY in 1898 aggregating 86,855 cases, or 52,649 cases more than of any other brand, is certainly the most striking evidence of the great popularity of this famous brand of champagne, and particular attention is called to the fine quality, purity, and natural dryness of the wine now coming to this market.

Used at almost all notable banquets, balls, weddings, etc.

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SELECT PATRONAGE ONLY.

RATES.

Single Rooms with Board, \$2.00 to \$2.50 per day. Suites of Rooms with Board, \$3.00 to \$4.00 per day. Suites with Board for two persons, \$12.00 per month and upwards.

O. M. BRENNAN, Proprietor.

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NEWLY REFITTED WITH ALL THE LATEST MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

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THE HOTEL RICHELIEU
N. E. Cor. Van Ness and Myrtle Avenues.

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THE PIONEER FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL OF SAN FRANCISCO.
MRS. M. W. DENVER.

THE LENOX

628 SUTTER STREET.
First-class quiet Family Hotel.
D. W. JAMES, Proprietor,
Late of Paso Robles Hotel.

ROYAL Baking Powder
Absolutely Pure.
Made from Pure Grape Cream of Tartar.

SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker, the Misses Alice and Birdie Rutherford, and Mr. Alexander Rutherford have returned from Del Monte, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. William Thomas and the Misses Mary and Helen Thomas have returned from their visit to Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney M. Smith and Miss Bertha Smith left on Tuesday for San Rafael, where they will spend several weeks. Miss Helen Smith is expected to return from Honolulu on the next steamer. Mrs. Lansdale has arrived in Philadelphia, where she will remain for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar B. Carroll have returned from Del Monte.

Miss Ella Morgan has returned from Del Monte and Miss Thérèse Morgan from San Rafael where she has been spending the past three months.

Mr. Andrew Martin came up from Montecito yesterday, and will remain until after his wedding on September 26th.

Mrs. McNutt, Miss McNutt, and Miss Ruth McNutt returned recently from their trip to Europe.

Mrs. O. V. Childs and Miss Childs, of Los Angeles, have returned from Del Monte, where they have been spending the past month, and are now at the Palace Hotel, preparatory to returning to their home in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight returned last week from their summer home at Lake Tahoe to their residence here, owing to the illness of Mrs. Knight, who has slightly improved since her return.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, with their two daughters, arrived in New York last week. Mr. and Mrs. Harvey expect to return soon, and the Misses Harvey will return to their school in New York.

Miss Nellie Hillyer and Miss Ella Goodall are traveling abroad.

Miss Ethel Hager has returned from Del Monte and is now at the Hotel Rafael, where she will remain the balance of the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Baldwin, after a short visit to Miss Eyre at her home in Menlo, went to Burlingame, where they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Carolan.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson and Mr. and Mrs. Robert K. Nuttall were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope at their home in Burlingame over the horse show on Friday and Saturday last.

Mrs. Houghton and Miss Minnie Houghton are at the Hotel Vendome, San José.

Mrs. Richard H. Sprague is here on a visit to her parents, Judge and Mrs. William T. Wallace.

Miss Newlands has returned to the city from a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant at their home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Woods have returned from a short visit to Miss Bessie Shreve at her home near San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent and Miss Hooker were the guests of Mrs. Newhall and Mr. George A. Newhall over Saturday and Sunday last, and have since been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson and Miss Bessie Shreve at their home in Burlingame.

Miss Laura Bates has been spending the past week with Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Wilson at Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton E. Worden and Mrs. A. N. Towne are at Del Monte.

Mr. W. R. Heath has gone north on business.

Miss Genevieve Goad and Miss Eleanor Terry were the guests of Mrs. Eleanor Martin and the Messrs. Peter and Walter Martin at their cottage at Burlingame over the horse show.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase have returned from a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson at their Burlingame home.

Miss Sophia Pierce has been the guest of Mrs. Florence Frank and Mrs. Pope at their summer home at Burlingame.

The Misses Helen, Edna, and Georgie Hopkins were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott at Burlingame on Saturday and Sunday last.

Mr. Lawson S. Adams, Mr. William Page, Mr. Augustus C. Taylor, Mr. W. H. Taylor, Jr., Mr. Frederick W. McNear, Mr. Harry B. Stetson, and Mr. Latham McMullin have returned from a visit to Burlingame.

Mrs. James A. Folger, of Oakland, has gone to visit her daughter, Mrs. Le Grand Cannon Tibbets, in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest C. La Montaigne purpose going to Europe in the near future to visit Mrs. La Montaigne's mother, Mrs. Darling.

Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop E. Lester were in Scotland at the beginning of September. They will start for home early next month.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. Montague were among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais.

Mrs. Eugene Kelly sailed from New York for Liverpool on September 6th on the White Star liner *Teutonic*.

Mrs. Thomas Breeze and Miss Breeze have returned from Del Monte and are at the Richelieu for the winter.

Dr. Herbert E. Carolan has returned to New York from Saranac Lake, in the Adirondacks.

Mr. and Mrs. John Dempster McKee enjoyed a trip to the Tavern of Tamalpais early in the week.

Mrs. Samuel Host has returned from San Rafael and taken an apartment at the Richelieu for the winter.

Miss Genevieve King, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Homer King, returns to Smith College, Northampton, Mass., on Monday, September 18th.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Turnhill visited the Tavern of Tamalpais a few days ago.

Mrs. Ellen Mozley, who is now at the Hotel Richelieu, will leave shortly for a tour of the world.

Mrs. Frank Livingston, the Misses Livingston,

and Mrs. Goldsmith, of Frankfort, Germany, are stopping at the Richelieu.

Mr. A. W. Jackson will remain at the Hotel Pleasanton while his family is in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Emanuel S. Heller are at the Palace Hotel for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Holman have returned from Portland, and will make San Francisco their future home.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred H. Green, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Runyon, Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Johnson, Miss Gussie Alvord, and Mr. W. S. O'Connor returned to the Hotel Rafael last week after a few days' visit to Bolinas.

Mr. A. F. Afong, of Honolulu, is a guest at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard have taken an apartment at the Palace Hotel for the winter.

Mrs. David Jacks and the Misses Jacks, of Monterey, are in town for a visit, and are stopping at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Dr. and Mrs. Milan Soule have returned from San Mateo and taken an apartment at the California Hotel for the winter.

Mrs. L. S. Wilson, whose home is at the Hotel Pleasanton, has gone East for a few weeks and will return about November 1st.

Mrs. S. H. Friedlander arrived in New York on Wednesday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Lord, of Paris, have returned from Del Monte, and will be at the Richelieu until they leave for Paris.

Mrs. S. M. Bradbury and Miss Bradbury came up from Los Angeles on Monday, September 11th, and are now at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott came up from Burlingame on Thursday, and stopped at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Gerritt P. Wilder, who is now at the Occidental Hotel, will return to his home in Honolulu on the *Australia* on September 20th.

Mr. John Perry, Jr., and Miss Laura Kimber, will return from Philadelphia next month and go to the Hotel Pleasanton for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Baldwin were in town on Thursday, and stopped at the Palace Hotel.

Miss E. Forbes Wilkinson has returned from Bolinas, and is at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mrs. C. T. Yerkes and Mrs. B. Cooke, who have been at the Palace Hotel during the past month, returned to Chicago on Thursday.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Ryder and Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Morrison, of San José, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Morgan, of Randshurg, Cal., Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Turner, of Los Angeles, Mrs. C. M. Prior, of New York, Mr. R. S. Barton, of Fresno, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Stewart, of Pasadena, and Mr. Charles F. Turner, of Los Angeles.

Among those still remaining at Del Monte are Mrs. S. Steinhart, Mr. Steinhart, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Perkins, Mrs. Frank Osgood, Mrs. E. H. Childs, Miss H. C. Childs, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Dickey, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Hohart, Mrs. F. F. Low, Miss F. C. Low, Miss Flood, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Laton, Mrs. Eugene Casserly, Miss Daisy Casserly, and Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Worden.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Abbott, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Moore, Mr. G. J. Bucknall, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Coffin, Mr. and Mrs. George Davidson, of San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Campbell, of San Mateo, Dr. Edward E. Mackenzie, of Baltimore, Mr. and Mrs. George Millard and Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Hunt, of New York, and Mr. F. E. Mansfield and Mr. E. L. Thompson, of Boston.

Among those who have returned from Del Monte are Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Doudy, Miss Rowe, Miss E. Rowe, Mr. W. B. Collier, Miss Bee Hooper, Mr. H. C. McLean, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Casey, Miss Kate Dillon, Miss Ethel Hager, Messrs. Emile Francis, and Louis Bruguière, Mr. and Mrs. Emile Bruguière, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Crocker, Mr. Richard M. Tohin, Mr. Joseph S. Tohin, Mr. Joseph Tohin, Jr., the Misses Celia and Beatrice Tohin, and Mrs. J. A. Folger.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Lieutenant-Colonel Marion P. Maus, First Infantry, U. S. A., and Mrs. Maus have returned from the Yosemite Valley and are at the Hotel Richelieu.

Captain W. S. Terry, U. S. N., Mrs. Terry, and Miss Eleanor Terry have returned from their visit at Burlingame to the Hotel Rafael, where they will remain until their departure for the East, via Seattle, the latter part of this month.

Major George E. Pickett, paymaster, U. S. A., has been ordered to duty in this city.

Captain Robert H. Nohle, Third Infantry, U. S. A., has been promoted to the rank of major and made assistant adjutant-general of volunteers.

Captain Arthur C. Ducat, Twenty-Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., has been promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and assigned to the Forty-Ninth Infantry, U. S. V.

Lieutenant Eugene T. Wilson, Third Artillery, U. S. A., has been appointed as third aid-de-camp to Major-General W. R. Shafter.

Lieutenant-Commander Walter S. Hughes, U. S. N., is a guest at the California Hotel.

Major Junius L. Powell, surgeon, U. S. A., arrived in town on Tuesday, and is a guest at the Occidental Hotel.

Mrs. Cotton, wife of Captain C. S. Cotton, U. S. N., Mrs. Charles Briggs, and the Misses Marion and Cecile Briggs, who have been stopping at the California Hotel, will leave for the north on Tuesday.

Lieutenant-Colonel E. H. Plummer, Thirty-Fifth Infantry, U. S. V., returned from Vancouver Barracks early in the week, and is at the California Hotel.

Miss Cornelia Gordon, daughter of Colonel D. S. Gordon, Sixth Cavalry, U. S. A. (retired), of

Washington, D. C., and Miss Caroline Ayers, of San Francisco, are guests of Captain E. F. Willcox, Sixth Cavalry, U. S. A., and Mrs. Willcox at Camp Katharine in Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. Benson, wife of Captain H. C. Benson, Fourth Artillery, U. S. A., returned from Del Monte early in the week.

Dr. Elan O. Huntington, assistant-surgeon, U. S. N., is a guest at the Occidental Hotel.

Cornelius Vanderhilt died suddenly in New York, September 12th, aged fifty-five. He was a grandson of Commodore Vanderhilt, the founder of the family fortune, and entered his service at the age of twenty-one, with a salary of sixty-five dollars a month. He learned the railroad business thoroughly, and succeeded his father, William H. Vanderhilt, as the head of the Vanderhilt system. His estate is estimated at one hundred and fifteen million dollars, and its disposition is a matter of doubt, as his son Cornelius, the eldest of the five heirs, was alienated from the family by his marriage two years ago.

At a recent meeting of the Olympic Club, telegrams were read from Mr. Hermann Oelrichs and from Mr. James D. Phelan, promising that the bonds of the club held by the Fair and Phelan estates would be canceled. It was stated also that the bonds held by Mr. J. W. Mackay and Mr. James L. Flood would be canceled if the directorate would be empowered to fix the amount of the initiation fee and dues. The requisite permission was granted, and the new president, Mr. William Greer Harrison, assured the members that the club's debt of twenty-nine thousand dollars would be paid and its bonded indebtedness reduced one hundred thousand dollars.

The will of the late Colin M. Smith has been filed for probate. It disposes of an estate valued at \$26,000, as follows:

To Mrs. Clara M. Sawyer, \$300; to Mr. E. H. Sheldon, \$300; to Mr. Colin M. Smith, a nephew, \$1,000; to Mrs. Harold Sewell, some personal belongings; to Miss Sallie Maynard, \$4,000; to Mr. Ed H. Sheldon, some personal effects; and to Mr. W. S. Smith, a brother, \$2,000. The residue is divided in equal shares to Mr. W. S. Smith and Mrs. Lena Edwards, decedent's sister.

The finance committee of the Bohemian Club has presented the statement that \$20,000 has been subscribed toward the Grove Fund, all for non-interest bearing ten-year bonds, and one-half of the amount has been paid in. It is proposed to cancel each year at least \$2,750 of the debt, the bonds to be redeemed in the order of their numbers. Only \$7,500 is needed to close the list. At a recent special meeting funds were voted for the completion of the new jinks room.

The international contest for the Phebe Hearst architectural plan for the University of California ended Thursday, September 7th. The successful contestant was M. Benard, of Paris, who has the diploma of the Ecole des Beaux Arts and is a holder of the Grand Prix de Rome. The prize awarded him is ten thousand dollars. The plans form an ideal picture, and many millions of dollars will be required to make the architect's dream a reality.

Rear-Admiral W. T. Sampson will be in command of the fleet that will escort Admiral Dewey into New York harbor upon the arrival of the *Olympia*, which sailed from Gibraltar for home September 11th. Rear-Admiral Sampson will yield his command of the North Atlantic squadron on October 10th and will take charge of the Boston Navy Yard.

The trip to Mt. Tamalpais, via the Sausalito Ferry and the Mill Valley Scenic Railway, continues to offer the best means of having a delightful day's outing. Don't fail to avail yourself of this opportunity before the cool weather sets in. The accommodations at the destination of the railway are excellent.

Berlin University is celebrating the ninetyeth anniversary of its foundation by Frederick William the Third of Prussia. Although one of the youngest, it is now the foremost university of Germany in the number of students and of professors.

—THE INVITATIONS ISSUED BY THE FIRST California Regiment and Heavy Artillery for the reception to Governor Gage were masterpieces of the engravers' art. In the centre of the top was embossed in colors the American flag, and the effect was perfectly superb. The work was executed entirely by Messrs. Cooper & Co., the Art Stationers, and has attracted much favorable comment.

—A PLACE OF INTEREST FOR VISITORS IS THE Gump Art Gallery of Paintings, by European masters. No. 113 Geary Street.

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MUSICAL NOTES.

The O'Sullivan Concert.

Mr. Denis O'Sullivan gave a farewell concert, prior to his departure for Europe on Monday, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall on Tuesday evening, September 12th. He had the assistance of Miss Edith Ladd and Mr. Frederick Maurer in the presentation of the following programme:

Troubadour songs, (a) "Wenn die Nachtigall" (Chanson by the Chatelain de Coucy, A. D., 1192), (b) "Müßig Wandelt ich am Morgen" (Minnelied of Thihaut, King of Navarre, A. D., 1234) arranged by Boehme; serenata, "Meistofele's Song" ("Damnation of Faust"), Berlioz; "Che Fiero Costume" (seventeenth century) Legrenzi; "Piacer d'Amor" (eighteenth century), Martini; "Die Lotoshlume" (Heine) Schumann; "When I Was a Little Tiny Boy," Schumann; "Mount and Go" (Burns), Schumann; "Die Golden Pflote" (Cornelius), Schumann; "Mein Mädel hat einen Rosenmund," Brahms; "Edward" (Percy's Reliques), Loewe; "Des Glockenthürmers Töchterlein," Loewe; "Anchor Song" (Kipling), Whitehorn; "Lizzie Lindsay," Old Scotch; "Young Richard" (Somersetshire dialect), Old English; American War Songs—"Ethiopia Saluting the Colors," Chas. Wood; "Battle Hymn of the Republic," traditional; Irish airs—"Nora Creina," Moore; "The Blarney," arranged by Mary Carmichael, Lover; "Heigh-ho the Morning Dew," arranged by Charles Wood; "Believe Me, if All those Endearing Young Charms," Moore; "Widow Machree," arranged by Mary Carmichael, Lover; "The Low-Backed Car," Lover.

Clara Kalisher Reception Recital.

Miss Clara Kalisher, a San Franciscan who has been abroad for four years cultivating her contralto voice, will give a reception and recital at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall next Thursday night. In Paris she studied for three years under Jules Granier, and in London under George Henschel and Henry J. Wood. She has been engaged for a series of Sunday night concerts at the Metropolitan Opera House, in conjunction with Paur's Symphony Orchestra. At her recital next Thursday she will be assisted by Mr. Frank Coffin, tenor, and Mr. H. J. Stewart, pianist.

Miss Lillian K. Slinkey, who has recently returned from five years' study in Milan, is to give a concert soon in Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall.

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LEAVE	From August 2, 1899.	ARRIVE
7.00 A	Benicia, Suisun, and Sacramento	5.45 P
7.00 A	Marysville, Oroville, and Redding via Woodland	5.45 P
7.00 A	Elmira, Vacaville, and Rumsey	8.50 P
7.30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa	6.15 P
8.00 A	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.	9.45 A
8.30 A	San José, Livermore, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, and Red Bluff	4.15 P
8.30 A	*Milton, Oakdale, and Sonoma	4.15 P
8.30 A	Yosemite Valley via Oakdale and Chinese	4.15 P
9.00 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.	11.45 A
9.00 A	Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno	12.15 P
9.00 A	Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.	6.45 P
10.00 A	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations	7.45 P
11.00 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations	2.45 P
12.00 M	Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Sacramento, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville	4.15 P
*1.00 P	Sacramento River Steamers	*8.00 P
3.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.	5.45 P
4.00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa	9.15 A
4.00 P	Benicia, Sacramento, Marysville, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Oroville	10.45 A
4.30 P	Niles, San José, and Stockton	7.15 P
4.30 P	Yosemite Sleeping Car for Raymond.	12.15 P
5.00 P	The Owl. Tracy, Fresno, Bakersfield, Saugus for Santa Barbara and Los Angeles.	9.45 A
5.30 P	Stockton, Merced, and Fresno	12.15 P
5.30 P	Martinez, Tracy, Mendota, Fresno, Mojave, and Los Angeles	8.45 A
5.30 P	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	6.45 P
6.00 P	Chicago—San Francisco Special, Ogden and East.	8.50 P
6.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and San José	7.45 A
*6.00 P	Vallejo	12.15 P
17.00 P	Vallejo, Fort Costa, and Way Stations.	19.55 P
8.05 P	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.	8.15 A

COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge). (Foot of Market Street).		
17.45 A	Santa Cruz Excursion for Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations	18.05 P
8.15 A	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations	5.50 P
*2.15 P	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations	*10.50 A
4.15 P	San José, Glenwood, and Way Stations	9.20 A
8.15 P	Felton, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations	9.20 A

CREEK ROUTE FERRY. From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 2)		
7.15 A	11.00 A	1.00 P
7.40 A	11.25 A	1.25 P
8.00 A	11.50 A	1.50 P
8.25 A	12.15 A	1.50 P
8.50 A	12.40 A	2.00 P
9.00 A	12.50 A	2.00 P

COAST DIVISION (Broad Gauge). (Third and Townsend Streets).		
*6.10 A	Ocean View, South San Francisco	*6.30 P
7.00 A	San José and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only)	8.00 A
17.30 A	Sunday Excursion for Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations	18.35 P
9.00 A	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Surf, Lompoc, and Principal Way Stations	4.10 P
10.40 A	San José and Way Stations	6.35 A
11.30 A	San José and Way Stations	1.30 P
*2.45 P	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Hollister, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove	*10.36 A
*3.30 P	San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations	*7.30 P
*4.15 P	San José and Principal Way Stations	9.45 A
*5.00 P	San José and Principal Way Stations	9.45 A
*5.30 P	San José and Principal Way Stations	9.45 A
6.30 P	San José and Way Stations	5.50 P
11.45 A	San José and Way Stations	17.30 P

A for Morning. P for Afternoon.
* Sunday excepted. † Sunday only. ‡ Saturday only.
§ Saturday and Sunday. ¶ Sunday and Monday.
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Has your dachshund a pedigree?" "Pedigree? Look at him; it makes him sag to carry it."—*Chicago Record*.

Three strikes: "Aincher workin' now, Jimmy?" "Naw. Strike." "Chee." "Tree of 'em. I strikes de ole man fer a raise, he strikes a attitude, an' den I strikes de sidewalk."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Magistrate—"Do you mean to say such a physical wreck as he is gave you that black eye?" *Complaining wife*—"Shure, yer worship, he wasn't a physical wreck till he give me the black eye."—*Tit-Bits*.

Insurance superintendent (suspiciously)—"How did your husband happen to die so soon after getting insured for a large amount?" *Widow*—"He worked himself to death trying to pay the premiums."—*Household Words*.

Mrs. Skinner—"Wasn't that sad about Mrs. Richmond?" Mrs. Goode—"What?" Mrs. Skinner—"Her husband was drowned with his six-karat diamond stud on and his body can not be found."—*Jewelers' Weekly*.

"Hist!" whispered the first accomplice; "there is a price upon your head." "Heavens!" exclaimed the female villain, paling visibly; "can it be possible that I have forgotten to remove the tag from that bargain-counter hat?"—*Philadelphia Record*.

Harold had been told that God had sold to mamma his little baby sister. Not long after, in the same neighborhood, three other babies made their appearance. "I guess," said Harold, "God must have had a clearing-out sale this time."—*Judge*.

Irate wayfarer (to policeman)—"Officer, that brute on the corner has been very offensive. He just called me a liar, a sneak, and a cad." Officer (wearily)—"Well, I can't help that, sir—unless you have absolute proof that you are not."—*Bazar*.

Jimmy—"If de Republicans would only put up Dewey for President and Roosevelt for Vice-President dey'd hev a snap!" *Patty*—"Aw, rats! If dey did, de Demmycrats would simply put up Jeffries and Helen Gould and beat 'em out in a walk!"—*Puck*.

"That man Aguinaldo," said the complacent chump, "appears to be indulging a great deal in peanut politics." "How so?" inquired the young man who never eats veal. "Why, isn't he numbered among those who also ran?"—*St. Paul Globe*.

A summer success: Mrs. Gofrequent—"Poor Mrs. Upjohn looks miserable." Mrs. Seldom-Holme—"Well, she isn't; she's happy. She has the golf shoulder, the trolley-car heart, the bicycle face, and she thinks she's getting the hay fever."—*Chicago Tribune*.

"It's a shame," said the summer boarder, "for you to waste so much land on that pig-pen when you might turn it into a beautiful lawn." "Nay," replied the farmer, who knew his business; "the pen is mightier than the sword."—*Philadelphia North American*.

Electric cooking: Mr. Justjoined—"What on earth are you trying to do?" Mrs. Justjoined—"I was reading about cooking by electricity, so I hung the chops on the electric bell, and I've been pushing the button for half an hour, but it doesn't seem to work."—*Boston Traveler*.

Not a case in point: "You durned expansionists," remarked the man with the long sorrel beard, "ought to remember the frog that tried to be as big as the ox, and swelled himself up till he busted." "That frog wasn't an expansionist," said the other man; "he was an inflationist."—*Chicago Tribune*.

Out of sight: Boss—"I don't know whether to discharge that new boy or raise his salary." Manager—"What has he been doing?" Boss—"He rushed in my private office this morning, and told me there was a man down stairs who would like to see me." Manager—"Who was it?" Boss—"A blind man."—*Chicago News*.

First American correspondent—"I have just wired home for ten thousand dollars." Second American correspondent—"What do you want of such a sum as that?" First American correspondent—"I only wanted one hundred dollars, but I was afraid if I asked for that it would be censored down to one dollar."—*Chicago Tribune*.

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Madge—"My fiancé's name appears in 'Who's Who.'" Marjorie—"But mine is in Bradstreet's."—*Town Topics*.

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The campaign in Ohio this fall is being watched by the country generally with an interest which was scarcely exceeded in the days when Ohio was one of the "October States," and her election returns had a powerful effect on results in other States in the succeeding November. Ohio elections invariably attract more than their natural share of attention, because it is a State where politics is always active and generally embittered, where factions are rife in both great parties, and where majorities are not often so overwhelming as to crush opposition with hopeless despair. This year, interest is unusually keen, not only for the reason that the con-

ditions enumerated are all apparent in the present campaign, but because this is the last election before an important Presidential contest, and because Ohio is President McKinley's home State, and the indorsement of his administration and of his ambition to succeed himself in the White House is the largest stake in the game.

The contest is always fierce enough in Ohio to raise a doubt about results of any election in the public mind, notwithstanding the fact that the State is Republican by its record, and has been so almost unbrokenly for thirty years. In the period named the State has been carried by the Democrats but four times, and none of those Democratic victories have been recorded during the last ten years. There is a large independent element among the voters of the State which always renders the size of majorities uncertain, and frequently endangers any majority for the dominant party. A change of less than 600 votes would have given the electoral vote of the State to Cleveland in 1892, and yet the Republican plurality only one year later rose to 81,000, and in 1894 reached its high-water mark at over 137,000. In 1896 it had fallen to 47,000, in 1897 to 28,000 in a gubernatorial election, and last year, when the most important office at stake was secretary of State, it rose again to 61,000.

The contest is now fairly on between Mr. McLean, in his own interest, and Judge Nash, the Republican nominee for governor, representing the dominance of Mr. Hanna, and incidentally the interests of the administration and McKinley's campaign for a second nomination. Complete harmony perches on neither banner. While the control was fiercely contested in the Republican State convention, the iron hand of Mr. Hanna brought about an apparently harmonious adhesion to the ticket selected, and there remains more of the low rumblings of discontent under his autocratic rule than of open and concerted opposition to the party nominees. In the Democratic camp the factions which oppose the ascendancy of Mr. McLean are more virulent, more threatening, and more active. Mr. McLean appears to possess neither the unqualified and hearty support of the gold Democrats, who have been driven off by the platform adopted, nor of the Bryan Democrats, some of whom denounce him as "the representative of anti-Democratic policies masquerading as a Democratic candidate," as a representative of corruption in politics, and as a non-resident of the State. Although a resident of Washington, D. C., Mr. McLean owns and runs the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, a paper which under his control for the past twenty-five years has developed tendencies of the yellowest variety, and which, according to his critics, is "a curse to the city where it is published and to the wide region through which it circulates."

If the platforms which have been framed by the rival parties could be taken to represent more of principles and less of personalities than they undoubtedly do, the election in November would offer an excellent occasion to test the public sentiment of Ohio on the important issues which must surely have a vital bearing on the results of the national campaign of next year. The Republicans in convention took strong ground against the Chicago platform, and were as strongly in favor of the gold standard and sound money. They indorsed McKinley for renomination, gave full adhesion to his administration and the conduct of the war, and referred the new issues of trusts and national expansion to the wise determination of the party and its leaders. The Democratic platform, in its re-affirmation of the Chicago platform renews the loyalty of the party to Bryan and demands his nomination in 1900, and emphasizes the plank which insists on the free and unlimited coinage of silver at 16 to 1 without consulting any other nation. The platform also announces "radical and unalterable opposition to imperialism," and demands that Cubans and Filipinos alike "not only be permitted, but encouraged, to establish independent republics, deriving all of their governmental powers from the consent of the governed." The Hanna-Payne shipping bill comes in for execration, and the trusts are vigorously denounced as the legitimate fruit of the gold standard and "other corrupt Republican legislation on questions of

tariff." Minor planks attack the alleged secret alliance with Great Britain, favor the initiative and referendum, the passage of an eight-hour labor law, more rigid inspection of mines and workshops, the prohibition of sweat-shops, and the abolition of the contract system of prison labor. The document closes with a heated deliverance against political bossism as "inimical to our form of government" and as a concentration of political power in the interest of "jobs, schemes, and rings," which, while aimed venomously at the Republican control in Ohio, seems strangely out of harmony with the public history of the candidate who made the ticket by his own boss-ship and whose name is at its head.

At least one paper has undertaken reformatory measures by the abolition of that abomination of seven-day journalism, the Sunday "magazine." This paper is the New York *Times*, among the first to enter the so-called magazine field, in which for three years it has been the exponent of the best of the school, and now the first to recognize its error and withdraw. The *Times Magazine* was in lesser degree objectionable than any other Sunday supplement. It sought to deal with the wider field of letters, with the drama and art. Its illustrations were of a high class, devoid of the offensive features so marked in the brazen imitators that, inspired by its example, began publications at first similar but soon losing all claim to intellectual force or moral decency. In its farewell to this grafted and unwholesome branch of journalism, the *Times* makes clear to one reading between the lines that its course is largely due to an impulse of disgust excited by the bogus magazines—repositories of sensation, parodies on the English language, unclean, silly, and degenerate. From now on the journal, while still appearing seven days of the week, will be on the seventh day, as others, simply a newspaper. The change, if more sweeping, would be of greater benefit, and yet it may be regarded as a partial victory. Plainly, the protest of the public is having effect, and there is reasonable hope that in time even the seven-day newspaper will be obsolete. The American church, however, has not yet been aroused to action. The change is being wrought by the press itself and the hard common sense of the world demanding from toil a period of rest.

Once the Sunday "magazine" was a novelty. The publications producing it attained by the act a sort of individuality, but so rapidly did the habit spread that to abandon the magazine becomes a distinctive triumph. The paper boldly announcing the lopping off of this is the one which stands out above others as an enterprising and far-sighted institution. There can now be no excuse—beyond a foolish rivalry—for continuing the Sunday output of trashy text and gaudy color, of meretricious display from writers and artists, of exploiting the half-world, and filling pages about degeneracy, apparently for the degenerate. The magazine is regarded as a nuisance. It essays to compete with the real magazine, for each issue of which there is a month to prepare, and contributions for which are drawn from the most learned scientists, the most famous travelers, the novelists of immortal fame. While the monthly may have been to some extent temporarily injured, in the end it has gained by the potent lesson of contrast. The genuine weekly also has lost but little, and this and more it is regaining. The competition, inspired of depravity and acceptable to lewdness, could not permanently damage it.

Notwithstanding the excellent pattern set by the *Times*, other metropolitan papers fail as yet to show symptoms of repentance. The New York *Journal and World*, the San Francisco *Examiner* and *Call*, continue to exalt the criminal and bawd, and present each Sunday a mess of rubbish bad enough to desecrate even a day not held in especial esteem, and for a day set apart for recreation and worship a startling anomaly. The "coon songs" of the *Examiner* in themselves constitute an affront. They are lacking in melody, while the words are so nearly idiotic as to create a mental nausea. They should not be permitted in any home, and the home tolerating them is on a low plane.

Nevertheless, the songs fit well into their environment. They are no worse from a musical standpoint than the rest of the output from a literary and moral standpoint. That the public should be protected against such assaults is a just demand. Seven-day journalism has no valid pretext for existence, and would not have though the Sunday papers were of some intrinsic value. As they possess no value whatever, and their qualities are wholly bad, they deprive themselves of all defense. The *Times* is to be congratulated and commended. It has banished a feature that in other instances led to shameful abuse, and placed a stigma not only upon journalism in this country, but upon the country itself.

England purged itself of this seven-day monstrosity, and did it speedily, but in England the church took the lead in the movement; while here the church, beyond a passive expression of disapproval, takes no action.

Jahart

The victims of tuberculosis each year outnumber those of all other contagious diseases taken together.

**QUARANTINE
AGAINST
TUBERCULOSIS.** The latest annual report of the board of health in this city shows five deaths from

this cause to one from all of the other diseases whose spread by contagion the general public regard with so much alarm. The census reports, notoriously incomplete in the matter of mortuary statistics, show 102,199 deaths from consumption during the year 1890. In the United States, 121 in each thousand deaths result from consumption; in England the number is 110; in France, 112; in Germany, 128. The consumptive is not prostrated, as is the victim of small-pox or yellow fever, until the disease is in its last stages, and this may not occur for several years after the first invasion. He goes about attending to his daily duties, mingling with his fellow-men and daily polluting the air with millions of bacilli that are a menace to every person who comes in contact with him. Medical science has established beyond question that tuberculosis is purely contagious; it is not inherited, though consumptive parents transmit to their children impaired constitutions that render them peculiarly susceptible to this or any other fatal malady. It is generally accepted that after the disease has once secured a firm hold upon its victim it is incurable.

These are facts that can not be too firmly impressed upon the public mind. A realization of them is of greatest importance to the people of California. This State, on account of its mild climate, has long been regarded as the Mecca for consumptives, and thousands of the afflicted have come here to make their homes and spread contagion among the susceptible. When the danger was but little understood, they were welcomed, and the experience of the Riviera and other places in Europe that had become breeding-grounds for consumption under similar circumstances being ignored. The result of this policy in this State is already being seen. While the total number of deaths from tuberculosis is increasing, the proportion furnished by the Pacific Coast is increasing more rapidly. It is from the Atlantic States that the contagion is imported; in 1878 these States furnished 280 in each thousand victims of the disease in this city, in 1888 the number had fallen to 231, in 1896 it was 174, in 1897 it was 172, in 1898 it was 155. In other words, the disease is spreading more and more rapidly among the natives, and, if the advance is not arrested, California will in time become a land of consumptives.

These facts are well known to the medical profession, and it was a realization of their significance that led Dr. Crowley, of the State board of health, to revive the proposition to quarantine against the disease, which has been advocated by the *Argonaut* for a number of years. Fortunately the proposition has met with some dissent—fortunately since in the discussion that will follow there is greater likelihood that it will be carried out. California must protect itself or be destroyed, and the first step in that protection is to exclude any further sources of contagion. There are undoubted difficulties to be encountered. An effective quarantine would require not only a physical examination of every person seeking to cross the boundary of the State, but also a microscopical examination of the sputum. Even then there would not be certainty in some cases, without the development of cultures. While this would require comparatively little time or labor in each case, in the aggregate it would involve an immense amount of work. The results to be obtained would offset this, however, and the plan should not be abandoned because of its difficulties.

At the same time, it is apparent that the quarantine will meet only a part of the trouble. It would not reach the immense field of contagion that already exists within the State. It should be supplemented by consumptive colonies such as Surgeon-General Sternberg contemplates establishing in New Mexico for consumptive soldiers, such as have been proposed in New York, and have been in successful operation in Europe. In these colonies all persons afflicted with the disease should be isolated under conditions most favorable

for their recovery. There should be periodical compulsory examinations of persons apparently in good health, since the disease can be most effectually controlled in its earlier stages, and its approach is so insidious that its victims often carry the germs for years before they know that they have been attacked.

At Nordrach, in the Baden Black Forest, Germany, such an institution has been in operation for a number of years, and the results are surprising to those who regard tuberculosis as incurable. The treatment is simple, and excludes the use of all medicines. The first aim of the physician is to build up the system, and this is accomplished by abundance of plain, wholesome food. The patient is not only encouraged but forced to eat all that he can. There are three regular meals each day, and the patient is compelled to lie down for an hour before each meal, in order that there shall be no possibility of fatigue. It is a saying there that the patient should eat three times the regular amount of food—one portion to repair natural waste, one to repair disease waste, and one to gain weight and strength to throw off the disease.

The second point considered is the regulation of exercise and rest. The bodily temperature is taken four times each day, and from the temperature chart the physician instructs the patient whether to lie in bed, to lie upon his couch, to sit in the open air, or to take a long or short walk. Walking is generally up hill, and at the slowest pace, so that the lungs are exercised without being exerted. When the patient is strong enough the exercise is taken in all kinds of weather, the theory of the doctor being that climate has no influence upon consumption. The third point considered is that the patient shall always have abundance of pure air. The windows of the building are kept wide open night and day, and at all seasons of the year.

The course of treatment at this institution has been described somewhat in detail, in order that it may be apparent how simple a treatment will produce the best results. Taking all cases, favorable and unfavorable, the average time for a cure is five to six months. Cases that were considered hopeless elsewhere have been cured here. What has been accomplished in Germany can be done here. The cost of establishing such colonies would be insignificant compared with the beneficial results. With effective quarantine the spread of the disease could be arrested; in time it might even be eradicated.

Jahart

Americans have a prejudice against the pulling down of their flag wherever unfurled, and while this phase of national emotion has hardly been mentioned in connection with the Alaskan boundary, nevertheless it is present. The thrifty English also entertain a prejudice which takes the aspect of covetousness when gold has been discovered on territory not their own. True to the traditions of the home land, Canada is a faithful imitator. The presence of gold in the north, in a district to which the United States long held undisputed title, has aroused a spirit of avarice which demands that the Stars and Stripes shall be banished. Whatever the excuse advanced for this, the real reason is that Canada wants a monopoly of the precious product. The people of this country, incensed at the austerity of laws framed to hamper them, are in no mood to yield the point at issue. Neither do they anticipate war, nor fear any other expression of displeasure.

Recently Sir Charles Tupper expressed his views on the subject. They are decided views, and, if he entertains them seriously, certainly worth expressing. In case of failure to secure a satisfactory settlement—i. e., the concession to Canada of all she asks—he would advocate the building of a railroad from Kitioniata to Dawson, and the enactment of laws that would make it impossible for any but a British subject to acquire a mining claim on the Canadian side. Whatever of excellence there may be in this scheme, it comports well with the policy thus far pursued. There has been every endeavor to stifle all development through American effort, the means taken being the passage of odious and discriminating laws. But the building of a railroad would be expensive, and the war project of Laurier has manifest disadvantages. The laws have already killed Dyea and started Skagway upon a decline. Sir Charles Tupper should be able to think out a better plan, or at least to consider a suggestion.

If Canada can not get all she craves, if no arbiter comes forward, and war absolutely declines to expose its horrid front to the northern blasts, why not let the Americans take up and work claims? They have shown themselves far superior to the Canadians as prospectors and miners. Permitted to go into Canada's domain they would speedily exploit all its possibilities. While they were doing this a system of taxation could be devised to take all their earnings from them. A simple elaboration of the present mode of confiscation would accomplish this. Thus Canada would be

developed without cost, acquire revenue, and be free from distressing obligations. Sir Charles seems to be letting go by a very pleasant method of having chestnuts pulled from the fire, while he talks of constructing railroads, and Laurier snuffs his phantom battle.

Jahart

There is nothing discouraging in the fact that now and then there appears a startling instance of reversion to our origin among the brutes. Such instances only draw our closer attention to our kinship with all living things, and prevent our cherishing too sacredly the idea that all life (including that of our decrepid grandmothers) is ours to take at will—provided we have superior strength and opportunity for the purpose. Here is the Honorable Simon E. Baldwin, LL. D., president of the American Social Science Association, declaring that "man has a natural right to die," and that "when he is mortally ill it is wrong for doctors and nurses to prolong his life." Observe the queerness of the phrase, "a natural right to die," and the brilliancy of the logic which connects it with the assumption that doctors and nurses prohibit its enjoyment!

Let us pursue this logic a little way. The good doctor of laws—not of men nor medicine—bases his argument on the assumption that when Death knocks at the door, his demand for admittance should not be denied; that when a mortal disease seizes a man it is wrong to interfere. A mortal disease generally has a very insignificant origin, easily averted or overcome by a doctor, by escape from contagion or infection, or by intelligent living. At what point in the progress of the malady, from its inception to its end, should interference be withdrawn? It would be perfectly logical for the gentleman to assume that in the event of a visitation of cholera those as yet uninfected should remain to ascertain whether they should be removed by that means. To make the argument less remote, let us assume a case of appendicitis: if the appendage be not removed by means of surgery, the patient will die. In short, the inevitable deduction from the Honorable Simon's argument is that as we have to die some time, the present time is as good as any. That happens to be the fatalism of the lowest savages. The Honorable Simon is a reversion.

This queer phrase, "the natural right to die," is haunting. The right to a thing implies an inclination to enforce the right. That is to say, a man stricken with a mortal malady is assumed by good Simon to say, "It is my right to die of this malady, and you, doctor or nurse, are violently opposing the exercise of my right. Leave me, therefore, to its full enjoyment." Is that what mortally stricken men say? If Simon had said that the doctor and the nurse were opposing the right—at least the seeming desire—of nature to remove the man, he might have opened up a question in ethics; but had he done that, had he been capable of doing it, he would not have opened the subject at all.

The Honorable Simon being unthinkable in the discussion of so grave a subject as human interference with what may seem to be a scheme of nature, he may be dismissed. Still, he serves as a shadowy peg upon which has been rehung the ancient question of this interference. Prolonging the life of a hopelessly afflicted person imposes a heavy burden upon the living; but is it a useless one? And does not the hopelessly afflicted person almost invariably desire that his life should be drawn out to the uttermost moment?

Being gregarious creatures we must have coöperation, a common scheme of protection and succor. To kill the weak and the hopelessly afflicted would be to strike at the very foundation of the social principle. To cure disease, to cherish the lives of all the members of the community who are not an open and spectacular menace to the lives of the other members, is the natural operation of that principle; and whatever its isolated and infrequent evils, they are of the smallest insignificance in comparison with the evils that would result from an abandonment of the principle.

With regard to the burden that the hopelessly afflicted impose upon the healthy—upon the relatives or friends who attend, or upon the community in the form of a tax for hired attendance—are not the benefits from it greater than the burden? To care for the sick, the lame, the halt, the blind, and the incurably diseased is to do more than that: it is to open up the finer things in our nature—to make us more compassionate, more patient, more unselfish, more helpful to humanity in all its needs. It is, indeed, Christianity in one of its most obvious and concrete forms.

After all, the "hopelessly incurable" have been so often cured that wise men are beginning to wonder if there is such a thing as absolute incurability. The number of "incurable diseases" is steadily decreasing before the advance of science. If we accept the doctrine that a person or a disease is hopelessly incurable, we shall be restrained from efforts to find a remedy, and then, logically, from all efforts to seek health and to prolong life and make it happier by intelligent living.

No argument against the exercise of a principle that is so clearly the product of an advanced evolution can possibly avail. No sudden force can overturn a structure built up

through natural processes during uncounted centuries. The weak, the suffering, the maimed will be cared for, with gradually advancing intelligence and improved results. To aim for the overthrow of this principle would be to assail the instinct of the race.

Jahart

When so distinguished a body as the American Bar Association turns its attention to a question of national interest, importance must be attached to its views. Meeting at Buffalo recently, the members of this organization discussed the legal aspect of the war in the Philippines. Many of their conclusions may fail of acceptance as final, but still all of them are entitled to consideration. Ex-Senator Manderson, of Nebraska, presided, and in introducing the theme expressed hope that separate autonomy might safely be had for these islands, adding that Congress could be trusted to deal with the emergency. He closed by saying:

"The plain duty that devolves upon this country is to suppress this revolt; with firm, strong hand put down this insurrection, and, when our sovereignty is acknowledged and our supremacy made manifest, with kindly guidance and generous aid lead these people of the Asiatic seas to self-government."

Mr. Manderson is a friend of the administration, a strict party man, and rated high among the attorneys of the Middle West. He was followed by Senator Lindsay, of Kentucky, who went so into detail concerning the constitutional phases of expansion, treating both of law and precedent, that quotations from his address are necessary to make clear the spirit of it. Merely to quote is not to imply indorsement, or that Mr. Lindsay is to be regarded as final authority. He said:

"To substitute the control of the United States for the control of Spain in the Philippines; to introduce American institutions in the room and stead of Spanish methods; to replace absolute and unlimited power with the restraining principles of constitutional liberty, will not be to contravene great fundamental principles. It will be the first step in securing to the inhabitants of those distant countries the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. It will be to the people of these islands the dawn of a morning which in God's providence will ripen into a day of deliverance from tyranny and oppression, at the hands of either a foreign master or a home-bred despot."

That there is room here for a diversity of opinion is a proposition suggesting itself. Continuing:

"To secure the inalienable rights of man, governments are instituted, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. To the want of consent by the Filipinos great importance is given. Their want of opportunity to express consent receives no consideration. We can not presume that the offer of law and order through stable government to a people who have never enjoyed the blessings of either would be rejected, could they be afforded the opportunity to consider the offer and freely to express their will. Insurgent chieftains may challenge our admiration and arouse our sympathy, but they and their followers can not be permitted to decide for eight million people whether they are willing to accept orderly government administered under the restraint of American institutions. Our forefathers did not take up arms against the British king for the mere assertion of the principle that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. Their claim was that when any form of government becomes destructive of the ends of government, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it."

Mr. Lindsay next alluded to the incorporation of Louisiana, Florida, New Mexico, and Upper California, citations already familiar, and closed thus:

"I do not claim that the Government of the United States is specially adapted to a colonial policy. . . . On the contrary, it is of doubtful expediency to hold colonies or dependencies at all, and such holding can only be justified by necessity. When, however, duty admits of no escape without the sacrifice of national honor or dignity, the necessity then exists."

Jahart

The New York *Independent*, after mentioning the fact that "DAVID HARUM" swung into an immense popularity in spite of the condemnation of the critics, declares that the demand for excellent fiction comes directly from the people. It adds: "The author of 'David Harum' created a genuine dramatic character. He showed that he possessed the absolute vision with which genius separates a man from the crowd, and the art to set him before us an individual and living creature." Thus our contemporary not only finds that the book is a work of genius, but that the ignorant, undeveloped masses recognized the fact. Nevertheless, it is argued, the critics are all the time elevating the public taste. This looks like a queer set of assumptions and deductions.

The salient difference between the critic and the crowd is that the former is over-refined and latter not refined at all. The things in "David Harum" that offended the critics were just the things that the crowd liked. The true critic, however, is not over-refined; he looks to the living, crude, virile force in a creation as much as to the form. It is only the crude, living, virile force that the crowd can see; it cares nothing for the form. Neither one of these qualities has any value in art without the other. Had the evident living force in "David Harum" been put in a form less offensive to cultured tastes it would still have had all the power to charm the ignorant; and would not only have charmed them, but would have elevated their taste. As it stands, the book is working great evil. It is coarse, vulgar, and wholly inartistic—all this, while still being full of a force that seizes upon the primitive heart of humanity.

This primitive heart may and should beat in every breast,

however refined. The critic, unless he be broad and deep, comes in time to scorn it. This shows merely his unfitness for his profession. By crushing out this primitive element in his composition, he places beyond his reach the power to guide and train the masses. No man can be a leader of men unless he is first of all intensely human—primitively human. It was the crude but abounding humanity of Jesus that enabled him to found a great religion; it was the same quality in the Jewish patriarchs and the Jewish Moses that stamped ineradicably upon the Jews a racial and religious exclusiveness. In a contest between crude humanity and over-refined humanity, the ancient savage in the race will hew its way to triumph.

Thus the critics, by disdainfully placing themselves outside the pale of elementary human impulses, leave the stumbling, ignorant savage in us to select, and flounder, and wallow as it will. A study of the careless, slipshod methods of reviewing in vogue among the great majority of American critics reveals the fact that the whole spirit of it stupidly ignores both the deeper living element in a book and the natural readiness with which this very element will be recognized by the masses to the exclusion of all other elements. In this way the critics not only find it impossible to be leaders and teachers of the crowd, but offer a premium to ignorant, blundering, and inartistic writers of the order of "David Harum's" author to come forward as the leaders and teachers. The critics are not only failing to elevate the masses, but are working to keep them ceaselessly in darkness.

Books of the "David Harum" sort are inevitable. The writers of them, having that ignorant conceit which is born of a consciousness of power without an educated sense of its use, will never seek the kindly assistance of trained minds in the production of their work. If it were possible for them to do so, the work would be eventually turned out in a finished form that would have a wholesome and educating effect. In the absence of such finish, it must go before the world in all its naked crudeness and vulgarity. But if the world had been educated to a finer and truer form of art, the book would not have had a conspicuous vogue, and hence its damaging effect would have been small. In the absence of any check that the critics are able to impose, it must go on its searing way. The critics could order a different condition. They could seek out those qualities in admirable books that the crowd could understand, and by insisting on the reading of the books, instead of quibbling and growling over trifles as they do, gradually bring them to the general notice, and thus put an educating literature into the hands of the masses. When a book like "David Harum" appears, the critic's best business is to grieve and say nothing.

There is another force to be considered—the publisher. This enterprising gentleman is learning with marvelous readiness the lesson that "David Harums" and yellow journals teach. In catering to a popular vulgarity he is sweeping aside the critic with a most entertaining contempt. The publisher has been among the first to discover that the typical critic is not to be considered for a moment as a factor in the prosperity of the publishing industry. The publisher is a manufacturer and merchant. It is in human nature on its lower levels that he finds his widest market. Thus, ignored by the public and scorned by the publisher, the critic—solely by his own fault—finds himself a pitiful nonentity at the end of the century.

Jahart

It is difficult to realize the fact that it is only a year since the papers of the country were filled with accounts of the horrors of the military camps. Two hundred thousand volunteer soldiers were hastily gathered together in places badly suited for such purposes and with inadequate preparations for their reception. From Camp Thomas at Chickamauga, from Camp Alger, and from Tampa came reports of suffering and disease that were wholly unnecessary. Even after the campaigns in Cuba and Porto Rico had been concluded, the invalid soldiers were sent to Camp Wikoff where climate and conveniences were alike unsuited to their condition. In this city there were similar experiences with even less excuse. The military reservation at the Presidio offered an ideal location for a camp, but, for some reason as yet unexplained, the volunteers upon arrival were herded out upon a half-dozen city blocks without drainage or sanitary facilities of any kind. Camp Merritt has passed into history, a monument to the incompetence of the army authorities who were responsible for its existence.

A year has passed, and the volunteers who sailed from this city for the Philippines are returning. Upon their arrival they are marched out to the Presidio—the site that was condemned by Merritt, Merriam, and Otis—and find comfortable tents upon the hill-sides, with board floors and stoves for heating. There is excellent drainage, abundance of water, and every provision to secure the health and comfort of the soldiers. This is the work of General Shafter, whom certain newspaper correspondents have been hounding

because he would not show them special privileges during the Cuban campaign. As compared with his predecessors, General Shafter has proved himself more than competent, and is deserving of unstinted praise for his consideration of the soldiers under his command. Another branch of the service that has been wonderfully improved during the year is the transport department. Colonel O. F. Long had an extremely difficult task in developing this department, with no precedents to assist him, and a multitude of duties that would try the abilities of any man. That he has succeeded so well speaks eloquently for his energy and executive ability.

Jahart

The dispatches say that the President has approved of enlisting Indians to fight in the Philippines. Already there have been sent thither a number of negro soldiers. The *Argonaut* suggested this latter expedient many months ago. We were glad to see that the administration at last concluded to utilize the negroes as troops in our transpacific territories. But the Indian idea is novel—nevertheless it also is good. Both Indians and negroes will make excellent food for powder, and we can better spare them than our own American brothers and sons. But last, and best of all, this new recruiting expedient will eventually solve three great questions. For when the Indians, the negroes, and the Filipinos shall, like the Kilkenny cats, all have killed each other, then the white Americans can occupy the places and the lands vacated by them here and in the Philippines. Thus there will be settled the Indian question, the negro question, and the Philippine question, for when the blood is wiped up and white-winged Peace hovers over the scene, there will be no more Filipinos, no more Indians, and no more negroes.

Jahart

The stringent measures adopted by the federal quarantine officers to prevent the bubonic plague being introduced into this city are being justified by recent European experience. About a month ago Europe was startled by the announcement that the disease had reached Portugal, and had become epidemic in Oporto and Lisbon, having been brought there by a ship from India. Shortly before that the medical journals of England had been discussing the question whether the disease, which was raging at Alexandria, could be prevented from crossing the Mediterranean and invading Southern Europe. Now the report comes that the plague has broken out in a new and alarming form in the Russian province of Astrakhan, and many cases have been found at Asuncion in Paraguay, thirty deaths occurring there within nine days. Consul Heenan reports from Odessa that the disease in Russia takes the form of a malignant and fatal pneumonia, though it is diagnosed as bubonic plague.

These reports of the simultaneous appearance of the disease in epidemic form at so many different places prove how grave is the danger. In the Orient, particularly at Hong Kong and in India, the plague is almost constantly epidemic. Recently, communication between these countries and Europe and America has been much more frequent and more intimate than it was formerly. It may be that this is the cause of the spread of the plague, or it may be that the diffusion results from the extreme virulence of the type of the disease at the present time. Observation indicates that this virulence recurs periodically. In either case the situation demands unusual precautions to prevent an epidemic that would spread throughout the world.

Jahart

In a lecture on the Philippines, Father McKinnon, Roman Catholic chaplain of the First California Volunteers, said: "The entire school system of the islands is naturally in the hands of the Roman Catholic clergy." "Dilating upon the manner in which the Jesuit invariably rises to every condition and emergency," comments the *San Francisco Chronicle*, "Father McKinnon exhibited a slide showing some sixty Jesuit fathers, many of them white-headed, gathered outside the corridor of their monastery in Manila, studying their A, B, C's in the English language, upon finding that the islands were about to come into the possession of the Americans."

We commend this to the attention of those enthusiastic Protestant missionaries who are going to convert the Filipinos. They will find the Jesuits ahead of them. They already speak Spanish and the native dialects. Now they are studying English, in order to deal diplomatically with the Americans. We fear those zealous editors of religious journals who believe that Protestantism will have an equal footing in the Philippines with Roman Catholicism, are doomed to be disappointed.

Jahart

The signature of the editor is appended to every article in this issue written, dictated, or inspired by him, in accordance with the "signature law," enacted during the last session of the legislature.

Jahart

THE MAGIC OF DON EDUARDO.

How a Rival Was Removed.

Pepe was at the bottom of it all, of course! And it all began with his misguidedly open attentions to pretty Anita at the cock-fight that Sunday, and the (naturally) spirited fight afterward between Gertrudis, the wife of Pepe, and Anita herself. It was a hair-tearing, ear-splitting fight, at that, at the which five *gendarmes*, one mounted officer, and countless rejoicing *peons* assisted, the former men of peace for the separating of the shrieking combatants, and the latter for approving cheers and shouts of "Anda, Gertrudis!" and "Bravo, bravo, Anita! Buen muchacha!" In one of the "front rows," so to speak, grinned and capered the shameless Pepe, cheering the two impartially on to victory, cigarette in mouth, and *sombrero* tilted rakishly over his left ear. It afterward developed that he had bet as much as a *peso* on Gertrudis—and won it, of course! Trust even a *peon* to be the best judge of his wife's fighting capacities and staying powers.

The two were finally separated, Anita badly mauled and pounded, and minus several tresses of dark hair, but Gertrudis little the worse for wear, and still thirsting for blood. And as she was clearly the provoker of the fight, and still desired to pound her adversary, prison for five days was declared her fate, while Anita, after a severe reprimand, was found not guilty; not that the latter would have minded free board and lodging for a few days, being but a lazy girl at best, and not over fond of her mattress-making. But to poor, plain-faced Gertrudis it was quite another thing—she was the bread-winner of the family, and only this morning had she brought home the accumulated clothes of the Señora Ames. And, worst of all, what sins would Pepe not commit during her absence from him? It was indeed hard lines for Gertrudis, and, weeping and calling on *Dios* and *la Virgen*, she was led along to Belem, her best *fiesta* skirt dragging in the dust and blue *rebozo* all askew. But what mattered appearances, under the circumstances, and what would become of that graceless Pepe while she was in prison?

Meanwhile, rejoicing in the thought that there would be no scolding spouse to greet him that night, and utterly careless of the trouble that he had wrought, Pepe proceeded to turn himself loose—himself and *peso*! And oh, the fun—the thoroughly glorious time that you can have in Mexico with just one dollar, if you happen to be a *peon* of bibulous habits, with, moreover, a well-developed taste for cock-fighting and cheap *roulette*!

Between the cock-pit and the "Haunt of Peaceful Men" *pulque*-shop did Pepe vibrate, together with his companions, until late that night, winding up in the Zocalo with a free-for-all fight. Several of the companions were arrested, Pepe, with his usual luck, escaping. He had a broken head, a blackened eye, and two *centavos* in his pockets, wherefore he counted himself well off. In that frame of mind he lurching homeward, to sleep until mid-day.

Now, it is a good thing to have a royal spree occasionally. Still better is it to have no scolding wife to face afterward. But, as Pepe found, when he arose, hungry and tired, after his "sleep-off," it is worst of all to have no nice hot chocolate and *pan dulce* and cigarettes awaiting one, after these little events! And, with all her faults and jealousies, Gertrudis had been very good and patient in such matters. But, *Ave Maria Purissima!* why had she left absolutely nothing in the house to eat? There was not even a cold *tortilla*! Poor Pepe groaned and swore as he unavailingly hunted in every nook and corner—no bread, no money—nothing! This was entirely too much; he would have to work or steal something at this rate. *Diablo!* Perhaps he could find something to pawn and thereby tide over the dark days until Gertrudis returned to her washing; good thought, there were the clothes of the American lady, which Gertrudis had only yesterday brought home. They were very valuable and could be disposed of to good advantage, *gracias á Dios!*

An hour later Mrs. Ames's pretty American-made shirt-waists dangled from the rope in old Miguel's pawn-shop, while her husband's shirts and collars fluttered conjugally at their side. A dollar and ten cents had been the rake-off, and Pepe and the snirking Anita were soon celebrating their good luck and the occasion! Such a supper, at that—hot *tortillas*, *mole*, *chili*, *carne con chili*, *pollo* with onions, and *pulque*—what better could a duke ask? And then later cigarettes for both, and Guadalupe, where gambling and more cock-fights were in progress. Of course there would be little money left by night, but—there was a great deal of the Gringos' washing yet on hand, and Mrs. Ames's pretty lace petticoats would bring, as Anita sagely calculated, at least another dollar or two. "But old Miguel was a thief and a man without shame, who never gave full value for such things. Without a doubt the *Infierno* would be his fate!" Gertrudis's sentence had been for five days. Ten minutes after her release she had reached the huge tenement-house which she called "home," and was hurrying through the *patio* to her own door. With the accustomed versatility of a Latin, and the never-failing faithfulness of a despised wife, she had forgotten Pepe's sins, the fight, and her own imprisonment; her one thought was of the graceless Pepe, and his prospective delight over the cigars and *dulces* which she had stopped en route to buy. How glad he would be, poor fellow, and what a good supper she would cook for him that night! After all, it was not his fault that the *muchachas* would admire him, and flirt with him—good-looking husbands are always subjected to such trials and molestations! And, of course, men must have their fling and some fun occasionally. Yes; if he liked, he should go out to the *pulque*-shops this very evening and have a good time and enjoy himself. For there had been no money during her absence, and Pepe would be very sorrowful. Ah, yes, she would be good to him. For supper it would be well to have *mole*, and *dulces de piña*, and *pulque compuesto*, and—

What could be the matter with the door? It was unusually hard to open, and some of the women of the house

were snickering slyly as poor, panting Gertrudis wrestled with the wooden bolt. But their mirth was wasted on her; perhaps, she thought, agonizedly, Pepe had succumbed entirely from faintness and starvation, and was even now sick or dying. *Maria Santissima!* she would never forgive herself, for there had been three dollars in her purse, and Pepe had not even a cent. Under her savage jerks, the rotten old door soon gave way, and she rushed into the room, sobbing with fear and calling imploringly for Pepe.

Pepe was not there, and the room was empty—distressingly bare, in fact. Beyond the gaudy ceiling, bare walls, and tiled brick floor, nothing remained—of a verity was the place "swept and garnished!" To be sure, the tattered picture of "La Virgen" still hung on the wall, and underneath it flickered a cheap "mariposa" light, in a small *olla*—there is among the *peons* a superstition that it is not lucky to steal pictures of the Virgin! But the table and cheap chairs were gone, also the *ollas* and blue plates and cups that had been the joy of Gertrudis's heart—even the pot of violets that she had so faithfully tended in the deep-barred window. A cyclone could hardly have swept the room cleaner, and Gertrudis stared aghast. What could have happened? The rent she had paid in advance, so that Pepe could not have changed houses while she was away. It never occurred to her that Pepe had deserted her; he had been too dependent upon her for that—without the money from her washing he would not have had even food! Dazed, stupidly wondering, and tired, she flung herself down on the cold bricks and wept bitterly. She had hoped and expected to find Pepe awaiting her, and now—

Some one tapped softly at the door, and the withered old portress, Mañuela, came in, her face very sad and sympathetic, for Gertrudis had been good to her, while every one knew Pepe to be a worthless creature. And, as delicately as a better woman could have done it, she broke to Gertrudis the news of Pepe's elopement with Anita, that "muchacha del diablo," and the shameless fashion in which they had taken all the furniture and washing to the pawnshop—yes, even the clothes of the American señora and her husband. Later, when the old woman hobbled down-stairs, she informed the assembled group of curious women that "la pobre" had taken the news well—of a truth, she had not wept even a single tear! Who would have thought it?—and all the furniture gone—not even a *petate* to sleep on, or a cup out of which to take one's chocolate. And all the clothes of the American lady gone—how could they ever be paid for? Alas, poor thing! But, then, she would never heed warnings against Pepe. And now, after all, without a mat, or even a cup for her chocolate!

Many weeks had passed since the looting of Gertrudis and the elopement of Pepe and Anita, and (old Mañuela to the contrary notwithstanding) the valuable clothes of the American señora had been redeemed by Gertrudis, and she had once more a bed to sleep on and a cup to drink her chocolate from. Not only this, but another pot of violets had been bought for the window; in one corner a green-and-yellow parrot scolded and shrieked from his tin cage, and opposite him hung a new and brilliantly colored picture of the Virgin. The room had regained its former clean, bright look, and every one said how much happier Gertrudis should be, now that she had no shiftless husband to support and fetch home, drunk and quarreling, from the *pulque*-shop. To which Gertrudis assented, indifferently: "Yes; Pepe had been very worthless, and Anita was welcome to him."

The absence of the shameless ones was not for long, however; it is difficult for a *peon* to stay away from his native town. This Gertrudis well knew, and she had been quietly biding her time. For this had she toiled by night and day over the washing-stones, hoarding and saving her every *centavo*. She had anticipated the return of the sinners and long since made plans accordingly. If one does keep a silent mouth in one's head, it does not mean that one will forego the revenge so dear to the heart of any slighted woman, *peon* or otherwise.

Late one Saturday evening old Mañuela appeared, almost bursting with news. She had come to tell Gertrudis that Pepe and Anita had returned, poor and almost starving—in fact, Pepe had endeavored to borrow a few *centavos* from her to buy their supper. They both looked so abject and starved that it would have been a charity to give them some money or supper, but such wretches deserved to starve—did not Gertrudis think so?

After the old woman had departed, Gertrudis sat quietly, her face very ugly to look at, until it was dark; then she muffled her face in a *tapalo*, took all her money (as much as ten dollars) and went stealthily out of the house and down the Calle de los Pescaditos. It was a bad street and not safe for any woman, at that time of night, but Don Eduardo, the magician, lived in house No. 15, and Gertrudis wished to see him; little did dark or lonely streets matter to her.

He was an ugly, repulsive-looking Indian, this Don Eduardo, with his flat face and yellow, Chinese eyes. But no one questioned his powers, and people of many classes and degrees went to him for love-charms and marriage-charms, and other charms too dark and mysterious to speak of. For one of the latter sort Gertrudis had now come—it was full time, she thought, for vengeance! She had brought with her ten silver dollars and a very fearful heart; what if Don Eduardo refused to give her what she wanted? But she went away with an empty purse and two small flat packages carefully hidden in her dress, one of them containing queer, dried herbs, with a villainous odor, while the other was merely a bottle of colorless, innocent-looking liquid—Don Eduardo had given it no name!

In the great *plaza* of San Juan, beyond the Alameda, you will find, upon looking carefully, a most remarkable collection of Indian-made dolls. They are of *manta*, cotton-stuffed, painted with funny Indian pigments, and of the most astonishing make-up. For six cents you can buy an elaborately *tilmaed* and *sombreroed* *peon* gentleman; a clown in

tight, silver-buttoned trousers and braided jacket; buccaniers and bandits, with fierce mustaches and murderous swords; or even, if you like, up-to-date, check-clad Englishmen, with canes, knickers, monocles, and deerstalker-caps. Or, if you are purchasing a lady doll, you can find anything from a mantilled Spanish lady of high degree to the strong-minded American person in bloomers and spectacles; or a *criada*-girl, in *rebozo* and cheap skirt.

Toward these dolls Gertrudis aimlessly wended her way the morning after her visit to Don Eduardo. She had been buying her dinner, and had only stopped, as she told the doll-vender, to get a doll for Mañuela's grandchild—the poor little thing was ailing, and a doll might amuse her. It happened that there was just the doll to please the child—at least so Gertrudis thought—a highly colored doll, in bright pink skirt and blue *rebozo*; price, six *centavos*. The doll seller slipped the change into her purse, and said a cheerful "adios," as Gertrudis unconcernedly thrust the doll in with her *frijoles*, and went off briskly homeward.

That night, her door carefully barred and *rebozo* draped over the chinks, Gertrudis proceeded to unstuff the doll, replacing the cotton stuffing with the dried herbs that Don Eduardo had given her. Then she carefully sewed it up again, replacing the skirt, blouse, and *rebozo*, and then laid it down on the floor while she fanned the charcoal fire in her *brasero*, and, over the glowing coals, heated countless small pins in a tiny earthen pan. These she stuck viciously, one by one, into the poor doll, until a vile smell arose, and the room was so full of smoke that old Mañuela could be heard making inquiries outside. Gertrudis hastily hid her doll and flung paper on the coals, for it would not do to be found out.

Five days later again appeared Mañuela with wonderful news: Anita was very ill—so ill that she declared herself to be dying; red-hot pains continually shot through and tortured her body, and she could neither sleep, rest, drink, or eat. Not that there was much to eat, for that shiftless, lazy Pepe would neither work nor steal, but at the same time it was terrible! She had been sent for, and, for her own part, believed it to be merely malaria, but Anita would not have it so, crying that she was being punished for her sins, and begging continually for Gertrudis, that she might make peace with her.

But next day, when Mañuela appeared, with reports of Anita's continued suffering and urgent desires to see Gertrudis, the latter was herself ill and unable to go out of her room, complaining also of strong pains. And between the two sick women on her hands, Mañuela was so busy and so important that she scarce knew which way to turn first, and was obliged to compound a certain tea of orange-leaves on the *brasero* in Gertrudis's room, the while she rushed hastily into the street to buy some *tortillas* for her own dinner. "The *olla* of tea was ready, except that it had not boiled enough; and would not the good Gertrudis reach over and stir it occasionally, while she was out?" Of course Gertrudis would, with pleasure.

The night before, following Don Eduardo's directions, Gertrudis had carefully burned and preserved the ashes of the pink-skirted doll, bought so many days ago for the benefit of old Mañuela's grandchild; the ashes were to hand, and upon Mañuela's disappearance Gertrudis hastily produced the little bundle of ashes and the bottle of white liquid, carefully stirring it all into the *olla* of orange-leaf tea. She thoroughly mixed up the entire decoction, and smiled maliciously; it looked exactly like innocent tea, and would surely have good effect! The fair Anita would steal the husbands of no more women after this!

People of Anita's class in Mexico rarely are fed dainties when they are ill or dying, and to Anita was given nothing more than plain *tortillas* and the orange-leaf tea that old Mañuela (and Gertrudis!) had charitably made for her, Pepe being too busy drowning his sorrows in the flowing bowl to think of aught else. But even this light diet did not seem to agree with the sick girl, for soon after partaking of it she was writhing and shrieking in agony, her face blue and tortured and lips torn, bitten through and bleeding. None of the women dared to stay and nurse or hold her, for it was whispered that she was tormented and the devil was punishing her even before death for her sin in stealing away another woman's husband. So she died all alone, and the foreign doctor who glanced casually at the poor distorted body gave a death certificate reading "acute colic," which was accepted by every one but Gertrudis and Don Eduardo, who knew better.

Now, the incomprehensible part of the story lies in the fact that after the death of Anita, Pepe returned to Gertrudis and was cheerfully, nay lovingly received! Life and death and sin count for little, perhaps, in tropical lands, wherefore Gertrudis had forgotten Anita, and Don Eduardo, and the herb-stuffed doll. Pepe is petted and lectured and worshiped just as of yore, and will doubtless break forth again at any time, just as in the case of Anita. This Gertrudis knows well. Meanwhile, she slaves for him and is happy, so what does it matter, after all?

G. CUNYNGHAM TERRY.

SAN FRANCISCO, September, 1899.

The will of Judge Richard Prendergast, drawn three days before his death, was filed in the Chicago probate court a few days ago. After directing that five hundred thousand dollars be distributed in equal shares among his six children, the testator made provision for the foundation of a "rest-cure home" for those who are suffering from insomnia and nervous troubles. This home is to be located at Wheaton, Ill., and one condition on which its establishment is based is that it be known forever as St. Winifred's Rest, in honor of the wife of the testator.

Three of Chicago's high schools have decided to teach Spanish, the first provision made thus far to add this language to the public-school system.

ON A BELGIAN BEACH.

Elizabeth Miller Writes of the Pleasures at Blankenberghe, the Seaside Resort—Bathing, Dancing, and Donkey-Riding—Smuggling on the Dutch Frontier.

There is no place in the world where one does so much hand-shaking in the twenty-four hours as at Blankenberghe. The day begins for the lazy at nine o'clock with tea and shrimps on the hotel terrace. You can not sit down at your little table till you have given a vigorous grasp to all your breakfasting acquaintances. The gray-green German Ocean hooms in front of you, separated from you only by the digue and a broad stretch of sand. The digue, by the way, is the feature of most of the Belgian seaside places. The government constructs the embankment at a vast expense. Bricks and terra-cotta tiles pave the masonry foundation, forming a delightful walk, frequently miles in length. Strong, stone piers, built in a flattened arch and known as "groins," extend at short intervals far into the sea, serving as breakwaters. Frequent stairs lead down to the level of the sands below, where the bathing-machines are gathered in groups according to their proprietors. They are picturesque little cabins on wheels, painted in gay stripes, with lace-curtained windows and primitive furnishings. A sturdy, sun-burned, hare-legged race of Flemings propel them according to the tide, pocketing their tips and providing summary costumes—for half of the franc you pay for your machine goes to your *batneur*. The favorite hour for one's dip is from eleven to twelve, as every one here, according to the barbarous German and Belgian custom, dines at one.

The shoals of *collet-monté* English are at first scandalized at the promiscuous bathing—almost as much scandalized as the French and Belgians are amused at our custom of wearing stockings in the water. "Allez-vous vous laver les has ce matin, mademoiselle?" a young French lieutenant never fails to inquire, with a twinkle in his eye, of a young Virginia girl, one of the best swimmers here. The British are accustomed to the penning-up system of bathers according to sex—an absurd idea when you come to think of it? There is no possibility of accidents occurring, as swimming beyond the life-boat is prohibited. If you disohey, you do it at your own risk and peril; you are plainly given to understand that no one will lift a finger to save you. So the bathing is rather a tame amusement—no possibility of diving in the water that deepens very gradually. But this coast has the qualities of its defects: there is no undertow, the water is pleasantly warm, the air is soft and bracing; rain is infrequent.

After the before-breakfast hand-shake on the terrace with some of your friends, comes a second edition an hour later, when you meet another set at the ten-o'clock dance in the Casino. The Blankenberghe Casino is a noble building worthy of any resort you can mention. The domed Salle des Fêtes, with its glassed-in terrace, holds an audience of four thousand. In addition to this there is a ball-room, with a row of boxes on one side, a royal *loge* above, and an excellent stage that has recently echoed merrily to the strains of Audran's "La Poupée," popular the world over, given by Brussels artists. The afternoon concerts by the orchestra of La Monnaie attract large audiences. They produce French and Belgian music excellently. One of the favorite new French composers is Jean Blockx—pronounced without the *x*—whose "Princesse d'Auvergne" has had such a phenomenal run in the capital. Four times a week, including Sundays, are given concerts ending in *soirées dansantes*. At these the dances are much the same as at home. What the Americans used to know years ago as the "military schottische" and the English as the "barn dance" is here called the "pas de quatre," and is executed with a great deal of spring. So much so, indeed, that a young Parisian author, an intrepid dancer, told me it had recently been excluded from the best Parisian *salons*; *ces demoiselles* were inclined to dance it *en levant trop la jambe*. The "pas des patineurs" is popular; graceful, too, with the long, sliding steps the name indicates. The two-step—here called the "Washington Post"—is less in vogue than three years ago. The English set at Blankenberghe dance the "Lancers" with tremendous *entrain*, sticking to the figures traditional across Channel—"ladies in the centre," and so on.

After the Americans, the best dancers are the Poles. A huge circle of them frequent Blankenberghe. They seem to prefer the neutral ground of a Belgian *ville d'eau* to the Russian Baltic resorts. To judge from my conversation with several members of the colony the Russians are as antipathetic to be conquered race as they were a hundred years ago. All my Warsaw acquaintances speak French well, and avoid Russian as much as possible. They are a distinguished-looking lot of men, with strange, long eyes, wild hair, and graceful, somewhat haughty bearing. Their hews in ordinary intercourse are worthy of the mazurka and the polonaise. Their waltz, though nominally the *valse à trois temps*, is danced like a whirlwind; you see stars before you have been around the room once. Reversing is unheard of, actually. The Varsoviennes, too, who are here, are a revelation of grace, with an air of breeding, a *morbidezza* of eauty that is in singular contrast to the hearty bread-and-butter style of the many German *hausfrauen* with their innumerable offspring—fine, sturdy specimens, however—good recruits for Wilhelm the Second's army.

The pastimes hitherto referred to are common to all watering-places. I have perhaps ignored playing, which, of course, flourishes more at Ostende than at Blankenberghe; though you can lose a pretty penny at the Blankenberghe *jeu*, if your tastes incline that way. A feminine joy, reserved almost exclusively to the Belgian resorts, is the lace market held twice a week. Friends make up parties and like a stall by storm, badgering, browbeating, or wheedling the vender till some wonderfully cheap acquisitions are made. Bruges, mosaic, duchesse point, and point de gaze are not at two-thirds Brussels or Paris prices—no middlemen, no rents to pay. There is the zest of fighting your way through a compact crowd of purchasers, having sun,

dust, and wind in the market-place, snatching some cobwebby *berthe* from another eager pair of hands and bearing it off at a derisory price, unless you prefer the method—usually a successfully one—of offering half the price asked, and, on a point-blank refusal, giving your hotel address. The lace is generally waiting for you by the time you get back to your room.

If your tastes are simple, nothing can be jollier than the donkey-rides to the neighboring villages of Wenduynne, Heyst, and Sluis. A riding-habit is uncalled for; you will probably be looking picturesque in the ever-popular white or bright scarlet "Pierrot" felt hat, with its brim pinned up coquettishly by a fluffy pompon—unless you wear a Heyst honnet, a sort of Charlotte Corday cap of gay cretonne, two wings over the ears, and a broad ribbon band around the haggly crown. Sluis is a specially fascinating place, just across the Dutch frontier. You feel you are in a different country the moment you leave the sand-dunes behind you and strike into a less barren country, where fat, glossy cattle stand meditatively ruminating under lushy willow-trees, à la Paul Potter. Your inn windows have tiny panes set in brilliant green casings. Your tea is served you in old Delft blue, and you can regale yourself on the indigenous sweets. The favorite accompaniment to one's Soubong is *cranique*, a kind of currant-loaf cut in thin slices and spread with delicious, unsalted butter. The best Brussels importations are *coque*—like German *kuchen*—a cake packed with enough citron and plums to satisfy even the greediest Jack Horner; and *pain grec*, a pulled bread, crisp with caramel. Men do not scorn these parties to Sluis, as they always come home with their pockets crammed with contraband cigars—East Indians, green and mild, but cheap—not up to Havanas, of course. The jaunt homeward on the canal is delicious. At the end of a large vista, down the stagnant waterway constellated with water-lilies, the helmy of Notre Dame rises against the sunset sky. A conservative member of the company quotes Longfellow, while the more up-to-date literary man gives us hits from Georges Rodenbach's "Bruges la Morte." A pleasing thrill of fear runs through you as a uniform-clad figure steps from a pier on to the boat. You feel conscious of the hugliness of your skirt and the peculiar contour of the front of your blouse. But, with an indifferent, circular glance, the customs officer returns to land again, and you discover that in your trepidation you have sat on most of the weeds confided to your pockets. Your cavalier makes light of the damage, but you feel you have committed the unpardonable sin.

Carnival sports—*confetti* battles, flower *corsos*, and *farandoles*—are indulged in as much out of season as the oysters that are *dégusté* here with a total disregard to the "r" months. But one confession I must make in closing: According to your tastes, Blankenberghe will rise or fall in your estimation; there are no golf links here. You can have endless games of tennis on the hard sand, but no one has yet had the courage to exploit the dunes with a view to what is known among the Belgians as a game "*pour le flirt*." Is that the acceptance of the sport on your side and the reason of its popularity?

ELIZABETH MILLER.

BLANKENBERGHE, BELGIUM, August 28, 1899.

A new opportunity for poets is offered by an Eastern gentleman who, according to the New York *Sun*, feels that Edwin Markham's poem, "The Man with the Hoe," misrepresents the agricultural laborer. He says that there are lots of young men in this country who have been educated up to the point where the farm-work their fathers did is distasteful to them, and multitudes of young men everywhere who feel that common work is beneath them, and that they must earn their living in some way that is "genteel." These, he says, are the real brothers of the ox, and continues: "Who shall tell their story? Who shall best sing the bitter song of the incapables who walk the earth, driven hither and thither like beasts by the implacable sentiment of a false social education, suffering the tortures of the damned, and bringing distress upon those dependent upon them, because they have lost that true independence of soul that comes to him who dares to labor with his hands, who wields the hoe, and is the master of his destiny?" For him who best sings this "bitter song" he offers a purse of four hundred dollars, with two hundred dollars for the next best singer, and one hundred dollars for the third. The judges are to be the editor of the *Sun*, Mr. Aldrich, and Mr. E. C. Stedman, if they will serve. All poems to be sent in to the *Sun* before October 15th.

A grand marine procession formed at Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., on the tenth inst. The sinking of the steamer *Houghton* in the Soo Canal was the cause. More than two hundred of the largest craft on the lakes, detained by the wreck, were stretched out in a column over forty miles in length, waiting for the word from Captain Davis, of the revenue service, permitting them to start in a wild race for the receiving dock. They passed down a third of a mile apart in order to avoid danger of a collision. As most of the upbound boats had been drawn out of the way, the procession was practically continuous, and doubtless the greatest marine display ever given in the United States. Their order was maintained until they were out of the narrow places of St. Mary's River; then a mighty race began. The prize was the first place at the receiving dock, which was worth a large sum, for with freight at boom prices every day lost meant from five hundred to one thousand dollars. Business at many lake points had been completely paralyzed by the blockade of the Soo. Hundreds of men on the docks were idle in consequence.

JOHNS

A veritable fortune, it is said, is gathered for the Sultan from the wrecks of the Battle of Smyrna. Since 1770 a number of Russian and Turkish ships have rested at the bottom of the sea. These are now being investigated, and the ship of the Russian admiral alone has yielded over two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in coin, besides silverware and jewels.

JOHNS

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Carel Hendrick Krüger, a nephew of the President of the Transvaal Republic, is a recent graduate of the Edinburgh University, where he won the Syme surgical scholarship.

Adelaide Ristori, the great Italian actress, has just been celebrating at Rome the fiftieth anniversary of the birth of her only son, Marquis Giorgio Capranica Del Grillo, Gentleman-in-Waiting to Queen Margherita.

The prime minister of Uganda, who bears the somewhat remarkable names of Kalekiro Apollo, is expected in England shortly. He is during his stay to be a visitor to Sir Henry Stanley, whose knowledge of Kalekiro Apollo's country is extensive.

Ah Yu, a Chinaman who enlisted in the United States navy in 1884, and who was on the flagship *Olympia*, is now an invalid from some sort of lung trouble, and has, accordingly, received a pension of thirty dollars a month. He has the distinction of being the first Chinese pensioner of the government.

Ludwig Lobmeyr, the famous Bohemian glass-maker, of Vienna, celebrated his seventieth birthday recently. Deputations from the upper and lower houses waited upon him, as did a number of persons representing industrial associations from all portions of the dual empire. In 1884 the emperor made him a life member of the upper house.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., who has been at work in the machine shops of the New York Central Railroad Company, recently tested a locomotive designed by himself, in which there are valuable improvements of his own invention and application. These, which relate to the boiler and the fire-box, will probably decrease largely the cost of keeping such engines in service.

Coquelin the elder's quarrel with the Comédie-Française has been settled at last. The Comédie leaves him free to act where he pleases, and gives up its rights to the one-hundred-thousand francs forfeit. It is explained in Paris that the difficulty found in inducing the younger men in the Comédie to give up parts that had formerly belonged to Coquelin made this the only solution possible.

Dr. Mahaffy, the famous professor of Trinity College, Dublin, is famed for his many and varied accomplishments. He is one of the leading historians and Greek and Latin scholars in the United Kingdom, he speaks French and German like an interpreter, and not only plays the piano and violin better than most professionals, but possesses such an intimate knowledge of harmony and the theory of music that he is one of the examiners for the musical degree in the university.

Mgr. Valbonesi, just made titular Bishop of Argos at the age of thirty-one years, is the youngest bishop in the Roman Catholic Church. Next to him come Mgr. Macario, Coptic Patriarch of Alexandria, thirty-two years of age, who has been a bishop four years, and Mgr. Pesseri, Vicar Apostolic to China, thirty-three years of age, and also four years a bishop. The three oldest bishops are Cardinal Canossa, Bishop of Verona, aged ninety years; Pope Leo himself, eighty-nine years of age; and Cardinal Celesia, Archbishop of Palermo, eighty-eight years of age.

A curious figure in French politics has disappeared from Paris. This is Mme. Bastien, who was chambermaid at the German embassy. She used to enter the building at six in the morning and empty the contents of the waste-paper baskets, coat-pockets, and any drawers she could ransack into a receptacle, which was handed over to another agent of the French espionage department. Mme. Bastien could neither read nor write, so the second agent sorted the papers. This went on for many years, and the Germans had not the slightest suspicion of the truth.

Major-General William R. Shafter will be sixty-four years old on October 16th, and in accordance with the age-retirement law he will be placed on the retired list of the regular army on that date. The rank of General Shafter in the regular service is brigadier-general, and the law is such that he can not be retained in the regular establishment after the age of sixty-four years. There is nothing in the law under which he was appointed a major-general of volunteers to prevent him from retaining active command in the volunteer army, however, and he will be continued in command of the Department of California, with the rank of major-general of volunteers. A similar ruling was made in the cases of Major-Generals Graham and Coppinger, both regular officers, who reached the retiring age while holding volunteer commissions. General Keifer was far beyond the regular army retiring age when he was appointed a major-general of volunteers for service in the Spanish-American War.

Don Felipe Martel, the famous gambling-house proprietor of the City of Mexico, had made a fortune in the business before the government decided to abolish gambling-houses by levying on them a license tax of one thousand dollars a day. One by one the gambling-houses closed, and when the field was clear Don Felipe Martel approached the authorities with one thousand dollars in cash, and demanded a day's license. In a few hours his place was thronged. At a single stroke he had won the patronage of Mexico, and his doors have never been closed since. The daily outlay of one thousand dollars is not missed from the daily revenue of thousands. His strong religious tendencies are so well known that nobody was surprised when he built recently in the village of San Angel a church that cost more than fifty thousand dollars. The poor people of the vicinity, and many of the rich as well, have come to regard him as a sort of fairy prince. His own style of living encourages this belief. The Martel mansion in the City of Mexico is a magnificent affair, constantly filled with guests.

THE THIRD VANDERBILT.

End of a Busy Life—Weight of Work Too Great to Be Carried—
Traits of Character—How the Death of Cornelius
Vanderbilt Shadows Society.

The death of Cornelius Vanderbilt could not have been entirely unexpected by his family and friends, yet it came as a shock even to those who knew the serious character of that attack of paralysis in the midsummer of 1896. The strain of more than twenty years' close attention to the management of colossal railroad interests had done its work, and the most restrained, deliberate, and methodical of men could not carry it longer. When the break came, three years ago, he was taken as soon as possible to Europe, and for months was under the care of Dr. Charcot, the eminent nerve and brain specialist of Paris, and though he recovered sufficiently to present an outward appearance of health, he had regained only a small degree of his energy and strength. The expressions of sorrow and regard which have followed his removal from the world of affairs are evidence that his position was unique among the autocrats of business and finance. Reserved, yet prompt and decisive in his nature, he did not repel those who came to know him; and his reputation for fairness and benevolence was firmly upheld by many more than the million employees of the Vanderbilt system.

The career of Cornelius Vanderbilt was not a romantic one, though its results transcend the loftiest flights of the novelist. It was a short life-time of hard work, for it ended when he was a little less than fifty-six. At sixteen he left the public school to become a clerk in the Shoe and Leather Bank; before he was twenty-one he had won the favor of his grandfather by his application and thrift, and had been induced to enter the office of the Harlem Railroad by a promised increase of salary from sixty dollars to sixty-five dollars a month. While still in the bank, the old commodore invited his grandson to accompany him on a voyage to Europe, but when the boy saw that he would be obliged to sacrifice his salary for two months, he decided that the pleasure trip was not worth so much, and declined it. He learned the railroad business thoroughly, and when his father became president of the New York Central, Cornelius was made vice-president and afterward chairman of the board of directors. William H. Vanderbilt died in 1885, and from that time Cornelius was the head of the financial fortunes of the family, and the great Vanderbilt system of railroads, representing over seventeen thousand miles of track and nearly five hundred millions of stock and bonds, grew out of his plans.

In the will of Commodore Vanderbilt, who died in 1870, Cornelius, his favorite grandson, was given a million dollars. When William H. Vanderbilt died he left forty millions in trust to his eight children, and forty millions outright, and in addition to the ten millions thus bequeathed to him Cornelius was given two millions extra. The thirteen millions inherited have grown to a sum estimated at this time at not less than one hundred millions; not the largest private fortune in the United States, but a part of the greatest family wealth known to this country. The methods which produced this great capital were individual with Cornelius. His father and his grandfather had been bold speculators, but there was no attraction for him in stock-gambling. The schemes of Wall Street were no part of his system. He could plan great enterprises and execute them, but he built upon tangible effects. Every share of stock that he bought he paid for, and at his death there was no panic on the stock board, for brokers knew that none of his holdings would be thrown on the market.

By the strictest method in his affairs Mr. Vanderbilt found time for recreation and the gratification of his tastes. He had a great love for art, and although he purchased many pictures at magnificent prices, it is said that he was never deceived by any of the pretended works of great masters offered him by dealers. His home at Fifty-Eighth Street and Fifth Avenue, built to suit his own ideas, and something in the style of a French *chateau*, is probably the finest residence in America, and, although the architect was directed to make the building plain, its furnishings and decorations are artistic as well as costly. His house at Newport, "The Breakers," is one of the most beautiful in that village of luxurious homes.

Mr. Vanderbilt's charities have been large and constant. He gave Yale a million dollars, with which Vanderbilt Hall, the finest college dormitory known, was erected in memory of his oldest son, William H., who died while a junior at the university seven years ago. Columbia, the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and many other institutions of learning have had heavy subscriptions from him. One of his favorite charges was the Railroad Young Men's Christian Association, which he was instrumental in organizing. Many of its buildings have been erected by his generosity.

When he was only twenty-three, Mr. Vanderbilt married Alice Gwynne, the daughter of a Cincinnati lawyer. Six children gladdened the hearts of the pair, all but one of whom live to mourn the loss of a father. Cornelius, Jr., was married in 1896 to Miss Grace Wilson, daughter of R. T. Wilson, a marriage which was greatly opposed by his father, and which caused a serious break in their relations. A partial reconciliation, at least, took place recently at Newport. Gertrude, the eldest daughter, is the wife of Harry Payne Whitney, a son of William C. Whitney. Alfred Vanderbilt, the third son, now absent on a trip around the world with W. P. Burden, Ernest Iselin, and Douglas Cochran, was last heard from in Japan. Reginald, who is a sophomore at Yale, and Gladys, a girl of twelve, are the other members of the family.

Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt were not especially noted entertainers until the opening of their new house on Fifty-fifth Street. The reception given there in 1895 in honor of their daughter Gertrude, was one of the largest and most magnificent known in the city. The same season a ball was

given at "The Breakers," which is still remembered as a most brilliant affair. Two parties were to have been given by them this week, a state dinner to Miss Julia Grant and her fiancé, Prince Cantacuzene, on Thursday evening, and a second on Saturday evening.

New York and Newport society will long be shadowed by the sorrow in the Vanderbilt home. The grandest affair of the season at Newport was William K. Vanderbilt's dance in the Golf Club building; in fact, the summer was a very quiet one there, and had this bereavement come a month earlier the one brilliant event of the year would have been impossible. For two years the Vanderbilts will take no part in social festivities, and this retirement includes Mrs. W. D. Sloane, Mrs. H. McK. Twombly, and Mrs. Elliott F. Shepard, sisters of Cornelius, and Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney. Mrs. Astor, who left for Europe through ill-health at the height of the Newport season, has virtually withdrawn from society, and this, with the serious illness of Mr. H. Walter Webb, and the mourning of the Goelets, makes it certain that the circle of those who find their greatest delights in the gayeties of social life will be much smaller than usual during the coming winter.

NEW YORK, September 14, 1899.

PAUL KRÜGER.

Deep, mournful eyes that seek the ground,
The devious path to trace;
The giant form of Lincoln, crowned
By Cromwell's grosser face;
Coarse, rustic garb, of uncouth cut,
That masks each mighty limb,
Its shapeless folds the ready butt
Of Europe's jesters' trim.

So much the crowd can see; the rest
Asks critics clearer-eyed:
So rough a scabbard leaves unguessed
How keen the blade inside;
The trenchant will, the subtle brain,
So strangely doomed to wage
With Destiny's still climbing main
The hopeless war of Age.

His kindred are a rugged brood
That nurse a dying fire—
The sons of Calvin's bitter mood,
And sterner than their sire.
By faith through trackless deserts stered,
Lost miles of lonely sand,
Far from the intruding world they feared
They found their Promised Land.

By such grim guardians tutored well
His Spartan childhood grew.
The wind trail of the fleet gazelle,
The lion's path he knew;
The camp surprised at dawn, the rush
Of feet, the crackling smoke,
When on the sleeping laager's hush
The sudden Kafir broke.

Nay once, 'tis said, when Vaal in flood
Had reached the hunter's way,
And 'mid its swollen current stood
A wounded buck at bay;
While some before the brute drew back,
And some before the wave,
Striding that torrent's foaming track
The mercy-stroke he gave.

A stream more rapid and more wide
His strength has stemmed since then:
Called from the plodding team to guide
The starker wills of men;
Chance-pretent to so new a trade,
Unlettered and unschooled,
The clod-bred, clownish peasant made
No less a realm and ruled.

Yet though that realm he still sustains
Against an empire's might,
And with undying skill maintains
The so unequal fight,
He buys his victories all too dear
Whose foes have Time for friend:
Each fatal triumph brings more near
The inevitable end.

Haply the hoarse-voiced guns must close
The long debate at last,
Ere the young Future can compose
Its quarrel with the Past;
Nathless, our England unshamed
May greet a foe man true
Of her own stubborn metal framed,
For she is iron, too.

—Edward Sydney Tylee in London Spectator.

Many plants and vegetables which it is thought will prove adaptable to arid portions of this country where irrigation is necessary, have been found during an eight-months' tour of the countries bordering on the Mediterranean Sea, made in the interest of the agricultural department by Walter T. Swingle, a special agent. Mr. Swingle visited France, Spain, Greece, Italy, Turkey, and the Algerian provinces in Africa, penetrating the Desert of Sahara. He obtained a large variety of seeds and plants, and made careful notes upon methods of cultivation and harvesting.

The laying of the corner-stone of the Los Angeles Woman's Club-House September 14th marked an important epoch in the history of the women's clubs in that city. The new club-house is to be erected by the club-house association and will be leased by the Friday Morning Club, most of the members of which belong to the club-house association. The club-house will cost over twelve thousand dollars, and be of the mission style. It is located on Figueroa Street, near Tenth.

The bodies of seven of John Brown's followers, who were killed in the raid on the arsenal at Harper's Ferry, have been carried to Lake Placid, N. Y., and buried beside his grave at North Elba. The men were: Oliver Brown, John Brown's son; William Thompson, his son-in-law; Stewart Taylor, A. H. Leeman, Dauphin O. Thompson, Dangerfield Newby, and Lewis Leary. The last two were negroes. The bodies were originally buried near Harper's Ferry.

FOREIGN FEATURES OF HAWAII.

Confusing Interpretations of the Newlands Resolution—Public Lands Taken by Americans in Opposition to the Government—Contract Laborers in Prison.

Ex-Queen Liliuokalani is reported in the press dispatches to have said recently that a state of anarchy existed in the Hawaiian Islands. This is, of course, an extreme view; but that it contains an element of truth no one conversant with the facts can deny. Hawaii has now, for over a year, been practically a foreign country while flying the American flag. Hawaiian postal and revenue laws remain in force; ships are registered under the Hawaiian flag; an American consul and a United States minister are resident here, as in any foreign territory.

That such a state of things should have caused extreme dissatisfaction is but natural, especially to incoming Americans. The state of irritation is, in fact, fast becoming acute; the action of the Hawaiian Government in stretching to the utmost its interpretation of the meaning of the Newlands resolution in favor of existing conditions, as opposed to the acceptance of the Constitution of the United States, being one of the principal factors. That the government finds its position untenable whenever hard pressed has been evidenced lately by two occurrences which have caused a good deal of bad feeling and much bitter newspaper controversy.

A number of American citizens some months ago settled on government lands in the Olaa tract, District of Puna, Island of Hawaii, claiming that, with the transfer of sovereignty of the Hawaiian Islands from the Republic of Hawaii to the United States, the public lands, *ipso facto*, became the property of the United States, and could only be disposed of by its consent. The Hawaiian Government denied this contention, and warned the settlers that they were trespassers and would shortly be ejected, and finally advertised the lands for sale on September 2d. The Americans thereupon published a notice in the Honolulu papers, citing a recent opinion of the Attorney-General of the United States to the effect that "the public lands of Hawaii can not be disposed of except by special act of Congress." Warning was given "the officers of the land department of the government of the Hawaiian Islands, the public, and prospective purchasers" of the lands referred to that such lots "are now each occupied and in the possession of actual settlers . . . each one of whom is exerting every lawful means to obtain title from the lawful owner of said land, to wit, the United States of America." The notice was signed "American Settlers' Association." A few days after the notice appeared the government announced that the sale would be postponed until November, ostensibly for the reason that it was necessary to communicate with Washington.

The other occurrence, alluded to above, was the release on September 2d of the thirty-six Galician prisoners—contract laborers—who, since November 17, 1898, have been incarcerated in Oahu Prison. Probably a good many people in the United States are unaware that under the laws governing the contract-labor system in Hawaii—fortunately for humanity, non-existent elsewhere in the world—a prisoner is denied the right of *habeas corpus*, and may be thrown into prison and stay there until he rots, for alleged failure to live up to the terms of his contract. For months an agitation looking to the release of the Galicians has been going on in a portion of the Honolulu press, backed by an outraged public opinion. No attention, however, was paid by the Hawaiian Government until the recent exposure by Rabbi Levi of the imprisonment of these men, whose only offense—according to their statement—was that they refused to work on the Oahu plantation where they were employed, on account of the ill-treatment and indignities to which they were subjected. Rabbi Levi, when in Honolulu, visited the Galicians, and finding a countryman, Jacob Tefer, in their number, himself furnished the one hundred and twenty-six dollars alleged to be due the plantation company for transportation to the islands, and purchased his release. There were forty-two men originally imprisoned; of these three returned to the plantation; one purchased his freedom; one was liberated by Rabbi Levi; and one was sent to the hospital for treatment; the remaining thirty-six declared they would sooner spend the rest of their lives in prison than return to the plantation. The government, when appealed to, claimed to be powerless to act in the matter. Finally, the secretary of the Oahu Plantation Company requested the government to release the Galicians, which request was promptly carried out by Attorney-General Cooper.

The fallacy of the contention of the planters, who are filling these islands with Asiatics, to the exclusion of Americans, that white men can not work in this climate, has recently been exposed in Honolulu. The American contractor who is constructing the sewer system here employs none but white men, whom he brought with him from California. The rapidity with which these laborers make the dirt fly is an eye-opener to people accustomed to leisurely Asiatic methods. One of the men being asked how he stood the climate, said it was "nothing to Fresno, where he had recently been employed on similar work; he added that if white men were given decent wages there would be no trouble in securing American laborers on the plantations.

The further claim of the planters that it is necessary to employ the cheapest possible labor to make sugar-raising profitable is puerile. There is no legitimate business in the United States that begins to pay the enormous profits of the old Hawaiian plantations. Where else will you find stock quoted at three and four hundred per cent. above par on a capital watered out of all proportion to its original dimensions? The truth is, concrete selfishness, unchecked by church or government, has for many years run riot in these islands, and, in the name of humanity, needs pulling on it haunches with a curb bit.

HONOLULU, September 11, 1899.

IN THE ARMY OF FRANCE.

A French Volunteer and His Brutal Officers—The System—Persecution without Appeal—Private Declé Invites the Death Sentence—Invalided by a Friendly Surgeon.

The bitter and protracted discussions which have arisen out of the Dreyfus case, followed by the sensational trial at Rennes and the partisan verdict, have concentrated the attention of the civilized world on the French army. An inside view of the French army ought therefore at this time to be of great interest; especially when presented as in the case of "Trooper 3809," the latest book on this subject, by a trained writer like M. Lionel Declé. "The experience of Dreyfus," says M. Declé, "is, unfortunately, but a greatly magnified example of what daily happens throughout the French army, and the recollections I am now offering to the reader, of the time I served in its ranks, will show that Dreyfus has been the victim not so much of the malice of individuals as of a faulty system. It will be seen how, in a regiment, the colonel forms his opinion of a private from the character given to him by his corporal or sergeant, and how the mere fact of appealing against a punishment is considered as an act of insubordination."

Being a university graduate, M. Declé was obliged to serve only one year, instead of five. He chose the cavalry branch of the service, and reported in due season to the proper officer. This man proceeded to give him a physical examination. M. Declé says of him:

"He first took our height with our socks on, and then without them—except in the case of those who possessed no such garment, and who formed the majority. The *gendarme* who measured us was a sergeant, and he dictated to a private the result of his measurements. When my turn came he placed me under the apparatus, and then asked for my name.

"Declé," I said.
"And your Christian name?"
"Lionel."
"Lionel," he replied; "that's not a Christian name."
I assured him that it was my Christian name, and, what was more, the only one I possessed.

"Well, it's a queer Christian name, and I don't know where your people fished it out," he remarked. After a glance at the scale he dictated "1.78 metre in his socks" to his subordinate. He then ordered me to remove my socks, and, measuring me once more, pronounced the verdict "1.79 metre without socks."

"But, sergeant," I asked, "how can I be taller without my socks than with them on?"

"You will perhaps teach me my business!" he angrily replied, and seeing that the private was hesitating to write down the figures, "D— you," he shouted, "are you going to take that down or not?" The private silently obeyed, doubtless accustomed for years to passive obedience.

The preliminaries over, the recruit was sent back to the barracks:

I went first to the sergeant of the guard, asking him to direct me to my sergeant-major's office.

"Do you take me for a sign-post?" he answered.
"No, sir," I replied; "but I wanted your leave before asking a trooper to show me the way."

"You long-nosed chap, you're a soldier now, remember that; so do me the honor of calling me 'sergeant,' and not 'sir'."

"Yes, sergeant," I replied. He then ordered a trooper who stood in the guard-room to take me to the office of my sergeant-major. "By the way," he said, as I was going off, "what squadron do you belong to?"

"To the third squadron, sergeant."

"It's a pity you don't belong to mine," he answered; "I should like to have had you under my orders; it would have been a real pleasure to lick you into shape. But God help you if you ever cross my path. I don't like your face; when I don't like a man's face it's a poor chance he stands with me. Now go; clear out of this."

I'm sorry to say that it was my misfortune to have this man later on as my chief, and he duly proved that his boast was no vain one.

He was sent to the stores for a uniform, where, by dint of liberal tips to the various sergeants, he was finally outfitted. He was then ordered to his captain:

My boots were only held on by my feet by the straps under them, and at every step my spurs caught in the heavy leather coverings of my trousers, but at last I managed to reach the captain.

He ordered me to unbutton my tunic, and looking at my elephantine trousers: "What's that?" he cried; "put your braces lower, and artistically creasing my trousers from top to bottom, he stepped back a few feet, and having had a good look at me: "They're too short," he said, "go and get another pair from the tailor." As I was hobbling away, he called me back. "What are those boots you've got on? They are too big for you. Are you such an idiot that you can't feel they are too big?"

"Yes, sir," I replied, "but—"

"But!" he exclaimed; "now look here, my boy, please understand that we don't allow remarks of any kind in the army. Go and get another pair of boots and trousers, and look sharp about it."

I stumbled back toward the bootmaker. "The captain said," I began, "that these boots are too large for me, and that you must find me another pair."

"Ah, these d— *volontaires*, what a lot of trouble they give us!" sighed the bootmaker. After looking through all his stock, he chucked three more pairs at me. In vain I tried to get into them, and called the bootmaker to show him that none of them would fit me. "Why the deuce don't you take off your socks—socks aren't regulation?" he angrily retorted. Notwithstanding my protests, I had to take them off. At last I managed to get one foot inside a boot, but the other, notwithstanding the efforts of two strong men, resisted. "All right," said the bootmaker, "I'll stretch it a bit later on."

"So with only one boot on I bobbed to the tailor. "The captain says my trousers are too short," I told him.

"Oh, I'll soon put them to rights," he answered. Having pulled my braces lower down he thereupon proceeded to crease the leather at the bottom of the trousers. "Now go back to the captain," he said.

When I once more appeared before that officer he looked at me in utter disgust. "Why have you only got one boot on? Bootmaker," he shouted, without leaving me time to reply, "can't you find a pair of boots for this man?"

"No, sir," replied the bootmaker, who had hurried up at the officer's command, "he's got an instep like I've never seen."

"What business has a cripple like you in my squadron?" angrily remarked the captain.

"But, sir—" I began.

"Shut up," he howled; "if you answer me again I'll send you straight off to the cells!" and without looking at my trousers, he angrily told me to put on my tunic, which I had removed at his orders. I did so, and was then ordered to fold my arm over my chest. "What's that?" said the captain; "how dare you come and show me such a tunic? Are you such a fool as not to see for yourself it's too small?"

Warned by previous experience the recruit made no reply, and returned limping with his single boot to the tailor, explaining to him that the captain found the tunic too small:

"All right," he said, "I'll soon make it larger." He pulled it about a little and sent me back to the captain, who once more ordered me to fold my right arm over my chest.

"Sleeves too long, go and change," he said, brusquely.

I returned to the tailor and explained matters to him.

"Never mind, my boy," he said; "I'll make you one that will fit you; it won't cost you much, and, of course, you have got money—you're a *volontaire*; now pull up your sleeve a bit and hold it tight under your arm before the captain looks at you."

I did so.

"Fold your arms," once more said the captain, when I returned to him for inspection. I followed the tailor's instruction. "It's too small," yelled the captain, "go and change!"

Without taking the trouble of doing this, I merely walked to where the tailor stood and came back with the same tunic, letting the sleeve drop a little. This time, when the captain examined me, he found it was a perfect fit!

From the beginning the young volunteer was persecuted by his brutal officers, being sent almost at once to the guard-house on a trumped-up charge. As a sample of the attitude of officers toward the volunteers he describes thus an inspection by his lieutenant:

"So that's you?" remarked the lieutenant.

"Yes, sir," I replied.

"Impertinent as usual," he went on. "How dare you answer me?"

"I beg your pardon, sir," I replied; "I thought you had questioned me."

"Oh, you did, did you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, don't think another time; I don't like troopers who think. You've got no business to think; d'ye hear?"

"Yes, sir."

"What? Don't you understand me? I tell you not to answer; do you understand?"

Warned by what he had just told me I shut up. Whereupon the lieutenant, turning toward the sergeant, remarked, "Sulky brute, that fellow."

"Are all your things there?" he then asked me.

"Yes, sir; I think so."

"You think! You always think. I told you not to think. You have no business to think. That's always the result of too much education. These lazy dogs of *volontaires*, they are always thinking. Troopers have no business to think."

Continuing to mutter peevishly, the lieutenant proceeded to overhaul my things, while I stolidly stood at attention, at the foot of my bed. . . . "Well," he added, as he passed on to the next bed, "you've already found out that silk vests won't prevent you from going to the Salle de Police. You've got nothing missing to-day, but I'll soon catch you napping. You won't pass many inspections without having to send you to the Boite."

The punishment the men had to endure was cruel in the extreme. Declé was again sent to the guard-house, as was promised him:

It had been snowing hard during the night, and the cold was such that our fingers soon became numb through contact with our carhines. I have omitted to mention that in the cavalry white doeskin gloves are always worn at drill; and we were even allowed during the winter months to wear white woolen gloves. In the infantry the men drill without gloves, and only wear them on parade or when they go out of barracks, their gloves being of white cotton.

Before drilling, Sergeant Legros carefully examined our carhines, and gave Salle de Police *à l'œil* to three of us. As I have already explained, *à l'œil* means that the punishment is not reported to the officers, and therefore is not recorded. In my time this led to monstrous abuse, as neither the captains nor the colonel were aware of the number of men who were daily punished.

It was so cold that we felt quite delighted when we were commanded to start at *pas gymnastique* (a quick run), the sergeant and the corporal running with us for a couple of hundred yards, when they fell out. We soon, however, began to feel exhausted, but Legros noticing this called out to us: "You d— lazy brutes, keep your distances, or I'll leave you on the run for half an hour longer." First one, then another, fell out, utterly unable to go on, each one of them being told that he would sleep in the Salle de Police that night; then came my turn, with the same result; but little did I care for the punishment, as I had to sleep in the den in any case. Altogether six of us were punished after we had been kept on the run for more than a quarter of an hour!

They were kept drilling on foot for half an hour longer:

During that time our sergeant took a delight in making us "shoulder arms," "slope arms," "present arms," and leaving us in the same position for three or four minutes at a time, while if a single one of us wavered in the least he never failed to make us repeat the movement. Day after day the same thing occurred, until the two hours of foot drill became a daily terror to us.

Troopers once in the Salle de Police are isolated in such a way that in case of sickness or emergency they can not possibly summon help. Many fatal cases have been the result of this practice. Some years ago a trooper was found in the morning frozen to death in the cells, and yet more serious tragedies have occurred. Since I served there was the case of a Zouave who was put in solitary confinement and forgotten there, his body being only found a week later; so great had been his pangs of hunger that it was found that he had been trying to eat the flesh of his arms and his hands, and when he was discovered the rats had themselves eaten a portion of his back and of his throat. I also remember another case of a man who was sent to the punishment battalions in Algeria; he was punished with two days in the *silos* and was forgotten there, and when he was discovered six days later he was still breathing, but the whole of his chest, on which he had been lying, was but a vast ulcer swarming with maggots. "How," it will be asked, "can such things occur?"

After this came the holidays, and Declé was subjected to every indignity of torture, until he became ill. On New Year's Day even the most degraded of the prisoners were given a holiday, but not this volunteer. At last he grew desperate. He says of his treatment the next day:

On January 3d we resumed our work, under Sergeant Legros, who returned from his leave sulkier and more malicious than ever. Four of the *volontaires* were sent to the Salle de Police that night, and the sergeant threatened me with the same punishment because I was hoarse and was unable to command when ordered to do so.

I had now been sleeping for many nights in the lock-up, and although I did not realize it at the time, the cold and dampness of the place had told heavily on me. I was so weak that I could hardly sit my horse, and I grew worse daily. On the Saturday (inspection day) we did our usual squadron duty, and after stables, as I was leading my charger to the watering-tanks, I felt hardly able to sit on his back. She was as usual prancing and plunging, and once or twice I had to cling to her mane so as not to drop off. As we were returning from the tanks toward the stables, the lieutenant of the week, who was also the lieutenant of my *peloton*, shouted to me:

"Jump off your charger, and give it to another man."

I jumped off, and staggered toward the lieutenant.

"You're drunk, you dirty pig!" he screamed. "You shall have eight days' Salle de Police for drunkenness." Then turning toward the sergeant, he went on, "Sergeant, can't you see that man is drunk? Get him taken to the cells at once. Why couldn't you have seen before that he was drunk? I'll teach you, you blackguard!" he added, turning to me.

I said: "Sir, I am not drunk; I am ill."

"And you dare reply!" he again howled; "you are always answering back! I will see what that will cost you. Sergeant," he said to De Lanoy, "you will put down eight days' Salle de Police to this drunken swine, for having come to stables helplessly intoxicated, and having made impertinent remarks to an officer."

I at once realized that if such a report reached the colonel, my punishment would be altered to at least fifteen days' prison, and seven days' cells, in solitary confinement, on bread and water, and that it would further mean a disgrace for me from which I should never recover. Fortunately, at that very moment, I caught sight in the distance of our regimental doctor, and, without asking leave, I ran to him for all I was worth.

"Sir," I said, "Lieutenant Pernot has just accused me of being drunk, and I implore you to examine me, as I am not drunk, but seriously ill."

The doctor ordered him to the dispensary, and as he was going, Sergeant de Lanoy came up:

"Declé," he said, "Lieutenant Pernot has sent me to bring you back to him at once, and he threatens to have you court-martialed for having refused to obey his orders when you were told to go to the cells."

The surgeon-major, who had caught the message, turned round to De Lanoy. "Go and tell Lieutenant Pernot," he said, "that Declé is coming to the dispensary with me by my orders, and there is an end of it."

De Lanoy returned to the lieutenant, but before we had reached the staircase leading to the dispensary he returned once more, saying that the lieutenant insisted on my going back to him, whether the surgeon-major liked it or not.

The latter, whose temper was shortish, asked in a voice shaking with rage whether De Lanoy was quite sure that he had exactly repeated the lieutenant's words.

"Yes, sir," replied De Lanoy.

"Very well," said the surgeon-major, "tell Lieutenant Pernot that I, Surgeon-Major Lesage, holding the rank of captain, order Lieutenant Pernot to come to me at once."

As De Lanoy hesitated, the surgeon-major angrily added: "Do you hear me or not? You had better tell your lieutenant to hurry up."

We did not wait long, for Lieutenant Pernot soon arrived, and had evidently been hurrying, as he was nearly breathless.

"What the deuce do you mean," said the surgeon, "by countermanding my orders?"

"Well," replied the lieutenant, pointing to me, "that man is drunk."

"That remains to be seen," answered the surgeon, "and I am the best judge of that. I should strongly advise you not to interfere with my orders another time."

Thereupon he turned on his heel, and, telling me to follow him, hurried up to the dispensary. There he laid me on a sofa, and asked me what was the matter. I told him that I had undergone a fifteen days' Salle de Police, and felt perfectly worn out. He felt my pulse and took my temperature, which was very high.

"You are pretty bad, my boy," he said, "and I am going to send you to hospital."

Private Declé, however, was not allowed to remain in the hospital forever, and he returns to his further terrible experiences in the prison. Speaking of a certain Sergeant de Cormet, he gives an example of his severity toward those in his power:

It was bitterly cold, and he was drilling the prisoners, making them do the sword exercise and keeping the troopers for five or ten minutes in the same position. He had ordered the second position of the *coup de sabre vers la droite*, which consists in holding the sword extended to the right at arm's length; at the end of a few minutes the troopers became so tired that none of them were able to hold their bodies straight, and had to put their left shoulder down, and let the points of their swords drop. De Cormet as usual walked behind them, coolly saying: "Trooper Gabier, four days more for not holding yourself straight; Trooper Chirac, your sword is not straight, you will have two days more," and so on. All of a sudden one of the prisoners—a poor, weak fellow—said to him: "Sergeant, my hands are frozen; will you allow me to blow in them for one minute? I can't hold my sword any longer."

"Four days for speaking in the ranks," answered De Cormet, in his monotonous voice.

The trooper's fingers were as white as wax, and he soon repeated his request with a similar result. At last, unable to stand the pain any longer, the trooper put his sword under his arm and blew on his fingers.

"Hold your sword in position at once," said the sergeant. "I shall report you to the colonel."

"But, sergeant, I can't," cried the trooper.

"You refuse to obey?" said the sergeant.

"I can't, I can't," said the trooper, sobbing with pain, and at the same time trying to grasp his sword, but finding himself unable to close his numb fingers.

Again the sergeant ordered him to hold his sword out, but the man burst into tears and once more sobbed, "I can't, I can't!"

Thereupon the sergeant commanded another prisoner to carry the sword, and calling out to one of the troopers on guard ordered him to fetch the corporal, and when the latter came he had the poor fellow conveyed to the cells for refusal to obey orders. The trooper was therefore tried by court-martial and sentenced to two years' hard labor!

The end of the year came, and Declé passed his examinations, as he thought, in triumph. It was the wish of his brutal officers, however, still further to punish him, and the credits were so manipulated that he stood lowest in the regiment, and was detained for another year's service. It was then that he invited the death-sentence for threatening an officer:

A trooper from the first squadron came to tell me that Sergeant de Cormet wanted to speak to me, and that I was to go to his room at once. I could not imagine what he wanted with me, as I did not belong to his squadron, and I had never had anything to do with the man. I went, however, and when I reached his room I asked him whether it was true that he had sent for me.

"Yes," he said, "I want to speak to you. I have just heard that I am going to be put in charge of the *volontaires*, and as it appears that nobody has yet been able to break you in, I merely wanted to warn you that I mean to succeed. If ordinary means are not successful, I'll stand no nonsense, and I'll find some way to get you court-martialed. A few years in a jail would do a lot of good to swine of your class."

I had so far made no reply, but stood with my arms folded on my chest. My face must have expressed my stifled anger, I suppose, for when I took two steps forward, the sergeant retreated toward the window. "Don't be afraid," I said; "I am not going to touch you—you are not worth it; but now that you have told me what you mean to do, I will also tell you what I mean to do. Remember this—you may find a way to get me court-martialed, though I doubt it; but if you do—when I come out, he it in ten years, in fifteen years, or even twenty years' time—I shall kill you."

"You dare to threaten me—me, a sergeant?" he said.

"Don't get my blood up; you had better not," I replied; "remember that there are no witnesses here, and if you rouse me I might cause you bodily harm. I am a good deal stronger than you. But I think that this conversation has lasted long enough, and I will only add a few words to what I told you before. I warned you what I would do if you got me court-martialed, but I further warn you that if you bully me while I am under your orders I will punish you when I am no longer a soldier. And now that we quite understand each other I will say good afternoon; only mind," I added, "if you report me for what has taken place here I will deny everything; you have no means of proving your word, and you would not have dared to tell me what you did in the presence of witnesses."

I returned to my room fairly heart-broken at the idea that I was going to be under the orders of the most cowardly brute in the whole regiment.

M. Declé was finally invalided out of the army through the good offices of the kind-hearted surgeon-major, and at once left France for England. He has since become famous as an African explorer (he is now in Africa) and as a newspaper man in London. It is improbable that his book will be sold largely in France; but English and American readers at least may draw conclusions from it, without endangering their liberty.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

LITERARY NOTES.

Richard Harding Davis's Latest Tales.

The trail of "high society" is over everything Richard Harding Davis writes nowadays. His Van Bibber sketches were decidedly clever and entertaining. "Gallegher" and the doings of Hefty Burke were in a new field, and such tales as "The Other Woman" had marked originality. But Mr. Davis's forte is describing in an idealized form what he sees, and since he has been a social lion on two continents, he has taken to writing of impossible persons who are all of the most unimpeachable social standing.

Take the marvelous individuals who performed miracles in "Soldiers of Fortune" and "The King's Jackal." The *Argonaut* said of them that they were such heroes as found their counterpart only in the dreams of boarding-school misses, and the characterization applies as well to most of the personages in Mr. Davis's latest book of tales, "The Lion and the Unicorn." In the story that gives its name to the book, Philip Carroll—whom Mr. Davis is guilty of describing as "the American gentleman"—is an American in London, struggling to sell his play before starvation overtakes him, but entertaining fashionable Bohemians, men and women, at delightful dinners and teas, and loving a self-centred young woman with a passion beyond that aroused by "The Duchess's" heroine. The wounded lieutenant, too, in "On the Fever Ship" has a love stronger than death, and Miss Cameron's two adorners in "The Vagrant" would satisfy the most exacting coquette.

"On the Fever Ship" has the merit of describing with notable power the ravings of a delirious soldier, wounded at San Juan, as he is being carried home on the transport. But the most notable tale in the book is "The Man with One Talent." The man has seen the misery of the Cuban people under Spanish rule, he has even spent months in prison himself, and he tells these things with impassioned eloquence to the powerful senator who he hopes will rouse the United States to the suppression of such iniquity. He even gets the great man's promise to go with him for a month in Cuba; but at the last moment the money-kings of Wall Street bring pressure to bear and the senator abjectly backs out. The politician's weak apology is made at his own table in the presence of a dozen men whose names are powers throughout the country, but the unabashed man with one talent uses it in such a stinging arraignment of their heartless venality that, hardened worldlings as they are, they are ashamed. "The Man with One Talent" is a strong story and teaches a lesson not soon to be forgotten.

There is one more tale in the book, "The Last Ride Together," in which are given the impressions of a young English swell, one of Dr. Jameson's troopers, as he rides from the court to his eight months' imprisonment in Holloway Jail.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

Problems in City Politics.

Dorman B. Eaton has chosen a subject of eminent importance in his volume, "The Government of Municipalities," and the headings of the eighteen chapters into which his work is divided demonstrate his comprehensive view and thorough treatment. The book fully sustains his claim that the reader will find it "constructive and practical" as well as "historical and critical."

In his introduction the author notes the pervading feeling of dissatisfaction with which the most intelligent people of the United States regard the governments of their cities and villages, and gives as explanation the fact that municipal evils are practically of recent growth, and the numerous efforts made to restrain or do away with them have been through hastily devised methods based on theories accepted without investigation. Local politicians and a few advanced reformers have been the active forces in most of the experiments, the thoughtful and patriotic masses having awakened to the necessity of decision and aggressive movement in rare instances. So far there have been in this country no original or generally accepted municipal system, no practical methods with satisfactory results, no city government which can be taken as a model. The just relations of the city to the State, the power to be given to the mayor, the proper extent of home rule, the true policy concerning the application of party tests to candidates for official places, the question of the desirability of party government in municipal affairs—these are but a few of the problems which the people must decide.

Mr. Eaton has not contented himself with pointing out the pressing questions of the hour. He has suggested remedies in connection with the evils discussed, and in his illustrations he has sketched the conditions existing at the present time in many of the great cities. He gives up three chapters to the examination of municipal government by party, as illustrated by the Tammany Democracy; he presents the possibilities of the merit system as a remedy for vicious conditions and practices, and sets forth the evil effects of too short terms of office and too many elections. Free nominations, free voting, and majority representation are treated in one of the longest and most important chapters. Methods in practice abroad, in Great Britain and Europe, are explained and the results shown. City councils and mayors, their functions and powers; school admin-

istrations; sanitary and police regulations; judicial administrations—all are taken up in separate chapters. The charter of Greater New York is held up as a lesson and an admonition, and in an appendix the threatened State-police despotism aptly characterized.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$4.00.

The Story of a Clay Idol.

A readable novel, in which a relationship is developed in a new way between a beautiful woman and an agreeable or a mysterious man, and which makes no pretensions to literary style so long as the interest is maintained, seems never to lack for buyers. A late addition to the Town and Country Library Series is "The Game and the Candle," by Rhoda Broughton. The story begins thus: Henry Etheridge upon his death-bed calls his young wife to him, and asks her not to wed with a certain man who once loved her, upon pain of disinheritance. She will not promise, and incurs the penalty. This former lover she has not seen for many years; but he hears of her widowhood, and returns to England. The plot then develops through her financial and social sacrifices to a better acquaintance with the choice of her heart, whom she finds to be utterly unworthy. In the meanwhile she has become more interested in her former husband's secretary than she knows. His interests are hers, she and he are working along parallel intellectual lines, and the book ends with a suggestion that in the readjustment of her relationships following upon her break with the unworthy one, he it is to whom she must inevitably turn.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

The Life of "Buffalo Bill."

In her entertaining book, "The Last of the Great Scouts," Mrs. Helen Cody Wetmore tells of the heroic adventures of her brother, Colonel (or General) William F. Cody, the great "Buffalo Bill," who latterly became famous as the friend of the Prince of Wales. Mrs. Wetmore begins her biography with a thrilling rescue by brother "Will" at the age of eight years of his dog Turk, on a Sabbath morning, from a deep, swift-running torrent. That same year "Will" also drove off a wild Indian, and rescued his small sisters, lost in the forest, from the jaws of a savage panther by shooting the beast through the heart. At the age of nine the scout killed his first Indian, saved his father's life two or three times when threatened by the Kansas pro-slavery men, made a trip across the plains as mule-driver, and helped his mother fight a cruel lawsuit. After these early climaxes Cody's young life ran along on a high dead level of heroic deeds, accurate pistol-play, dare-devilry, and the rest of the usual Western thing. It was he who supplied meat for the Union Pacific construction forces, drawing upon the nine and one-half millions of buffaloes that then roamed the plains when he needed buffalo-humps for breakfast. It is said that he killed a good share of this immense herd with his own hand—whence his name of "Buffalo Bill." The book is the loving tribute of a sister to a brother, who is always "Will" to her.

Published by the Duluth Press Printing Company, Duluth, Minn.; price, \$1.25.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Samuel Clemens, better known as "Mark Twain," has decided to spend the fall and winter of this year at Princeton, N. J. It is reported that Mr. Clemens has signified his intention of making Princeton his permanent home.

A posthumous novel by Blanche Willis Howard (Mme. von Teufel) is announced. It is entitled "Dionysius, the Weaver's Heart's Dearest." The action takes place in her oft-chosen field, the Swabian Highlands.

New and cheaper editions of "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning" and "Justin McCarthy's Life of William Ewart Gladstone" will be published this month by the Macmillan Company.

A new volume of poems by W. E. Henley may be expected in the spring, according to London literary gossip.

There are to be seventy illustrations—many of them full-page—in Hugh Thomson's edition of "Peg Woffington." Austin Dobson has written, after the modern manner, a long introduction to the book.

An important book on mountain-climbing, by Edward A. Fitzgerald, entitled "The Highest Andes," will soon be brought out.

Charles Dana Gibson's series of drawings, "The Education of Mr. Pipp," which have been appearing in *Life*, will be published in book-form this fall. The volume will be uniform with "Drawings by C. D. Gibson," "Pictures of People," and "Sketches and Cartoons."

Hall Caine ridicules the idea that the reading of newspapers injures the reading of books. It is precisely, he says, where newspapers are most numerous that books are most read. "In America, where every hamlet has its organ, there is the largest reading public per thousand for books of all kinds. In Italy, where the newspapers are few and often

contemptible, the reading public, even among the educated classes, is, perhaps, the smallest in the world." Mr. Caine holds that the same is true about the libraries. It is his experience that nowhere is the trade in books so brisk as in the large towns and cities where the public library is active and popular.

The many readers who enjoyed "An Experiment in Altruism" and "A Puritan Bohemia" will welcome Miss Sherwood's novel, "Henry Worthington, Idealist," which will be published by the Macmillan Company toward the end of the month.

It is reported that Rudyard Kipling intends to journey again to South Africa.

A new novel of New York life, by Eleanor Stuart, is to be published shortly by D. Appleton & Co. The title is "Averages," and the story is said to be one of exceptional brilliancy and force.

A novel bearing the name of "In Monte Carlo," by Henryk Sienkiewicz, is announced for publication by a London firm.

In a recent publisher's catalogue, "The Archbishop's Decision as to the Liturgical Use of Incense and the Lawfulness of Carrying Lights in Procession" is immediately followed by "The Light that Failed."

"The Hero of Manila," by Dr. Rossiter Johnson, which is to be published immediately by D. Appleton & Co., sketches phases of Admiral Dewey's boyhood which are comparatively unfamiliar, and also presents a vivid picture of Dewey's experiences on the Mississippi under Farragut.

Rapid-Fire Romancers.

The new fashion of "doing" novels on a typewriter is thus celebrated by a Scotchman in *Black and White*:

Four-and-twenty Reningtons
Polished up so bright;
Four-and-twenty novels
In a single night.

When the night was over,
The Publishers did sing,
And the great McCrockett
Danced a Hielan' fling.

McCrockett in his parlor
Turned his bank-book o'er;
The Critics in their studies,
They were sick and sore.

The Public went to Mudie's,
Striving to keep pace;
McCrockett bought another Rem.—
The Public lost the race.

A New Review.

The Harper-McClure Syndicate will publish, November 1st, the first number of the *Harper-McClure Illustrated Review*. This will be a monthly magazine, selling at ten cents a copy, and occupying a field quite distinct from that covered by any existing publication. Dr. John H. Finley, formerly president of Knox College, who will be editor-in-chief, is quoted as saying:

"The high-priced monthlies are not compiled to appeal to the masses, either in literature or price. It is my aim to produce in the new publication a magazine of comparatively small cost, illustrated and devoted to varied fields of work. The departmental system will be a distinctive feature, and religious, scientific, industrial, economical, and political subjects will receive impartial treatment. To insure the best ideas, men of note in the various branches will be asked to contribute, and no matter of current interest to the people will be neglected. Illustrations will be a prominent feature of this section of the *Review*; in fact, it could be used as a supplementary reader in the public schools. The *Review* will aim at popularity to a greater degree than any now printed, and to attain that popularity short stories by well-known authors will appear in its pages. Continued fiction will in no case have a great claim on it. I hope to reach the artisan, the farmer, and the mechanic. The practical sciences will not be neglected, and articles on current inventions will have a permanent place in the magazine."

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Royal correspondence is now carried on by voice instead of written communication, as the following from the *London Court Journal* shows: "Captain Harrington, I. S. C., her majesty's agent at Adis Abbaba, arrived at Osborne with a phonograph containing a message from the Emperor Menelik, in reply to a phonographic message from her majesty."

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LITERARY NOTES.

Dr. Morton Grinnell's Novel.

Some San Franciscans will take an unusual interest in "An Eclipse of Memory" because of its local interest, derived from the fact that the man who wrote it, Dr. Morton Grinnell, carried off as a bride to his Eastern home Miss Jennie Catherwood, daughter of Mrs. Darling, who was a prominent figure in the fashionable set here until, on her husband's retirement from the army, she moved her lares and penates to Europe.

"An Eclipse of Memory" is a "society" story with a scientific plot. Its hero is a wealthy New Yorker who marries a charming girl, and is very happy for four months. At the end of that time she is told a story, half true and half false, of a *liaison* he had contracted before he met her, and she leaves him forthwith. On her way to Nassau she is shipwrecked and picked up by a yachting Englishman and his wife. A wound on the head, aggravated by exposure, has deprived her of all memory, and, though she soon learns almost everything she had known before, she had no recollection of her identity or of her earlier life.

Meanwhile the husband mourns her as lost and sinks into a state of apathy. His friends rouse him and take him about, with the result that after five years he is ensnared into marriage by an ambitious and unscrupulous young woman. Their honeymoon is spent with a yachting-party who go over to the Mediterranean and then up the Nile. It is the merry party's travels that fill up much of the book, but the interest remains with the twice-married man, whose wife regards marriage merely as a license to flirt as much as she chooses. In fact, her conduct drives one of the men out of the party, and when it becomes absolutely unbearable her husband learns that his first wife is still alive.

It would be unjust to bother the author and his readers to explain how this particularly complicated Gordian knot is cut; it is enough to say that Dr. Grinnell's solution of the problem is such as will satisfy those who want their heroes and heroines to live happy ever after. For the rest, the book is, if not great, at least readable. The lively gossip of the travelers on the sights they see is entertaining, and there is a sufficient variety of incidents to maintain the interest in the plot.

Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; price, \$1.25. Jahart

A New Abridgment of Webster.

This latest edition, with the title "Webster's Collegiate Dictionary," adequately supplies the need for a lexicon which shall be full, accurate, and authoritative, well adapted to the requirements of the scholar, yet practical enough for the business man and the journalist. It is a handsome, well-bound volume of eleven hundred pages, over nine hundred of which are devoted to the vocabulary proper, and its size, convenient for easy reference, combined with its fullness and reliability, make it a most useful and desirable dictionary for the busy man and the student.

In its vocabulary the new book is exceptionally complete, choosing with unusual wisdom to include the newer words which have an established place in our language. Space has been saved by disregarding unusual technical terms, obsolete and very rare words. Synonyms, excellent in the fullness and discrimination with which they are treated, are an important part of many of the definitions. To the student and the careful user of words the etymologies can not fail to be of great value.

The new dictionary has one feature that is peculiarly its own; that is the glossary of Scottish words and phrases in the appendix. This glossary is the most complete in its contents of any equally accessible compilation of Scottish terms, and plainly and accurately indicates the pronunciation of the Scottish dialect. This feature of the "Collegiate" has an especial value to the readers of Stevenson, Barrie, Maclaren, and other delineators of Scottish life and character, and will not lose its interest or usefulness as long as Burns and Scott are classics.

Other important and instructive features of the appendix are a pronouncing vocabulary of Scripture, Greek, and Latin proper names, with modern geographical and biographical names, and a list of the deities and heroes in Greek and Roman mythology.

Published by the G. & C. Merriam Company, Springfield, Mass.; price, \$3.00. Jahart

Poetry and Prose of Bohemian Writers.

In the *Literatures of the World Series*, edited by Edmund Gosse, the latest volume is "A History of Bohemian Literature," by Francis, Count Lützow, and the book is worthy of a place beside those which have preceded it. Translations of Bohemian writings are rare, and very little is known even in Western Europe of the literature of a language which is spoken by eight million people. Count Lützow has recognized this fact, and throughout his work he has given characteristic extracts from the writers quoted, and with excellent judgment. In spite of the difficulties of his subject he has made an interesting volume, and its value will be recognized by all students.

From the beginning, in the oldest manuscripts known, and probably dating back to the fourteenth century, the historian traces the narrow stream of

poetry and religious essay down to the time of John Hus, when its volume materially increased, and then on to the Battle of the White Mountain, when the last war waged by Bohemia as an independent country ended in her conquest. Deep misery and degradation came with the subjection of the people, and for many years Bohemian literature was a blank, but a better day dawned, and the latter half of the century has seen some notable work produced.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50. Jahart

A Woman of the Eighteenth Century.

The "Autobiography and Correspondence of Mary Granville, Mrs. Delaney," appeared originally in 1861 from a London publisher; but its six pretentious volumes were too costly for the public to buy, and few copies found their way to America. As the book is out of print, it was thought that a new edition, revised to reasonable limits, would be acceptable at this time. Mrs. Delaney was born in 1700, fourteen years before the death of Queen Anne, and lived far into the reign of George the Third. Her childhood caught echoes from the victories of Marlborough, Blenheim, Ramillies, Malplaquet; later she heard of Dettingen and Fontenoy, Culloden, Preston-Pans; and later still of the Declaration of American Independence. Edmund Burke said of her: "She is not only the woman of fashion in her own age, she is the highest-bred woman in the world, and the woman of fashion of all ages." Her letters throw much light upon the manners and customs of her day.

Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$2.50. Jahart

Poems by William Allen Butler.

It was as far back as 1857 that the celebrated poem "Nothing to Wear" made its appearance in *Harper's Weekly*. The poem was reproduced in a multitude of forms, and soon became famous throughout the world, being translated into French and German. Its author, William Allen Butler, now brings out a final edition of his collected poems, written during a long and busy life, under that early title.

The title-poem of this new volume is easily the most notable thing in it. We quote from the ever-fresh "Nothing to Wear":

Miss Flora M'Flimsey, of Madison Square,
Has made three separate journeys to Paris,
And her father assures me, each time she was there,
That she and her friend Mrs. Harris
(Not the lady whose name is so famous in history,
But plain Mrs. H., without romance or mystery),
Spent six consecutive weeks, without stopping,
In one continuous round of shopping—
Shopping alone, and shopping together,
At all hours of the day, and in all sorts of weather,
For all manner of things that a woman can put
On the crown of her head, or the sole of her foot.
Or wrap round her shoulders, or fit round her waist,
Or that can be sewed on, or pinned on, or laced,
Or tied on with a string, or stitched on with a bow,
In front or behind, above or below;
For bonnets, mantillas, capes, collars, and shawls;
Dresses for breakfasts, and dinners, and balls;
Dresses to sit in, and stand in, and walk in;
Dresses to dance in, and flirt in, and talk in;
Dresses in which to do nothing at all;
Dresses for Winter, Spring, Summer, and Fall—
All of them different in color and shape,
Silk, muslin, and lace, velvet, satin, and crape,
Brocade and broadcloth, and other material,
Quite as expensive and much more ethereal;
In short, for all things that could ever be thought of,
Or milliner, modiste, or tradesman be bought of,
From ten-thousand-franc robes to twenty-sous frills;
In all quarters of Paris, and to every store,
While M'Flimsey in vain stormed, scolded, and swore,
They footed the streets, and he footed the bills!

Miss M'Flimsey and Mrs. Harris in due season
came home with their loot, and settled down with
for once a full-stocked wardrobe; and yet—
And yet, though scarce three months have passed
since the day
This merchandise went, on twelve carts, up Broad-

way,
This same Miss M'Flimsey, of Madison Square,
The last time we met was in utter despair,
Because she had nothing whatever to wear!
Nothing to wear! Now, as this is a true ditty,
I do not assert—this, you know, is between us—
That she's in a state of absolute nudity,
Like Powers's Greek Slave or the Medici Venus;
But I do mean to say, I have heard her declare,
When at the same moment she had on a dress
Which cost five hundred dollars, and not a cent less,
And jewelry worth ten times more, I should guess,
That she had not a thing in the wide world to wear!

The poem contains nearly four hundred lines, and can not therefore be quoted in its entirety, but—

Here I ripped out something, perhaps rather rash,
Quite innocent, though; but, to use an expression
More striking than classic, it "settled my hash,"
And proved very soon the last act of our session.

"Fiddlesticks, is it, sir? I wonder the ceiling
Doesn't fall down and crush you—you men have
no feeling;

You selfish, unnatural, illiberal creatures,
Who set yourselves up as patterns and preachers,
Your silly pretence—why, what a mere guess it is!
Pray, what do you know of a woman's necessities?
I have told you and shown you I've nothing to wear,

And it's perfectly plain you not only don't care,
But you do not believe me"—(here the nose went
still higher)—

"I suppose, if you dared, you would call me a liar.
Our engagement is ended, sir—yes, on the spot;

You're a brute, and a monster, and—I don't know
what."

I mildly suggested the words Hottentot,
Pickpocket, and cannibal, Tartar, and thief,
As gentle expletives which might give relief;
But this only proved as a spark to the powder,
And the storm I had raised came faster and
louder;

It blew and it rained, thundered, lightened, and
hailed

Interjections, verbs, pronouns, till language quite
failed

To express the abusive, and then its arrears
Were brought up all at once by a torrent of tears,
And my last faint despairing attempt at an obs-
ervation was lost in a tempest of sighs.

Well, I felt for the lady, and felt for my hat, too,
Imprisoned on the crown of the latter a tattoo,
In lieu of expressing the feelings which lay
Quite too deep for words, as Wordsworth would
say;

Then, without going through the form of a how,
Found myself in the entry—I hardly knew how,
On doorstep and sidewalk, past lamp-post and
square,

At home and upstairs, in my own easy-chair;
Poked my feet into slippers, my fire into blaze,
And said to myself, as I lit my cigar,
"Supposing a man had the wealth of the Czar

Of the Russias to hoot, for the rest of his days,
On the whole, do you think he would have much
to spare,

If he married a woman with nothing to wear?"

Mr. Butler's book contains but one sonnet. The
irregular rhyme scheme of the octave, together with
the forbidden couplet with which the sestet ends,
suggests that the author was no more secure in his
poetical art than should be expected of a busy
lawyer. The sonnet, "Vaulcuse," we quote:

Less because Petrarch and his Muse had made
These hills and streams immortal as his fame,
Linked in melodious verse with Laura's name,
Than for thy sake, O Nature! have I strayed
To this wild region. In the rocky glade,
Deep at the mountain's base, the fountains keep
Their ceaseless gushing, till the waters leap
A mighty torrent from the endless shade;
A moment linger there in glossy rest,
Break on the craggy steep with foaming crest,
Then thunder through the chasm, swift and strong!

So burst the Poet's passion from his breast,
Noiseless and deep and pure, to flood ere long
The listening tracts of Time with ceaseless tides of
song!

We quote from one of Mr. Butler's latest poems,
"A Midnight Sun Episode," three stanzas in which
the poet describes the quest of the failing sun:

Vain quest; the glittering line recedes—
We follow on; it glides before—
With phantom dance it lures and leads
And beckons to the rock-bound shore;
Yet southward still we slowly sail,
And landward points our steady prow,
As though its steel-clad beak would scale
The snow-tipped mountain's gleaming brow.

Too late; the midnight bells have rung;
Too late; the cloud-bar tarries yet;
Seaward, once more, our ship is swung,
The Midnight Sun in gloom has set.
Still, lingering on the decks, we wait,
Or sadly vanish, one by one;
Alas! is this the hopeless fate
Of those who chase the Midnight Sun?

Look! look! The Captive King has torn
His riven chain in scattered rifts,
Full-orbed and free, in Midnight Morn,
The Sun his flaming disk uplifts.

"The Sun! the Sun!" The cry rings out,
The sea is o'er, the goal is won,
From chase to sky a joyous shout,
For we have found the Midnight Sun.

Besides these, the volume contains the long de-
scriptive poem, "Oberammergau," a number of
poems of travel, poems for the children, miscel-
laneous poems, and some good translations from
Uhlend.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York;
price, \$1.75. Jahart

New Publications.

A little book of suggestive extracts, whose subject
is indicated by the title, is "Educational Nuggets." The
authors quoted range from Plato to educators of the
present day. Published by Fords, Howard &
Hulbert, New York; price, 40 cents.

A picturesque addition to the literature of eco-
nomic theories is "Value and Distribution," by
Charles William Macfarlane. The student will find
in it a wide range of quotation, and many new
presentations of old problems. Published by the J.
B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$2.50.

Eight essays on contemporary educational prob-
lems have been collected in one volume entitled
"Educational Aims and Educational Values." The
author, Professor Paul H. Hanus, of Harvard Uni-
versity, has found subjects of interest to laymen as
well as professional students and teachers, and his
studies are of value. Published by the Macmillan
Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

Among new text-books, "Advanced Grammar
and Composition," by E. Oram Lyte, is a commend-
able work. It is written for the class-room, and in-
tended to meet the requirements of high schools,
normal schools, and academies. The general plan
and development of the subject are original with the
author, and there are many special features of value.
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York; price, 75 cents. Jahart

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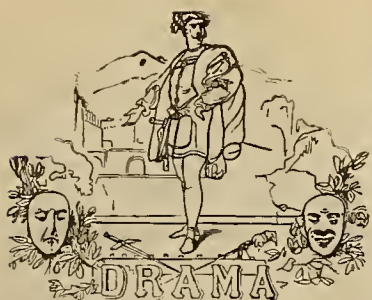
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Professor Stanley Lane-Poole's new book, a life of
Bâbas, the first Moghul Emperor of India is com-
ing out this month.



It has been a great opportunity for us here, remote as we are from the large European cities and from the world of musical composition, to have been able to hear "Othello," the full and perfect flower of Verdi's fruitful and mature genius, more especially as Verdi has hitherto kept a jealous eye upon all attempts to produce his great work without proper setting; and, furthermore, we have been fortunate to have had its finest, most dramatic passages interpreted to us by that mighty-voiced and truly admirable pair, Salassa and Avedano.

The opera is a magnificent musical structure, a marvelously ideal union of text and tone, and as its vocal and orchestral wonders unfold themselves to the delighted ear, one realizes over and over again, with ever increasing self-gratulation, our great, good luck to have two such singers at such a time.

The two leading rôles sung by Salassa and Avedano—those of Iago and Othello—seemed almost equal in importance, although the part of Othello was written for that Titan among tenors, Tamagno. No doubt many went expecting that the more virile baritone voice would render the part of Othello; Othello, "the lion of Venice," the dauntless warrior, rude in speech, whose arms have known "their dearest action on the tented field"; the man of powerful passions, whose boundless jealousy brought him to the crime for which, in his equally boundless remorse, he cries in self-reproachful agony,

"Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
Wash me in steep-drown gulfs of liquid fire!
Oh, Desdemona! dead Desdemona!"

Time will probably develop the fact that Verdi has made a mistake in casting the part, for such tenors as Tamagno are rare products that come but once or twice in a century, and we may in the coming years see many a tinkly voiced tenor attack the part and come out badly worsted. For no merely sweet voice could adequately render the lava-like stream of passion which surges and swells through Othello's music until in its overflow the maddened Moor lays his love and his happiness in ruins at his feet. Avedano, however, put his best into the part, and his best is very good indeed. His voice is not of the pure tenor quality, whose melting sweetness lends itself so readily to songs of love, but it is a fine, robust organ, which rings out with the virility and sonority which is necessary in rendering such numbers as Othello's farewell to war, a beautiful and pathetic melody with trumpet accompaniment, and the stormy duet between himself and Iago which closes the same act.

But it was Salassa who, by the might and music and flawless smoothness of his superb voice, and by a something calm, self-contained, and masterful in his temperament, held the stage as the hero. "Othello" is a male singer's opera, preëminently. Desdemona is merely "the eternal feminine" to supply the motive which starts men's passions warring, and brains plotting, until the tragic tale is told, and "chaos is come again." Salassa was a striking figure physically, vocally, and histrionically. He sang and acted the part of Iago with a surprising grasp of its ruling characteristic, for in his hands Iago was the passionless skeptic, the embodiment of a cold, intellectual cruelty as Shakespeare meant him to be.

When one reflects on the various musical Italian vagrants that have been stranded on our shores, ranging variously in type from the burly ex-vegetable-huckster to the salary-drawing automaton, from the sunny-faced nondescript to the spindle-legged, thin-lunged waif of gentility, one looks at this amazing colossus among singers, who has wandered here from the land of nowhere, and asks one's self: "Who is he? What is he? Why is it that a man who can sing and act like that has not made himself known to the world?" It is not that his acting is so surpassingly excellent, but it is thoughtful, intelligent, and individual, and seconding as it does his magnificent and artistic phrasing, it makes one fail to see that he is not in reality intensely dramatic. Even apart from his singing, however, he holds the attention closely throughout the opera. There is something unusual about him; his personality is baffling yet interesting, and his face has an unfamiliarity of type which puzzles and draws the eye to him again and again. In profile he is almost Dantesque, with his projecting brow, his deep-set, unfathomable eyes, and his long, flexible mouth, with the corners deeply depressed, like those of a mastiff. In fact, there is something about him, with his fine, physical build and calm consciousness of power that suggests the mastiff. When the audience applauds, the resemblance comes out again, for he receives their enthusiastic approval with the same serene, majestic, courteous indifference with which a mastiff receives the advances of a comparative stranger. Fat, little Avedano, on the contrary, skips forward

with excited gratitude, and impetuously nods, and beams, and gesticulates, a perfect cataclysm of thanks.

Boito, the librettist and an enthusiastic student of Shakespeare, has shown great judgment and discrimination in selecting the scenes and motives from the play that stand out in highest dramatic relief. The opera was sung by the majority of the cast in Italian—"that soft, hasty Latin" which accommodates its liquid, flowing syllables with such ideal suitability to music; but I should like, with an equally good cast, to hear it sung in English, for the librettist has not wandered far in his lines from the noble source whence he drew his inspiration. Here and there one would catch a few familiar words, and feel for the moment a keen pleasure in the union of music and poetry—a pleasure which Italians and Germans are familiar with when hearing operas in their native land, but which is denied us. In fact, we are generally considered vandals and iconoclasts by the ultra-cultured if we ask for such a thing, even though Wagner has said "Poetry must lead, music must follow"; and how natural, simple, and right it seemed, in the exquisite little scene between Desdemona and Emilia in the last act, and particularly in the "Willow Song," to hear the English of Shakespeare.

There are some plays in which such a profound knowledge of human nature is displayed, such a simplicity and comprehensibility of motive, and such a sweeping strength of action, that merely average players are sometimes vitalized out of mere mediocrity, and become, for the time, faithful interpreters of the passions they represent. So it was, to some extent, in "Othello." Avedano, instead of the swarthy, picturesque, handsome Moor, made of himself a full-blooded negro, even to the wool on his head. Yet the energetic little man threw himself into the part with such tragic earnestness that he made us forget his complexion and his corpulence, and see in him the adoring, tortured, avenging husband, beloved of the fair and gentle Desdemona.

Miss Lichter, too, although she was overshadowed by the two leading male rôles, was far more pleasing than usual. She is not a soulful singer, but the simplicity and directness of Desdemona's nature seemed to be more attainable by her than the remote and uninteresting emotions of many of the *grandes dames* she has striven to represent in opera. Her individuality is too phlegmatic and unimaginative to allow her to be able to invest the character with any of the delicate charm of Shakespeare's Desdemona, but in the last act, where she is the leading figure, there is such a wealth of musical beauty lavished on Desdemona's songs, and the kind of acting called for is so quiet in nature, that, in the half-light, Miss Lichter, with her plump, white curves veiled by Desdemona's night draperies, and her pretty voice singing the sad little recitative with Emilia, and the thrillingly sweet melodies of the "Ave Maria" and the "Willow Song" quite carried the imagination away.

In this scene the orchestration was a wonderful, mystic web, woven of strange, sad, sighing chords, which casts such a spell over the senses that unknowingly, unquestioningly, the hearer surrenders himself to it, and shares in the sense of oppressed foreboding that Desdemona feels. She is seated in her chamber, and in the dim, sad light, with Emilia, her tiring-woman, at her side, she yields herself to a feeling of shapeless dread, and it voices her forebodings in the "Song of Willow." It is a singularly delicate and beautiful scene; the subduing of the crashing bursts of sound, after the stress of emotion in the previous act, to this murmurous, encompassing sorrow which is breathed forth by the accompaniment, fills the heart with a sense of impending calamity. Then from the musical, changeable mist of sound arose, and fluttered, and soared, like the flight of a bird through clouds of impending storm, the plaintive notes of the "Willow Song." A most exquisite and pathetic little composition, it continues to hold the senses in the strange spell that has already been wrought upon them by the orchestral accompaniment—a spell which lasts during the singing of the "Ave Maria," which is a strain of limpid purity and beauty, until the motive changes with the coming of Othello, and the listener is startled out of his dream-like state by a series of deep, sombre chords, which presage the tragedy.

Nine years ago this opera was given at the Grand Opera House, with Tamagno in the title rôle. Seats were seven dollars apiece in the high-priced circles, and it was not asking too much, for the two famous song-birds, Alhani and Nordica, were the prima donnas of the troupe; of performances as costly as that, however, the general public knows but little. Indeed, many have utterly forgotten that Tamagno was ever here and that "Othello" had ever been performed in San Francisco. Its enthusiastic reception is evidence that San Franciscans take very kindly to the more modern methods of operatic composition, wherein the orchestra is of almost equal importance with the singers and dramatic unities are of first consideration, and that no regrets are felt for the meretricious style of the earlier Verdi, who built his operas on the most conventional lines, with an utterly irrelevant aria or so for every scene.

JOSEFITA.

Clyde Fitch's dramatization of Daudet's "Sapho," will be produced by Olga Nethersole this season.

OLD FAVORITES.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 2, 1899.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: In looking over an old scrap-book of 1858, I observed the enclosed original poem, which appeared in the *Alta California* of September 13th of that year. I can not recognize the initials of the author, but the poem itself, on account of its delicacy and tenderness, seemed to me worthy of republication. I had it type-written therefore, and send it to the place where I think it will be best appreciated.

Faithfully yours, H. E. H.
A Year's Courtship.

I saw her, Isaac, first in March.
You know the street that leadeth down
By the old bridge's crumbled arch,
Just where it leaves the dusty town?
A lonely house stands grim and dark;
You've seen it? Then I need not say
How quaint the place is. Did you mark
An ivied window? Well, one day,
I, chasing some forgotten dream,
And in a poet's idlest mood,
Caught, as I passed, a white hand's gleam;
A shutter opened: there she stood,
Training the ivy to its prop!

Two blue eyes and a brow of snow
Flashed down upon me. Did I stop?
She says I did—I do not know.
But all that day did something glow,
Just where the heart heats; frail and slight,
A germ had slipped its shell, and now
Was pushing softly for the light.

And April saw me at her feet,
Dear month of sunshine and of rain!
My very fears were sometimes sweet,
And hope was often touched with pain.

For she was frank, and she was coy,
A willful April in her ways;
And in a dream of doubtful joy,
I passed some truly April days.

May came, and on that arch, sweet mouth
The smile was graver in its play;
And softening with the softening South,
My April melted into May.

She loved me, yet my heart would doubt,
And ere I spoke—the month was June—
One warm, still night we wandered out
To watch a slowly setting moon.

Something which I saw not—my eyes
Were not on Heaven—a star perchance,
Or some bright drapery of the skies
Had caught her upward glance.

And as she paused—Isaac! we've played
Upon the very spot—a fir
Just touched me with its dreamy shade,
But the full moonlight fell on her.

And as she paused—I know not why
I longed to speak, yet could not speak,
The hushful are the holdest—I—
I stooped, and gently kissed her cheek.

A murmur (else some fragrant air
Stirred softly) and the faintest start!
Oh, Isaac, we were the happiest pair!
Oh, Isaac! I clasped her heart to heart!

And kissed away some tears that gushed—
But how she trembled, timid dove,
When my soul broke its silence, flushed
With a whole burning June of love!

Since then, a happy year hath sped
Thro' months that seemed all June and May,
And soon a March sun overhead
Will usher in the crowning day.

Twelve blessed months that seemed to glow
All summer, Isaac! my peerless Kate!
She is the dearest—angel? no,
Thank God!—but you shall see her: wait!

So, all is told; I count on thee
To see the Hazan! Isaac, the wine!
Here's to my darling wife to be!
And here's to—when thou find'st her—thine!
—Dr. A. M. L.

It is a curious property of the compounds of tellurium that they have a putrid and unbearable odor. Use has been made of this quality to prevent excessive devotion to society. A London paper tells of a lady who was fagged out and almost dead from constant indulgence in the giddy whirl of balls and receptions, but who would not obey the peremptory orders of her physician to take a rest. The doctor was equal to the occasion. He gave her a pill containing a small quantity of tellurium, with the result that her breath became too offensive to permit her to see any one for a month. The narrator adds that the doctor was wise enough not to inform his patient of the ruse.

Still More Counterfeiting.

The Secret Service has just unearthed another band of counterfeiters and secured a large quantity of bogus bills, which are so cleverly executed that the average person would never suspect them of being spurious. Things of great value are always selected for imitation, notably Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which has many imitators but no equals for disorders like indigestion, dyspepsia, constipation, nervousness, and general debility. Always go to reliable druggists who have the reputation of giving what you ask for.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Modjeska in a New Role.

After being closed for two weeks, the Columbia Theatre will re-open its doors on Monday evening for the regular fall and winter season, with Mme. Modjeska, a San Francisco favorite, as the initial attraction. Universal interest is centred in the engagement, for in addition to seeing her for the first time in "Marie Antoinette," a new historical play by Clinton Stuart, which has been well received in Southern California, we will have an opportunity of welcoming again that admirable actor, John E. Kellard, who will share the leading rôles with her. It is some years since he was last here with Marie Burroughs, but his strong impersonations of the wayward husband in "The Profligate" and the deceived minister in "Judah" are still remembered.

Another novelty to be given during the second week will be an adaptation of the well-known comedy "Bataille des Dames," or "The Ladies' Battle," by Eugene Scribe and Gabriel Legouvé, the joint authors of "Adrienne Lecouvreur," which will show Modjeska in a new light.

At the Grand Opera House.

Offenbach's delightful comic opera, "The Drum-Major's Daughter," with its stirring finale to the second act and the interpolated march of pretty Amazons, has caught on at the Grand Opera House and will be continued another week. The cast will again be as follows: Stella, the drum-major's daughter, Edith Mason; Giolet, a drummer-boy, Hattie Belle Ladd; Claudine, a *vivandière*, Georgie Cooper; the Duchess Della Volta, Bessie Fairhair; Monthabor, the drum-major, William Wolff; Captain Robert, Thomas H. Perse; Duke Della Volta, Arthur Wooley; Marquis Bamhini, Winfred Goff; Lady Superior, Addie Arnold; Lorenza, Ida St. Aubin; Francesca, Irene du Voll; Bianca, Ethel Strachan; Clampus and Gregorio, Nace Bonville.

The Orpheum.

The bill at the Orpheum next week will be an excellent one, for in addition to retaining Hallen and Fuller, who will appear in a new sketch, the Bright Brothers, Stinson and Merten, Terry and Lambert, and the Hungarian Boys' Military Band, there are to be three new attractions. The most important will be Jennie Yeamans, the singing soubrette, who was last seen here in the legitimate and whose act is said to be "rare, racy, and original." Frank Cushman, who calls himself the "progressive minstrel," will introduce something entirely different from the ordinary run of monologue work, and Seymour and Dupree present a sketch entitled "An Original Idea," of which the principal features are jumping, dancing, and music.

Great Success of "Othello."

That San Franciscans are not slow to appreciate a real musical treat is evident from the crowded houses which have greeted Verdi's "Othello" at the Tivoli Opera House during the week. The demand for seats has been so great that the management have wisely decided to continue it on Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday of next week, with Avedano, Salassa, and Lichter in the leading rôles. Flotow's "Martha," with Mary Linck, Ada Palmer Walker, William Schuster, Harry Richards, and Thomas Green, a new Eastern tenor, in the cast, will be sung on Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday matinee.

At the Mechanics' Fair.

This has been a gala week at the Mechanics' Fair, and the special events have succeeded in crowding the vast pavilion nightly. On Monday evening the California Volunteers, under Colonel Duboce and Major Rice, were the guests of the management; on Wednesday evening the Knights of Maccabees were entertained; Thursday evening was Union Iron Works' night; and on Friday the Battle of Gettysburg figured in the evening's programme. Today (Saturday) is Chinese-babies' day, and they will doubtless prove a strong drawing-card. In addition to the Filipino and Indian villages and the manufacturing exhibits there is an interesting free vaudeville show.

Opening of the California.

When the California Theatre opens its doors on Sunday evening, October 1st, with Ben Hendricks in "A Yeuine Gentleman," its patrons will be pleased with the many alterations which have been made. The most important change is the throwing together of the orchestra and dress-circle, by removing the dividing railing and sloping the floor in such a manner that all the steps are done away with, and the seats elevated so that the spectators will not have to crane their necks to see the stage. The walls have been newly frescoed, the boxes and *loges* tinted, and the draperies and upholstery renewed. Cream, gold, and red are the predominating colors. A valuable addition to the theatre has been the introduction of an elaborate switchboard, to control the lights of the auditorium and the stage, the only one, it is said, on this coast.

The Races.

There will doubtless be a large attendance at the opening of the California Jockey Club's winter meeting at the Oakland track this (Saturday) afternoon, when the main event will be the Opening Handicap

for two-year-olds and upward, the value of the purse being \$1,000 and the distance one mile. There are to be five races each day, and as the weather is particularly favorable to excellent racing, there should be a large daily pilgrimage across the bay. Purses will be increased as the class of horses improves, and liberal stakes will be announced later.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The "Newspapers" and the Courts.

[The following pungent epistle on the *Examiner's* methods is from a leading attorney and ex-assistant attorney-general of California.—EDS.]

SAN FRANCISCO, September 18, 1899.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: There is now pending before the supreme court of this State a case involving the legality of the charter for the City and County of San Francisco, which was adopted by a vote of the citizens of this municipality at a special election held for that purpose, and subsequently ratified by the legislature. The principal question involved in the case is whether or not, when the charter was voted upon, there was any law upon the California statute-books authorizing the calling of the special election. If not, then obviously there was no valid election, and the charter is void. This presents a question of law pure and simple, and the duty of the supreme court is perfectly plain. It must declare the law. If, unfortunately—and it would be most unfortunate—the authorities, in calling the charter election, acted without legal right, then the court has no alternative—it is in duty bound to declare the election illegal and the charter consequently void. If, on the other hand, there was legal authority for the election, then it is equally the sworn duty of the court to so declare. This is so manifest that it is an insult to the intelligence of the community to suppose that it would for a moment anticipate or even tolerate anything else.

Not so with the sensational "newspapers," however. One of the yellowest of that yellow tribe—always yelping, like its canine prototype, at the heels of respectability—conceiving that some of the pet schemes of its political fosterings may miscarry should the charter prove void, and animated also, no doubt, by fear of a loss of prospective circulation should there be no election this fall, makes as infamous and impudent an attempt to compel the supreme court to "stand and deliver" an opinion to comport with its plans as ever characterized the most barefaced "hold up" of a Black Bart or an Australian bush-ranger. The *Examiner's* leading "editorial" in its issue of the fourteenth inst. is ostentatiously headed—large, leaded type—"IN DEFENSE OF THE COURT"; and this—Heaven save the mark!—is the "defense":

"Already the husybodies who assume to speak for the supreme court on the outside are on the streets whispering intimations that the court is preparing to set aside the San Francisco charter.

"We do not know whether these men wish to be considered friends of the court or enemies. Assuredly they are behaving as if they desired to do the court an injury.

"As for their intimations and whisperings, we refuse to believe them. They are impossible.

"The supreme court (we say it with the utmost respect for this august tribunal) will not dare to set aside the results of a popular election honestly conducted, as every man knows the charter and freeholders' elections were conducted. It was the will of the people openly and honestly declared.

"There are things that a court can do on merely technical grounds, and there are other things it dares not do, and this is one of them.

"No, the supreme court will not throw out the charter. There are limits beyond which men who mean to live in California will not care to go. The men who are whispering about the court are spreading an infamous slander, and it is astonishing that it should receive a moment's credence. The *Examiner* has freely criticised the court in the past, and is rejoiced on this occasion to be able to hasten to its defense."

Once more the bray of the ass betrays that stupid masquerader. The hypocrisy here is too plain to fool any one, even a confirmed *Examinerite* (and there must be some unfortunates afflicted with that disease). The threat is not even veiled; and what the able (bodied) "editor" no doubt considered the delicate sword-play of a subtle wit, is as clumsy as the bludgeon-blow of any other footpad.

Of course, this gratuitous "defense" will have no effect whatever upon our supreme court. That, fortunately, is a body composed of high-minded men, sworn to do their duty, who appreciate the value of an oath, and know exactly what their duty is, and to whom the praise or blame of a scurrilous *Examiner* "editor" is alike indifferent. Whatever the decision of that tribunal may be, it will be an honest decision, based upon the law. I think the general public (which has more intelligence than the *Examiner* counts upon) knows this; and I am certain that it is only with the most purblind that such an unfair and malicious attack as this "editorial" is can have any effect prejudicial to the court.

The evil, therefore, in this "editorial" does not lie in its power to influence the court's decision, for it has none; nor in any injury that may result from it to the court itself, for none will result. It lies in the fact that such an "editorial" can be written and published with impunity. It lies in the fact that we have a judicial system that invites just such underhand methods and encourages the intimidation of our judges. It lies also in the more significant fact that our community is sufficiently apathetic to tolerate such methods; in the gradual undermining of our national sense of fairness which their tolerated repetition is sure to bring about; and in the inevitable success of such cowardly attacks, when they are directed against men less staunch in the performance of their duty than are our supreme justices. That last is a fearful point. It involves our liberties. I can easily conceive that a similar "editorial" shaft

launched at the wavering mind of some one of our lesser judicial lights might score a hull's-eye.

Let me repeat, too, that the system which invites such methods is lamentably unfortunate. This is the weak point in the selection of our judges by popular vote and in short terms for judicial officers. It is a serious question; but as between the appointed judge, holding office during good behavior, even with all the tremendous power which he can sway, and the elective judge, dominated by an unfair, partisan, and impudently venal press—an independent and fearless, if powerful, judiciary, and one that every newspaper conceives that it has the right to kick and cuff into servile obedience—the choice is soon made.

Let us hope, however, that we will not be forced to such a choice; that the growing evil of "newspaper" interference with the courts will be promptly checked by a justly indignant public opinion. I am confident that, omitting a few seekers after increased political power and prestige, there is not a man in San Francisco to-day who would not doily exorcise our supreme court if it so far forgot its plain duty and did such violence to the oaths of its members as to sustain the charter at the threat of the *Examiner* if that charter is legally void.

The fearless integrity of our bench should be our dearest wish. It must be preserved at whatever sacrifice to the individual litigant, or temporary inconvenience to the community from any given decision. If our judges—and particularly our supreme judges—once yield to the dictates of fear or favor, the great bulwark of the people's liberties will fall, and justice herself will go forth from among us, for here she will no longer have a fit abiding place.

W. H. ANDERSON.

A Director for the Symphony Concerts.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 20, 1899.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Now that it is fully settled that Fritz Scheel is not to return to San Francisco, the question arises, "Who will succeed him as director of the symphony concerts?" Among many of the subscribers whom the writer has met there is a strong feeling in favor of Mr. Henry Holmes assuming that most important office. That Mr. Holmes is eminently qualified for the position, no one who knows the man and the extent of his musical gifts and attainments can doubt. Those who do not know him can satisfy themselves concerning him by looking up the musical records of London, where he served for many years as orchestral leader and violin soloist.

In view of these facts it is to be hoped that the directors will move in the matter of reorganizing the society under Mr. Holmes's direction, without further delay. Sincerely yours,

A MEMBER OF THE SYMPHONY SOCIETY.

A Peril that Patti Escaped.

At the asylum for the insane in Stockton there died last week an inmate who created a sensation in the Grand Opera House in this city twelve years ago, and narrowly missed a deed which would have placed him in the list of famous assassins. The object of his insane attempt at murder was Adelina Patti, and the occasion her farewell appearance in a series of operatic concerts in February, 1887, under the management of Henry E. Abbey. The concert company included Scatchi, Guille, Galassi, and Novara, and Arditi was the musical director. The house was filled to the doors and the audience enthusiastic on this last night of the brilliant season, when, just at the end of a selection by the *diva*, and while many were still applauding, a sudden explosion in the gallery filled the upper part of the auditorium with smoke and spread terror in every division of the opera-house. Patti, however, believing the sound to be a part of the enthusiastic applause, perhaps a harmless fire-cracker, came back upon the stage, held up a finger in arch remonstrance, and sang "Home, Sweet Home." The audience was reassured quickly, and not until the next day were the facts of the criminal attempt at destruction fully understood. The would-be assassin was an old man named J. A. Hodges, poverty-stricken and clothed in rags, but with enough cunning remaining in his unbalanced mind to prepare an explosive bomb and take it to a crowded theatre where its terrible powers might be most effective. Had his skill been equal to his purpose, several might have been killed by the bomb and many more by the panic and conflagration which would have followed. The explosion was bunglingly managed, and a great tragedy happily averted. Hodges was found to be insane when examined, and for twelve years he has been a troublesome charge at the asylum, making frequent attempts to end his life.

Johnst

Summer Feeding

For infants necessitates the greatest caution and careful study of conditions. Care in diet, first and last. The use of Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk has largely simplified this problem. Beware of unknown brands. Get the Best.

Sir Sidney Waterlow, once Lord Mayor of London, who married an American girl, recently gave a park to the Londoners, and will have the pleasure of seeing his statue erected in it in his own lifetime.

Johnst

Frankfurt-on-Main celebrated the one-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of Goethe's birth with processions, literary exercises, and theatrical performances, the celebration lasting several days.

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VANITY FAIR.

Newport enjoyed a novelty recently in the way of an automobile parade, the first held in this country. It was organized and carried through by Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont and proved a thoroughly charming success. Thousands in carriages and on foot saw the meet, which was in front of Belcourt, Mrs. Belmont's summer residence. Just after the arrival of the automobiles, which was at five o'clock, there was a driving contest in Mr. Belmont's field, in front of Belcourt. An avenue was laid out with guiding flags and along it were placed all sorts of obstructions, such as dummy nurse-girls with baby-carriages, wooden ladies and gentlemen gowned in the height of fashion and high gigs with big wooden horses attached to them, over which real coachmen from Mr. Belmont's stable held the reins. The field thus laid out looked most comical. James W. Gerard, Jr., with Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont, was the first to try his skill and made a clean record. Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs was the first woman automobilist to try her hand. She had Mr. W. G. Max Muller, of the British embassy, in the carriage with her, and was just a little bit over-confident. She weathered the nurse-girl obstacle cleverly, but in making a sharp turn just beyond she did not slacken her speed sufficiently. There was a snap and down went her carriage with a broken axle. Mrs. Oelrichs was thrown from her seat, but escaped without any bodily injury whatever. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., had Mrs. Vanderbilt with him, and gave a fine exhibition of speed over the tortuous course. Henry Lehr, who had Mrs. John Jacob Astor by his side, was far less successful. He gave the dummy nurse-girl a terrible fright, "swiped" the cigarette out of the newsboy's mouth, and when he came to a fat old wooden fellow at the end of the avenue, he tore part of the stuffing out of him, and left him a sad subject for the beholders. Naturally, Mr. Lehr's exhibition was a big part of the show. M. M. Shoemaker, who accompanied Mrs. Burke-Roche and who took first prize for decoration, is a Cincinnati millionaire and a traveler and author of no little reputation. Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs's automobile also took a prize, a silver bonbon dish. The vehicle was overhung with an arbor of artificial yellow wisteria, and out before it on rods was suspended a flock of pure white doves. Over the carriage were large bows of yellow ribbon and white mulle, giving a pretty cloud effect above. After the competition the automobilists formed in parade and proceeded to Gray Crag Park, the Belmont place at Paradise, where a dinner and dance completed the affair.

Do the Americans and the English like each other? That is a question which Mr. William Archer considers in the *Pall Mall Magazine*. "Most Englishmen," he remarks, "are still guilty of a thoughtless captiousness toward Americans, which is none the less galling because it manifests itself in the most trifling matters. A friend of my own returned a few years ago from a short tour in the United States, declaring that he heartily disliked the country, and would never go back again. Inquiry as to the grounds of his dissatisfaction elicited no more definite or damning charge than that 'they' (a collective pronoun presumed to cover the whole American people) hung up his trousers instead of folding them—or vice versa, for I am heathen enough not to remember which is the orthodox process. Doubtless he had other, and possibly weightier, causes of complaint; but this was the head and front of America's offending. Another Englishman of education and position, being asked why he had never crossed the Atlantic, gravely replied that he could not endure to travel in a country where you had to black your own boots! Such instances of ignorance and pettiness may seem absurdly trivial, but they are quite sufficient to act as grates in the machinery of social intercourse. Americans are very fond of citing as an example of English manners the legend of a great lady who, at an American breakfast, saw her husband declining a dish which was offered to him, and called across the table, 'Take some, my dear—it isn't half as nasty as it looks.' Three different people have vouched to me for the truth of this anecdote, each naming the heroine and each giving her a different name. True or false, it is held in America to be typical; and it would scarcely be so popular as it is unless people had suffered a good deal from the tactlessness which it exemplifies. The same vice, in a more insidious form, appears in a remark made to me the other day by an Englishman of very high intelligence, who made a long tour in America, and was, in the main, far from unsympathetic. 'What I felt,' he said, 'was the suburbanism of everything. It was all Clapham or Camberwell on a gigantic scale.' Some justice of observation may possibly have lain behind this remark, though I certainly failed to recognize it. But in the form of its expression it exemplified that illusion of metropolitanism which is to my mind the veriest cockneyism in disguise, and which can not but strike Americans as either ridiculous or offensive."

At the convention of the American Society of Professors of Dancing, which was held in New York a fortnight ago, there was a general expression of regret from dancing-masters assembled from all parts of the United States that the waltz, which has been an international dance since 1788, when it was in-

troduced on the Viennese stage in an opera called "Cosarara," by Vincent Martin, has temporarily, if not permanently died out. According to the New York *Tribune* it is Sousa, the March King, who killed the waltz unconsciously. Just before he left the Marine Band, and after his success was established, the "Washington Two-Step" was brought to the attention of the Society of Dancing Professors. In 1895, 1896, and 1897 other two-steps were introduced in this country, and they were all danced to Sousa's or some other popular composer's marches, played just a little slower than these marches are generally played by bands in street parades. The dancing professors do not like the new dance because it is too simple and requires very little teaching. They say that if a pupil engages for a quarter's worth of lessons, he or she rarely comes to the academy during the whole time, as in the days when the waltz was taught, because all can be learned in a few lessons and further instruction is unnecessary. When asked about the two-step, Professor Judson Sause, of New York, who has written extensively on the art of dancing and its history, said that he is of the opinion that the two-step is so easy to learn that it will soon kill itself, and that the waltz will again reign supreme as the international round dance. But, meantime, composers are not putting any great efforts forth in the way of writing waltzes. Sousa's marches make excellent two-step music, and there are other marches, written expressly for dancing purposes, which are becoming as popular as his works. The two-step is now played at all grades of dances fully four times to one waltz. The etiquette and rules governing the dance are just the same as those which governed the waltz. There are really three distinct motions of the feet, as in a waltz, but they are counted as one, two, instead of one, two, three. In reality the two-step is simply the old galop revived to march music.

There is little social life in Lima compared with the cities of Europe and America (says the *Chicago Record*). The president never entertains. Mrs. Pierola has no taste for society. She pays her attention chiefly to religion, and, although she occasionally receives visitors, there has been no dinner-party, or ball, or hospitality of any kind at the palace during the present administration. Some of the ladies of the diplomatic corps have never called upon the president's wife and she never returns visits. Nor has General Pierola ever entertained their husbands. He gave a dinner about two years ago to a commission that came up from the Argentine Republic, and frequently has friends at his table, but that is the limit of his hospitality. The ladies of the cabinet never receive or entertain. They are entirely unknown in Lima society. The wives of the diplomatic representatives have never met any of them, not even the wife of the minister of foreign relations. Gentlemen's dinners at the clubs are frequent, at which the officials of the government and foreign ministers meet, but they do not entertain each other. In private life family gatherings on birthdays and other anniversaries are observed with more regularity than with us, and "coming-out parties" are usually given in honor of the young ladies of the wealthy families to which both foreigners and natives are invited. At these gatherings there are music, dancing for the younger set, and card-tables for the older guests who have passed the age of such folly, and bountiful refreshments. At the clubs, balls are occasionally given, and foreigners have a society of their own, with receptions, dinners, teas, and a general exchange of hospitality.

According to the London *Court Journal*, the ascendancy of port wine is beginning to be remarked upon. For the past three years those who are observant in such matters must have noticed, in clubs particularly, that port was re-appearing after a dismissal of nearly half a century. Curiously enough it is the young men who are responsible for this re-introduction of what a morning paper elaborately—it might be said fruitfully—describes as "that rich, red, honest wine which was wont to flow so freely at the festive boards of our less dyspeptic and abstemious forebears." Elderly men still look upon port wine as the root of all the evil that has devolved upon the present generation, and particularly gout. Young doctors, however, are now recommending port, because it brings out latent gout, and the suppression of the disease leads to its fatal development. But it is not in the cause of gout that port is now drunk; its qualities have been rediscovered, and there is the important fact that, while other wines have deteriorated, notably most champagnes, port can still be obtained of good quality, and free from the processes of adulteration that most other wines undergo. There is at the same time no danger of the regeneration of the "two-bottle man."

The habit of tipping has grown at an amazing pace within recent years, and there is hardly a branch of human life that is not in some way affected by this practice. Protest as we will, the shackles will not be broken, and tipping has, therefore, become as much a factor of every-day life as the shaking of hands or the raising of hats. It has its compensations as well as its drawbacks (remarks the New York *Sun*), but it must be confessed that the compensations belong, in the main, to those who have money and who can afford to spend it. It is

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the person of moderate means who suffers most from the disadvantages of the custom. Upon him it is a tax of considerable importance, and he is generally the one whose voice is raised the loudest in complaint. People who dine out and go about in public places are pretty well accustomed by this time to the operations of tipping. They succumb to the inevitable. They grin and bear it. But when the custom of tipping extends into private places, and to the seclusion of private life, the problem assumes proportions that are really distressing. Nevertheless, the visitor to his friend's country-place must succumb there as he has succumbed in town. The butler, the coachman, the maid, and even the cook—all must be soothed in the familiar way, and if this little formula is neglected the return visit is not likely to be so pleasant as the former one, and, besides, the deficient one has a sense of shame in facing the neglected servants which is out of all proportion to his delinquency. If the habit keeps up we may expect to see the master of the house tip his butler for waking him in the morning, his cook for preparing his breakfast, his maid for serving him with coffee and rolls, and his coachman for driving him to the station.

Jehart

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, September 20, 1899, were as follows:

	Shares.	BONDS.		Closed.	
				Bid.	Asked.
U. S. Coup. 3%.....	1,000	@ 108 1/2	108 1/2		
Los An. Ry. 5%.....	32,000	@ 108 1/2-108 3/4	108 1/2	109	
Market St. Ry. 5%.....	6,000	@ 115 1/2	115	115 1/2	
N. R. of Cal. 5%.....	5,000	@ 115 1/2	115 1/2		
Oakland Trans. Co. 5%.....	16,000	@ 113 1/2	113 1/2		
Omnibus Cab. Ry. 5%.....	5,000	@ 128 3/4			
Park & C. H. Ry. 6%.....	2,000	@ 106 1/2			
S. F. & N. P. Ry. 5%.....	16,000	@ 113 1/2-114		114 1/2	
S. F. & S. J. Ry. 5%.....	19,000	@ 115 1/2-116	115 1/2		
S. P. R. of Cal. (1912)					
6%.....	7,000	@ 121 3/4-122		121 3/4	
S. V. Water 6%.....	7,000	@ 114			
S. V. Water 4%.....	7,000	@ 104 1/4	104		
S. V. Water 4% 3d.....	13,000	@ 101 1/2	101 1/2		

	Shares.	STOCKS.		Closed.	
				Bid.	Asked.
Water.					
Contra Costa Water.....	170	@ 74-75 1/2	74	75	
Spring Valley Water.....	215	@ 101 1/4-102 1/4		102	
Gas and Electric.					
Equitable Gaslight.....	140	@ 4 1/2-4 3/4	4 1/2	5	
Mutual Electric.....	350	@ 15 1/2-17	15	16	
Oakland G. L. & H.....	15	@ 49 1/2	49	50	
Pacific Gas Imp. Co.....	30	@ 66 1/2		67	
S. F. Gas & Electric.....	450	@ 66-67	65 1/2	66	
Banks.					
Bank of Cal.....	100	@ 28 1/2	28 1/2	28 3/4	
F. N. Bank.....	10	@ 235		245	
Nevada National.....	60	@ 183 1/2			
Mutual Savings.....	50	@ 40			
Street R. R.					
Market St.....	210	@ 62-62 1/2	62	62 1/2	
Powders.					
Giant Gun.....	850	@ 73-76 1/2	73 1/2	73 3/4	
Vigorito.....	250	@ 2 1/4-2 1/2	2 1/2	2 3/4	
Sugars.					
Hana P. Co.....	235	@ 15-15 1/2	14		
Hawaiian.....	315	@ 95 1/2-96 1/2	95 1/2	96 1/2	
Hutchinson.....	840	@ 29 1/2-31 1/2	29 1/2	29 3/4	
Makaweli S. Co.....	690	@ 48 1/2-51 1/2	48 1/2	48 3/4	
Onomea S. Co.....	485	@ 38 1/2-39 1/2	38		
Paauhau S. P. Co.....	1,175	@ 37-38 1/2	36 1/2	37	
Miscellaneous.					
Alaska Packers.....	95	@ 117-117 1/2	117	117 1/2	
Oceanic Steam. Co.....	10	@ 88 1/2	87 1/2	88 1/2	

The whole market has been weak and has sold down, the sugar stocks falling off from 3 1/2 to 1/2 points; Makaweli selling down to 48 1/2, Paauhau to 37, Onomea to 38 1/2, and Hana to 15. The weakness is partly on account of the money squeeze in the East and also on report of fear of labor troubles in the islands in the near future.

Giant Powder advanced to 76 1/2, sold down to 73, but closed 73 1/2 bid, strong with very little stock offered. Vigorito Powder sold at 2 1/2, and closed at 2 1/2 bid, 2 3/4 asked.

The lighting stocks were dull and weak, San Francisco Gas and Electric selling down to 66, closing at 65 1/2 bid, 66 asked. Mutual Electric sold at 15 1/2, and closed at 16 asked.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Some one asked Archbishop Langley of England once what tact was. "Well," replied the archbishop, "it is difficult to say what it is. Here, however, is an instance of what it is: Only this morning a clergyman in my diocese wrote to me, 'In consideration of your grace's many infirmities and failing powers.' That was not tactful!"

Peter F. Dunne, of "Dooley" fame, has been telling in London a story about the evening paper in which Mr. Dooley first made his appearance—an ill-fated sheet which the gods loved. One day, just before the end, a funeral passed the office with a band playing the "Dead March" from "Saul." The editor and Mr. Dunne watched it with emotion and fear. "Can it be," they whispered, "our subscriber?"

After his son's great success with the "Dame aux Camélias," Alexandre Dumas wrote to him as though a stranger, congratulating him on the book, and expressing a desire to make the author's acquaintance. "I myself am a literary man," said he, in conclusion; "and you may have heard my name as the author of 'Monte Cristo.'" Dumas fits was equal to the occasion. He wrote immediately in reply, expressing the great pleasure he would have in making his correspondent's acquaintance, principally on account of the high terms in which he had always heard his father speak of the author of "Monte Cristo."

In a pretty Wisconsin town, not far from Milwaukee, there is a "spite fence," which cuts off a view across a number of beautiful lawns. The man who lives on one side of it (the Kansas City Star explains) evidently feared that the fence would bring down on his head the condemnation of his neighbors. Not wishing to be unjustly blamed, he has therefore painted on his side of the fence, in letters that can be read a block away, these words: "He built this fence. I didn't do it." The man on the other side also had no idea of letting a false impression get out. Accordingly, he has painted on the other side of the high barrier: "I had to do it."

When Sir John Steel, the noted English sculptor, had the Duke of Wellington sitting for a statue, he wanted to get him to look warlike. All his efforts were in vain, however, for Wellington seemed, judging by his face, never to have heard of Waterloo or Talavera. At last Sir John lost patience. "As I am going to make this statue of your grace," he exclaimed, "can you not tell me what you were doing before, say, the Battle of Salamanca? Were you not galloping about the field cheering on your men to deeds of valor by words and action?" "Bah!" said the duke in evident scorn, "if you really want to model me as I was on the morning of Salamanca, then do me crawling along a ditch on my stomach, with a telescope in my hand."

When Grant was President (according to an old official quoted in the Washington Post), he used alternately to chuckle and fulminate against the expenditure of good government coin for the "improvement" of little streams that could never be made fit for any human purpose. There was a Virginian, who, failing to get Congress to stick in an appropriation for the dredging of a little stream down in his section, finally importuned Grant in the matter. "Let's see," said Grant, musingly, "I believe I crossed that stream in 1864, wasn't it?" The Virginian, who remembered the crossing of the stream pretty well, replied affirmatively. "Look here," said Grant, after a pause, his face lighting up suddenly, "why don't you macadamize it?"

Some years ago an affray among the miners of the West resulted in murder, and Senator Thurston, believing the accused to have been innocent in intention, took up his case and greatly mitigated the lad's punishment. Six months afterward a man armed to the teeth appeared in Thurston's office. "Be you Squire Thurston?" "Yes." "Be you the man that defended Jack Bailey at court?" The senator, thinking his last hour was come, again answered "Yes." "Well, I'm Jack Bailey's partner, and I've come to pay you. I haven't got any money, but I'm a man of honor. Anybody in town you don't like?" As the senator smilingly disclaimed any thirst for booty or blood, the caller insisted incredulously: "Put on your hat, squire, and just walk down the street. See anybody you don't like, throw up your thumb, and I'll pop him."

Several months ago a Kansas City smelting company bought a truck-load of crushed gold ore—which looks as much like coarse yellow sand as anything else—in Mexico. Advices were received in due course that the stuff—twenty tons of it—had been "loaded up" and dispatched. Weeks passed away, but the ore did not come to hand. Finally a station-master started out a "tracer" in quest of the car-load of ore, and it was traced from its parent mine in Mexico to the railway company's goods yard at Kansas City, where it had been shunted to a siding near the round-house, and consigned to the keeping of the master-mechanic. The railway officials sent a note

to him, asking about the disposition of the car, and giving its number. Having read the note, he turned it over and indorsed it as follows: "The car contained sand of a bad quality. Some of it I used in the sand-boxes of the engines, but it was not serviceable, so I had it scattered along the permanent way." Shortly after this the railway authorities found themselves constrained to indemnify the smelting company for the "bad sand" at the rate of one hundred and eighty dollars per ton.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

The Bald-Head's Soliloquy.
If I had a Chioaman's queue,
Why, here's what I'd speedily dueue:
I'd cut off enough
Of the bothersome tounge
To make a wig, wouldn't yueue?
L. A. W. Bulletin.

Two Up.

THE DUFFER.
A scarlet doublet is his seemly guise,
Nor doth he ever cease from crying "Fore!"
A card and pencil hath he for his score;
He lacketh not for clubs in any wise;
His caddy staggereth beneath a store
Fitted for every stroke, and bold empirize
Of bunker dire, or grievous cuppy lies,
Or bents, or whins, or any hazard sere.
And now upon the tee, with visage sad,
His driver breaketh he, or fans the air;
Whereat most like a pirate doth he swear,
And leapeth up and down, as he were mad;
Anon, with frequent stroke, he gains the green,
And putteth to and fro, with frantic mien,
And many a naughty oath, and word of portent bad.

THE CADDY.

With air indifferent and demeanor high,
Or rude derision and unfeeling mirth,
He views the Duffer plough the patient earth,
Or whirl the futile club against the sky;
Or haply, kinder mannered, with no dearth
Of empty counsel doth the Duffer ply,
And prattles of the clubs and of the lie
In words unmeaning, and of little worth.
Duffer, be thine to him a generous hand;
He seeth things to others all unseen;
Finds the lost ball well up upon the green;
With artful kick redeems thee from the sand,
Or, should the score the pious fraud demand,
Counts five, instead of seven, with countenance serene.—George Norman in Life.

The Circus Season.

Now the merry circus season spreadeth o'er the land;
Mark the flaming posters looming up on every hand;
Maiden with the six-foot tresses;
Trapeze-girls in scanty dresses;
Beasts from unknown wildernesses;
Girl who lion fire caresses;
Birds that no known land possesses;
Calliope that nerves distresses;
Clown who ancient jokes expresses;
Farmer who at shell-game guesses;
Procession that with pomp progresses;
All of which our wealth assesses;
See the people throng the sidewalks when they hear the hand.
Note the fearless bareback-rider dashing 'round the ring;
See the ancient damsel from a lofty trapeze swing;
See red lemonade a-flowing;
Mark the last year's peanuts going;
Scent the jungle zephyrs howling;
Hear the sacred white bull howling;
See the strong man make a showing
That a half-ton weight he's throwing;
Mark the rural lad, all-knowing;
Hear the scores of babies crowing;
Watch the cowboy's lasso-throwing;
And the baby lion growing;
Crane your neck and strain your eyes at every wondrous thing.
Hear the small boy's fervent pleading to attend the show;
Pater says the kid needs guarding—so he'll also go;
Even mater gets excited
When the big white tent is sighted,
Hints until she is invited;
Pink shirt-waisted girls delighted;
Stungy dad is much affrighted;
Urchin's face with joy is lighted;
Skies with rain-clouds are beoighted,
Hopes of sunshine always blighted,
Every other thing is sighted
When the circus has alighted;
Might as well pull down the shades and lock the door, and go.—Colorado Springs Gazette.

Why Not Protect Home Industry?

Pauper Europe has caused an outcry from a new line of American industry. American articulators of skeletons are up in arms against the importation of the pauper skeletons of Europe. Native bones, in consequence of recent extensive importations, are quiet and depressed, while the demand is for the products of the French and German markets. First-class American skeletons are a drug in the market at \$8 to \$12.50, while the Gallic or Teutonic article, not one whit more serviceable, brings a fancy price.

A recent Frenchman, who happened to depart this life with a full set of teeth, is offered at \$35, ordinarily imported skeletons going from \$20 to \$27.50, according to the number of teeth they were shy. Purchasers can not be fooled by false teeth. The only superiority in the foreign article is in the mat-

ter of complexion. Frenchmen and Germans who have shed all of themselves, except their bones, bleach better, or their survivors are able to bleach them better. In the matter of articulation the American workman is, perhaps, the superior of the European artist, but he can not get in the tints and the refreshing shades of complexion so admired by skeleton experts, or those who desire such articles for household ornamentation.

Skulls are \$2.50 to \$3.25, varying according to size and the skill displayed in preparation. A skull that was prepared for the market with a brick is out in as much favor as one that found its way in by the natural channels. The demoadf or pelvises is light at \$1.40 to \$2.65; tibia, in slight call, at 45 to 55 cents. Feet, articulated, are quoted: Lefts, \$2 to \$2.75; rights, \$2.10 to \$2.85; west sides (by weight only), \$4.30. Hands are slow and generally unsatisfactory at \$1 to \$4.50, although a fancy price, \$68.40, was paid for one yesterday just before the close of the market, or rather an inspection was secured of it for that sum.

Wooden legs are heavy and slow, but continue moving up and down a peg. In teeth it's the same old grind. Full sets are moving up and down at \$3 to \$125; bicusps, by the brace, are steady at \$2 to \$2.75; molars, dull at 75 cents to \$6. Wisdom are dear.

A MARTYR TO SCIENCE.

Ready and eager hands assisted the maimed and bandaged man into the smoking-car, and placed the battered remnants of a once high-grade model "Q" in the baggage compartment with a rough tenderness.

"Sir," replied the invalid, "I thank you for your kind assistance and generous sympathy, but you entirely misapprehend the reason of my unfortunate condition. In fact, gentlemen," he continued, as the brakeman, the train-boy, and the three other passengers gathered around him, "far from being a tyro, I have just accomplished one of the most remarkable feats ever attempted on the pneumatic tire."

"Vell, I guess it was remargable you ain't dead, already, of you vas on dot bisookle ven it gekroked vas," commented the ponderous Teuton, as he drew in a deep draught from his two-feet-seven meersch-chaum.

"Hully chee!" exclaimed the young man with the "nobby pants," who had stepped forward for a moment to inspect the machine; "dey ain't a whole spoke in it. Say, young feller, w'at was you trying ter celebrate, anyhow?"

"A most interesting experiment," answered the wheelman, as he adjusted the sling in which he carried his left arm.

"I say, now, tell it us, won't you?" queried the young Englishman with the tweed "fore-and-after."

"Certainly," said the cyclist. "I have been for a long time experimenting with the capabilities of the hycle, and have taught it to do many curious things. So readily has it responded to my wishes that I have been wont to claim that my faithful wheel could do anything except climb a tree. I had made this statement many times, when it gradually came over me that perhaps I was doing my versatile hike an injustice, and I finally determined that should a favorable opportunity occur I would make the attempt. Time passed without what seemed a suitable occasion presenting itself, when suddenly this afternoon the chance unexpectedly arrived."

"I was pedaling rapidly along a narrow sidewalk in the village we have just left, when all at once three beautiful young women loomed up in the path before me. On one side was a barbed-wire fence, on the other was a row of stout sapling maples."

"I tinkled my hell in a gentle and apologetic manner, hut, to my dismay, the young women stood upon their rights as well as on the sidewalk. To run down a beautiful, even though headstrong, female was out of the question. It was too late to stop, and the barbed-wire fence offered no attractions. Then like a flash it occurred to me that the long-looked-for opportunity for attempting an ar-horeal ascension had arrived. To think was to act. I headed my machine almost if not quite unconsciously for the nearest sapling, accelerating my speed, and struck it fair and square, head on. The young tree-trunk bent slightly beneath the force of the blow. Not for an instant did I relax my rapid and vigorous onslaught on the pedals, and, to my unspeakable joy, I felt my wheel mounting—mount, ing upward like an eagle toward the lower branches. Gentlemen, I have demonstrated practically the possibility of my theory. The hycle, if properly managed, can climb a tree."

"But I say, you know," interrupted the young Britisher with the fore-and-after, "you've not told us how you smashed your wheel."

"Oh, that was a mere detail," said the cyclist, with a smile. "So intent was I in climbing up the tree that I inadvertently omitted to make any provision for coming down again, and at the last moment, when I had ascended about four feet eight inches, I was compelled to rely entirely upon the attraction of gravitation. Its action, though effective, is crude. The selection of a substitute, however, I am content to leave to other experimenters."—H. G. Paine in the Bazar.

"I seen yer buy the apple, Susie Roach, and if yer don't gimme 'alf, I'll rub ag'inst yer, an' yer'll catch the measles."—Tit-Bits.

COOK'S ROUND THE WORLD PARTIES.

THREE PARTIES LEAVE THE Pacific Coast during September, October, and November—7, spending from 4 to 6 months in a GRAND COMPREHENSIVE TOUR OF THE WORLD. All accommodations of the highest class; prices extremely moderate. See Illustrated Programme.
THOS. COOK & SON, 621 Market St., S. F.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY. FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING: Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG, calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with Steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing. Steamer, From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1899. Coptic (Via Honolulu).....Friday, September 29. Gaelic (Via Honolulu).....Tuesday, October 24. Doric (Via Honolulu).....Friday, November 17. Coptic (Via Honolulu).....Wednesday, Dec. 13. Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

Toyo Kisen Kaisha

(ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)

IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA and HONG KONG, calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

America Maru.....Friday, October 6. Hongkong Maru.....Wednesday, November 1. Nippon Maru.....Saturday, November 25.

Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market Street, cor. First.
W. H. AVERY, General Agent.



S. S. Mariposa sails via Honolulu, 8 29 and Auckland for Sydney, Wednesday, October 4, 1899, at 10 p. m. S. S. Australia, for Honolulu only, Wednesday, Oct. 18, 2 p. m. J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 114 Montgomery St. Freight Office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.: For Alaska ports, 10 A. M., September 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, October 3, change to company's steamers at Seattle. For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 10 A. M., September 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, October 3, and every fifth day thereafter. For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 2 P. M., September 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, October 1, and every fifth day thereafter. For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports, 9 A. M., September 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, October 3, and every fourth day thereafter. For San Diego stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 A. M., September 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, October 1, and every 4th day thereafter. For further information see folder. For Mexican ports, 10 A. M., seventh of each month. The company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamer, sailing dates and hours of sailing. Ticket-Office, 4 New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel). GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., 10 Market St., S. F.

International Navigation Co.'s Lines

AMERICAN LINE.

New York and Southampton (London, Paris), from New York every Wednesday, 10 A. M. St. Paul.....September 27 | St. Louis.....October 11. New York.....October 4 | St. Paul.....October 18.

RED STAR LINE.

New York and Antwerp. From New York every Wednesday, 12 noon. Noordland... September 27 | Southwark.....October 12. Friesland.....October 4 | Westerland.....October 18.

EMPIRE LINE.

To Alaska and Gold Fields.

For passage and freight apply to International Navigation Company, G. D. FAHNESTOCK, General Agent Pacific Coast, 30 Montgomery Street.

WHITE STAR LINE.

AMERICAN SERVICE.

The New Twin Screw Steamship OCEANIC. The Largest Vessel in the World. 17,040 tons, length 704 ft., width 68 ft. 4 1/2 in. First sailing from New York, Wednesday, September 20th, noon.

TEUTONIC and MAJESTIC

Twin Screw. 10,000 tons, 582 feet long. CYMRIC. Twin Screw, 12,552 tons, 600 feet long, one of the largest steamships afloat.

GERMANIC and BRITANNIC

Wednesday sailings from New York. S. TENNEY FRENCH, G. W. A., 94-96 Dearborn Street, Chicago. For passage apply to G. W. FLETCHER, 613 Market Street, or to official railway and steamship office, Pacific Coast.

SOCIETY.

Luncheon to Miss Goad.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave an elaborate luncheon at the University Club last Wednesday in honor of Miss Genevieve Goad, who is to be married to her son, Mr. Andrew Martin, on Tuesday, September 26th. The luncheon was served at three tables. At the first, which was decorated with bridal white flowers, Mrs. Martin presided, with Miss Goad on her right hand and Miss Hattie Bell Goad, who is to be the maid of honor, on her left. At the second table, where the flowers were rose-pink, Mrs. Osgood Hooker presided, and at the third was Mrs. Marion P. Maus.

The others present were Miss Ames, Miss Genevieve Carolan, Miss Gertrude Carroll, Miss Hortense Childs, Miss Mary Crocker, Miss Caro Crockett, Miss Follis, Miss Helen Hopkins, Miss Edna Hopkins, Miss Jackson, Miss Mary Jolliffe, Miss Ethel Keeney, Miss Fanny Loughborough, Miss Josephine Loughborough, Miss Edith McBean, Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss Rutherford, Miss Birdie Rutherford, Miss Kate Salisbury, Miss Margaret Salisbury, Miss Schneely, Miss Scott, Miss Carrie Taylor, Miss Eleanor Terry, Miss Mary Thomas, Miss Helen Thomas, Miss Beatrice Tobin, and Miss Celia Tobin.

The Loughborough Dinner.

The Misses Fanny and Josephine Loughborough gave a dinner-party on Wednesday last at the residence of their mother, on the corner of Franklin and O'Farrell Streets, in honor of Miss Salisbury, whose engagement to Mr. A. D. Keyes was recently announced. Those invited to meet Miss Salisbury were Miss Genevieve Goad, Mrs. Russell (née Welch), Miss Ethel Hager, Miss Keyes, Miss Olive Holbrook, Mr. A. D. Keyes, Mr. Welch, Mr. W. B. Sanborn, Mr. Maxwell McNutt, Mr. Walter Martin, Mr. Fred W. McNear, Mr. Percy King, Mr. Frank Goad, and Mr. Bert Cadwalader.

Notes and Gossip.

The next event of importance in local society circles is the wedding of Miss Genevieve Goad to Mr. Andrew Martin. It will take place at noon on Tuesday, September 26th. Mr. Walter Martin, brother of the groom, will be the best man and Miss Hattie Bell Goad, cousin of the bride, will be the maid of honor. There will be no bridesmaids. The ushers will be Mr. Peter D. Martin, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Frederick W. McNear, and Mr. Addison Mizner.

The wedding of Miss Martha Bell Mhoon, daughter of Major John B. Mhoon, of Oakland, and Mr. Frederic English Magee, son of Mr. Thomas Magee, of San Francisco, will take place on Wednesday, October 11th, at four o'clock, at Trinity Episcopal Church, in Oakland. Miss Amy Marguerite McKee will be maid of honor, and Miss Florence E. Dunham, Miss Florence B. Selby, Miss Juliet Jarboe, and Miss Helen Boss will be the bridesmaids. Mr. Walter Magee will act as best man, and the ushers will be Mr. Samuel McKee Mhoon, Mr. Samuel Bell McKee, Mr. Thomas Vail Bakewell, Mr. Sheffield Shumway Sanborn, Mr. Frank B. King, and Mr. Horace Herbst Miller. The wedding will be a quiet one, only the relatives and most intimate friends being invited.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Caroline Bosqui to Mr. George W. Borrowe. Miss Bosqui is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bosqui. Mr. Borrowe is the son of Captain and Mrs. William Borrowe, of Sausalito. The wedding will take place in the middle of October at the home of the bride's parents in Ross Valley.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Elsie Hecht, daughter of Mrs. Isaac Hecht, to Mr. Irwin J. Weil, son of Mr. Lewis P. Weil.

Mr. and Mrs. William Gerstle gave a dinner on Thursday last at their home in San Rafael to a number of their friends, among them being Miss Thérèse Morgan, Miss Alice Grenebaum, Miss Grace Hecht, Baron Alex von Schröder, Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Gerstle, Mr. E. M. Greenway, and Mr. William O'Connor.

Mr. Fred A. Greenwood entertained a number of friends at his cottage at Belvedere on Saturday evening, September 16th. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Whittier, Miss Gertrude Carroll, Miss Ruth Adams, Miss Darnel, Miss Thérèse Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. Fred H. Green, Captain S. W. Terry, U. S. N., and Mrs. Terry, Miss Eleanor Terry, Mr. Walter Martin, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Miss Lucy Jackson, Mr. Nat T. Wilson, Mr. Donald de V. Graham, Mr. Edgar Peixotto, and Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young.

Mr. E. W. Hopkins took a few friends out in his yacht on Saturday, September 16th, returning on

Monday morning to Sausalito. Among those on board were the Misses Helen, Edna, and Georgie Hopkins, Miss Caro Crockett, Mr. Gerald Rathbone, Mr. W. S. Page, and Mr. Harry Poett.

Miss Crocker's Inheritance.

Miss Mary Crocker now controls property to the amount of \$4,000,000, and is the richest society belle in California. Her share of the estate of her father, Colonel Charles Frederick Crocker, has been given into her possession, as she reached the age of eighteen this month. The transfer took place in Judge Coffey's court in the presence of Mr. Henry T. Scott and Mr. Charles E. Green, who were her guardians. Their accounts were gone over, and, with her approval, they were allowed \$8,333.33 each for their services. Colonel Crocker provided that the guardians should receive \$25,000 each for caring for the estates of the three Crocker children, and the rest of that amount will be paid them when the son and the other daughter attain their majority. The fee of the attorney, Mr. Alexander F. Morrison, for acting for the minors, is \$10,000, and one-third of that amount was paid.

A small safe was brought in containing the bonds and stocks of the Crocker estate, valued at about \$12,000,000. The judge took from the envelopes in which the papers were sealed Miss Crocker's portion and closed them again. In six years her brother, Charles Templeton Crocker, who is fifteen years of age, and her sister, Jennie Adeline Crocker, who is twelve, will reach their majority, and the seals will be again broken. The contents of the envelopes are shares in the Crocker Estate Company, the Market Street Railway Company, the Crocker-Woolworth Bank and other corporations, and many United States Government bonds.

The guardians' account showed that Miss Crocker's share of the cash receipts of the estate during the last six months was \$57,235.84. Among the receipts was an item of \$5, for which a promissory note for \$1,000, given by the Overland Monthly Publishing Company, was sold. Miss Crocker has had \$500 a month as pin-money, and disbursements on her account during the last six months amounted to \$90,917.85, leaving her in ready cash \$103,300.05. The larger part of the amount disbursed was for the acquisition of new property, including horses, carriages, and harness, furniture, and more bonds. The maintenance of the San Francisco, San Mateo, Castle Crag, and Sacramento residences caused a good-sized item of expense. Mrs. Adeline M. Easton, grandmother of the Crocker children, receives \$500 per month for her care of them. *Jahart*

The magnificent pearls which ornament the crown of Spain and which are so much admired by tourists who visit the cathedrals at Seville and Toledo, were found in oyster-shells in the Bay of Panama, and the large strings and clusters which the Spaniards took from the Indians both on the north and west coasts of South America came from the same source. Pearl fishing is still carried on to a considerable extent at Panama. In the spring of 1898 a boy fifteen years old found an oyster that concealed a jewel now offered for sale in Paris for ten thousand dollars. He received four thousand dollars for it from a negro speculator named Justiana. The latter brought it to Panama and sold it to Felix Ehrman, the banker, for a considerable advance on that price. At the Ehrman banking-house is shown an assortment of pearls valued all the way from fifty dollars to four thousand dollars, which are Panama prices, and considerably lower than those that would be asked for the same jewels in London, Paris, or New York. Few pearls are sent to New York because of the duty imposed upon them by our government. Those that go are smuggled. *Jahart*

The term "smart" is no longer fashionable in Parisian society. Its place has been taken by the extraordinary term, "chanteclair." Toilets that were formerly "chic," and a few months ago would have been spoken of as "smart," are now "chanteclair." A young member of the Automobile Club was heard to say recently, "General Mercier's attack upon Freystaetter was not 'chanteclair.'" "Smart," therefore, has had a very short life. Those who philosophize upon such things declare its English extraction killed it after the Fashoda incident. *Jahart*

A notable accession to the treasures of the San Francisco Art Association has been made by the presentation, by Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker, of a magnificent piece of marble statuary. It is entitled "Fleeing from Pompeii," and represents a man and woman striving to escape the rain of ashes that entombed the ancient city, the man holding a cloak over the woman, who clasps an infant to her breast. The group is the work of G. M. Benzeni, and twenty years ago it was valued at twenty thousand dollars.

It has been noted that in the surgical uses of electricity the color of the skin has been changed, and there is no doubt that the electric current has a direct action on the coloring matter or pigment of the epidermis. Now it is neither impossible, nor even improbable, that electricity acts on the pigment, since it always leaves behind it light-colored scars. Hence, to bleach a Kafir or a Zulu, a Yolo or an Abyssinian, instead of buying soap and rice water, set to work to depigmentize him electrically. *Jahart*

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Kalisher Concert.

Miss Clara Kalisher gave a concert at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall last Thursday evening, making her first appearance in San Francisco since her return from Europe. She had the assistance of Mr. Frank Coffin, tenor, and Mr. H. J. Stewart, accompanist, in presenting the following programme:

"Aurore," J. Granier; (a) "Liebestreu," Brabms, (b) "Aufenthalt," Schubert, (c) "Der Wirthin Töchterlein," Loewe; arioso from "The Prophet," Meyerbeer; (a) "Birds' Song," (b) "The Woods are Sear" (words by Tennyson), Sullivan, Mr. Frank Coffin; "Les Divinités du Styx," Gluck; (a) "The Maiden and the Butterfly," (b) "O Mistress Mine" (words by Shakespeare), Sullivan; duo from "Samson et Dalila," Saint-Saëns, "Lend Me Your Aid" (from "Queen of Sheba"), Gounod, Mr. Frank Coffin; (a) "Penso," Tosti, (b) "Parmi les Meules," Holmès, (c) "L'Alouette," J. Granier.

Hermann Genss, baritone and pianist, will give a concert at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall next Thursday evening, September 28th, assisted by his pupils, Miss Margaret Brunsch, contralto, and Mrs. Strelitz-Davis, pianist. Professor Genss has filled many responsible positions in the musical world. The programme will include several novelties.

Miss Grace Carroll, contralto, gave a farewell concert at the First Unitarian Church in Oakland on Friday evening, September 22d. She had the assistance of Miss Hilda Newman, pianist, and Mr. Giulio Minetti, violinist.

Seeking some light relief from the gloomy drama just ended at Rennes, the *Outlook* prints the following suggestion for a menu:

DOSSIER.
Soup.
Consommé à la Bordereau.
Potage Guérin.
Fish.
Rogets à l'Italienne.
Goujons de l'état-major.
Entrée.
Diabes à cheval.
Aubergistes à la dame volée.
Pâté de foie Clam.
Hors de Combat.
Hachis anti-Sémite.
Galanti de veau.
Huîtres à la petit-bleu.
Roast.
Gonse Rôti.
Hanche d'Esterhazy.
Boulets à la Labori.
Sweets.
Mme. Henry.
Gelées de l'évidence.
Dessert très varié.
Café noir de Lebon.
Grâces de Mercier.

In response to an invitation to a dinner by the Clover Club, of Philadelphia, Ingersoll wrote as follows: "I regret that it is impossible for me to be in 'clover' with you to-morrow, first anniversary dinner, 1883. A wonderful thing is 'clover.' It means health and cream; that is to say, industry and contentment; that is to say, the happy bees in perfumed fields, and at the cottage gate 'Old Bos,' the bountiful, serenely chewing satisfaction's cud, in that blessed twilight pause, that like a benediction falls between all toil and sleep. This clover makes me dream of happy hours, of childhood's rosy cheeks, of dimpled babes, of wholesome, loving wives, of honest men, of springs, and brooks, and violets, and all there is of stainless joy in peaceful human life. A wonderful word is clover! Drop the 'c' and you have the happiest of mankind. Take away the 'c' and 'r' and you have left the only thing that makes a heaven of this dull and barren earth. Cut off the 'r' alone and there remains a very deceitful bud that sweetens breath and keeps peace in countless homes whose masters frequent clubs. After all, Bottom was right, 'Good bay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.'"
"ROBERT G. INGERSOLL."

Only four cardinals appointed by Pius the Ninth remain. Leo the Thirteenth expects to survive all these. *Jahart*

Colonial Hotel.

The management wishes to inform its patrons of the completion of the new private bath-rooms in connection with suites of rooms. Reservation for the winter season should be made at once.

Moët & Chandon.
(The Largest and Oldest Champagne House in the World.)

White Seal (Grande Cuvée), of exceptional bouquet and dryness.—*Court Journal*.
WILLIAM WOLFF & CO.,
Pacific Coast Agents, 329 Market Street, S. F.

Pears'

To keep the skin clean is to wash the excretions from it off; the skin takes care of itself inside, if not blocked outside.

To wash it often and clean, without doing any sort of violence to it, requires a most gentle soap, a soap with no free alkali in it.

Pears', the soap that clears but not excoriates.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

THE GREAT LEADER OF CHAMPAGNES

G. H. Mumm & Co.'s Extra Dry

WHILE words tell, statistics prove. The importation of G. H. MUMM & CO.'S EXTRA DRY in 1898 aggregating 86,855 cases, or 52,649 cases more than of any other brand, is certainly the most striking evidence of the great popularity of this famous brand of champagne, and particular attention is called to the fine quality, purity, and natural dryness of the wine now coming to this market. Used at almost all notable banquets, balls, weddings, etc.

FOR BEST VALUE IN HATS OR CAPS

Herrmann & Co.
328 Army St.
San Francisco
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Fall and Winter Styles
NOW READY.

HOTEL PLEASANTON
Cor. Sutter and Jones Sts.

The leading Family and Tourist Hotel in San Francisco. Situated in a warm and pleasant part of the city, near the theatres, churches, and principal stores. Two lines of cable-cars pass the hotel; Sutter Street line direct from the Ferries. All modern improvements for the comfort and safety of the guests. Sunny and elegantly furnished rooms single or en suite, with or without private bath. The excellence of the cuisine and service is unsurpassed, and there is an atmosphere of home comfort rarely met with in a hotel.

SELECT PATRONAGE ONLY.

RATES.

Single Rooms with Board, \$2.00 to \$2.50 per day. Suites of Rooms with Board, \$3.00 to \$4.00 per day. Suites with Board for two persons, \$12.00 per month and upwards.

O. M. BRENNAN, Proprietor.

HOTEL BELLA VISTA
1001 PINE STREET.

THE PIONEER FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL OF SAN FRANCISCO.

MRS. M. W. DENVER.

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL

NEWLY REFITTED WITH ALL THE LATEST MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

MAJOR WILLIAM B. HOOPER, Lessee
San Francisco, Cal.

THE HOTEL RICHELIEU
N. E. Cor. Van Ness and Myrtle Avenues.

The Principal and Finest Family Hotel of San Francisco
HOTEL RICHELIEU CO.

THE LENOX

628 SUTTER STREET.
First-class quiet Family Hotel.
D. W. JAMES, Proprietor,
Late of Paso Robles Hotel.

ROYAL Baking Powder
Absolutely Pure.
Made from Pure Grape Cream of Tartar.

SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Aooexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Eugene Casserly, Miss Daisy Casserly, Mrs. F. F. Low, Miss Flora C. Low, Miss Cora Jane Flood, Mrs. R. Gilman Brown, Miss McCalla, Mr. Francis Bruguiera, and Mr. Doodald de V. Graham have returned from Del Monte.

Mr. Walter Scott Hobart has entirely recovered from his recent illness, and he and Mrs. Hobart are now at their home at San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Whittier, Mrs. R. T. Carroll, and Miss Gertrude Carroll returned from Del Monte last week.

Mrs. Bee and Mr. Everett N. Bee returned oo Mooday from their trip to the Orient.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey and their children and Miss Alice Hager returned from their summer in Europe by the American Line steamship *New York* last week and are expected here oo Saturday, September 23d.

Mr. Fletcher McNutt went East oo Tuesday last to take the final year of the medical course at Harvard.

Mrs. B. Ricketts is here from Washington and made the trip to the Tavern of Tamalpais early io the week.

Mr. R. H. Wood and Mrs. and Miss Armstrong, of Loodoo, are visiting San Francisco and are stopping at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Dr. and Mrs. W. F. McNutt, Miss Ruth McNutt, and Mr. Maxwell McNutt will reside at 2511 Pacific Avenue after October 1st. Miss McNutt, who remained in the East visiting friends, is oot expected here before December.

Mr. Milton S. Latham returns to Alaska on Sunday, September 24th, where he expects to remain another year.

Mr. Andrew Martio arrived from the South on Wednesday, and is the guest of his mother, Mrs. Eleanor Martio.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Gerstle and Mr. and Mrs. William Gerstle left on Friday, September 22d, for a two months' visit to the East.

Mr. Garrett P. Wilder returned in Honolulu oo the Oceanic liner *Australia*, which sailed last Wednesday.

Mrs. E. A. McBryde, of Honolulu, is among the permanent guests at the Hotel Pleasanton this winter.

Mrs. Sarah A. Keith and her son, Mr. W. H. Keith, were io Montreal oo September 11th, oo route to New York.

Mr. Igoatz Steinhart has returned from his trip to Honolulu.

Mrs. W. G. Irwio and her daughter returned from Honolulu oo the Oceanic liner *Australia*, and will remain here for the rest of the season. Mr. Irwio will join them later.

Mr. Harry Scott, Mr. Prescott Scott, Mr. Joseph Tobio, Jr., and Mr. Cyril Tobio left for the East oo Tuesday, September 19th, to return to college.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. McCutchen have closed up their summer home io Ross Valley, and are oow occupying their town residence oo Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall will return from Ross Valley, where they have been speeding the summer, on or about October 1st.

Mrs. Blair and Miss Jennie Blair have returned from Bartlett Springs, where they have been speeding the past three months.

The Misses Flora and Ethel Deao, the Misses Genevieve and Mabel Kiog, and Miss Sophia Pierce left oo Mooday last for the East, where they will resume their studies.

Mrs. Joho Deane, Miss Deane, and Miss Marie Deane, of Claremont, have returned from a visit to Del Monte.

Mrs. W. J. Somers and Dr. George B. Somers will leave shortly for a visit to the East and Europe.

Mr. John C. Siegfried and the Misses Heleo and Alice Siegfried, of Alameda, returned oo the White Star liner *Coptic* from ao extended trip through Chioa and Japao.

Mrs. G. H. Powers was among those who enjoyed a visit to the Tavern of Tamalpais during the past week.

Mr. Juan M. Ostorga Pereira, the new Chilean coosul at this port, arrived here oo Tuesday last and is quartered for the present at the Occidental Hotel.

General R. H. Warfield returned on Monday from a visit to Philadelphia.

Mrs. Thomas H. Buckloghani has returned from Lake Couoty and takeo rooms again at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. and Mrs. John Daniell are among the winter's guests at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. A. M. D. Wingfield was down from Benicia in the early part of the week, and was a guest at the Occidental Hotel.

Captain and Mrs. A. H. Payson were guests at the California Hotel early in the week.

Mr. Clemeot Tobio paid a visit to the Hotel Rafael early in the week.

Mrs. W. R. Broome, of Santa Barbara, is a guest at The Colonial.

Mr. Leon Boqueraz spent a few days at the Hotel Rafael during the past week.

Mrs. H. B. Arnold and Miss Arnold, of Boston, are at the Colonial.

Mr. W. T. Ellis came down from Marysville oo Thursday, and is a guest at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Alexander E. Grogan was up from Paicenes early in the week, and put up at the California Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Thomas have returned from the Orient, and are at The Colonial for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan J. Crooks came over from San Rafael on Saturday, September 16th, and are guests at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. R. Canedo, son of the governor of Sioaloo, is

in town with his wife, and is stopping at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Morrison, of San José, were at the California Hotel early in the week.

Mr. John Barrett, ex-United States Minister to Siam, arrived from the north on Tuesday last, and is a guest at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Noah H. Gordon are among the winter guests at The Colonial.

Mr. W. W. Chapin came down from Sacramento oo Mooday last, and is a guest at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. F. P. Fay and Miss Kate Fay are up from Los Angeles, and are at The Colonial.

Among the week's guests at the Hotel Rafael were Miss Laura Farnsworth, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Lowry, Mrs. J. J. Moore, Mrs. J. Dalziel, Mrs. A. D. Weeks, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. W. Clayton Pickersgill, Miss E. Hunter, Mr. William Lynham Shields, and Mr. A. C. Hellman.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Jackson, of Sacramento, Mrs. E. A. Ramsey and Miss Mabel Cochrao, of Memphis, Mr. S. C. McDowell and Mr. F. McDowell, of Washington, D. C., Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Coleman, of Philadelphia, Mrs. A. McPherson, Miss F. McPherson, Miss Ella McPherson, and Mr. G. McPherson, of Buffalo, and Mr. C. H. W. Norton, of Honolulu.

Among the week's guests at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Buckley, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Burr, Mr. Roy T. Kimball, Mr. and Mrs. H. Holman, of San Francisco, Mrs. Alexander Young, of Honolulu, Mr. E. de Loyoes, of Paris, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Biveo of San Mateo, and Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Cashin, Mr. and Mrs. F. Whitmoor, Mrs. W. H. Mead, and Mrs. A. E. Stoll, of Los Angeles.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known io San Francisco are appended:

Colonel Arthur S. Frost, Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., and Mrs. Frost have ao apartment at The Colonial.

Major George W. Fishback, additional paymaster, U. S. A., has been assigned to duty io this city.

Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur C. Ducat, Forty-Ninth Infantry, U. S. V., has been ordered to Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, oo duty pertaining to the organization of his regiment.

Colonel M. Shaughnessy, who arrived from Salt Lake City on Tuesday, is a guest at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Captain Charles M. Wiog, Fortieth Infantry, U. S. V., has been ordered to this city oo duty pertaining to the organization of a battalion of his regiment.

Mrs. Edward Moale, Jr., arrived io town from Seattle oo Thursday and is a guest at the Occidental Hotel.

Lieutenant Sheldoo G. Evans, surgeon, U. S. A., and Mrs. Evans are guests for the winter at The Colonial.

Mrs. Armstrong, wife of Lieutenant F. S. Armstrong, Ninth Cavalry, U. S. A., arrived oo Thursday and is a guest at the Occidental Hotel.

Mrs. Adams, wife of Lieutenant-Commander C. A. Adams, U. S. N., arrived here last Mooday, and is a guest at the Occidental Hotel.

Major Thomas E. Evios, surgeon, U. S. V., is a guest at The Colonial.

Captain Frederick W. Palmer, Ninth Infantry, U. S. A., is a guest at the Palace Hotel.

Captain E. V. Bookmiller, Ninth Infantry, U. S. V., and Mrs. Bookmiller, are at The Colonial for the winter.

Lieutenant H. M. Merriam, Third Artillery, U. S. A., was io town on Thursday, and registered at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Ashburn, wife of Lieutenant T. Q. Ashburn, Seventh Artillery, U. S. A., and Mrs. Joho M. Burroughs arrived from San Aotootio, Tex., on Tuesday, and are at the Occidental Hotel.

Acting Assistant-Surgeon John A. Murtagh, U. S. A., who has been io town for the past week, returned to his post at Wawooa, io the Yosemite Valley, oo Friday last.

Cadets David C. Hanraha and J. F. Babcock, U. S. N., arrived io town on Thursday, and are guests at the Occidental Hotel.

A head of one of the most important government departments said a day or two ago when discussing the tendency manifested of late to avoid the employment of women when men could be obtained, that the difficulty of getting rid of women who have been in the service a few years, and have proved inefficient, is prodigious. "These women," said he, "were probably not efficient when admitted to the service. They have never devoted much time to improvement. They are transferred from one department to another, and from one bureau to another, staying io each place until their uselessness becomes insupportable." When an attempt is made to dismiss them they bring throngs of "influence" to prevent, such action. No one likes to dismiss them, yet they should be dropped, because the government ought to have in the places of such employees—who are expensive passengers—bright, orderly, and energetic clerks. If they were men they would go out at once. That may in a measure explain the preference now for male clerks.

The death of Lieutenant-Colonel Joho D. Miley, U. S. A., is deeply to be deplored. He had distinguished himself at the Battle of San Juan, and his death was in a measure due to the fact that, after that severe campaign, he took up even harder work in the Philippines. He was a worthy and gallant gentleman, and by his death the service has lost a most efficient officer.

LATE VERSE.

Life.

Dear God, I thank Thee for this resting-place,
This fleshly temple where my soul may dwell
And like an anchorite within his cell
Learo Thy deep love and grow to perfect grace.
The stars sweep on in their eternal race,
The soaring suns the stricken gloom dispel,
Yet what have these of mystery to tell
That io a blossom is not mioe to trace?
Thy guest, not captive, to my visioned goal
I soar beyond all memory of strife,
Upborne and shielded by Thy power benign;
Thou art the strength of my unflinching soul
And from the vantage of this mortal life
The freedom of the infinite is mine.
—Peter McArthur in *Ainslee's Magazine* for September.

Israfel.

Forever chanting ao untroubled song,
Io realms of cold tranquillity he staoos
Full-fronted to the Splendor. Not with hands
Are swept those angel lute-strings, but along
His heart the harmonies flow pure and strong.
And thrill with ecstasy the seraph bands
Star-clustered round him. Io these lower lands,
Where paio and passion and the tale of wrong
Are never stilled, and even love's eyes are wet,
Rarely does some lost echo reach our ears,
From that high rapture waodering;—and yet,
Were I with Israfel beyond the spheres,
He still should hardly woo me to forget
The untuned cycles of these jarring years.
—Charlotte M. Lewis in *Harper's Magazine* for September.

Sea Sonnets.

I.
Out with the tide—afar, afar, afar!
Where will the wide dark take us, you and me—
The darkness and the tempest and the sea?
How long we waited where the tall ships are,
Disconsolate and safe within the bar!
Ocean forever calling us, but we—
God, how we stifled there, nor dared be free
With a sharp knife and night and the wild dare!
But now, the hawser cut, adrift, away—
Mad with escape, what care we to what doom
The bitter night may bear us? Lost, alone,
Io a vague world of roaring surge astray,
Out with the tide and into the unknown,
Compassed about with rapture and the gloom!

II.
We two, waifs, wide-eyed and without fear,
With the dark swirl of life about our prow,
The hollow, heedless swash of year oo year
That bears us oo and recks not where nor how!
Our skiff is but a feather on the foam,
No mighty galleon stroog to meet the storm—
Ao open boat—God's gift to us for home,
And but each other's arms to keep us warm!
What port for us to make? Our only star
To steer by is the star of missing sails,
Our only haven where the kelpies are—
Yet, you great merchantmeo with freighted bales,
Rebel and lost and aimless as we go,
We keep a joy your pride can oever know.

III.
Mooe of my midnight! Mooe of the dark sea,
Where like a petrel's ghost my sloop is drivee!
Behold, about me and under and over me,
The darkness and the waters and the heave—
Huge, shapeless moosters as of worlds io birth,
Dragoons of Fate, that hold me oot io scope—
Bar up my way with fierce, indifferant mirth,
And fall io giant frolic on my hope.
Their next mad rush may whelm me in the wave,
The dreaded horror of the sightless deep—
Only thy love, like moonlight, pours to save
My soul from the despair that lunge and leap.
Mooe of my night, though hell and death assail,
The tremble of thy light is oo my sail.
—Richard Hovey in *September Bookman*.

Something entirely new in China is that the Red Cross floats over a fully equipped hospital, where from fifty to one hundred or more patients are treated daily. The hospital is io charge of four oative physicians.

The Tavern of Tamalpais, at the summit of the mountain, is a delightful objective point these beautiful autumn days. See the Scenic Railway advertisement for time-table.

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY, (PACIFIC SYSTEM.)		
Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO. (Main Line, Foot of Market Street.)		
LEAVE	From August 2, 1899.	ARRIVE
7:00 A.	Benicia, Suisun, and Sacramento... Marysville, Oroville, and Redding via Woodland.....	5:45 P. 5:45 P. 5:45 P.
7:00 A.	Elmira, Vacaville, and Runsey.....	8:50 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	6:15 P. 9:45 A.
8:00 A.	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.....	4:15 P.
8:30 A.	San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Placerville, Marys- ville, Chico, and Red Bluff.....	4:15 P.
8:30 A.	*Milton, Oakdale, and Sonoma.....	4:15 P.
8:30 A.	Yosemite Valley via Oakdale and Chinese.....	4:15 P.
9:00 A.	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	11:45 A.
9:00 A.	Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.....	12:15 P.
9:00 A.	Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Bar- bara, Los Angeles, Denioug, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	6:45 P.
10:00 A.	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations.....	7:45 P.
11:00 A.	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	2:45 P.
12:00 M.	Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Sacra- mento, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville.....	4:15 P.
*1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.....	*6:00 P.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	5:45 P.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	9:15 A.
4:00 P.	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Oroville.....	10:45 A.
4:30 P.	Niles, San Jose, and Stockton.....	7:15 P.
4:30 P.	Yosemite Sleeping Car for Raymond.....	12:15 P.
5:00 P.	The Owl, Tracy, Fresno, Bakersfield, Saugus for Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	9:45 A.
5:30 P.	Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.....	12:15 P.
5:30 P.	Martinez, Tracy, Mendota, Fresno, Mojave, and Los Angeles.....	8:45 A.
5:30 P.	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	6:45 P.
6:00 P.	Chicago-San Francisco Special, Og- den and East.....	8:50 P.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San Jose.....	7:45 A.
*6:00 P.	Vallejo.....	12:15 P.
7:00 P.	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Sta- tions.....	19:55 P.
8:05 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marys- ville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	8:15 A.
COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge). (Foot of Market Street).		
17:45 A.	Santa Cruz Excursion for Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations.....	18:05 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Fel- too, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	5:50 P.
*2:15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations.....	*10:50 A.
4:15 P.	San Jose, Glenwood, and Way Sta- tions.....	9:20 A.
4:15 P.	Felton, Santa Cruz, and Way Sta- tions.....	9:20 A.
CREEK ROUTE FERRY. From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)— *7:15 9:00 11:00 A. M., 1:00 2:00 3:00 4:00 5:00 6:00 P. M. From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—*6:00 8:00 10:00 A. M., 12:00 1:00 2:00 3:00 4:00 5:00 P. M.		
COAST DIVISION (Broad Gauge). (Third and Townsend Streets).		
*6:10 A.	Ocean View, South San Francisco.....	*6:30 P.
*7:00 A.	San Jose and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only).....	*8:00 A.
7:30 A.	Sunday Excursion for Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations.....	18:35 P.
9:00 A.	Sao Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Surf, Lompoc, and Principal Way Stations.....	4:10 P.
10:40 A.	San Jose and Way Stations.....	6:35 A.
11:30 A.	San Jose and Way Stations.....	1:30 P.
*2:45 P.	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San Jose, Hollister, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Mon- terey, and Pacific Grove.....	*10:36 A.
*3:30 P.	San Jose, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations.....	*7:30 P.
*4:15 P.	San Jose and Principal Way Stations.....	*9:45 A.
*5:00 P.	San Jose and Principal Way Stations.....	*8:35 A.
*5:30 P.	Sao Jose and Principal Way Stations.....	*9:00 A.
*6:30 P.	San Jose and Way Stations.....	*5:30 P.
*11:45 P.	San Jose and Way Stations.....	*17:30 P.
A for Morning. P for Afternoon.		
* Sunday excepted. † Sunday only. ‡ Saturday only. § Saturday and Sunday. / Sunday and Monday.		
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

She—"He is his own worst enemy." He—"Most self-made men are."—*Town Topics.*

Madge—"I always select tragic stories for hot-weather reading." Mabel—"On what principle, dear?" Madge—"They make my blood run cold."—*Tit-Bits.*

Mamma—"Johnny, I fear you were not at school yesterday." Johnny—"H'm! I know the teacher told you. A woman can never keep a secret."—*Boston Traveler.*

Minister's wife—"Wake up! There are burglars in the house, John." Minister—"Well, what of it? Let them find out their mistake themselves."—*Woman's Journal.*

May catch him now: "Good news from the Philippines," he said, as he looked up from his paper. "What is it?" "It is reported that Aguinaldo is overtrained."—*Chicago Post.*

"Don't leave the table," said the landlady, as her new boarder rose from his scanty breakfast. "I must, madam; it's hard wood, and my teeth are not what they used to be."—*Tit-Bits.*

Squire's daughter—"Good morning, Marjorie. How are the twins, and what names are you going to give them?" Marjorie—"Well, miss, we've decided to call one 'Kate,' and th' other 'Dupli-kate.'"—*Punch.*

Dreyfus then arose (sensation): "I protest!" he cried. (Prolonged sensation.) "Sit down!" exclaimed the presiding judge. (Tremendous sensation.) The defendant sat down. (Tumultuous sensation.)—*Chicago Evening Post.*

Lawyer—"Since you can't deny having shot the man, what then?" Culprit—"Well, I thought I might claim to have mistaken him for a deer." Lawyer—"What good would that do you? It's the close season for deer."—*Detroit Journal.*

Menu mysteries: "What's this!" exclaimed the hungry man; "you have no less than half a dozen dishes here styled 'a la dossier.'" "Yes," said the waiter, affably; "that's because we are not allowed to tell what's in 'em."—*Washington Star.*

The reposeful one—"My dear, I wish you would not be so energetic. Will you never rest?" The fussy one—"I never expect to be able to rest till I get in my grave, and then it will be just my luck that the next day will be the resurrection."—*Life.*

The brute: "He tried to kiss me, judge," said the female complainant. "Didn't he succeed?" queried the court. "No, sir." "Five dollars fine!" thundered the court, turning to the prisoner; "be more careful next time."—*Philadelphia North American.*

"Of course, Norah, you know that marriage is a very serious thing," said Mrs. Frothingham to her cook, who had told her that she was about to set up housekeeping for herself. "Yes, m, I know that," replied Norah; "but it isn't half so serious as being single."—*Bazar.*

Little swear-wheels, in form not unlike the Burman prayer-wheels, are now in use on the golf links in Kashmir. They are conducive to silence, as, when one misses a particularly good stroke, one takes the wheel hurriedly from the caddie and violently turns it around.—*Delhi Morning Post.*

Myrtle—"I wish I were Dewey's wife." Mildred—"Why, my goodness! He's nearly fifty years older than you are." Myrtle—"I know, but how glorious it would be to meet him at the dock and be hugged before all those millions of people when he reaches New York."—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

"To-day I am assailed for buying a seat in the United States Senate," quoth the rich man bitterly. "Yesterday I was assailed for buying a titled son-in-law! The day before yesterday I was assailed for buying a family crest. If I had kept my money and bought nothing, I should still be assailed, I dare say."—*Detroit Journal.*

"If you can help it," said the girl in blue, "never let any one buy your little brother a drum." "Why not?" "Well, just as Lieutenant Brown seemed to be reaching the point of proposing last night," explained the girl in blue, "Willie, who was in the next room, sounded 'taps' on his drum, and the lieutenant took it as a hint."—*Chicago Post.*

See that Steedman is spelt with two *es* when you buy Steedman's Soothing Powders. Beware of spurious imitations.

Mrs. McLuberty—"Murty, do yez belave the dead walk?" McLuberty—"Av coorse! D'yez s'pose they can afford to be roidin' 'all the loime?"—*Judge.*

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The nation's welcome to Admiral Dewey is not limited to the splendid showing of enthusiasm made on the Eastern shore, for in every part of this great country guns thunder and acclaim and patriotism thrills. All feel it meet to join in doing him honor. He belongs to the whole people, and with one accord they would give to him such token of praise as befits the traditions of a republic. No longer, as of old, are brows wreathed with laurel, and where the trappings of monarchy have no place glittering orders are not given, nor sounding title bestowed. So, uncrowned and unadorned of gauds, with no higher right than to be chief of the navy, no greater reward than the admiration of his fellow-

citizens, Dewey comes back to the home he loves well, still the unassuming citizen who sailed away, still the loyal soldier of the sea, but nevertheless the ideal hero of a great people, the central figure of a battle that made history, a proved master in the art of diplomacy. No situation has had peril to daunt him, no complex problem involving relations with other powers has impelled him to act unwisely. In every emergency just, calm, and forceful, and always modest, even though the praises of the world were sounding in his ears, it is no marvel that many of his countrymen should have hoped that he would accept the most exalted place they had to give.

Rising serene and dignified above the tumult of war, with his record made and his future assured, Admiral Dewey is the one figure to whom all eyes turn. The mind harks back to that first day of May, when he headed in his flag-ship the men-of-war steaming into Manila Bay. His plans had all been formed, and in them there was no place for failure. He was to meet a foe too strong to be despised, his course led by forts with heavy guns and across heds of torpedoes, yet, suave and self-possessed, without a sign of excitement, he pressed on undaunted. Then occurred an engagement without precedent. The enemy afloat answered, but all in vain. The shots flew harmless, for the targets were constantly moving, but as they moved they rained upon the Spanish ships such a torrent of lead that one by one, though fighting gallantly, they struck their colors, or, with the flag flying, defiant to the last, sank, hot guns hissing as they touched the waves. The enemy ashore was confounded, his batteries dismantled, the ground strewn with his dead. Perhaps, concerning the havoc of that day, the truth may never be known. The dead beneath the waters do not arise to tell the tale of their undoing. Dewey's victory was complete, overwhelming. The valiant Spanish felt that to them had come the day of judgment. Unscathed, the American ships still gayly rode the bay when the ships of Montojo were battered and smoking wrecks. By his bravery, his peerless strategy, Dewey had banished from the Orient the flag of Castile and lifted from the western coast of the United States a haunting fear.

"You may fire, Gridley, when ready." Such had been the order of the commander. If he realized that he had entered upon a task destined to keep fresh his fame so long as tales of valor are told, to make his name cherished, his presence sought, these realizations were not sufficient to change his wonted demeanor. To the evenly balanced temperament that could dominate at such a supreme moment must be due the ability of Dewey the diplomatist, no less marked than that of Dewey the admiral. For months after his triumph Dewey stayed in Manila Bay, his flag-ship at anchor, but fires ever glowing. He was ruler there, and he made no mistakes. Never arrogating to himself any degree of authority not rightfully his, he did not permit the least encroachment. Other fleets were there, but these knew the master of the situation and paid him the compliment—a payment not uncolored of discretion—of accepting his word as final. So long as Dewey remained alone in authority there was no trouble. The Filipinos knew of his firmness and his power. They had seen him in action and in the succeeding peace. He had won their respect and confidence. He was as gentle as warlike, as inflexible as kind. He was ready to fraternize with foreigners if they wished this treatment, to lay out for them a distinct line of conduct, if they merited rebuke.

It was when a military governor was sent to share responsibilities and direct events that complications arose. These were made no less by the commissioners sent out in the interests of peace. If any differences arose among representatives of the administration, the people know that Dewey was right. The administration also knows this, for it never hampered him in any movement he chose to make, ever leaned upon his counsel, and when the time came that he could leave his distant station, left to him the choice of route, the places of stopping, the date of arrival at his native shores. It was as though the *Olympia* was a huge pleasure craft turned over to him as his own, and no emperor in his travels could have been so served by hired servants, for

Dewey has a hold upon the affections of every soul on board. In years to be, men will tell that they sailed with Dewey from Manila, and his reception at New York will remain a sweet and tender memory with them all. Along the route the admiral was received as one of distinction. But there could be nothing like the outburst of greeting at home. The hold that Dewey has upon the hearts of the people is more than mere heroism could have acquired. It is the hold that friend has upon friend. The loving cup awaiting him, the mansion that is to be his for the taking, the sword that Congress has given, the emoluments, the advance in grade, are all proper enough as tributes to a warrior returned, to a diplomatist whose triumphs of peace have been no less renowned than his triumphs of battle. But they do not spring from perfunctory acknowledgment of deeds well done. They are in token of a nation stirred to its depths, each individual fired with an aspiration to give tangible expression to emotion for which no words can be found.

No further honor could be heaped upon Admiral Dewey. His country appreciates him, but nothing it could possibly do would make clearer the fact that he is the one man for whom there is an abiding and common love, in whom confidence is complete, and to praise whom is not only a pleasure but the answer to a patriotic impulse. California wanted him to return this way, but there is no tinge of bitterness in the disappointment that he could not come. His reasons for declining were good, and his avowal of them most courteous. No more could he asked, and California with one accord joins in the welcome to the admiral, diplomatist, and gentleman, American by generations of ancestry, product of the best blood that has wrought among the hills of New England.

The recent decision of the supreme court upholding the constitutionality of the law taxing collateral inheritances may be accepted as the last word and its effects. the courts will have to say regarding that enactment. The litigation has continued for six years and was commenced as a result of the demand made upon Mrs. Stanford, as executrix, for \$235,750 taxes due upon the bequests of \$2,500,000 to the Stanford University and \$2,200,000 to nieces and nephews made by Senator Stanford. While the litigation was still in progress, the legislature in 1897—not 1895, as stated in the daily papers—amended the law exempting bequests to charitable, social, religious, or educational institutions not conducted for profit, and to nephews or nieces resident in this State. The object of this amendment was to cover the Stanford case, but the court held that it could have no retroactive effect and, therefore, did not apply.

The statute whose validity is thus confirmed was enacted in 1893. Before that date nine States—Connecticut, Delaware, Maryland, Massachusetts, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, and West Virginia—had enacted similar laws. In 1892 the *Argonaut* took the matter up and urged the passage of an inheritance-tax law in this State. Acting upon the *Argonaut's* suggestion, Elliot McAllister, then senator from Marin County, prepared a bill which he introduced at the next session of the legislature, and it became a law. Its constitutionality was first tested in connection with the estate of Wilmerding, in which a bequest had been made to a nephew of the deceased. The point raised in this case was that the law discriminated among relatives of the same degree, and further that it discriminated in exempting inheritances valued at less than five hundred dollars. In its opinion the court distinguished between laws of inheritance and laws of taxation, holding that this tax was an excise tax upon the right of inheritance, and not a tax upon property, and therefore did not come within the constitutional provision that all property shall be taxed in proportion to its value.

About one month earlier the supreme court of Illinois handed down a similar decision. The Illinois law was enacted in 1895, taxing both direct and collateral inheritances. There were different rates of taxation upon direct and collateral inheritances, and, where the bequest went to

stranger to the blood, four classes were created according to the value, and different rates were prescribed for each. Bequests to relatives valued at less than twenty thousand dollars, and to strangers valued at less than ten thousand dollars, were exempted. Thus six classes "hitherto unknown to the law" were created, and discriminations were made in the exemptions. The case against the law was clearly stronger than that in this State, but the court upheld its validity.

The decision upholding the law in this State will be of great benefit to the people, for it will result in considerable additions to the State school fund, into which all money received from the tax is to be turned. The original demand against the Stanford estate was \$235,750, and of this \$52,207 has been paid. This would leave \$183,543 as the balance due, but the law provides that if the tax is not paid within eighteen months after the death of the decedent, interest at the rate of ten per cent. shall be charged. If litigation becomes necessary, or if for other unavoidable cause the estate can not be settled within eighteen months, the rate of interest is reduced to seven per cent. This interest will raise the balance yet to be paid to at least a quarter of a million dollars. The estate of Mrs. Annie Donahue owes \$102,635 on account of the same tax; the tax on the Carter estate is estimated at \$100,000, on the Drexler estate at \$50,000, and a list of thirteen other estates shows \$71,884 more that is now due in this city. There are many smaller estates here that will increase this amount considerably, and the other counties in the State will contribute their share. To mention only one case, the estate of Auzeais, at San José, will pay five thousand dollars into the State school fund, as a tax on bequests to relatives living in France.

The law will benefit the school fund, but the decision of the court has a wider significance. It emphasizes the point insisted upon by the *Argonaut* in advocating the enactment of the law. It reasserts the principle that inheritance or succession is not a natural right, but a privilege granted by the State. What the State has given, the State may take away. It may tax inheritances bequeathed to aliens, or it may limit them in amount. It may provide that property created in this State shall not pass by descent to foreigners who would receive it without giving any equivalent. The legislature, in such case, is governed only by a consideration of what is for the good of the State, and in the enactment of the inheritance-tax law it acted wisely.

American ambassadors abroad have many difficulties with which to contend. They think they are obliged, for the sake of keeping up appearances, to live far beyond their official incomes. Whether or not this is an idle notion matters little, since deference to it has become a precedent stronger than written law. Now arises new troubles.

Inspired by the gorgeous peacock, its feathers tossed by the breeze, a shimmer of color, or perhaps having listened to the seductive tones of a tailor, the State Department is inclined to favor the adoption of a court-dress, the uniform of diplomacy, the badge of high office and another inroad upon the over-worked income. True, the court-dress may be impressive, but it ill comports with the theory of democratic simplicity. The ambassador who may look fairly well in the ordinary garb of civilization might look otherwise were his trousers to pause at the knee. Much would, of course, depend upon the calf. Shall, then, the aspirant for station abroad be compelled to submit to an examination as to the picturesqueness of this essential portion of his anatomy? Shall the lean be rejected, the over-fat told first to train down? As to the usefulness of a court-dress there can hardly be question, since it must include a sword. No American feels entirely at ease unless armed. However, the sword is not the accustomed weapon here. The six-shooter is more familiar to the touch, and could not become entangled among the feet, thereby causing a rattled ambassador to commit a *faux pas*. It is easier to draw, and the appropriateness of drawing it in a drawing-room appeals to reason. An ambassador, during a pause in the conversation, by shooting the lights out, would certainly attract attention and make a hit. He could never hope to do this with a sword.

Years ago there was a prescribed diplomatic uniform. In 1814 the Ghent commissioners agreed upon a suit deemed becoming and dignified. It consisted of a blue coat embroidered with gold, white breeches, gold knee-buckles and white silk stockings, shoe buckles, sword, and small black hat with a black cockade. For grand occasions this beautiful costume was made somewhat richer, and doubtless the Ghent gentlemen would have compared favorably for impressiveness with any spangled set of circus-riders. John Quincy Adams recommended this costume, and he was Secretary of State, fully qualified to know what was what. The process of evolution gradually divorced the American from the pomp of velvet and tinsel. His gold buckles have

since been found useful as heirlooms and in the propagation of family trees. President Jackson assisted evolution by ordering a simpler uniform, and, in 1853, Secretary of State Marcy instructed the nation's representatives abroad to dress after the manner of American citizens. There was no murmur of dissent, because the representatives had an uncomfortable feeling that the old rig made them look like a lot of amateur theatricals.

But as all things move in cycles, out of the dim and distant past the memory of the court-dress comes to assume material form. Congress, in 1867, forbade its use, but perhaps Secretary Hay can win it over to his way of thinking, and let ambassadors at least wear a cocked hat and bear a sword, as Buchanan did after the usher had firmly but courteously bounced him from the diplomatic tribune at the opening of Parliament, for refusal to array himself in splendor. They permitted him, as an international concession to wear his own clothes. Hay years after the gilded frogs and the rich embroidery of other days. He does not propose that in comeliness the army and navy shall outdo the *personnel* of his own command.

The distinguished author of "Little Breeches" ought to be content to let his fame rest upon this achievement, and retire from the breeches line. No bow-legged ambassador can be made to wear anything he does not wish to wear. Such compulsion would conflict with that part of the immortal document which guaranteed to the individual the right to pursue happiness. Could such a one do this in knee-breeches and a clanking sword? The question of uniform ought to take a change of venue over to the attorney-general.

Greater activity in the direction of the Philippines for some months has been responsible for the waning interest in the affairs of Cuba, observed both in the public press and in general conversation. Notwithstanding the temporary hiatus, there still remains the absorbing problem of the future of Cuba to be met and solved. The question whether it is the destiny of the island to become an independent State or to be annexed as part of the territory of the United States involves a variety of subsidiary questions which must require time, infinite labor, and wise statesmanship to determine rightly. By the terms of a resolution of Congress at the inception of the Spanish war, the United States is morally bound by a double-headed or contingent promise. We announced that Cuba should be primarily entitled to self-government in the event of our success in relieving her from the Spanish yoke, and we qualified the announcement by the determination, expressed and implied, that such self-government must be stable, peaceful, and satisfactory to us. How shall the desire of the people of Cuba as to their government be made clear? Who are the people of Cuba entitled to pass upon the subject? Are they capable of maintaining a stable government under which development of the island may proceed? If they are, how shall it be inaugurated? If they are not, is annexation the alternative? Will such an annexation be peaceable or forcible? And will the people of the United States favor annexation as a Territory with prospective Statehood? These are some of the questions a step toward the discussion of which has recently been taken by the President, in issuing a proclamation to the people of Cuba preliminary to the taking of a census of the island.

In explaining to the Cubans that the disorganized condition of the island renders it "necessary that the United States should follow the restoration of order and peaceful industry by giving its assistance and supervision to the successive steps by which you will proceed to the establishment of an effective system of self-government," the President seems to have indicated plainly that the administration policies regarding Cuba are in line with the congressional resolution to endow the island with independence. The census which it is proposed to complete by January next will be supervised and directed by General Joseph P. Sanger, of the inspector-general's department. There will be a Cuban official in charge in each district, and under him the field work will be done by a force of Cuban enumerators. The final tabulation will be made by the census officials in Washington. The scope of inquiry will bring out not only the numerical population, which was estimated at 1,600,000 in 1894, but will disclose the racial, educational, and property conditions of the island. These preliminary inquiries are obviously necessary to settle the conditions under which elections shall be held. It is asserted by those in touch with the administration that suffrage will be limited by educational and property qualifications, the latter being based upon the possession of land, so as to include within the limits of citizenship the better classes of both Spaniards and Cubans, and exclude the negroes and the lowest strata among the whites. It is also understood that the development of self-government will be gradual, beginning with municipal autonomy, which, being found suc-

cessful, would be extended to local self-government in the several provinces in the order of their importance and ability, and if still successful would be finally applied to giving a complete and independent government to the whole island.

The relations of the United States and Cuba present a condition heretofore unknown among nations and their dependents, being perhaps most nearly approached by the relation of England to Egypt. It presents a new and untrodden field for the resources of American statesmanship. It is made clear that the administration at present regards Cuba as on an entirely different basis from Porto Rico, Hawaii, or the Philippines. We are bound first by the Teller resolution to offer independence to Cuba, and the treaty of peace strengthens that obligation, the only alternatives being the capabilities of Cuba to sustain a stable government and the willingness of both countries to accept some form of annexation. This is evidently the fundamental theory upon which the administration is proceeding, and it will doubtless be found that the evolution of methods for exchanging a foreign military rule for local civil autonomy will be fraught with many difficulties, which will be seriously aggravated by the diverse interests, the racial feuds, and the individual ambitions which are already existent or will develop in the island itself. There are three conflicting resident elements in Cuba, composed respectively of the Spaniards, the Cubans, and the negroes, and each class indicates a tendency to array itself defiantly against the other two. The Spaniard implacably hates the Cuban, the Cuban is equally bitter against the Spaniard, and the two only agree in despising the negro. The Cubans themselves are divided between the Autonomists, who favored General Blanco's scheme of autonomy under Spanish protection, and the Radicals, whose sympathies were with the insurgents fighting for "Cuba Libre."

It is extremely natural, and in fact already apparent, that any move of the United States or any suggestion from this country will be the object of suspicion and jealousy by both factions, each of which will interpret it as favorable to its antagonist or itself. This condition has already shown itself in the spirit with which the President's proclamation has been received and commented upon by the press of Cuba. Both parties have hailed the taking of the census as favorable to its own views. *Discussion* and *Patria*—the organs of the Separatists—see in it merely a reaffirmation of the joint resolution of Congress, while on the other hand, the *Nueva Pais* comments on its ambiguity, points out the fact that the word "independence" nowhere appears in it, and declares that the proclamation contains nothing to indicate the recall of American troops, the termination of military occupation, or the establishment of a Cuban republic. It may be expected also that the American and foreign capitalists interested in Cuban trade will bend their efforts toward securing annexation, both for the safety of capital and to avoid the competition of sugar-growers in this country, in Hawaii, and in the Philippines. These will fight for a repeal of the Teller resolution. With such conditions, demanding slow and cautious movement on our part, it is certain that considerable time must elapse before the destiny of Cuba is assured.

We are usually charged with being a nation of shop keepers and money-grubbers. The indictment is, perhaps, largely true. But clearly we are something besides—a great many things besides. No people may be rightly judged by a single characteristic, however dominant that may seem. If it be true that wealthy Americans are conspicuously and exceptionally public spirited, we find a sufficient offset to their shop-keeping and money-grubbing propensities; and if this public spirit be found to exist, that, and not the shop-keeping and money-grubbing habit, should be rightly regarded as the significant characteristic.

The Rev. Dr. Huntington, in an address before college students last year, said: "Probably nowhere in the world is wealth more widely used for the public welfare than in the United States. This holds true not only in respect of gifts and benefactions, but of all well-considered *bona-fide* investments." Mr. Frederick Harrison, in the *Contemporary Review*, says: "An example of public spirit is far more common in the United States than in Europe." In England the wealthy occasionally let the public view their galleries and their race-horses. In America they give generously to universities, libraries, and museums. *Leslie's Weekly* gives the total endowments in a list of twenty American colleges as thirty-five millions of dollars. This statement can be hardly taken as comprehensive. Mrs. Stanford's endowment of the Stanford University is not far from thirty millions of dollars, and although the full amount of Mrs. Hearst's contemplated gift to the University of California has not been announced, and perhaps is not known definitely even to herself, it probably will not be far from that figure. In addition to these, so far as California alone is concerned, there are numerous other

splendid public benefactions, including those of Lick, Cogswell, Miss Flood, and Wilmerding,

All of these benefactions are for educational purposes. Their aim is to fit men and women for citizenship of the highest order, and the ultimate effect will be to solve intelligently and fairly all the problems—social, political and economic—that now disturb the nation in its present crude, undeveloped, and unsettled condition. The benefactions are made deliberately, wisely, and conscientiously for that purpose. The spirit behind them is exactly opposite to that which prevails among the wealthy people of Europe. There the whole social and economic policy, established and sanctioned by the precedent of many generations, is to keep class lines sharply drawn and to maintain them with unyielding rigidity. There the rich must be kept rich, the poor must be kept poor. There the rich may receive the highest education, the poor must not be too much enlightened. There mental accomplishments and high achievements are not passports to social recognition; here, on a larger scale, they are. There wealth invariably marries wealth—marriages are "arranged"; here, to a greater extent, matrimony proceeds on wholesome, purer, more natural lines.

In America let there be a call for money for any worthy purpose—particularly if it be to relieve the distress of the poor and the afflicted—and it comes forth in a stream that often has to be checked in its prodigal abundance. It is America that sends ships laden with food and clothing to the distressed of Ireland, of Armenia, of Cuba, and of every other country in the world that sends forth a cry for help. This same spirit operates in uncounted ways at home, and takes forms of infinite variety. It is the great overshadowing spirit of simple human fellowship and kindness. It is born of the democracy and prosperity of the people, and it exhibits its force largely in proportion to the extent of their means in money.

One of these forms is that which shows in benefactions for the education and uplifting of the masses. In the absence of such a spirit the wealthy would thus argue, as they do in Europe: "If we educate and elevate the poor, they will become, in time, so intelligent, so powerful through coöperation in society, business, economics, and politics, that our own power, held through wealth, will be overthrown, our money-earning facilities curtailed, our possessions themselves imperiled, and ourselves treated to the guillotine as were the aristocrats of France." But they are wiser and broader than that. By their benefactions to educate the masses they say: "If we educate and elevate the poor, they will come intelligently to a solution of the problems that are now menacing wealth, society, and even the government itself. Out of this education, this elevation, will come a strong, sound people, respecting the rights of all, dispensing justice with an even hand, and working to establish this nation on an unassailable foundation of truth and justice, the basis of all enduring strength." That is the fundamental difference between the rich of Europe and the rich of America.

With such a spirit as this, manifesting itself so wisely and abundantly, and producing results so tangible and beneficial, no threat to the stability of American institutions can amount to a peril. The rich, in large numbers, are deliberately and intelligently placing the power of the nation in the hands of the poor. That is public spirit of the truest order, and that is the salient characteristic of the dominant American spirit.

The people of this State are menaced by a serious danger.

CALIFORNIA Will they take the necessary measures to
VERSUS protect themselves? With characteristic
CONSUMPTION. fatuity, certain papers in this State are opposing the proposition to establish quarantine to protect the people of California from the influx of persons afflicted with tuberculosis. One wiseacre declares that for centuries people have died of consumption without leaving the disease as a bloody heritage to those brought into continuous contact with them, and from this he argues that the malady should not be classed as a pestilence. This is the argument of ignorance; it is the same lack of knowledge that leads certain people to conceal cases of small-pox or scarlet fever in order that the patient may not be isolated, and to violate quarantine regulations intended to prevent the spread of epidemics. Certain back-number physicians still claim that tuberculosis is hereditary, though the weight of modern authority is opposed to this view, but no intelligent physician denies that it is contagious. Bacteriological experiments have placed this fact beyond the realm of dispute.

It is perfectly true that many people have been brought into immediate and continuous contact with consumptives without succumbing to the disease. Thousands of nurses have passed days and weeks in the sick-room, hending over the patients, and breathing the air that teems with bacilli. Relatives have lived for years in personal contact with consumptives and have given no indication of being afflicted with the malady. That venerable structure now used as a

city and county hospital is thoroughly impregnated with bacilli, yet physicians and attendants pass months there without apparent injury. This does not prove that the disease is not contagious. A person in good health and with robust constitution may be invaded, and throw off the disease without being conscious that it has attacked him. On the other hand, the germs may lie dormant in his system until the conditions for development are favorable, and then, under existing conditions there is no hope for him. A constitution, weakened from any cause, presents little resistance to the invasion and progress of the disease. The records of the city and county hospital show many cases of patients who have come there for treatment for a minor malady, and have come back later afflicted with tuberculosis acquired during their former stay in the hospital. Were all the people of California always in a perfectly healthy condition, did they lead absolutely hygienic lives at all times, and always abstain from anything that might weaken them, there might be little danger from the immense annual importation of consumption germs. Unfortunately, however, this is far from being the case.

"If one State," asks this cheerful optimist, "can make and enforce such regulations, then all can; and, should all do so, what would be the result?" The result would be the same as in the case of quarantine against any other contagious disease. A man whose wife or whose children are afflicted with small-pox may come to this city, or into this State, without hindrance; but he can not bring his invalids with him. This is unfortunate; it is a hardship on him; but the community must protect itself, and the interests of the whole community must rise superior to those of the individual. No person afflicted by a contagious disease has a right to travel from place to place spreading contagion broadcast. It would be well if all States enacted laws providing for the isolation of consumptives. In no other way can the spread of the pestilence be arrested; in no other way can medical science hope ultimately to stamp it out. There are situations in dealing with which there is no room for sentiment, and this is one of them.

The protection of the health of the community is the highest duty of the State board of health. As physicians, they know that the influx of consumptives, attracted by California's reputation as a sanitarium for pulmonary disease, is a constant and growing menace to the people of the State. A quarantine at the State's border would be an important measure of protection against this danger, and it is the duty of the board to do all in its power to establish such a quarantine and to render it effective.

Another measure of protection that has not been enforced of late as strictly as it should be is local in its nature. There is no more active breeder of tuberculosis than infected milk. It has been thoroughly established that among the dairies furnishing milk to this city are many tuberculous cattle. A little more than two years ago an active campaign against infected and impure milk was inaugurated. For a time it was conducted with praiseworthy vigor. Of late there has been a decided relaxation. During the first seven months of this year the city veterinary surgeon examined an average of 720 cows monthly. During the corresponding months of 1897 the average was 863, and last year it was 5,480. So it is with the examination of milk brought to the city. The examination was inaugurated during the closing months of 1896. During the first seven months of 1897 an average of 17,040 wagons were inspected each month, samples being taken from each. During the corresponding months of last year the monthly average of samples taken was only 319, and this year it has dropped to 65. A drop from 17,000 to 65 amounts to a practical abandonment of the service.

There are, of course, difficulties in the way of effective inspection. The strongest opposition was met in Santa Clara County. The position of health officer was created in 1895, and during the following two years seven hundred tuberculous cows were condemned and killed. Then came the conflict with Henry Miller. In his herd near Gilroy fifty-seven infected cows were discovered. Mr. Miller sued out an injunction restraining the officer from killing these cows. Shortly after, the office was abolished under the plea of economy, and nothing has since been done. The result of the activity of the inspection was a decrease of fifty per cent. in the number of deaths from consumption. This proves what can be accomplished. The boards of health in this State must employ every possible means of checking the disease or California will become a community of consumptives. Shall California or consumption rule?

A prevalent misconception of an author's relation to the work that he puts forth is revealed in the following extracts from a paper by Harold Van Santvoord in *Literature*: "We are always curious to know how much of himself an author puts into his books." "However free from moral prejudice and the contagion of the world he esteems himself in working out

the problems of his art, public appreciation of the literary value of his work is sensibly affected by what is known of his moral prepossessions and personal habits, and the critical reader, in interpreting the *motif* and in analyzing the characters of his story, deem them a significant factor and an important clue." He goes on to argue that genius is not a matter of moral character, nor is literary ethics closely bound up with the affairs of private life; and he illustrates his point by citing the remarkable differences between the familiar private characteristics of De Quincey, Marlowe, Pope, Shelley, George Eliot, and George Sand, and the splendid literary work that seemed so much at variance with their conduct.

It may be said, in passing, that the modern curiosity, constantly whetted, pandered to, and lied to by the snippet "literary" press, to learn something about the private lives of authors, is a gross and offensive diversion from the true study of literature, which is literature itself. That which an author gives us from his pen is the one and only thing that rightly concerns an intelligent reader. If the reader is not intelligent; if he is incapable of forming a judgment from the work itself; if he feels his limitations of judgment and taste so keenly as to be compelled to seek some side light, particularly that which concerns the author's supposed moral character and his assumed private habits, he is respectfully assured that he has no business to read books at all, and that he betrays a stupid vulgarity in seeking help from a study of the authors' lives.

The profession alone of authorship induces a wholly indeterminate complexity of character that no observer can understand, much less perceive. It lights up, brings into play, and develops faculties so obscure and various, so utterly unknown to other persons in general, and so remote from the faculties that have assumed the mastery in directing the personal conduct, that there is no possible way for other persons in general to perceive and understand them. More than that, such geniuses as Mr. Van Santvoord mentions were inherently complex and wholly beyond comprehension. As their writings throw no light whatever upon their private lives, so their private lives throw no light whatever upon their writings. The faculties that govern private conduct may have no relation at all to those which produce literature. The question of an inscrutable complexity is the only thing that concerns us, and it leads us into bewildering paths upon which no light falls.

George Eliot's high moral standard, as shown in her books, seems to have been violated by her living openly as a man's mistress. Yet even in that we may see that her conception of love as it concerned herself was infinitely nobler and purer than that of many a conventional married woman. George Sand's seeming profligacy—may it not have been the evidence of a great heart yearning with unspeakable intensity for the realization of an ideal love that her glowing, ardent, hopeful, opulent nature craved? And De Quincey's two ounces of laudanum at a draught—did not the mighty strength within him finally overcome the need of that to the "fine little gentleman"?

It may be taken for granted, whatever an author's individual belief and private habits may be, that if he is great he puts only himself into his work. What else could he possibly put into it? To grant that he might would be to say that he is more than human; and yet it is the humanity of writing that lends it immortality. The test of literature is its sincerity—the amount and kind of himself that the author puts into it. He is constrained by the forces within him to give those forces expression. Were it not so, it would be rash to accept individuality in authorship. Carlyle, Macaulay and Kipling drew their extraneous forces from the same sources. From the ancient and modern classics they snatched the torches with which to illuminate their inner selves. Yet where could three authors of greater dissimilarity be found?

And an author must put into his work the inner ideal that inspires him if he would live in literature. Whatever the grossness or looseness of that part of him which the world sees, deep down within him is the other self striving always for the light, following always a star, aiming always to lead others into a purer life, aware always of the grossness or the weakness that pollutes his physical contact with mankind. Beyond this conception of him it were folly to go, it were idle to speculate. The wise will take him as they find him, glad of the greatness and helpfulness that he shows, and pitying, but only pitying, the weakness seen at his point of physical contact with the world. Even as he is, perhaps weak and gross in his external aspect, he is still a torch and an inspiration, and it is that only which he intentionally offers us that we have any right in decency and wisdom to consider.

The signature of the editor is appended to every article in this issue written, dictated, or inspired by him, in accordance with the "signature law," enacted during the last session of the legislature.

A LOST SOUL.

The Dumb Destroyer of the Basque Shepherd.

[Several readers have called our attention to the marked resemblance existing between a story entitled "Wully," in a recent volume, "Wild Animals I Have Known," by Ernest Seton Thompson, naturalist to the British Government in Manitoba, and one called "A Lost Soul," by Charles Dwight Willard, published in the *Argonaut* in February, 1891. In compliance with their request we republish Mr. Willard's story.—EDS.]

"How now, Horatio! you tremble and look pale;
Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you on't?"—HAMLET.

It was a chance remark, and one that is often made concerning an intelligent animal, but its effect upon my friend Sidney Darrow was singular.

His shoulders twitched nervously, and his hand went up to his throat as though something choked him.

I have a large English mastiff that I call Wodan. A moment before, he had left his accustomed place, on the rug in one corner of the room, and had come to my side, to receive the caress which, at intervals through the day, he seems to find necessary to his happiness. As I smoothed his wrinkled forehead and patted his soft, large ears, I observed with what trustful affection his great eyes beamed upon me.

It was then that I remarked to Sidney Darrow, who sat near at hand, carelessly watching us through the smoke of his pipe:

"Does it not seem to you sometimes that Wodan has a very human look?"

And my friend made answer with the peculiar motions which I have described.

Wodan left my side and walked slowly back to his rug. Darrow watched his movements with half-closed eyes, his hand still clutching his throat. When the dog had lain down, my friend turned his gaze upon me.

"Don't—don't ever say that about Wodan again! It will make me hate him."

He was plainly much stirred, and the seriousness of his appeal was not to be doubted.

Presently, before I was ready to make any reply, he separated the heavy beard that covered his chin and neck, disclosing a deep zig-zag scar.

"See here," he said, "I never showed you this."

"What made it—a burn?"

"No. Let me tell you the story."

There was a period of my life, some years ago, that I spent on my uncle's ranch near San Juan Capistrano. At that time the raising of sheep was one of the chief industries of Southern California, and much of the land in our vicinity was devoted to pasturage. About half a mile from my uncle's house, in a lonely cañon, stood the hut of a herder—built of adobe, repulsive without, cheerless within, grim and squalid, yet in every way so well suited to its solitary inhabitant, that one might think he had constructed it about himself, as the nautilus does his shell. He was a tall, hard-visaged Basque, with a great, shaggy, black beard, haggard features, and eyes that you could not look into without a shudder. Do you understand what I mean? He was one of those wild beasts of men, whose faces, seen but once, live always in your memory; and when sleep will not come, they show themselves—bodiless masks as they are—through your tightly closed eyelids.

The trail of the cañon passed within a few yards of the hut, and my duties—I assisted my uncle in the management of the ranch—frequently led me in that direction. When not away on the hill-side with his flock of sheep, the herder usually stood or squatted motionless in front of his hovel. A few feet away from him crouched his dog. The pair, man and beast, stared at me from the moment I came in sight until I passed among the live-oaks beyond, making no movement, save a slow turning of the head, and offering no response to my salutation. At last I came to pass them in silence, but never without a vague sense of dread.

I learned from the men on my uncle's ranch that the Basque was considered queer, or, as they expressed it, "locoed." They said he was in the habit of talking to his dog, as though it were a man; and that even his fellow-countrymen feared and avoided him.

Crazy he may have been; a drunkard he certainly was. At frequent intervals he appeared in the town with a large, black demijohn, which he carried away filled with liquor of the sort that makes maniacs.

One afternoon as I came down the cañon, I heard the yelping of a dog, and, approaching the hut of the Basque, I beheld a sight that filled me with anger and distress.

The fellow had hung up the dog by the hind legs against the side of the house, and was beating him with a stick.

I did not stop to think much of consequences. I did as you, or any man who has ever known a dog, would have done. I jumped from the saddle, and, drawing my knife as I ran, cut the animal down. Then I turned and faced the Basque.

I suppose he thought I was armed—which I was not—for he did not take up the gage of battle, but stared at me fiercely out of blood-shot eyes. The dog hobbled away to a short distance, shook off the *reata* with which its legs were ensnared, and, crouching low, watched us.

"Come," I said in Spanish; "why should you kill your dog? You have drunk too much *aguardiente*. To-morrow you will be glad that I saved his life."

He emitted a strange sound through his teeth and lips. It was very like the snarl of a wolf.

"If you do not care for the dog, will you sell him?" I asked.

"No," he replied, with an oath; "I will not sell him, I mean to kill him."

"Very well," I said; "if you wish to take the animal's life, shoot him, but you shall not beat him to death."

The Basque turned toward the hut, muttering imprecations alternately against the dog and myself. When he came to the door he called to the dog:

"Demonio! Come here!"

The animal eyed him, but did not move. Then the herder disappeared from view in the dark interior of the hovel.

I remounted and continued on my way down the trail. I had gone about a hundred yards, when suddenly there was a crashing in the *chaparral* behind, and I wheeled hastily around to discover the dog. He had followed, evidently, for the purpose of making my acquaintance, and to thank me for the rescue.

I called to him and patted the side of my saddle, meaning that he should come where I might touch him. He started to obey, but as he approached nearer, my horse gave a violent snort, and began to shy away from him. The act surprised me not a little, for the animal was a stolid old bronco that rarely started at anything, least of all at a dog. The dog stopped his advance and watched us, while I struggled to bring the horse nearer to him and to calm his very evident terror. But my efforts were unavailing, though I used whip and spur and threw all my strength on the bridle. The horse would not allow the dog to touch him. For some strange cause he even trembled in his presence. At last I gave up the undertaking and examined the Basque's companion from a little distance.

He was considerably larger than the average collie. I imagine that he must have had some Newfoundland, or, perhaps, St. Bernard blood—the sheep-dogs of California are rarely of pure breed. His hair was short, curly, and black as night. He squatted on his haunches and looked steadily at me during all the time that I was occupied in making this survey; and when, at last, I spoke to him, he lifted his ears a little, but made no other movement.

"Demon!" I said; "is that your name—Demonio?"

At first I thought that the name had been given him because he was dark in color, as the popular belief paints an evil spirit. But a moment later, when my eyes rested upon him, I saw—or, perhaps, I should say I felt—that there might be some further reason. I scarcely know how to describe the effect that his steady gaze produced upon me. It was at first merely an impression that this dog was different from any of his species that I had ever known before—then a conviction that *something was wrong*—and, lastly, an uncontrollable terror. These sensations followed one another in quick succession—almost in a flash; and without stopping to ask myself any questions, I gave my horse free rein, and we went plunging headlong down the trail.

Once again in the open plain, I tried to deceive myself into thinking that my terror had been only apprehension lest the Basque should come upon me from behind. The rapid descent of the twilight and the peculiar behavior of the horse had, I assured myself, served to heighten the effect of this dread.

A few days later, when I passed the hut, the herder and his dog, in their usual attitudes, stared at me, sullen and silent. I looked closely at the dog's face, but could see nothing beyond keen animal intelligence.

Several months passed.

One morning, as I went out toward the corral, one of the men employed on the ranch came to me and said:

"I believe that something has happened to that crazy Basque sheep-herder. His dog came here last night and would not go away."

"What, Demon?" I said, and as I spoke the animal came running up. I patted his head and talked to him, but he jumped uneasily about, as though he were anxious to be gone.

I suggested to the man that we should ride to the cañon, and mounting, we followed the dog out into the road. He ran along several rods in advance of us, looking back occasionally to make sure that we were coming. When the cañon was reached, his pace slackened, and some distance from the hut he stopped and fell in behind us.

"He dreads a beating," said I.

From the trail we called to the hut, and receiving no answer, we rode to the door and looked in.

There lay the Basque in the middle of the floor, his arms outstretched, and his head thrown back—dead.

An uncared-for corpse is always a disagreeable object to look upon, but something had happened to this one that rendered it impossible for me to give it more than one quick glance. I hastily turned my horse's head away, and rode over toward the spot where the dog was crouching. The man, more resolute than I, dismounted and went into the hut. When he came out again, he said:

"I covered it over with one of those sheep-skins, so it wouldn't scare any one else. His bottle was lying near him, and I guess he must have drunk himself to death. That was probably done by coyotes, or maybe a mountain-lion."

We rode to town, where we gave notice to the authorities of the man's death, and also to several of his countrymen. In talking with one of the latter, I asked what disposition would be made of the dead man's sheep and of his dog.

"The sheep," answered the man, "were not his; he had sold them. As to the dog, nobody wants the brute."

"Why not?"

The man shrugged his shoulders and looked askance at Demon, who had followed me.

"Very well," I said, "then I will take him."

No objection was made, and Demon passed into my possession.

My uncle had several hundred sheep, which were tended by an old native Californian and his son. I took Demon to them, and offered his services in the care of the flock. To my surprise, they refused. I urged the matter, and finally demanded the ground of their opposition. At last, the old man said:

"He looks like a sheep-killer."

This accounted for the refusal of the Basque shepherds to take the dog; they, too, suspected him. Knowing how prone such men were to superstitious prejudices, I would not allow the animal to be condemned without cause.

"Do you know that he kills sheep?" I asked the old man.

He shook his head. Then I asked if any one had even seen the dog prowling around at night or behaving in a suspicious manner. Again he shook his head.

"It is all nonsense," I said, finding myself fairly forced into the position of the dog's defender.

"Now, I tell you," said the old shepherd; "I know that dog. I think him a bad dog. I will show you something."

He went into his hut and brought out two half-grown puppies—lively, wriggling little fellows—and put them down on the ground before Demon.

"You see," he said; "puppies always try to play with strange dogs—never afraid of them. Look! I told you he is a bad dog."

The infants waddled up to Demon, who approached them, wagging his tail, good-humoredly. The instant they got a good view of his face, they whirled about and went off ki-yi-ing at a great rate of speed.

The performance struck me as amusing, and I laughed, but the old shepherd looked very grave.

"A bad dog," he reiterated, slowly; "very bad."

"Well," I said, "I will take him myself, since you will not. But if I ever learn"—here I instinctively looked down into the dog's face, as though speaking to him—"if I ever learn that he has killed a sheep, I shall have him shot."

The dog's eyes looked up into mine with a keen, intelligent gaze; and I could not resist the belief that he had understood.

It is not improbable that my prejudice against the animal was even stronger than that of the shepherds; but, as I was an educated, reasoning man, proud of my freedom from every form of superstition, how could I bring myself to countenance such irrational fancies? On the contrary, my duty seemed to lie in the opposite course—to defy this prejudice and to protect and defend the object at which it was leveled. Besides, I had come to feel a powerful curiosity with regard to this creature which, though apparently inoffensive, was so generally hated and feared. What was it that inspired all other animals with such distrust of him? Not my horse alone, but every quadruped on the place manifested a very evident unwillingness to have him about. The other dogs would not associate with him. Yet he was never quarrelsome nor ill-tempered.

One thing he did which, though not a serious fault, was often annoying. He had a habit of watching closely every motion of the person nearest him—usually myself. Sometimes I almost imagined that I could feel his eyes, when I did not see them—his gaze was so constant and intense. This habit, I thought to myself, was acquired during his life with the brutal Basque, who might be expected at any moment to inflict some undeserved blow upon him. Despite this explanation, there were times, when we were alone together, and I looked up to find him watching me, that I felt the chill of an unreasoning dread.

Demon had been in my possession several weeks, when all at once I began to hear complaints about the killing of sheep. Every morning a fresh victim was found dead—now of one flock and now of another, yet all within a limited range. They were all mutilated in the same way, and the work was plainly that of a dog practiced in sheep-killing. As I had expected, suspicion immediately fell upon Demon; and one morning, when I came out of the house, I found a couple of herders waiting to see me.

They had no evidence against the dog, yet they demanded that he should be put to death. The injustice of it roused my indignation, and calling Demon to me, I said:

"I want you to look at him. You say that a sheep was killed last night. Where is there any sign of blood about his jaws?"

One of them examined Demon's mouth, but found no mark of the slaughter. The other said:

"That does not prove anything. A regular sheep-killer does not spill much blood, and sometimes he learns to wash it all off."

This sounded improbable to me, but I did not argue the matter.

"Very well," I said; "to-night Demon shall be shut up in the corral, and if a sheep is killed we will know that he is not the guilty dog."

They shook their heads. "He will find some way to get out of the corral," said one of them.

"Then he shall sleep in my room with me," I said; "and the door and blinds shall be closed. Does that suit you?"

This arrangement seemed to satisfy them, and they went away.

That night I took Demon to my room, and gave him a mat in the corner for a bed. His only possible means of escape was by the door or by the window. I locked the door, and drew the blind of the window shut and hooked it in place. Then I went to bed, and almost immediately fell asleep.

In the morning when I woke, Demon lay upon his mat apparently in sound slumber. I began to dress. When I was nearly done, my uncle rapped on the door.

"Have you Demon in there?" he called out.

"Yes," I answered, opening the door.

He exhibited much surprise. "Another sheep was killed last night," said he.

"Well," I replied, "that merely proves what I have said that Demon is innocent."

"Yes, of course," said my uncle, looking doubtfully at the dog. He went to the window and inspected the fastening.

"Impossible!" he said.

"For him to open it?" I asked; "of course."

My uncle threw the blind back, and pointed significantly at the flower-bed below. The plants had been crushed down, and the earth displaced, and round about were numerous dog-tracks.

"That was not there yesterday," said he.

My room was on the ground floor, and from the window the earth was only two or three feet. Had the blind been open, the dog might easily have climbed out and in again, but it had been locked all night. I turned and looked at Demon. He was watching us stealthily, with the expression in his eye that I knew and dreaded.

My uncle made another examination of the fastening of the blind. At last he said: "I am convinced that the sheep-killer is not Demon. There is no dog in existence that could

manipulate that crooked hook to open the blind. Those foot-prints were left there by some stray animal."

The conviction seemed inevitable, and I agreed with him. At the same time I was resolved to try the experiment again and watch the dog more carefully.

That night I shut Demon in as before and closed and fastened both door and blind. There was a full moon, which made the landscape bright as day without, and it occurred to me, just as I was about to put out my lamp, that I could throw open the upper section of the blind and admit the light. It fell in a broad, white square directly across the mat where the dog lay, and after I got into bed, I found that I could watch him easily, without turning my head upon the pillow.

Then I discovered that he was watching me. There was nothing unusual about that—only his eyes were strangely bright.

I tossed about in the bed for a time, but he never moved.

At last I determined to deceive him into the belief that I was asleep. I closed my eyes, and presently, by a careless movement, drew the lace edge of the pillow-slip across my face. Thus I could watch him and yet conceal the fact that my eyes were open.

When I had lain in this position motionless for, perhaps, ten minutes, Demon suddenly lifted his head and turned it on one side. Plainly he was listening—for what, I could not imagine. He put his head down, and for another ten minutes did not move. Then gradually and noiselessly he rose to his feet and came toward the bed. A little distance away he stopped and listened again. Evidently he did not hear what he had expected, for after standing a moment, he returned to his corner and lay down.

Suddenly I found the explanation of his strange conduct. He had listened to my breathing that he might determine if I slept.

Resolved to deceive him if possible, I began slowly to lengthen my respiration and to expel it with more sound and force. At the end of a few minutes, I saw that I was succeeding in my design. A second time he rose with perfect stillness and came to the bed. His face wore an expression of devilish cunning, so utterly foreign to his customary mien, that under other circumstances I should have failed to recognize him. A swift flash of satisfaction in his eye showed that he thought me asleep, and he turned to the window to make his escape.

His motions were slow and cautious, reminding me of a cat rather than a dog. I had expected him to make some slight noise in unhooking the blind, for I doubt if I myself, with my life in hazard, could have accomplished it inaudibly. But there was no sound to be heard in the room, except that of my own slow, steady respiration.

I think it must have taken him five minutes to draw the hook. Then the blind was swung back quietly inch by inch, and his way was clear.

He stood for a moment with his forepaws upon the window-sill and looked back at me. As he did so, I felt again the same strange impression of terror that had overwhelmed me the first time my eyes had met his in that lonely cañon. For an instant I held my breath, and had he continued to look, he must have discovered that I was not asleep. But now with a sudden yet noiseless leap he went out of the window.

It was several minutes before I ventured to move. At last I rose and went to the window. Far away, where the bright moonlight fell upon the side of the hill, I could see a small piece of darkness scudding swiftly along. It was Demon on his way to the sheep pastures.

I scarcely know what impulse sent me, but I went to the closet in my room, took down a large navy revolver, and, when I got back into bed, slipped it underneath my pillow. I did not then, and I will not now, confess to any real fear of the dog—that is to say, physical fear. There was dread—a vague, indistinct horror—at something unexplainable that I seemed to see in his eyes. But had I really feared him, I should have closed the blind, rendering his return impossible.

I lay still and watched for an hour. The nearest floors, I knew, could be reached in a few minutes, and his return might be expected at any time. I drew the lace over my eyes again, and listened for the sound that should indicate his approach.

Suddenly a great black head appeared in the window—without the warning of a footfall—materialized, as it seemed, out of the darkness of the night. In it two round, red lights gleamed like coals of fire. The moon shone clear and full on his face, and I could plainly see the blood and foam with which his jaws were covered.

He climbed slowly into the room. Then, with an ingenuity that was even more than human, he drew the blind shut—noiselessly—and fastened it in place.

He gave one quick glance at me, and went over to his corner. Through the net-work of the lace I watched him, while he licked the blood-stains from his feet and washed his face and neck, with the motions and attitude of a cat.

I grew faint with the horror of it all, and at last forgot the part which I was playing, and ceased to counterfeit the respiration of one who sleeps. Even when Demon suddenly started up, looked at me and listened, I did not notice my mistake.

Then he came nearer to the bed—a few feet away—and glared at me out of those terrible eyes.

That was the moment in which I saw the thing and understood it all. You will not believe it—I don't ask that you should—but I saw through that creature's eyes down into the lost human soul that occupied its body.

It was the soul of a murderer—the destroyer of the drunken Basque in his lonely hovel, the slayer of the sheep—now, at last, throwing off all disguise.

With a strange, half-animal and half-human cry, the thing sprang at my throat. I threw up my hand and it nipped its aim, the teeth closing only on the skin. The next instant I fired the revolver, and it rolled over dead.

The wound was not serious, but it left that ugly looking scar. There is another scar that the experience left, which is probably much larger—if one could see it. I mean on my memory.

CHARLES DWIGHT WILLARD.

TOO MUCH TEA FOR BRITONS.

"Cockaigne" Notes a Lack of Interest in the Great Yacht Race—Why Sir Thomas Lipton Built the "Shamrock"—Real Americans Still in Favor.

In spite of the flaming and voluminous accounts which are cabled over from New York every day concerning the *Shamrock* and her owner, which naturally presuppose a keen interest in the forthcoming international yacht race, on the part of the English people at large, I begin to doubt if after all people on this side care so very much about it. You hear the event hardly at all discussed. The doings of the Australian cricketers—yesterday happily brought to a close—have created much more interest, as have for some days past the chances of Tod Sloan heating the favorite Flying Fox for the St. Leger. I don't know at all what other people hear talked about, but as for myself, I can freely say that I never hear the yacht race spoken of, except in an incidental sort of fashion to some other topic which suggests it for the moment. The real trouble is that everybody sees in it such a huge advertising dodge on the part of Lipton—Sir Thomas, I beg his pardon. No people on earth—save Americans, perhaps—detest humbug so much as the English. And the abomination is of four-fold degree when it arises among the best portion of society.

It only takes a quarter of an eye to see the real object of Lipton in building the *Shamrock* and sending her to America to try and win back the America cup. It was not exactly meant to advertise his tea, but it was meant to advertise himself. It was the sort of thing that Hooley would have done if he had not come to grief. Poor Hooley! What gall and wormwood it must be to him to read of all this lionizing of his great business rival. Of course it was all correct and proper and was done with the best intentions, but I couldn't help feeling amused at the cable that told of Lipton's election to fifty-six American clubs. I doubt if he could get into a single London club, where a member needs something more than money to make him eligible. I have heard that he has been made a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron—a club that was once supposed to be the most exclusive in England, har the Travelers and Army and Navy. But it is difficult to see how it could have been avoided. It is certainly a big thing for a man to do—no matter how great a snob he may be—to build a yacht like the *Shamrock* for the avowed purpose of winning back the coveted cup. Some recognition was due from the English yachting world, and the Royal Yacht Squadron, as the head and front of English yachting, had to show it. And no doubt the Prince of Wales advised, if not absolutely ordered the adoption of such a course. It shows what money, adroitly applied, will do for a man.

If the *Shamrock* wins, no doubt Sir Thomas thinks he will make a peer. But the queen will have something to say about that. She is not at all up to date (like her august son and heir) in her ideas about self-advertising financiers. I suppose you know that the gentleman is playfully known in England as Sir "Tea" Lipton. Besides, there are other hankers after a peerage who have prior claims to the gentleman who catered for the vessels of the Jubilee fleet in 1897. There is Joseph Chamberlain, whose present Boer-squeezing policy is making a big bid for a haronet's coronet.

Just at present English swells like Americans; but, as I have had occasion to say before, they must be Americans. They do not cotton to acclimatized exotics, unless, perhaps, orchids. Tod Sloan has been the fashion, chiefly because he is an American. But just let him come and settle in England, as I hear he intends doing, and his prestige will vanish in a jiffy. Just look at the run "The Belle of New York" has had. And why? Because it is distinctly American. The American craze in England has given it its vogue. Ten years ago I doubt if the play would have run a month. I wish that American ladies and gentlemen who come to England would crystallize the idea that the more flagrantly American they are, the better they are liked; and their efforts to appear English only bring ridicule upon them at once. They will not believe it, because the English people they meet are too well-bred to laugh in their faces; but trust me that they do it behind their backs. Look at Admiral Dewey. It is his pure, downright, unadulterated, uncompromising Americanism—apart from his heroism (which it enhances in their eyes ten-fold)—which makes him so popular in England. I wish he would come here, and you would see what a lion he would be made. He is the sort of American to make his country respected, and such are the men that England admires, for she likes that sort of thing in her own sons, as instance Lord Kitchener.

Now, to give you an idea of the sort of interest one hears expressed in the *Shamrock* in England, I will repeat something I heard not two hours ago. It was in the smoking-room of one of the "Service" clubs. I will not say which, for this might fall under the eye of some of the other men present, and they might kick up a shindy with me for writing about it. There are about a dozen members sitting and standing about—chiefly elderly men, like myself—and three or four youngsters. One of these is reading a paper and presently looks up. He is a clean-shaven, statuesque youth, and has been about a year in one of the battalions of guards. His name is—for our purpose—Jones. His eye rests on another youth cast in the same mold as to features, clothing, and eye-glasses. The latter is smoking an Egyptian cigarette and finishing a big glass of brandy and soda. He is in a lancer regiment quartered at Hounslow, and his name is—to fit the occasion—Brown.

"Look here—I say—what rot!" Jones remarks to Brown, as he lays down the paper. "I thought the *Columbia* was a cruiser."

Brown knits his brows, swallows too much smoke from a futile attempt to he swagger and inhale. "What the deuce are you driving at?" he coughs, as soon as he can get his breath to talk, too.

"Why, don't you know this blooming yacht of that tea chap," Jones begins, in explanation. "Well—"

"Thought she was called *Shamrock*," says Brown.

"Just let me finish. I know that. What I mean to say is, I'm blown if they're not going to race her against a steam cruiser. Now, that's not fair."

"Nonsense!"

"No nonsense. I remember quite well the *Columbia* was chasing a Spanish fleet," and Jones picks up the paper again. "Now here—"

"Don't bother to read," Brown hegs. "It doesn't signify. I daresay you are right. But, by the by, have you heard that the *Shamrock* is to have painted on her mainsail during the race 'Try Lipton's tea'?"

"No, but it's about the sort of thing one might expect," speaks up one of the older men from a sofa near the open window.

"I heard," says another elder, "that the Yankee syndicate who own the other yacht—she's not a cruiser, by the by—offered Lipton to paint what you say on their mainsail and spinnaker if he'd pay a goodish sum. Trust the Yankees to make a few dollars where they can."

But Jones, who has returned to his paper, shouts out:

"I say! Darling's made another century in his last match," and the spurt on the international yacht race drops down. I do not believe there is much money on it.

LONDON, September 9, 1899.

COCKAIGNE.

South American opinion of the United States is not flattering at the present time, according to the reports received from competent observers. Rev. Samuel P. Craver, superintendent of the Methodist Episcopal Mission in Paraguay, has written from Asuncion a long letter to the New York *Independent*, giving his views on this subject, and the events from which the people of the South American republics draw their conclusions. He says:

"During the first weeks of the war with Spain there were numerous periodicals that entered with wild enthusiasm into the task of setting forth the wrongs suffered by Spain, the coarseness, brutality, and sordid ambition of the Americans, and the probability of European intervention. As the war proceeded the tone of the press began to change. The fighting power of the American navy impressed the people, but they did not become enamored of the United States, although they learned to appreciate the great strength and energy of the nation. The terms of peace insisted on by the United States Peace Commissioners were criticised. The charge of 'thirst for conquest' was repeated, and the attitude of our government toward the Philippines has been such as to confirm the people in the conviction that 'humanity' was cheap talk, and that beyond the help to the Cubans was the thirst for territory. The plea so commonly made in justification of the policy of expansion, that the Philippines are not able to govern themselves, and that we can do much better for them than they can possibly do for themselves, does not have much force in these countries, some of which, when they obtained their independence from Spain, were but little, if any, in advance of the Philippines. The more intelligent leaders of public opinion in these countries are not ignorant of the gross injustice practiced in the United States in our treatment of the negroes, the Chinese, and the Indians. No crude, unprepared, half-civilized people that has thrown off the Spanish yoke has ever tolerated under its unstable and revolutionary governments such barbarities as are to-day practiced in the South. It is, therefore, to be wondered at that the expansion policy of the United States today does not excite admiration nor inspire high hopes for the future among South Americans? They look upon it with alarm. If the United States has laid aside its traditional policy and proposes to enter upon a self-imposed task of policing the world, what guaranty has any South American country that on some fine day the American eagle will not pounce down upon it and annex it for 'humanitarian' reasons? Consequently everything looking like North American intervention in South American affairs meets with opposition. A few days ago a telegram announced that Bolivia had asked, or would ask, the intervention of the United States in her question with Brazil touching boundaries. Immediately the press of Chile sounded a note of energetic protest, and the Bolivian minister in Chile hastened to deny the report. It was but a straw, but it shows the direction of the wind."

Every visitor to Paris has observed the ragged individuals who perambulate the boulevards, and peer in among the tables and chairs in front of the *cafés* in search of cigar and cigarette-ends, which they deftly harpoon by means of bent pins on the end of a stick. The *mégotiers*, as they are called, are now trying to form a mutual protection syndicate. Their reason is that the police interfere with them too much, and that the craft, never a lucrative one, is thus rendered almost impossible. Such it appears is especially the case in summer, when the streets are clean and the best customers of the *mégotiers* pick up their own tobacco. This singular trade occupies three classes of persons—the picker, the cleaner, and the salesman. Everybody has seen the picker at work, and observed how he combines hegging therewith. In the evening the pickers meet at low wine-shops in the Faubourg du Temple, where they find the cleaners awaiting them. Newspapers are spread on the tables, and the cleaners set to work to undo the cigars and cigarettes. The purchasers consist chiefly of masons, who all come from the country districts of Limousin and Creuse, and are delighted to get a large packet of tobacco for twopence. There exist, moreover, real tobacco-shop keepers, who purchase the vile stuff and mix it with good tobacco, the profits derived therefrom being naturally considerable. This practice does not, however, exist to any great extent.

John

Captain Alfred Dreyfus was liberated from prison September 20th, and with his brother left Rennes, with their destination unknown. The *Journal Officiel de la République Française* published the same day President Loubet's decree of pardon for Dreyfus, accompanied by a note by General de Gallifet, minister of war, saying that while it is the first duty of all to respect judicial decisions, the government must respond to the wish of the country for pacification and quiet. Also, this "supreme act of humanity" is more imperative on account of the health of the prisoner, and it is necessary to take into consideration the plain intention of the court-martial that Dreyfus's sentence should be regarded as already served on the Ile du Diable.

John

General Brooke is having thousands of eucalyptus-trees set out in the malarial districts near Havana and Santiago, for their health-giving qualities. The tests made in Italy and in Mexico seem to bear out the claims made for these trees as malaria-destroyers.

John

THREE BOOK-PLAYS.

New York Sees New Dramatic Versions of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," Dickens's "A Tale of Two Cities," and Mrs. Voynich's "The Gadfly."

The large number of plays made from novels, which is the distinguishing feature of the present theatrical season, is due in great measure to the immense success this class of pieces has enjoyed of late. Even Jones and Pinero, the most accomplished playwrights of the present day, have seen their very respectable royalties dwarfed by the huge sums "The Christian" has earned for Hall Caine, "The Little Minister" for James M. Barrie, and the Zenda plays for Anthony Hope. Doubtless this fact is due to an extent to the preliminary advertising which the latter plays had received from the popularity of the stories in novel form, and their success has led many others to re-cast well-known novels for the stage. Among the current tales to be thus treated are "When Knighthood Was in Flower," "Richard Carvel," "The Choir Invisible," "The Pride of Jennico," "The Children of the Ghetto," "Sherlock Holmes," and "The Gadfly," and of standard novels new stage versions have been made of "Ben Hur," "Monte Cristo," "A Tale of Two Cities," and "Vanity Fair."

Three of these plays have been produced in the past week and are sufficiently notable to receive more than passing notice. The first was "Becky Sharp," a drama made by Langdon Mitchell from Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" and presented with Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske in the title rôle. Mrs. Fiske's great success as Tess in the dramatization of Thomas Hardy's "Tess of the d'Urbervilles" and the fame of Thackeray's novel brought out a notable audience of literary and artistic people, and they gave the play their keenest attention. But in spite of the kindest intentions they could not accord the piece high praise. It lacked coherence and sustained interest. Mr. Mitchell has wisely taken Becky as his central figure and shown her in such scenes as outline her career. In the first act she is a demure, gray-gowned young person in Miss Crawley's household, secretly married to Rawdon Crawley and revealing her true nature in her fierce regret that she had not captured instead the elder and wealthier brother, Sir Pitt. The next act is at the historic ball given by the Duchess of Richmond on the eve of the Battle of Waterloo, and there is little action in it. The third contains the only strongly dramatic scene in the play, where Becky and the Marquis of Steyne have just concluded their shameful bargain when her husband, Rawdon Crawley, comes in upon them, denounces her fiercely, and marches off with the price of her dishonor. Maurice Barrymore, by the way, is the Rawdon Crawley, and he makes more of it than he has of anything since his impersonation of Captain Swift. The final act is in the nature of an anti-climax, merely revealing Becky in cheap Bohemian surroundings, the mistress of Joseph Sedley. The staging of the play is very handsome, and some improvements made since the first night, together with Mrs. Fiske's popularity and admirable acting and Barrymore's personal hit, will doubtless give "Becky Sharp" a long run.

A more pronounced success is "The Only Way," adapted from Dickens's "A Tale of Two Cities," by Freeman Wills. In a prologue the animus of Defarge—changed from the woman of Dickens's story to a man—in his hatred of Darnay is revealed in a duel, in which Jean Defarge is killed by the betrayer of his sister, the Marquis de St. Evrémonte. In the play proper, Ernest Defarge takes up his elder brother's feud. The action then begins in the London lodgings of Sydney Carton, where the brilliant but dissipated young barrister is recovering from a carouse with which he has celebrated his successful defense of the young Frenchman, Darnay. While he is unconscious, Mimi—for whom there is no foundation in Dickens beyond the shadowy figure of a girl who crouches at the foot of the guillotine as Carton goes to his death—reveals her pathetic love for him, and presently it is shown that he cherishes an equally hopeless passion for Lucy Manette, for she loves and is loved by Darnay. In this situation Defarge enters, and, having learned the identity of Darnay with the man he hates, tempts Carton to be rid of his rival by furthering Defarge's plans to get him to Paris, where the Revolutionists would make short work of the hated aristocrat. The scene between the two men is a strong one, but Carton's better nature triumphs. In the next act, however, where Lucy and Darnay become betrothed, Defarge on a specious pretext lures Darnay to Paris, in spite of Carton's protests, and the latter hurries across the Channel to his rescue.

The third act is the strongest and best in the play. Darnay, denounced as the aristocrat, St. Evrémonte, is on trial before the revolutionary tribunal, and so eloquent is Carton's plea in his defense that an acquittal is secured. The speech is a splendid one, and its effect is heightened by the splendid training of the mob, which is visibly carried from sullen hate to tolerance by Carton's address. But at the moment of acquittal Defarge bursts in and shrieks to the mob that they have acquitted the seducer of his sister. In an instant they are turned to furies, and the man is condemned to the guillotine.

The remaining act is in three brief scenes and a tableau. At first we see Carton planning to substitute himself for Darnay, and Mimi, suspecting his intention, determining to die with him. Then the substitution is effected, Darnay being carried off unconscious while Carton remains to die in his place. Finally the scene changes to the hall of the Conciergerie, where Mimi goes out hand in hand with her hero to the guillotine, and just before the final curtain falls an effective tableau reveals Carton on the steps of the guillotine.

The ominous word failure must be recorded against the dramatization of Mrs. Voynich's novel, "The Gadfly," in which Stuart Robson last night for the first time essayed a tragic rôle. The "gadfly," it will be remembered, is an embittered rebel against the state and the church, and for

an actor with Mr. Robson's squeaky voice and funny mannerisms to carry such a rôle is ridiculous. The play, too, is poorly constructed and without dramatic merit. It is only fair to Mrs. Voynich to state that she has publicly disclaimed all responsibility for this dramatic version of her novel.

NEW YORK, September 19, 1899.

FLANEUR.

OLD FAVORITES.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 11, 1899.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: Will you kindly publish a poem (I think by Edwin Arnold) entitled "The Rajpūt Nurse." It was published in your paper some years ago. I shall be very grateful if you will do so.
Respectfully yours,
VIRGINIA WILSON.

A Rajpūt Nurse.

"Whose tomb have they builded, Vittoo! under this tamarind-tree,
With its door of the rose-veined marble, and white dome stately to see,
Was he holy Brahman, or Yogi, or Chief of the Rajpūt line,
Whose urn rests here by the river, in the shade of the beautiful shrine?"

"May it please you," quoth Vittoo, salaaming, "Protector of all the poor!
It was not for holy Brahman they carved that delicate door;
Nor for Yogi, nor Rajpūt Rana, built they this gem of our land;
But to tell of a Rajpūt woman, as long as the stones should stand.

"Her name was Môti, the pearl-name; 'twas far in the ancient times;
But her moon-like face and her teeth of pearl are sung of still in our rhymes;
And because she was young, and comely, and of good repute,
And had laid
A babe in the arms of her husband, the Palace-Nurse she was made:

"For the sweet chief-queen of the Rana in Joudhpore city had died,
Leaving a motherless infant, the heir to that race of pride;
The heir of the peacock-banner, of the five-colored flag, of the throne
Which traces its record of glory from days when it ruled alone;

"From times when, forth from the sunlight, the first of our kings came down
And had the earth for his foot-stool, and wore the stars for his crown,
As all good Rajpūts have told us; so Môti was proud and true,
With the Prince of the land on her bosom, and her own brown baby too.

"And the Rajpūt women will have it (I know not myself of these things)
As the two babes lay on her lap there, her lord's and the Joudhpore King's;
So loyal was the blood of her body, so fast the faith of her heart,
It passed to her new-born infant, who took of her trust its part.

"He would not suck of the breast-milk till the Prince had drunken his fill;
He would not sleep to the cradle-song till the Prince was lulled and still;
And he lay at night with his small arms clasped round the Rana's child,
As if those hands like the rose-leaf could shelter from treason wild.

"For treason was wild in the country, and villainous men had sought
The life of the heir of the gadi, to the Palace in secret brought;
With bribes to the base, and with knife-thrusts for the faithful, they made their way
Through the line of the guards, and the gateways, to the hall where the women lay.

"There Môti the foster-mother sat, singing the children to rest,
Her baby at play on her crossed knees, and the King's son held to her breast;
And the dark slave-maidens round her beat low on the cymbal's skin,
Keeping the time of her soft song—when—Saheb!—there hurried in

"A breathless watcher, who whispered, with horror in eyes and face:
'O Môti! men come to murder my Lord the Prince in this place!
They have bought the help of the gate-guards, or slaughtered them unawares;
Hark! that is the noise of their tulwars,* the clatter upon the stairs!'

"For one breath she caught her baby from her lap to her heart, and let
The King's child sink from her nipple, with lips still clinging and wet,
Then tore from the Prince his bead-cloth, and the putta of pearls from his waist,
And bound the belt on her infant, and the cap on his brows, in haste;

"And laid her own dear offspring, her flesh and blood, on the floor,
With the girdle of pearls around him, and the cap that the King's son wore;
While close to her heart, which was breaking, she folded the Rajah's joy,
And—even as the murderers lifted the purdah—she fled with his boy.

"But there (so they deemed) in his jewels, lay the Cbota Rana,† the Heir;
'The cow with two calves has escaped us,' cried one, 'it is right and fair
She should save her own butch'; no matter! the edge of the dagger ends
This spark of Lord Raghoba's sunlight; stab thrice and four times, O friends!'

"And the Rajpūt women will have it (I know not if this can be so)
That Môti's son in the putta and golden cap cooed low,
When the sharp blades met in his small heart, with never one moan or wince
But died with a babe's light laughter, because he died for his Prince.

"Thereby did that Rajpūt mother preserve the line of our Kings."
'O Vittoo! I said, "but they gave her much gold and beautiful things,
And garments, and land for her people, and a home in the Palace!
Maybe
She had grown to love that Princeling even more than the child on her knee."

"May it please the Presence!" quoth Vittoo, "it seemeth not so!
They gave
The gold and the garments and jewels, as much as the proudest would buy;
But the same night deep in her true heart she buried a knife, and smiled,
Saying this: 'I have saved my Rana! I must go to suckle my child!'"—Sir Edwin Arnold.

* Swords. † Little king. ‡ Little one.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Dr. Richard J. Gatling, the inventor of the Gatling gun, has just celebrated his eighty-first birthday.

According to the latest report of H. Clay Evans, commissioner of pensions, there is now only one survivor of the War of 1812—Hiram Cronk, of North-Western New York. He is ninety-nine years of age.

Miss Perceval, of Ealing, the youngest but one of the twelve children of the Right Hon. Spencer Perceval, the English prime minister who was assassinated in the lobby of the House of Commons in the early part of the century, entered upon her ninety-fifth year on August 27th last.

Rear-Admiral Kane, of the British navy, who has just been placed on the retired list, was captain of the *Calliope* when she succeeded in steaming out of Apia harbor in the great hurricane, while her band played the "Star-Spangled Banner" and the crew of the doomed *Trenton* manned the rigging and cheered her departure.

The Count of Fontalba, the new Portuguese ambassador to the Austrian court, has made his whole journey from Lisbon to Vienna in a handsome carriage, drawn by four gorgeously caparisoned mules and attended by two flunkies in brilliant liveries. He left Lisbon in April, and drove through Spain, France, Northern Italy, through the St. Bernard Pass to Switzerland, and thence by way of Munich through Styria to Vienna.

Julia Dent Grant, the granddaughter of General Ulysses S. Grant and daughter of Brigadier-General Frederick D. Grant, now on service in the Philippines, is now the Princess Cantacuzene and Countess Speransky of Russia. She was married to Prince Cantacuzene, according to the ritual of the Greek Orthodox Church, at Newport on Sunday evening, and on Monday the Episcopal Church ceremony was performed. The new princess is a niece of Mrs. Potter Palmer, the Chicago society leader, at whose home at Newport the Sunday wedding occurred.

Over two years ago Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop surprised her friends by abandoning her home and taking up her residence in the tenement district of New York, where she had established a hospital for incurable cancer patients. Since then Mrs. Lathrop, by the contributions of charitable people, has been enabled to increase the capacity of the hospital and to engage trained nurses to help her. Now comes the news that a week ago she, with two of her associates, was received into the third order of the Sisters of St. Dominic, a Roman Catholic lay order. Mrs. Lathrop is the youngest daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne, the novelist, and she has written stories and memories of her father.

Dr. Ludwig Leichhardt, one of the most brilliant of Australian explorers, is almost the only prominent discoverer in modern times who has disappeared from view, and of whom no trace has ever been found (says *Harper's Round Table*). Men still living remember the famous journey that this young German made in the interior of Australia, when he and seven comrades tramped for sixteen months from Moreton Bay, near the city of Brisbane, far north through the heart of Queensland, discovering many a mountain range, many a river, and savage tribe that had never been met before. From end to end this journey, which cost only six hundred and twenty-five dollars, was a revelation of the unknown. It was a great journey, and the book in which Leichhardt described it has many readers to this day. The explorer set out on his second undertaking, which he never completed, and the mystery of his fate was never solved.

Miss Anna Klumpke, to whom Rosa Bonheur has left her entire fortune, estimated at several millions of francs, is a California girl—the eldest of a distinguished family. The five Klumpke girls were taken to Paris by their mother to be educated, and four of them made distinguished successes in life. Anna, the eldest, had a talent for drawing and painting, which she diligently cultivated. Augusta, the second girl, studied medicine, and is now the wife of a distinguished French physician, with whom she practices. Dorothea, the third, is an astronomer in charge of a department in the Paris Observatory, a position which she attained in competition with a number of eminent astronomers. No other woman astronomer in the world holds a position equal to that of Miss Klumpke. She is a distinguished mathematician. Matilda, the fourth daughter, married an American and died; and Julia, the youngest daughter, is a professional musician, with a European reputation as a violinist. A brother, John W. Klumpke, resides in this city.

Paul Loeffler returned to San Andreas, Cal., a few days ago, after two years of fruitless prospecting in Alaska. In relating his experiences to the Calaveras County *Prospect*, he said that of all the thousands who have rushed to the Klondike but comparatively few have been really successful. Of course, the latter always make a big blow about their success, even to the extent of magnifying enormously in some cases, while the latter come back with little or nothing to say excepting that they were "up against it," and this the papers seldom publish. Hundreds are obliged to work their way back, and such chances are not always too handy. On the boat carrying one hundred and fifty passengers on which Mr. Loeffler came, ten men were working their way. Travel and transportation are comparatively easy to what they were a few years ago, as the greater part of the distance can now be covered by rail and water. Mr. Loeffler does not intend to go back, as he is thoroughly satisfied that there is no better place for a miner than on the mother lode of California. He thinks that if one-half the money lost by the unsuccessful in their attempt to get their share of the riches of the Klondike were judiciously expended in the mines of this State, we would have a mining boom that would astonish the world—and it would be a substantial one, with big dividends and plenty of gold to show.

ADMIRAL DEWEY'S HOME-COMING.

A Sequel to the Famous Farewell Dinner Given in Washington in 1897—Anecdotes of the Admiral as an Officer, a Diplomatist, and a Gentleman.

The splendid welcome accorded Admiral George Dewey on his arrival in New York harbor on his flagship, the *Olympia*, on Wednesday, and which has reëchoed in every city and hamlet in the United States, shows how completely the hero of Manila Bay has established himself in the hearts of his countrymen. After all the many public testimonials to his bravery are completed, he is to be given a grand dinner by his old friends at the Metropolitan Club at Washington, D. C., which will be one rising to historical importance as the sequel to a dinner given him at the same club the night before he left that city, two years ago, to take command of the Asiatic Squadron.

The admiral always made his home in Washington, D. C., when off duty, and it is there that his old cronies live and await his return with impatient pleasure. When he gets together with them again at the Metropolitan Club, or the still more exclusive Alibi Club, there will be a triumphant tone to the interchanges quite different from the deep diapason of denunciation that characterized the coterie when Dewey received the orders, about two years ago, that sent him to what was regarded as the Botany Bay of the naval service in far-off Asia. It is well known that Dewey and his friends were highly indignant when he was given the assignment, that was so unexpectedly to lead to an admiral's stars. He desired, of course, to fly the flag of a commanding officer at the peak of a squadron flagship, but he thought the European station was his due. No naval officer who ever left Washington got such a send-off as George Dewey received, and it culminated in a dinner at the Metropolitan Club on the night of November 17, 1897. Every guest was a close except Dewey himself, and during the evening the toastmaster, Major Archibald Hopkins, clerk of the Court of Claims, read some original verses which contained a prophecy that has surpassed many others in the way of coming true. It is well worth reproducing:

Fill your glasses full to-night,
The wind is off the shore;
And be it feast or be it fight,
We pledge the Commodore.

Through days of storm, through days of calm,
On broad Pacific seas,
At anchor off the Isles of Palm,
Or with the Japanese.

Ashore, afloat, on decks below,
Or where our bull-dogs roar,
To back a friend or breast a foe
We'll pledge the Commodore!

We know our honor'll be sustained
Where'er his pennant flies;
Our rights respected and maintained,
Whatever Power defies.

And when he takes the homeward tack,
Beneath an Admiral's flag,
We'll hail that day that brings him back,
And have another jag!

It was but a short half-year after reaching his new command that he received the famously brief order, "Capture or destroy the Spanish fleet," and, when he had done it, sent the equally famous reply, "I have executed my orders."

An intimate club friend, speaking of Dewey's social life in Washington, D. C., said recently:

"When Dewey as a naval officer remained in Washington, he went a great deal in society and was a social lion. He dislikes society in its ordinary sense very much. I have known him ever since he was a boy. Then he was shy, not fond of the girls, and easily embarrassed. He is not any more fond of the women to-day as a man than he was of the girls as a young boy, nor does he care for the round of social gayeties any more than he did in the early days in Montpelier, when wild horses could not drag him to a dance, church festival, or any merry-making. Yet Dewey has gained the reputation of being a great social man, because one sees him at every high social function in Washington and in foreign capitals. He goes because it is his idea of duty. He does not want to go to anything social, but he goes because he is invited. He may stay but a minute, or he may stay the whole evening if he finds the hostess gives him the wall-flowers and dowagers to take care of. He always got along with the older women because they did not expect him to talk much."

Gunner Leonard J. G. Kuhlwein, now at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, was on the *Olympia* during the Battle of Manila Bay and for some time afterward. In answer to the question, "When did Dewey seem at his best to us who were at Manila with him?" he said, the other day:

"All the time. Dewey was never anything but at his best; yet I have three special memories of him when he was at better than his best. While I was on deck trying to get a torpedo in shape for the Spaniards during the battle, I saw him on top of the chart-house, in the most exposed place he could possibly find, directing the proceedings. 'Uncle George' was well worth seeing then. After the battle was over and we knew we had the Spaniards licked, he was so happy his face fairly shone when he thanked the men of the *Olympia* for their part in the fight. He was pretty well stirred up then, I tell you, and so was everybody else, and the cheers we gave him just lifted us off our feet. Dewey's face shone again the day the first lot of Yankee transports, bringing thousands of blue soldiers, steamed into Manila Bay. He wasn't well that day, but the arrival of the transports made him better. Some time later a boat brought a cablegram to the *Olympia*. Soon after he had read it, all hands were called on deck. We expected something highly important, but we couldn't guess what. We'd never seen Dewey so stirred up but once before, and we knew him too well not to be certain that he had great news. He must have seen that we were eager, and I guess he was willing to make us wait a little. He looked out upon us and smiled a hallelujah smile, and then he said: 'Now, men, I want you to listen to the best news we've had since the first of May. I was ill this morning, but it has made me well. Now listen.' Then he had the dispatch read. It told how Cervera's ships had been done up as completely at Santiago as Montojo's had been at Manila a little over two months before. It was like an electric shock to the men on that ship. They yelled enough to lift the sky in their cheering, and then they laughed and hooted and shook hands with each other and jumped up and down and danced. Everybody was pretty well stirred up that day, from the admiral down to the stokers."

An admirable example of his foresight and modesty is shown in an article in *Collier's Weekly*, by Frederick Palmer, who saw much of Dewey in Manila Bay, and was detailed to accompany the *Olympia* on her homeward voyage:

"One day the news of the departure of Camara's squadron for Manila came to the admiral. He wrote a cablegram to be sent to the Navy Department, suggesting that Camara would turn back if the United States were to make a demonstration on the coast of Spain. 'I had better attend to my own affairs,' he said to Captain Lamerton, on second thought; 'advice to the Department from this distance comes with poor taste, I fear.' 'I should like to know who has a right to make a suggestion if you haven't,' said the captain; 'you have whipped one fleet in this harbor, and it is you who will have to fight Camara if he comes.' The cablegram was sent, and it had the desired result, as we know. There was no objection to the publication in American, and especially in Spanish papers, of the intention of the Navy Department to send a squadron across the Atlantic under the command of Commodore Watson. Camara, having paid a heavy toll to pass through Suez, passed back again, and thus, by the foresight of the admiral, bloodshed and enough vessels for the nucleus of a new Spanish navy was spared."

"In his discipline," said one of his officers to Mr. Palmer, "the admiral has the manner of a homœopathist, but his doses are often allopathic."

"Sometimes a martinet on principle, he never is at heart. The faith of the Jackies in him is the same as that of the officers. It is absolute. They still call him the old man among themselves. Before strangers they call him the admiral, for they are proud beings, who have finally condescended to forgive the government for waiting so long before putting four stars on the *Olympia*'s pennant. In return for their love of him, they know that he considers them the finest body of men in the world, and they try a little harder than the run of Jackies to live up to his ideal."

A member of the Army and Navy Club, of Washington, D. C., recently related an incident which shows the admiral's firmness when occasion requires:

"Dewey was the executive officer of the *Colorado*. We had a fine crew, some of them as powerful men as I ever saw. Four or five of them went ashore one day and came back fighting drunk. The order was given to put them in irons, and it was found difficult to carry out the order, for the men were dangerous. Dewey was notified of the situation. He was writing a letter in his room at the time. He went to the place where these giants were, and he told them to come out and submit to the laws. They did not stir. Then Dewey said quietly to an orderly: 'Bring me my revolvers.' When in possession of the revolvers Dewey called again upon the men to come out and they did not move. Then he said in the same quiet tone: 'I am going to count three; if you are not out here with your hands held up on the third count, you won't come out of that place alive.' He counted one, then he ccked the revolvers and counted two. We all expected to hear the report, for we knew that Dewey meant what he said. The men knew it, too. They stepped out just in time to save their lives, and held up their hands, and they had been partially sobered by their fright and the moral effect of Dewey's glance. Dewey went back to his room and finished the letter he was writing."

The Chicago *Record's* correspondent, who visited the *Olympia* while she was riding at anchor at Leghorn, sends an interesting anecdote bearing on the clever lot of men who form the *Olympia's* crew:

"Thursday is the regular day for the exercise of the ship's company at 'general quarters' for battle, and that morning I happened to be talking to the admiral on the after-bridge. He takes a very keen interest in his men, and he was watching their work carefully, because when the ship arrives in New York the inspection board will visit it to make a report concerning its state of efficiency. The conversation turned toward the question of the speed that he could make on his way home."

"If we had had the spare propeller-blades that are a part of the ship's outfit," he said, "I would have had her dry-docked and put in order, but they were left in the Mare Island Navy Yard, and so we shall have to cross the Atlantic with one engine." I asked whether the speed was not somewhat checked by the necessity of counteracting the side movement of the one engine by the use of the helm."

"Oh, I suppose so," replied the admiral, "I'll just ask that signal-boy and find out whether he has taken any notice of the helm motion coming through the Mediterranean since the screw was injured."

"I think, sir," he replied to the admiral's question, "that we carried a little starboard helm all the way down the Adriatic."

"About how much?" asked the admiral.

"Five or six degrees, I should say, sir."

"Go ask the chief quartermaster," said the admiral.

"Presently the youngster came back and said that the average starboard helm carried, while running with the port-engine only, was five degrees."

"There! What do you think of that?" said the admiral, triumphantly. "That boy is a fair specimen of our apprentices. They keep their eyes open and learn all about the ship and the methods of handling her without being forced to do so."

Mr. Palmer says it is a pity that the admiral's method of handling a squadron can not be patented—for the United States only. The Asiatic Squadron is the smoothest running machine under our flag:

"While the admiral looked after every detail, he attended to them so quietly that he seemed to be doing nothing. He is a bundle of nerves bound by steel bands, with a covering of silk. He worked the hardest of any officer of the fleet. He was the only officer of the squadron who did not get a cruise or some diversion from the monotony of life in the bay."

"Although it is a rule in the tropics to rest more than in a temperate climate, the admiral never slept more than four or five hours. The watch would hear him up at two or three o'clock in the morning, walking back and forth in his cabin, or, perhaps, playing with his pet dog, 'Bob.' He used to say that he made up for the sleep he lost at night by having fallen into the tropical habit of a *siesta* after lunch. His secretary, who sleeps nine hours, has been chafed by the admiral, when in a jovial mood, for being a sleepy head. So far as appearances went, the admiral showed, at the close of his service in Manila, the effects of the long strain less than those around him. Such is his constitution, that he could still wear out many young men who had not had the advantage of being one of those who, surviving the Civil War, were toughened and hardened by it. His face is not one that betrays fatigue or illness. It can express pleasure and just anger, but not anxiety."

"The sang-froid of Americans is a quality that often perplexes the foreigner. If one of the admiral's nerves pokes its head out of the silk covering, it is always over some small thing. The man who directed the Battle of Manila as if he were taking coffee at his club is immeasurably bothered by any unnecessary little noise which may reach his ears. He is disturbed by a kink in a coil of rope on the deck, or anything out of place in his cabin. He is ship-shape from head to foot himself, and everything about him must be the same or there is storm. It is this characteristic which led some of his fellow-clubmen in Washington to announce to the world after his victory that the admiral was a 'dude.' They even said that he was proud of the number of his boots, his coats, his hats and braces. He has more boots, coats, hats, and braces than the average cadet, but no more than the average naval commander. They all fit him, however; and he would lend an air to a suit of blue jeans which the average man can not lend to the best tailor can produce. He dislikes all display which is not an instrument for the discipline and the *esprit-de-corps* of the force under his command. He is the first commander of the Asiatic Squadron who has dispensed with having the sides 'piped' when he went ashore or came aboard."

Joseph L. Stickney, writing from Gibraltar, tells a story which illustrates the true nature of the man:

"Admiral Dewey heard a day or so ago that Peppiatt, the British gunner whose arm was shattered by a premature explosion of the piece he served while the shore battery was saluting the *Olympia* the day it arrived, had since expressed regret that his injury would prevent him from seeing the American commander. So Saturday, Admiral Dewey went to the hospital expressly to see Peppiatt, and talked with him for some time, telling the gunner that the *Olympia's* crew was getting up a

testimonial for him. 'When I told him that,' said the admiral, 'he choked right up and began wiping his eyes. I felt very sorry for him, but the English will take good care of him.' The American seamen's contribution to help Peppiatt amounted to one hundred and thirty-eight dollars."

J. C. Hemment, the correspondent of *Leslie's Weekly*, who saw the admiral at Naples, says:

"One afternoon as an English transport was leaving the bay of Naples it passed close by the *Olympia*. The admiral was told of its presence, came out on the gangway, and, as the Englishman dipped her colors, he took off his cap and waved her a good-by, much to the delight of all on board the transport. One morning, as I was coming alongside the *Olympia*, I was going around her stern to come up the port gangway. The admiral was on the quarter-deck and saw me. He at once said: 'Oh, don't pull around there. Come up my gangway. It's more handy.' This is Admiral Dewey. Do you wonder why his men are so magnificently loyal? He is never too much engaged to greet an acquaintance, and always meets one with a winning smile. In the language of Henry Vigneaud, of the Paris embassy: 'He has the heart of a lion, the eye of a hawk, and the hand and manner of a *grande dame*.'"

Of the health of Admiral Dewey and the crew of the *Olympia*, Mr. Palmer wrote from Naples a few weeks ago:

"The whole family of the *Olympia* was in the best spirits I have ever seen sailors. Apparently lives are working well again. All hands denied the possession of any such organ. There was not a case of fever or of sickness on board. He was the exception who had not gained from five to ten pounds since the *Olympia* arrived at Trieste. At this rate (say an average of three pounds a man a week), with seven weeks between now and October 31st, there will have to be some radical alterations in uniforms before the receptions and dinners in New York. You, at home, will not see the real heroes of Manila at all. They were slim men. All of which is great joy to the admiral. In fact it is the 'snapper,' as Captain Lamerton says, to his little joke; no less than other men he likes to have his prophecies come true. This Mediterranean trip was his own idea, though he didn't tell his officers the secret of it at the time of its conception. They do their duty, and he thinks of their comfort and well being. He knew the Mediterranean of old; first as an ensign on the *Wabash*, and again as a commander; he understood the effect its balmy air would have upon his officers and men. The rough passage from Colombo, followed by the heat of the Red Sea, developed a hundred cases of fever. If, then, the *Olympia* had headed straight for New York from the Suez, if the fine crew had had no rest, if everybody had been on duty all the time without the luxury of a few days ashore, it is more than probable that some pale and fever-stricken beings would have been the object of your greeting. The receptions and the dinners would have finished the work and put them to bed, while the navy would have had a tropical sick-list as well as the army. The admiral's cheeks are actually rosy. He is not living on a rice diet now as he was from Hong Kong to Singapore. As a trencher-man, at the little official dinners which must take place whenever he stops in any port, he does very well. I can state on the highest authority, as those wonderful beings the Continental journalists would say, that he has gained enough flesh, and that he would be quite content to have the scales balance just where they do for years to come."

"When he said at Manila that his health was not equal to the strain of the receptions in crossing the continent, it absolutely was not," remarks Mr. Palmer. He adds:

"When he said that his health would not permit him to accept invitations in Hong Kong, it would not. But he little realized at the time what he was bringing on himself. The papers at home got the impression that he was a very sick man. The people received their impressions from the papers, and once they have an impression it is hard to change their minds. It is just as reasonable that the admiral should be quite well, even strong for his age now, when he was not strong in Hong Kong two months ago, as it is that a man who had an attack of indigestion two months ago should be at work in his office to-day."

What kind of duty Admiral Dewey will do when he settles down to active work again depends mainly on his own wishes. Says Park Benjamin in the *Independent*:

"Farragut made one cruise to Europe in the *Franklin* (frigate), with a squadron that was ridiculous, and after that remained idle and was abominably treated by the miserable little politicians then in the Navy Department. Porter lived in Washington and did as he liked. He wrote a long report about things in general every year, which was duly filed in a pigeon-hole. As he did not care much what the Navy Department thought about anything, honors were even—and peace reigned. Rowan, the vice-admiral, was a gentle old soul, who had done splendid service in his time, and who found in the office merely a congenial retreat in which to pass his closing years."

Dewey would have joined the retired admirals in Washington in December, and after that doubtless he would have played endless pool and whist with his old comrades at the Metropolitan Club, until the appointed time came for the making of his one surrender. But now he can not be retired. An active career is as open to him as it was on the day when he arrived at Annapolis—forty odd years ago—and he may yet astonish the world as an admiral as effectively as he did when to most of it he was a comparatively unknown commodore.

John

An idea can be obtained of the amount of medical supplies required for the troops in the Philippines from a recent requisition which was made by the ranking medical officer at Manila, and which has been filled, says the *Army and Navy Journal*. These were some of the five hundred and forty items in the list: Ten million tablets of quinine, 7,500,000 grains of quinine, 20 tons of Epsom salts, 5,000 bottles of paregoric, 3,000 bottles of iodoform dressing and 8,000 bottles of collodion, 5,000 bottles of chloroform and 2,500 tins of ether, 16,000 bottles of two kinds of bismuth, 7,000 bottles of alcohol and 10,000 quart bottles of whiskey, 12,000 yards of plaster, 3,000 yards of adhesive plaster. There were 600,000 compound cathartic pills, 1,000,000 tablets of strychnine, used as a tonic; 1,600,000 tablets of salicylate of soda for rheumatism, 625,000 tablets of salol for typhoid fever. An immense quantity of bandages for wounded men went in that order. There were 50,000 yards of plain gauze, 5,000 yards of unbleached muslin, 50,000 sterilized handgazes, 4,000 pounds of absorbent cotton, 96,000 roller bandages. The order included 5,000 pieces of each kind of crockery and cutlery necessary to equip the hospital tables, and 500 lanterns for use in tents.

Science will soon make all luxuries plentiful. It has discovered that the superior quality of some tobacco—the subtle and aromatic odor—is due to bacilli developed in the curing process. The discovery of the bacilli of cheese which enables any sort to be made anywhere in the world in the same perfection as in the locality from which it derives its name, promises that the cultivation of the microbe of tobacco shall be equally effective in enabling inferior sorts to be raised to a standard of excellence equal to that of the West India and Sumatra plants.

LITERARY NOTES.

A Gentlemao Pug and a Neurotic Lady.

In the autobiographical preface to his "Plays: Pleasant and Unpleasant," George Bernard Shaw, the brilliant and bumptious English critic, confessed to having written novels in his youth, novels that were not successful but of which he still was not ashamed. One of these, "Cashel Byron's Profession," has recently been reprinted in this country, the publisher doubtless being nerved to the deed by the success Mr. Shaw's plays have had with the reading public; and, if the others he like it, it can be safely predicted that the reprinting of them, as well as this one, should be a financially satisfactory venture.

Though "Cashel Byron's Profession" was written more than fifteen years ago, one would never suspect its age, except from the fact that it is not copyrighted. Its personages are as fresh and vivid as if they had been imagined yesterday. And what is more remarkable, the heroine is an intensely modern woman of the neurotic type, though her temperamental tendencies have been held in check by an ideally well-directed education. Brought up by an eccentric and wise father, a man fitted by natural gifts and learning to educate his child, she is left at an early age mistress of herself and of a very large fortune. Her father's sole parting injunction to her has been to marry as her heart dictates, and this beautiful, cultured, wealthy woman, on terms of intimacy with statesmen, poets, artists, soldiers, and all the brilliant men who go to make up the highest European society, marries—a prize-fighter.

But Cashel Byroo is not an ordinary prize-fighter. Born a gentleman, he had run away from school, and taking the first employment that came to hand in Australia, became assistant in a gymnasium conducted by an eclipsed light of the P. R. His transition into the ring is easy, and it is when he is training in fighting costume in the woods near her castle that Lydia Carew comes upon him suddenly and mistakes him for the Hermes of Praxiteles.

It is a case of love at first sight on both sides. He, a simple child of nature, at once surrenders to the passion of his life, and his wooing throughout his checkered period is naive in the extreme. She, however, is a modest and sensible gentlewoman, and it is long before she confesses to herself that she loves him. And her justification of her choice to her eminently correct cousin lies in the fact that his wholesome, careless nature is the exact complement of her own over-introspective temperament.

This is the philosophy of "Cashel Byron's Profession," but it is less a thesis than a tale, and an entertaining one at that. The outspoken "gentleman pug" does many unconventional things in and out of society, and these, with the occasional epigrams which Mr. Shaw could not avoid even fifteen years ago, make the story very amusing.

Published by Brentano's, New York; price, \$1.25. jabart

Stories of the Wild South-West.

In his late book of short stories, "Sand and Cactus," Wolcott Le Clear-Beard tells of the life of primitive Arizona, where men drink had whiskey and shoot marvelously straight, and make things happen. Whether or not they are true pictures makes little difference. Probably they are not. However that may be, each of the ten tales is true enough and dramatic enough to be intensely interesting; and the "usual Western thing" by this time is recognized as a legitimate motif in short fiction. The tales themselves are widely diverse. For instance, the last story in the book, "A Brother to St. James," tells of a train hold-up, in which "St. James," a new pastor from the East, accidentally runs across the robbers, and is saved from death by the wisdom and unselfish heroism of his rough, Western younger brother, whom he had regarded as a great sinner, and not at all wise. Then there is the quite different "Rouge-et-Noir," in which a wily Apache chief is hested in a horse-race by a negro preacher. To get even, the Indian arranges a sure-thing wager, and carries off the negro's sack of gold-dust, as he thinks, only to find that it contains bird-shot instead of gold. "Specs" is the story of a man who was a shivering coward, but who sometimes acted most recklessly in order to overcome his weakness of spirit. He saves many lives by a daring trip down the river for reinforcements at a time when the Indians were out. Other stories likewise depict the elementary life of Arizona and New Mexico, in pioneer days.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50. jabart

Hoist with His Own Petard.

"Fortune's My Foe" is the old-fashioned title of a somewhat old-fashioned story by John Bloundelle-Burton, lately added to the Town and Country Library Series. The plot is a complicated one, in which the villain, who is a London beau-gallant, and has wrecked the lives of several people, is played upon for revenge by two of his victims, he meanwhile continuing his nefarious intentions toward his betters. This villain, who is a fortune-hunter, thinks he has won and wedded an heiress; but his heiress is out to be a dancing-girl whose sister was betrayed by him. Then there is a man, a counter-villain, as it were, also with revenge buzzing in his bonnet because of his wrongs, who plots against

the villain-in-chief. The villain at the last is knocked on the head and dragged aboard an American slave-ship—a fate he had intended for the heroine, the sub-heroine, the hero, and the counter-villain. There is a lily-white love-story running through all these intrigues. The story is timed during the early reign of King George.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00. jabart

Henry Kingsley's Novels.

A library edition of Henry Kingsley's works has been brought out, and its appearance will occasion new interest in one of England's great novelists, and revive fading memories of his stories. Clement K. Shorter is the editor of the twelve volumes, and his appreciative memoir prefacing the first of these is evidence that his work was done with enthusiasm.

Henry Kingsley was a younger brother of Charles Kingsley, but the relation was to the disadvantage of the one whose fame rests solely upon his novels. Canon Kingsley was a successful man, winning preferment in the church and a reputation as a writer, but his ability was perhaps no greater than that of his brother, though the latter failed to secure the rewards to which he was justly entitled. Henry left Oxford without his degree in 1853, and went to Australia to seek his fortune. He returned five years later with little gold, but with knowledge and experiences which were of greater value. His first book, "The Recollections of Geoffrey Hamlyn," was written in 1859, and the story it told was of life and action in the island-continent. It was an immediate success, and its vogue in England was equaled in Australia. Two years later "Ravenshoe," a novel of English society and army life, was written, and dedicated to his brother Charles. "Austin Elliott" came out in 1863, and from that time up to 1875 his stories followed each other with regularity. The author died in 1876.

The twelve volumes of the new edition contain his seventeen novels and a number of short stories. The later works do not sustain the tone of the first, though they have a pleasing individuality. "The Hillyars and Burtons," his second story of Australian life, is one of his strongest, and it fully deserved the favor it won on its publication and the high place it occupies among the novels of that day. Any extended list of the great stories of English literature must include Henry Kingsley's best efforts.

Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.25 per volume. jabart

New Publications.

A new map of California, with an index of towns and brief descriptions of the resources, attractions, topography, and climate of the State, has been published by the Southern Pacific Company, San Francisco.

Under the title "The Carcellini Emerald, with Other Tales," seven of Mrs. Burton Harrison's short stories have been collected and published in one handsome volume by Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.50.

Warren A. Rodman has written a story with the title "Fate or Law," which presents a triumph of mind and will over great obstacles. The hero is deformed, but wins wealth and love. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; price, \$1.00.

Six of Théophile Gautier's most characteristic tales are included in the volume entitled "One of Cleopatra's Nights, and Other Fantastic Romances." The translation is Lafcadio Hearn's, and his preface and notes are worthy. Published by Brentano's, New York; price, \$1.50.

"A First Glance at the Birds" is an essay of fifty pages, by Charles A. Keeler, on the birds of California and the Pacific Coast. It is an introductory part to "Bird Notes Afield," soon to be published, and displays his entertaining style and wide knowledge as an ornithologist. Published by Elder & Shepard, San Francisco; price, 75 cents.

Volumes seven and eight of the Temple Plutarch have been issued, and two numbers more complete the work. The seventh volume contains the biographies of Alexander, Julius Cæsar, Phocion, and Cato; the eighth volume, Demosthenes, Cicero, Demetrius, Tiberius, Caius, Agis, and Cleomenes. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 50 cents a volume.

Another volume of newspaper correspondence from the seat of war is "Our Conquests in the Pacific," by Oscar King Davis, who went to Manila in the summer of 1898, by way of Honolulu, and sent his impressions to the New York Sun. His letters were good work of the kind, but they are not improved by collective presentation. Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

In the Green Book Series the latest numbers are Kipling's "Barrack-Room Ballads" and "Fifty Songs of Love," compiled from the English poets. The Kipling collection includes a number of his late poems, with the "Recessional." The "Songs of Love" range from Shakespeare's sonnets to Phoebe Cary's lyrics, but the selections are in good taste. Published by the Dodge Stationery Company, New York; price, 25 cents each.

The prose writings of Walt Whitman have been collected in a worthy volume of over five hundred

pages, which will have more attraction for many readers than his poems. These prose notes include over two hundred essays on all kinds of subjects under the heading "Specimen Days," and as many more under the titles "Collect," "November Boughs," and "Good-By My Fancy." There are six appropriate illustrations, among them an unfamiliar portrait of the poet. The book bears as a title, "Complete Prose Works of Walt Whitman." Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston; price, \$2.00. jabart

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

A new volume of short stories by H. G. Wells, which will, as usual, display the author dallying with possibilities resulting from the progress of science, is announced for publication this autumn. It is entitled "Tales of Space and Time."

Maurice Hewlett's new book, "Little Novels of Italy," will be published immediately by the Macmillan Company. The first "little novel" in the book is entitled "The Madonna of the Peach Tree."

Early in October the second volume of Lady Randolph Churchill's "Anglo-Saxon Review" will appear, bound after a design by Deromé le Jeune (1770-80).

"In Ghostly Japan," Lafcadio Hearn's forthcoming volume, is announced for publication on October 21st.

Henry Arthur Jones's new play, in four acts, entitled "Carnac Sahih," which was recently produced in London by Beerbohm Tree, is being published by the Macmillan Company.

A new book by Dr. C. W. Doyle, the author of "The Taming of the Jungle," entitled "The Shadow of Quong Lung," dealing with the Chinese quarter of San Francisco and the life of its slave-girls, is to be brought out at once.

The latest of "Little Journeys," by Elbert Hubbard, is to the home of Jean François Millet.

Charlotte M. Yonge's new story is entitled "The Herd Boy and His Hermit." The tale is historical in its setting.

Mrs. Hugh Fraser, whose two recent books, "Letters from Japan" and "The Custom of the Country," a collection of short Japanese stories, have been well received by the critics, announces the early publication of still another volume this year. It is called "The Splendid Porsenna," and contrasts the refinement of modern Rome with the mediæval undertone which still pervades the mental processes of the Latin races.

Maarten Maartens calls his new book of fiction "Some Women I Have Known." Clark Russell's new novel is "A Voyage at Anchor." D. Appleton & Co. will publish both.

Mrs. Craigie's drama, in three acts, entitled "Osherne and Uryne," will be issued in book-form this fall.

Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield has just completed a new romance, entitled "San Isidro," the action of which takes place in the West Indies, a favorite field of this author's.

An especially timely publication of D. Appleton & Co. is "Oom Paul's People," by Howard C. Hillegas.

Richard Whiteing, the author of "No. 5 John Street," will present this month what is practically a new work. This book, entitled "The Island," was originally published about ten years ago, but it has now been carefully revised by the author, and two entirely new chapters apropos of the recent events in France have been added. jabart

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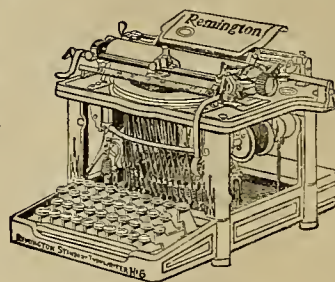
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LITERARY NOTES.

Two Tales of the Sea.

Like politics, the hazard that brings books to the reviewer's table makes strange bedfellows, but it is seldom that the way to do it and the way not to do it are so sharply contrasted as in "The Fugitive," by John R. Spears, and "Dead Men Tell No Tales," by E. W. Hornung, which came up for notice together this week.

Mr. Hornung has written many readable tales of adventure, in which Australian scenes and gentlemen crooks take part, and the title, "Dead Men Tell No Tales," suggested mystery and dark doings. The story lives up to its name, for it is intensely melodramatic. The narrator is on a ship which is burned at sea, according to the prearranged plan of a cold-blooded band of murderers, who sacrifice scores of lives in order to secure the large treasure on board. They get it away to a castle on the English coast, but there the narrator, supposed to be the sole survivor of the disaster, stumbles upon their plans and is instrumental in their undoing. He also has a love-affair with the step-daughter of the arch-conspirator, an unstable young person who also has a *tendresse* for the ruined gentleman of the gang. This Gordian knot of amorous complication Mr. Hornung cuts with a dull axe. The ending of the story is possibly the worst that has appeared in print in many years.

After reading this machine-made story, Mr. Spears's "Fugitive" is like a whiff of the meadows to one who has been stifling in a hot playhouse. His hero is a nature-loving lad who runs away to sea to avoid an unjust accusation, and he too lives through a fire at sea. But such a fire at sea! It is the real thing, and he makes Mr. Hornung's "thrilling scenic effects" ridiculous.

From this shipwreck Mr. Spears's hero is carried to Africa, where, rather than serve on a slaver, he goes into the interior. At first he works at placer-mining, but the cannibal natives raid the mine and carry him off to the interior. Here he lives for months as an unwilling guest, until the Portuguese slave-drivers capture the tribe, and he is started home in a slave-ship. The sufferings of the poor wretches between decks are described as they have not been done in many years. Finally the slaver is captured, the hero escapes to a clipper in the tea-trade, bound for New York, and after an exciting race with a rival ship, he reaches his native land once more.

"The Fugitive" is an admirable tale of the sea, written by one who knows whereof he writes, and who knows also the art of describing graphically the salient points of the life of those who go down to the sea in ships.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25 each.

South Carolina under the Crown.

A volume of distinct value and interest has been added to the records of early days in America, by Edward McCrady, in his recent work, "The History of South Carolina under the Royal Government, 1719-1775." Mr. McCrady had already written the story of the early settlements and the Proprietary government, and in his later book he takes up the narrative at the end of the struggle between the Proprietors and the colonists, and carries it on to the beginning of the greater Revolution.

The conditions existing at the time of the overthrow of the Proprietary government have been summed up by historians with little divergence of opinion. Mr. McCrady presents the views of Hewatt briefly: "When the Proprietors first applied to the king for a grant of this large territory, at that time occupied by heathen, it was said they were excited thereto by their zeal for the Christian faith, yet they made no effort to Christianize the Indians. By their charter they were to build churches and chapels, yet they had left the burden of this entirely upon the inhabitants who had received no assistance or encouragement. They were to have erected castles and forts for the protection of the colony, but the colonists were obliged to raise these at their own expense. They not only tyrannized over the colony, but also employed and protected officers more tyrannical than themselves." The people put up with the exactions of the lords, their refusal to permit the execution of laws passed by the assembly of the colonists, their interference with the currency and with trade, until a remedy for their troubles and a defense for their dangers became a necessity. The only course open to them was to seek the care and protection of the Crown of Great Britain.

Mr. McCrady carefully traces the growth of the colony through the fifty years succeeding, and many facts of importance are brought to light. The first public-library laws of the New World were enacted in South Carolina, and in the free library established in 1743, and still flourishing, the historian found a wealth of material of which he has made excellent use.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$3.50.

A Novel in Dialogue.

"Mr. Passingbam," by Thomas Cobb, is a drama in the form of a novel. There are six characters in the play—a man and a woman "with a past," an aristocratic and anxious mother, a dignified and honorable physician, and a pair of lovers—and they are something more than puppets. There is de-

scription enough to picture the stage settings and the few changes of scene, but the story is told in the conversation of the actors, and well told. There is little attempt at smartness and epigram, yet it is never dull. The interest of the story is sustained to the last, and there are no incongruous elements, no cheap expedients in the forces that bring about the satisfactory grouping at the fall of the curtain. The book is well worth reading, in spite of its conventional plot and the shadow which is driven away at the last.

Published by John Lane, New York; price, \$1.00.

THE REAL HENRIK IBSEN.

To visit Christiana and not see Dr. Henrik Ibsen would be like touring Egypt and missing a sight of the Sphinx and pyramids (says Perriton Maxwell in an exceedingly entertaining article in the *Book Buyer* for September). He is the most interesting personage in the Norwegian capital—and Ibsen, before any one, is conscious of that fact. Down the Karl Johann's Gade to the Grand Hotel he walks every day, rain or shine; when the weather is particularly inviting, he pays two daily visits to the hotel. On such days he appears punctually at one in the afternoon and again in the evening. He has his own table in the gallery, overlooking the garden, and the minute he arrives a mute but well-trained waiter places before the shaggy philosopher a bottle of brandy and another of soda. This is the author's favorite stimulant, and two glasses of the liquor bis limit at a sitting. These daily libations seem to be the one consolation that life affords to Henrik Ibsen, who ingrained melancholy impresses itself on all who get near enough to him to converse informally.

Recently it was borne in upon this observing old man that those who haunted the public *café* of the Grand Hotel were, in the main, his own fellow-countrymen, and that if he was to be seen by traveling Englishmen, Americans, Frenchmen, Germans, and Italians, it would be necessary to take up his post in the hotel proper. Accordingly, he chose for himself a table in a conspicuous part of the gallery, which overlooks the big garden, where all foreigners take their dinners, and thus it was possible to be "the observed of all observers," with no fear of being approached or inveigled into conversation.

Having taken his seat, the dean of modern Norse literature arranges his newspapers, his hat, his spectacles, with all the fussiness of a stage spinster. Six pairs of eye-glasses are laid out in a row on the table. For every paragraph he reads he places a fresh pair of glasses on his nose, always pausing to polish them and hold them to the light. As he reads his newspaper, apparently absorbed in its contents, a close observer will detect the old man's eyes roving from the printed page in the direction of the people who are looking his way. He is a sly old rascal, this Ibsen. If ladies are among those who are watching him, the ruddy face is at once lit up with the radiance of self-satisfaction. It is an ill day for Ibsen and the Grand Hotel when foreigners are few in the garden. But Ibsen is rarely without an audience, and the more this audience stares and flutters the more luminous becomes the old man's countenance. All this seems incredible; it is the fact, and in the fact you have the real Ibsen. Few great men are admirable off their pedestals; Ibsen is less so, perhaps, than any of his contemporaries.

His domestic life has not been a happy one, and he is unaccountably estranged from his only son—Dr. Sigurd Ibsen—whom he once adored. He is to-day, as Norwegian wealth is estimated, a very rich man. He is worth probably two hundred thousand dollars. That is a princely fortune in Norway. Ibsen does not know what to do with all this money, so he hoards it; boards it with the jealous care of a miser, and trusts no one even in the most trifling financial transactions.

Knowing that the moment he leaves his house in Christiana he will become the centre of interest along the streets, he is always careful to dress for the occasion. It would add another wrinkle to his brow to discover a button missing from his coat or a blur on the beaver of his tall silk hat. He is the Brummell of Norse letters. His clothes are made of broadcloth of fine texture; his tailor is the best in Christiana. He always wears a "tile" of metallic smoothness. His boots are of patent leather. Toilet articles he carries about with him always and everywhere, and frequently he brings them into requisition in the most public places. While on exhibition in the hotel garden in full view of a cosmopolitan throng it is no uncommon act for him to take from his pocket a comb or brush and caressingly stroke his famous white whiskers, or lift to a greater height his equally famous white pompadour locks, standing straight up in the air like a miniature Mount Blanc. He has a trick of brushing his hat with the sleeve of his coat. Now and then he pauses, looking long and earnestly into the opening of his beard-piece. He presents at such times the picture of a leonine sage of the Sagas, deep in the maze of some vast problem of the cosmos. It is all a mistake; it is Ibsen critically viewing Ibsen. There is a mirror fastened in the bottom of his hat, and he is looking after the twist of his cravat.

But when Ibsen, the author, has formulated the scheme for a new drama, and determines to weld and mold it into form, then occurs his metamorphosis from fop to workman—a workman oblivious to the

whole wide world, its peoples and its passions. The butterfly goes back to the cbrysis; the feasting crowds at the Grand Hotel can no longer feast their eyes on Henrik Ibsen, nor watch him stroke his whiskers and sip brandy and soda at five-minute intervals. The vulgar, vain, foolish old man has become a venerable giant forging a masterpiece in absolute solitude. Suddenly he has shut himself up to write. He will see no one. No cloistered monk more isolated from the moving world than Henrik Ibsen when the fever of composition is upon him. He eats, sleeps, lives alone. He will permit no one to speak to him.

Thus lives the real Henrik Ibsen, a two-sided man of letters—one all frills and foppery, vain, supercilious, childish; the other the thinker, the worker, a genius. He is an enigma personally, a churl socially, and—if we overlook Björnson—the foremost writer of his race.

LATE VERSE.

Kaiulani.

Heard ye those winds which sighed and swept
From sea to sea, while rain-tides wept?
T'bout storms fling on and tempest leaps,—
Dark midnight past,—the Princess sleeps!

Saw ye that place,—the gentle tread,
Kahilis bending, fragrance shed?
Mid all the throng which bows and weeps,
In robes of white the Princess sleeps!

Know ye the crown—no goldsmith arts,
But forged from out a thousand beads
For her who midst the change of State
Was gracious, triumphing o'er fate?
For such the world in homage keeps
A crown, although the Princess sleeps.

—Philip Henry Dodge.

The Parting.

Two, here, side by side,
Two that tarry the tide.
Give us your hand, my boy,
Grasp we warm and long;
Thanks for the day when our hearts bad joy,
Our feet had speed, and our lips a song.
The sails are filling, give us your hand!
Two and two,
And their hearts were true;
Here's to us both! one left on the strand,
One off in the bark comes never to land.

Two, here, side by side,
Two that tarry the tide.
Give us a kiss, my girl,
Life and a love are all;
T'banks for the glance 'mid the dance's whirl,
For the smile and the sigh, and the sweet lids' fall.
The sails are filling, one more kiss!
Two and two,
And their hearts were true;
T'banks for the heart a heart can miss,
Here's to us both—the end of the bliss!
—John Vance Cheney in *October Cosmopolitan*.

Winston Churchill, the author of "Richard Carvel," one of the most-talked-about books just at present, was educated at the Naval Academy in Annapolis, and acquired there the knowledge and experience shown in his naval scenes. St. Louis is his birthplace, and after he gave up all idea of a career in the navy and became connected with a magazine, he married a young woman of means in that city. After this, Mr. Churchill was able to gratify his ambition to become a novelist without the necessity of continuing in barns at the same time. He traveled to Virginia and Maryland to acquire the knowledge necessary for his second book, and is equally painstaking and conscientious as if he had been an historian. He lives now with his wife and child in a house on the Connecticut River, which is said to have been the result of the profits from his first literary work, "The Celebrity."

The London *Daily Mail* recently published the following: "Mr. George Gissing is to be congratulated on having at last recovered the valuable manuscript of his new novel from the hold of the unfortunate *Paris*. This interesting parcel was on its way to America by 'express' carriage. Mr. Gissing was unaware that the *Paris* was the bearer of it, and felt no anxiety concerning it until a cablegram informing him of its non-arrival warned him that something was wrong. Some little time elapsed before he became disagreeably aware that it was in the hold of the stranded liner on the Manacles. More trouble ensued, but at length the manuscript was recovered, well saturated by sea water, but otherwise uninjured, and it has now been dispatched anew." The missing manuscript referred to was Mr. Gissing's new novel, "The Crown of Life," which is to be published at once.

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With Paris during the Reign of Terror for a background and Marie Antoinette for a central figure, it would seem to be an impossibility to create a play which would be otherwise than tragically engrossing. But everybody that wields a pen does not happen to have the dramatic instinct. It is a thing inborn, like the sense of color and the fine musical ear. All who are fond of reading—especially reading of the romantically historic sort—have suffered with that disappointment which comes from finding a thrilling subject robbed of its thrill. There are writers who, having looked on at the destruction of Pompeii, would write a description of the scene that would be as colorless and flat as the rules that cover the uses of pronouns in a text-book on grammar.

Clinton Stuart is not exactly one of these, but that instinctive ability to seize on the telling point in a scene or a situation, and build up round it and to it, does not seem to be his. He has built his play much as one builds a novel. He has had a tremendous story to tell, and he has not told it so much in acts as in a continuous, flowing narrative. This is the way one works through the spoken or written story, but not the way one works through the broken, necessarily disconnected, and yet condensed play form. In fact, he seems to have been a little confused by the mass of material he has had to choose from, not always knowing what it were best to reject and what to retain, what suited the medium he was working in and what only suited the other medium of the printed page.

It is the lack of dramatic instinct—possibly, too, inexperience of stage-craft—which has led him to stick so closely to fact. Few plays founded on truth, and purporting to deal only with historical subjects, can afford to place accuracy before interest or the exigencies of the dramatic form. There come turns in the story when history has got to be set aside—when the men and women that are occupying the stage have got to do things and say things which they may never have done or said, but which the condensation and suppression of the form in which their story is being told make necessary. Mr. Stuart has evidently studied a good deal for his play, and has not sufficiently digested what he studied. When he came to the writing of it, he was loaded down with historical facts, and had not got to the point where they had begun to diffuse themselves through his mind in the assimilated form of color and atmosphere. Marie Antoinette and Mirabeau have an interview—an interview of the utmost importance. During most of it they discuss the political situation—which is probably just what they did—but that does not give it any dramatic vividness or significance. For the mass of people who visit theatres there is no interest in sitting for fifteen or twenty minutes hearing a queen or a statesman—of whom they know little—talking of Necker and the financial crisis, and the advisability of the king's signing the new constitution. That is not the side of the situation which makes that particular period of history so rich in drama, so fraught with an agonized interest.

Another and more serious defect in the piece is the scattering of the individual interest. In almost every act a different person has the centre of the stage. Even though they may not have so much to say as the queen, they have the thing to say that holds the ear and rivets the attention. Mirabeau is the dominating figure in act second. The fish-woman is in the scene of the sacking of the Tuileries. The king absorbs the entire attention in the prison scene. Every now and then a quite subsidiary character rises up and takes the floor, crowding everybody else back to the wall. Simon the jailor and Sautiere do this. The queen—on the stage almost all the time—is for the most part overlooked in the focusing of sensational interest on some one whose role is more vividly effective than her own.

The general scheme of the play is excellent, but it has been badly carried out. The prologue shows us the young queen in the time of her early heyday and girlish beauty. A glimpse of court life at the Trianon opens the tragedy. Here royalty played its pastoral against a rural background, where the shepherds and shepherdesses were all à la Watteau and the sentiments were of the sweetly simple that Rousseau had made the fashion. Though Marie Antoinette was but twenty-two, seven years had passed since she had come from Austria to be the bride of the Dauphin of France. Life had gone merrily, with her and the darkness without had not touched her buoyant spirit. There were yet to be several years of gayety and pleasure before the horizon grew black. She and her friend, the Princesse de Lamballe—two fair-faced women, straw-hatted like shepherdesses—were to play at rusticity under the

broad trees and on the cropped lawns of La Petite Trianon for many seasons to come.

From this period the story jumps into the turmoil and horror of '89. Had it been properly developed we would have breathlessly followed the figure of the queen through scene after scene of ever-increasing interest, excitement, and tragedy. Mirabeau offers her his help and allegiance, and shortly after dies. The Tuileries is sacked, the Swiss Guard killed, the apartments of the king and queen invaded by a hideous rabble. Outside, the Reds of the Midi, who have walked across France to imprison Louis Capet, are heard chanting their wild and inspiring war-song. Then comes the imprisonment in the Temple, where the distracted queen cowers with her children, not knowing at what moment she may again be summoned to her window as she was the day when the Princesse de Lamballe was guillotined, and her head and shoulders, the arms loosely hanging, were thrust up on the end of a pike. The king is sentenced, and we have a last glimpse of him tearing himself from the arms of his family and rushing into the oratory, where the priest waits to hear his last confession. Finally, we see the queen, thin, wan, and past all feeling except the hope of death, old and white-haired at thirty-eight, waiting for the summons that will hear her away in the tumbril to the place of her release.

In the last two acts the interest concentrates, and that in the Prison of the Temple held the audience with the spell of its repressed intensity. The high key of agony in which such a scene as this is pitched makes it most difficult to render. One always feels sure of Mme. Modjeska, but Mr. Kellard was more or less of an unknown, and, realizing what he had before him in the way of last fables, one trembled for the integrity of the emotion and the sentiment. But there was no need for apprehension. Mr. Kellard was master of the moment and showed himself a player of great feeling and nobility of style. In the previous acts all he had to do was to run in and out at crucial moments, clasp his children and his queen, and generally behave with that bovine helplessness with which history credits Louis the Sixteenth. History, too, credits this kindly, dilatory, and misplaced man with true kingly majesty in the day of his adversity and the hour of his death. Mr. Kellard gave an admirable rendering of this side of the royal character. A manly simplicity marked his performance, which gained all the more in feeling from its lack of anything that was sensational or overwrought. This honest and somewhat stupid gentleman went bravely and quietly to his death, mindful not only of his wife and children, but of the faithful servant who had clung to him so loyally. Only the sincerity, the finely balanced repression, and absence of tawdriness which distinguished the performing of the two principals saved this act from being a carnival of tears and shrieks.

Of Mme. Modjeska there is little to be said which has not been said many times in many places by many people. She stands for the best, the truest, and the highest that marks the stage in this country. While "Marie Antoinette" gives her but little opportunity to show her ability, there is every now and then a burst of the old power or a moment of the old charm. No one can portray the anguish of a woman who is a *grande dame* to her finger-tips with a more convincing authority. During the first acts of the play she had little else to do than stand about holding her children in graceful attitudes. But in the prison scene she passed through all the phases of grief, fear, and frenzy with a touching and appalling realism. The cry that she gave when her eyes fell on the decorated altar and she realized that death, not banishment, was the king's sentence, was haunting in its piercing despair.

Her illness of some years back has left behind it a weakness of the voice which is very noticeable in moments of light or intense dialogue. The acoustic properties of the Columbia Theatre are not of the best, and that, coupled with the star's vocal weakness, made it impossible for those sitting in the dress-circle to catch certain portions of the play. In the last act, where the queen is discovered sleeping the uneasy sleep of the condemned, and murmuring in her troubled dreams, those sitting where I was could hear nothing of what she said. A series of visions that appeared in the back-ground made us acquainted with the purport of her monologue. Otherwise we should have had no idea of what she was saying.

GERALDINE BONNER.

M. George Averof, the Greek banker of Alexandria, whose munificence made possible the Olympic games at Athens two years ago, is dead. He made many public bequests in his will: a million francs for the completion of the station at Athens, a million each for a technical school there, for an agricultural school at Larissa and for his native town, a million and a half for the Greeks of Alexandria, two and a half millions for a training-ship, and half a million francs for a conservatory of music.

The attendance at the Oakland track during the first week of the California Jockey Club's winter meeting was excellent, especially on Saturday last, when the Opening Handicap was run. A number of interesting events are announced for the coming week.

IN THE FORUM.

The last warm gleams of sunset fade
From cypress spire and stonepiece dome,
And, in the twilight's deepening shade,
Lingering, I scan the wrecks of Rome.
Hush! the Madonna's Evening Bell;
The steers lie loosed from wain and plough;
The vagrant monk is in his cell,
The meek nun-novice cloistered now.
Pedant's presumptuous voice no more
Vexes the spot where Cæsar trod,
And o'er the pavement's fretted floor
Come banished priest and exiled God.

The lank-ribbed she-wolf, crouched among
The regal hillock's tangled scrubs,
With dotting gaze and fondling tongue
Suckles the Vestal's twin-horn cuhs.

Yet once again Evander leads
Æneas to his wretched home,
And, throned on Tiber's fresh-cut reeds,
Talks of burnt Troy and budding Rome.

From out the tawny dusk one hears
The half-feigned scream of Sabine maids,
The rush to arms, then swift the tears
That separate the clashing blades.

The Lictors with their faces throng
To quell the Commons' rising roar,
As Tullia's chariot flames along,
Splashed with her murdered father's gore.

Her tresses free from hand or comb,
Love-dimpled Venus, lithe and tall,
And fresh as Fiumicino's foam,
Mounts her pentelic pedestal.

With languid lids, and lips apart,
And curving limbs like wave half-furled,
Unarmed she spurs the restive heart,
And without sceptre sways the world.

Nerved by her smile, avenging Mars
Stalks through the Forum's fallen fanes,
Then, changed of mien, and healed of scars,
Threads sylvan slopes and vineyard plains.

With waves of song from wakening lyre
Apollo routs the wavering night,
While parsley-crowned, the white-robed choir
Wind chanting up the Sacred Height,

Where Jove, with thunder-garlands wreathed,
And crisp coils frayed like fretted foam,
Sits with his lightnings half unsheathed,
And frowns against the foes of Rome.

You can not kill the Gods. They still
Reclaim the thrones where once they reigned,
Rehaunt the grove, remount the rill,
And renovate their rites profaned.

Diana's hounds still lead the chase,
Still Neptune's Trident crests the sea,
And still man's spirit soars through space
On feathered heels of Mercury.

No floods can quench the Vestals' Fire;
The Flamen's robes are still as white
As ere the Sali's armored choir
Were drowned by droning anchorite.

The saint may seize the siren's seat,
The shaveling frown where frisked the Faun;
Ne'er will, though all besides should fleet,
The Olympian Presence be withdrawn.

Here, even in the noontide glare,
The Gods, recumbent, take their ease;
Go look, and you will find them there,
Slumbering behind some fallen frieze.

But most, when sunset glow hath paled,
And come, as now, the twilight hour,
In vesper vagueness dimly veiled
I feel their presence and their power.

What though their temples strew the ground,
And to the ruin owls repair;
Their home, their haunt is all around;
They drive the cloud, they ride the air.

And, when the planets wend their way
Along the never-ageing skies,
"Revere the Gods" I hear them say;
"The Gods are old, the Gods are wise."

Build as man may, Time gnaws and peers
Through marble fissures, granite rents;
Only Imagination rears
Imperishable monuments.

Let Gaul and Goth pollute the shrine,
Level the altar, fire the fane:
There is no razing the Divine;
The Gods return, the Gods remain.

—Alfred Austin in Literature.

Touring Round the World.

A party of twelve tourists, accompanied by a representative of the world's famous tourist agents, Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son, will leave Vancouver, October 9th, for a six months' tour. Another party, under the same management, will leave San Francisco by the Pacific Mail Steamship *China*, November 9th. Itineraries can be obtained at Cook's Tourist Bureau, 621 Market Street, San Francisco.

Miss Annie Russell Allen, of St. Louis, Mo., and the Duke of Montfelfro were married last week at Hamburg.

Convincing Argument.

One trial of our famous liquid cosmetic will convince the most skeptical ladies that the merits of Creme de Lis are not exaggerated when we say that it is the greatest beautifier and skin preserver on earth.

—THE JESSE MOORE "AA" WHISKY IS rapidly superseding all other brands because of its purity and excellence.

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TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.

"Othello" To-Night and Sunday Evening. Next Week—Comic and Grand Opera Alternating.
"The Mikado," Monday, Thursday, Sunday Night, and Saturday Matinee. First Appearance Here of Alf. C. Wheelan.
Tuesday Evening, "Aida." Wednesday Evening, "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci." Friday and Saturday Nights, "Carmen."
Popular Prices—25c and 50c. Telephone for seats, Bush 9.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.

Engagement of MME. MODJESKA, Assisted by Mr. John E. Kellard and Company of Players. Second and Last Week, Beginning Monday Evening, October 2d. Monday Night and Saturday Matinee, "Much Ado About Nothing." Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday Evenings, "Mary Stuart." Wednesday and Saturday Evenings, "Macbeth." October 9th, "Hotel Topsy Turvy." Special Rates for Theatre-Goers.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.

S. H. FRIEDLANDER & CO., LESSEES & MANAGERS. Phone Main 1731.

The Handsomest and Best Equipped Theatre West of New York. Sunday Night, October 1st. One Week Only. The Ever-Popular Swedish Dialect Comedian, Ben Hendricks, in the New Comedy Drama entitled

-- A GENUINE GENTLEMAN --

Reserved seats, 25c, 50c, and 75c. Matinees Saturday and Sunday, 25c and 50c.

Cephaum

Felix Morris & Co., in Repertoire; Hawaiian Queens; Forest & King; Jennie Yeamans; Frank Cushman; Terry & Lambert; Stinson & Mer-ton; and Seymour & Dupree.

Reserved seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box seats, 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

TELEPHONE MAIN 532.

Last Two Nights of Offenbach's Delightful Comic Opera, "The Drum Major's Daughter." Week of Monday, October 2d, Picturesque and Elaborate Production of Planquette's Charming Legendary Comic Opera.

-- RIP VAN WINKLE --

Usual Prices—10c, 25c, 50c, and 75c. Best Reserved Seat at Saturday Matinee 25c. Branch Ticket-Office Emporium.

RACING.—CALIFORNIA JOCKEY CLUB.

Winter Meeting, 1899-1900, Beginning Saturday, September 23, 1899. Oakland Race Track. Racing Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, Rain or Shine. Five or more Races Each Day. Races Start at 2:15 P. M. sharp. Ferry-boats leave San Francisco at 12 M. and 12:30, 1:00, 1:30, 2:00, 2:30, and 3:00 P. M., connecting with trains stopping at the entrance to the track. Buy your ferry tickets to Shell Mound. All trains via Oakland Mole connect with San Pablo Avenue electric cars at Seventh and Broadway, Oakland; also all trains via Alameda Mole connect with San Pablo electric cars at 14th and Broadway, Oakland. R. B. MILROY, Sec. THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, JR., Pres.

MT. TAMALPAIS

SCENIC RAILWAY. (Via Sausalito Ferry.) Leave San Francisco, commencing October 1, 1899.

WEEK DAYS—9:30 a. m. and 1:45 p. m. SUNDAYS—8:00, 10:00 a. m., and 1:15 p. m. No Night Trips.

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THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.

Its Hold on American Theatre-Goers—The Opportunities It Affords to Entertainers of All Kinds.

The vaudeville theatre is an American invention. There is nothing like it anywhere else in the world. It is neither the *café-chantant*, the English music-hall, nor the German garden. What has been called by a variety of names, but has remained always and everywhere pretty much the same—reeky with smoke, damp with libations, gay with the informalities of the half-world—is now doing business with us under the patronage of the royal American family (says Edwin Milton Royle in *Scribner's Magazine* for October).

Having expurgated and rehabilitated the tawdry thing, the American invites in the family and neighbors, hands over to them beautiful theatres, lavishly decorated and appointed, nails up everywhere church and army regulations, and in the exuberance of his gayety passes around ice-water. He has not painted out the French name, but that is because he has been, as usual, in a hurry. Fourteen years ago this may have been a dream in a Yankee's brain; now it is a part of us. The strictly professional world has been looking for the halloo to come down, for the fad to die out, for the impossible thing to stop, but year by year these theatres increase and multiply, till now they flourish the country over.

Sometimes the vaudeville theatre is an individual and independent enterprise; more often it belongs to a circuit. The patronage, expenses, and receipts are enormous. One circuit will speak for all. It has a theatre in New York, one in Philadelphia, one in Boston, and one in Providence, and they give no Sunday performances; and yet these four theatres entertain over 5,000,000 people every year, give employment to 350 *attachés* and to 3,500 actors. Four thousand people pass in and out of each one of these theatres daily. Ten thousand dollars are distributed each week in salaries to the actors and \$3,500 to the *attachés*. Take one theatre for example, the house in Boston. It is open the year round and it costs \$7,000 a week to keep it open, while its patrons will average 25,000 every week. On a holiday it will play to from 10,000 to 12,000 people.

At first the actor, who is sentimental rather than practical, was inclined to the belief that it was beneath his dignity to appear on the stage with "a lot of freaks," but he was tempted by salaries no one else could afford to pay (sometimes as high as \$500 to \$1,000 per week) and by the amount of attention afforded to the innovation by the newspapers. He was told that if he stepped from the sacred precincts of art, the door of the temple would be forever barred against him. The dignity of an artist is a serious thing, but the dignity of the dollar is also a serious thing. None of the dire suppositions happened. The door of the temple proved to be a swinging door, opening easily both ways, and the actor goes back and forth as there is demand for him and as the dollar dictates. Indeed, the advertising secured by association with "a lot of freaks" oiled the door for the actor's return to the legitimate drama at an increased salary.

Manifestly, it has been a boon to the "legitimate" artist. To the actor who has starred; who has had the care of a large company, with its certain expenses and its uncertain receipts; who has, in addition, responsibility for his own performance and for the work of the individual members of his company, and for the work of the company as a whole, vaudeville offers inducements not altogether measured in dollars and cents. He is rid not only of financial obligation, but of a thousand cares and details that twist and strain a nervous temperament. He hands over to the amiable manager the death of the widely mourned Mr. Smith, and prevalent social functions, Lent and the circus, private and public calamities, floods and railroad accidents, the blizzard of winter and the heat of summer, desolating drought and murderous rains, the crops, strikes and panics, wars and pestilences and opera. It is quite a bunch of thorns that he hands over.

So far as the character of the entertainment goes, vaudeville has the "open door." Whatever or whoever can interest an audience for thirty minutes or less, and has passed quarantine, is welcome. The conditions in the regular theatres are not encouraging to progress. To produce a play or launch a star requires capital from \$10,000 upward. There is no welcome and no encouragement. The door is shut and locked. And even with capital, the conditions are all unfavorable to proof. But if you can sing or dance or amuse people in any way; if you think you can write a one-act play, the vaudeville theatre will give you a chance to prove it. One day of the week is devoted to these trials. If at this trial you interest a man who is looking for good material, he will put you in the bill for one performance, and give you a chance at an audience, which is much better. The result of this open-door attitude is a very interesting innovation in vaudeville which is more or less recent, but seems destined to last—the incursion of the dramatic artist into vaudeville.

This unique and original world has its conventions, too, quite as hard and fast as elsewhere. The vaudeville dude always bears an enormous cane with a spike in the end of it, even though the style in canes may be a bamboo switch. The comedian

will black his face, though he never makes the lightest pretence to negro characterization, under the delusion that the black face and kinky hair and short trousers are necessary badges of the funny man. The vaudeville "artist" and his partner will "slang" each other, and indulge in brutal personalities under the theory that they are guilty of repartee; and, with a few brilliant exceptions, they all steal from each other jokes and gags and songs and "business," absolutely without conscience. So that if a comedian has originated a funny story that makes a hit in New York, by the time he reaches Philadelphia he finds that another comedian has filched it and told it in Philadelphia, and the originator finds himself a dealer in second-hand goods.

It is manifest, I think, that vaudeville is very American. It touches us and our lives at many places. It appeals to the business man, tired and worn, who drops in for half an hour on his way home; to the person who has an hour or two before a train goes, or before a business appointment; to the woman who is wearied of shopping; to the children who love animals and acrobats; to the man with his sweetheart or sister; to the individual who wants to be diverted but does not want to think or feel; to the American of all grades and kinds who wants a great deal for his money. The vaudeville theatre belongs to the era of the department-store and the short story. It may be a kind of lunch-counter art, but then art is so vague and lunch is so real. And I think I may add that if any one has anything exceptional in the way of art, the vaudeville door is not shut to that.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Opening of the California Theatre.

On Sunday evening, October 1st, the California Theatre, entirely refurbished and refitted, will open its doors for the regular fall and winter season with Ben Hendricks, the dialect comedian, in the leading rôle of his new drama, "A Yenuioe Gentleman." The play, which has a naturalized Swedish-American character as its central figure, is said to be far superior to its predecessor, "Yon Yonson," abounding in rich and wholesome comedy and containing several decidedly unique situations and exciting climaxes naturally conceived. Novel specialties will punctuate the action of the play.

A fixed scale of popular prices will prevail hereafter at the California Theatre, no matter what the attraction. The entire ground floor will be seventy-five cents, the balcony fifty cents, and twenty-five cents will secure a reservation in the gallery. Box and lodge seats will be sold for one dollar, and the prices for the Saturday and Sunday matinees will be twenty-five and fifty cents.

Modjeska's Second Week.

The second and last week of the engagement of Modjeska at the Columbia Theatre is to open with Shakespeare's "Much Ado About Nothing," in which she will be seen here for the first time as Beatrice and Mr. Kelder as Benedict. This play will be repeated at the Saturday matinee; on Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings "Mary Stuart" will be the bill, while on Wednesday and Saturday evenings "Macbeth" will be presented.

On October 9th "Hotel Topsy Turvy," a merry musical comedy, with a liberal sprinkling of new songs, original dances, pretty costumes, and feminine beauty, is to begin a two weeks' engagement. Eddie Foy and Josie de Witt are at the head of the company.

Comic and Grand Opera at the Tivoli.

The Tivoli Opera House will next week present an alternating bill consisting of comic opera and grand opera. On Monday, Thursday, and Sunday nights and Saturday matinee, a revival of the Gilbert and Sullivan ever popular "The Mikado" will be given. The rôle of Koko will be played by Alf C. Wheelan, the well-known comedian, who scored so heavily as the "hoot mon" Scotchman with the Frank Daniels opera company in "The Idol's Eye." Mr. Wheelan has been engaged for a year, to succeed Edwin Stevens as principal comedian in the forthcoming comic-opera season. Tom Greene, the lyric tenor, who created such a favorable impression this week in "Martha," will sing Nanki Poo, Phil Branson will re-appear as the Mikado, William Schuster will be Pooh Bah, Ada Palmer Walker will appear as Yum Yum, Julie Cotte joins the Tivoli company to sing Pitti Sing, and the Peep Bo and Katisha will be in the hands of Ethel Jewett and Ynez Dean.

Grand opera in Italian will be given on Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday nights, the repertoire being "Aida" for Tuesday, "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci" for Wednesday, and "Carmen" for Friday and Saturday nights. The principal rôles will be taken by Avedano, Salassa, Wanrell, Fonari, Zani, Mary Linck, Anna Lichter, and Charlotte Beckwith.

The Orpheum's Excellent Bill.

The leading attraction at the Orpheum next week will be Felix Morris, who returns for a week's stay. He will present a series of his most popular plays, including "The Vagabond" and "The Old Musician," in which he has scored his greatest hits on the vaudeville stage. Another notable act will be the "Hawaiian Queens," three pretty Honolulu girls

who will present a lyric novelty entitled "King Moos's Wedding Day" and a one-act operetta, "The Queen's Fan." Forest and King, grotesque comedians, who will introduce something new in the way of eccentric acrobatics, complete the list of new-comers.

Among those retained from this week's bill are Frank Cushman, Jennie Yeamans, Terry and Lambert, Stinson and Merton, and Seymour and Dupree.

"Rip Van Winkle" at the Grand.

"The Drum-Major's Daughter" will end its run at the Grand Opera House on Sunday evening, and next week Planquette's "Rip Van Winkle" will be revived on an elaborate scale. William Wolf will appear as the happy-go-lucky Rip—a character in which he has won great success in the East—Edith Mason will be seen as Gretchen and Meenie Van Winkle, Bessie Fairhair as Katrina, Hattie Bell Ladd as Captain Ponsonby, Arthur Wooley as Nick and Jan Vedder, Winfred Goff as Derrick von Beckman and Hendrick Hudson, Gladys Miller as Little Meenie, Jack Robertson as Little Hans and the Goblin Dwarf, Nace Bonville as Derrick von Beckman, and A. E. Arnold as Gustave Rowley. A feature of the first act will be a wooden dance by eight clever members of the chorus.

Last Week of the Mechanics' Fair.

Those who have not already visited the Mechanics' Fair this year should not fail to avail themselves of the opportunity during the fifth and last week, which begins on Monday evening, for it is by all odds one of the best industrial expositions which has been given in San Francisco. In addition to a promenade concert, a cake-walk carnival, and a striking display of machinery, there have been several special events during the week. Tuesday was League of Cross night, Wednesday Olympic Club night, Thursday Dewey night, and Friday, Battle of Gettysburg. Next week a number of new features are to be introduced.

The Oberammergau villagers have spent a portion of the one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars received for seats at the last "Passion Play" on the construction of an iron theatre, in order that in future there will be no recurrence of the drenching received from heaven by six thousand spectators in 1890. Mayer, who filled the rôle of Christ, received five hundred dollars for forty performances, and about the same sum was paid to the leader of the chorus. The smallest amounts were paid to the children, who obtained ten dollars each. In all, sixty thousand dollars were paid for the performers' services, so that, even after meeting the cost of the new edifice, a considerable balance remains on hand. The stage of the new theatre and the chorpodium between it and the auditorium remains open and uncovered so that the *al fresco* illusion will be retained. The committee of twenty-four villagers elected in the spring, and which selects the performers for the principal rôles, will probably offer Mayer the rôle of Christ again, but he is likely to decline it. His beard is silvery, his hair is turning white, and he is suffering from a stomach complaint. His wife was buried a few weeks ago, and the loss has much affected him. Old Hett, who played Peter in 1860, is now seventy-five years old, but is lusty, and ready to take the part again. He can still swallow his six great mugs of beer with gusto. Mayer's son has grown a beard and long hair, and bears a strong likeness to his father's former appearance. Jabart

Prominent educators in the East have received letters from the War Department in Porto Rico calling for fifty primary teachers, graduates of normal schools, to teach in the newly organized English schools of the island. The government will pay transportation and the salaries of the teachers, and also secure board for them. This movement is a part of a well-organized plan to introduce the American system of education into our new possessions. Jabart

An Ilfracombe sailing-party was disturbed recently by a thrasher shark fifteen feet long and weighing half a ton, which jumped on board and wedged its head in the cabin, smashing the boat's gear in its passage. The passengers left for shore in a rowboat immediately, but the crew succeeded in lashing down the shark's tail and getting the animal to land, where it was put on exhibition. Jabart

King Oscar of Sweden and Norway was present at the opening of the National Theatre at Christiania and showed marked attention to the distinguished Norwegians present. He saw the Holberg pieces, but was called away suddenly on business before the performance of the Ibsen and Björnson plays. Jabart

The old hospital at the Mare Island Navy Yard, which was injured by earthquake nearly two years ago, is now being replaced by a large modern structure. The new building will be of two stories and basement, the central portion being of three stories, with two hundred and sixty feet front. Jabart

Food for Babies

Must be nourishing and suitable, and by "suitable food" is meant a food which a child will properly digest and assimilate. Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk for forty years has been the leading infant food. Book entitled "Babies" sent free,

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"Ambitious youth—"Is that man you just bowed to your publisher?" *Struggling author*—"No; that's my pawnbroker."—*New York Weekly*.

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Greatest Property in America.

Millions of Tons of Copper

Boston & Texas Copper Co.'s
Great Showing.

The property of the Boston & Texas Copper Company has been largely developed in the last six months, showing up in excess of the most sanguine expectations of the company. Eleven mines have been opened and developed, exposing large bodies of rich ore and clay; and a territory of ten miles square has been opened and tested. The ore and clay is found so generally as to prove that copper exists in the entire tract, and evidencing millions of tons of copper marl, averaging five to fifteen per cent., and large bodies of ore, ranging from fifty to seventy per cent. It is apparent that this property will turn out millions of dollars.

A party of New England capitalists who have just returned from an examination of the mines, in conjunction with one of the ablest mining engineers in the country, report the property to be one of the largest and best in America, and to contain inexhaustible quantities of rich copper deposits.

The shares of the company are being fast taken. Over \$50,000 has been raised and put into the property in the last three months, and the shares which are now offered at \$5.00 (par value \$10.00) will soon be advanced, and there are those who believe that they will sell for \$10.00 before January 1st, and ultimately have a value many times their par.

Those who want shares should make immediate application to the Boston & Texas Copper Company, Tremont Building, Boston. The price is \$5.00 per share. There is no better investment than copper securities and there is no better or stronger new company in America than this.

It is officered by strong men, who have invested their own money in the enterprise, and it is managed by F. M. Spaulding, one of the ablest and most reliable executive officers in the country.

The company is about to establish a town site on the property, and the Wichita Valley Railroad Company, a branch of the Denver and Fort Worth R. R., have offered to build a spur into the property, nine miles, within thirty days upon request.

The company owns 12,000 acres in one tract, and it has large value for agricultural and town-site purposes, outside of its copper-bearing qualities. Copper is near the surface, and is easily and cheaply mined and converted into metal, and no expensive plant and machinery is required. The company can easily earn \$5,000 a day net, with a moderate cost plant.

As stated above, the price of shares is \$5.00 (par value \$10.00), and those who want a choice and safe investment should make their application at once to the company.

BOSTON & TEXAS COPPER CO.
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VANITY FAIR.

The death of Cornelius Vanderbilt will have a marked effect on the coming New York season. The Vanderbilts have been so prominent socially of late years that the withdrawal of the family from society is little short of a calamity. Death has not been sparing of them, and in the past eight years the family has several times withdrawn from the gayeties of the season on account of it. Mrs. William H. Vanderbilt, Colonel Elliott F. Shepard, Miss Twombly, and the youngest Miss Shepard all have died within a few years, and the Vanderbilts, being a united and devoted family, have on each of these occasions gone into mourning for the accustomed period. According to Henry Clews, in the New York World, Cornelius Vanderbilt's death will practically kill the social season at Lenox, just about to begin; it will cast gloom over society in New York city for a year to come, or until the end of the winter at least; it will deprive the social set of many grand entertainments which had already been planned and others in embryo to be given by some of the most brilliant entertainers in the city, and will have a noticeable effect on society in England during the next six months at least, where the Duchess of Marlborough has become prominent. Probably the death of no other man in New York would put in mourning more prominent relatives and connections than that of Cornelius Vanderbilt. It is a vast family, and, as it is a thoroughly representative American family, the marriages, with but a single exception having been American, with most of its members living in and around New York, it can be readily seen how our society will be affected by the death of Mr. Vanderbilt. Of course the Newport season was too nearly over for the death of Mr. Vanderbilt to have any great effect there. It is at Lenox that the death will create immediate havoc socially. Lenox is the resort of many members of the Vanderbilt family, who have superb autumn houses there and are famous for their lavish entertainments. Among these are Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Sloane. The Lenox season was just commencing at the time Mr. Vanderbilt died. There will be no more gayety there.

The Earl of Yarmouth, who is soon to make his appearance in New York as a professional actor, is the first Englishman that ever used Newport as the scene of his preparation for the stage. Even the most gifted press-agents in this country never looked upon Newport as a possible scene of the preparations for the preliminary puff. Yet the Earl of Yarmouth, who it seems made arrangements some time ago with Charles Frohman to join one of the latter's companies, was able to make his name known from one end of the country to the other by his participation in the events of Newport society this summer. There is no actor in America to-day who could have bought at any price the free advertising that fell to this young man's lot. But it was not suspected by the set in which he was disporting himself at Newport that he meant to become a professional, or society would never have lent itself so readily to the furtherance of his ambitions. As a business speculation his Newport novitiate will probably prove more profitable than if he had gone to a dramatic school. Public interest to see an earl on the stage would probably be great under any circumstances. A titled Englishman, with the approval of Newport society, has an added quality in his favor.

It has been computed that the entertainment of royalty costs English society each year fully ten millions of dollars (says a writer in *Lippincott's Magazine* for September). Hardly a week passes—save at those comparatively rare times when the whole of the British royal family is plunged into the deepest family mourning—without some fortunate persons finding themselves in the position of host and hostess to a royal personage. With the rather singular exception of the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, and of the Duke and Duchess of Fife, who very rarely pay visits, all the queen's children and grandchildren are constantly entertained in the houses of the great nobility and of those whose wealth makes them agreeable and convenient hosts to royal personages. In this matter of royal entertaining it is essentially more blessed to give than to receive, for with the solitary exception of the Prince and Princess of Wales, who are hospitality personified and who give each year a considerable number of both large and small house-parties at Sandringham, no member of the royal family entertains his or her friends, if certain trifling exceptions be made. This somewhat singular state of things is said to be owing in a measure to the formally expressed wish of the queen.

During a sojourn at a great country-house, royal personages do not spend very much of their time with their fellow-guests; they breakfast and spend the morning in their own rooms, and rarely even join the house-party at lunch—in fact, very often a royal visitor is scarcely seen by his host or hostess till tea-time. Of course, there are exceptions to every rule, but in practice as well as in theory royal guests are, in the United Kingdom, made to feel themselves in a "lateral sense" at home in the houses of those whom they honor with a visit. Among the minor rules and regulations which must be learned by those who have the felicity of meeting royalty for the first

time on the kind of equality brought about by being members of the same country-house party, that concerning mourning is the most explicit. Thus, if a royal princess in deep mourning accept an invitation to a house, all those invited to meet her must equally appear clad in the deepest black, and those who are often thrown with royalty are practically compelled never to travel without the hundred and one accessories of dress which go to make a half-mourning wardrobe. This curious rule also applies to those personages who are simply asked to a dinner-party honored by the presence of royalty, and it has not unfrequently happened that, owing to the thoughtlessness of the hostess in sending out the invitations, unpleasant *contretemps* have occurred, for the rule is one of those which even the most jovial and kindly of royal personages does not care to see broken.

An immense amount of testimony has been published concerning the cruel and wholesale slaughter of egrets in South America and elsewhere to furnish plumes for ladies' head-dress. Now a correspondent, who has just returned to England from the upper Orinoco, writes to the London *Times* to say that such slaughter does not occur and is not possible. The correspondent says: "In the first place, the birds are gifted with long necks, and it is extremely difficult to approach a bird in the daytime, even by fraud. It has become an instinct to beware of man. In Nicaragua the only time I could by chance manage to shoot a bird was to sit under a roosting-tree and pop them off as they arrived. This only for about ten minutes; the birds would never roost in the same tree again. My object in pointing out this is to show that by means of powder and shot no one could make it pay." The writer then goes on to say that by far "the greatest quantity of egret plumes do not come from shot birds, as I found out on the Orinoco; but hunters without powder and shot go round during the right season to the breeding and roosting-grounds and collect off the ground plumes which are cast by the males every year. The only thing necessary is to pick them off the ground as soon as possible. I learned from an authentic hunter that as many as forty pounds were thus collected from one spot. Again, in Venezuela many people are beginning to farm the birds. It is marvelous how easily they are domesticated. In Nicaragua very few houses are without one or two, and this on the banks of their native lake where they go down to bathe. They never leave a yard when once accustomed to it, and are very useful for killing all sorts of vermin, rats, etc. On my homeward trip down the Orinoco I was fortunate enough to meet two hunters (both Frenchmen) who had been some time up country collecting feathers. They each had, I should imagine, one hundred pounds, and this without killing one single bird."

The soft hat has invaded the town in vast quantities, and is enjoying a marvelous degree of popularity especially among men. "Whence did this invasion of the soft hat come?" asks the New York *Sun*. It adds: "There are some observers of fashion who assure us that the sudden vogue of the soft hat is due to that arbiter of fine things, the Prince of Wales. No doubt he is responsible for much of the popularity of the hat he has chosen to affect this season. It was at Marienbad and on the English race-courses that the prince gave the sanction of his approval to this style of hat. He gave the hint, and his faithful followers loyally followed him, just as they would if the prince wore rubber boots, or turned up his trousers with two folds instead of one. At any rate, the soft hat blossomed among fashionable men throughout Great Britain like the roses of York and Lancaster. It even displaced the derby and the silk hat, and Englishmen have not yet ceased to be astonished that radicalism in hats has taken the place of conservatism. In this country, where fashion's rules for hats are not so strict, the soft hat has steadily gained in popular esteem. It is so well suited to the demands of comfort, it is so sensible not only for winter but for summer wear, and it is so nicely adapted to use on the golf-links and for all sorts of open-air exercises, that one need not wonder at its wide-spread appearance. The general shape of it has improved with this new demand. The old slouch hat may have been, and doubtless was, its forerunner, but there is no comparison in point of comeliness of the two. Unquestionably the use of this hat by the army has added still further to its general use, for the campaign hat, which is another form of the soft hat, has been immensely popular with the volunteers and regulars."

Manufacturers of imitation jewelry have lately met with such great success that it is said the sale of genuine jewelry in New York is less than ever before, and it is also said on good authority that large amounts of capital are soon to be invested in the manufacture of imitation jewelry. For some time past it has been possible to obtain imitation jewelry in France and England which is difficult of detection by experts; but the business has never before been taken up in this country to any great extent. The "diamonds" are a composition of glass, lead, and carbon, tipped with platinum, which is harder than gold. Every real stone, except a diamond, is transparent; without the tip of platinum these "diamonds" would also be transparent, but with it they are given an undetectable resemblance to the genuine



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MARIANI WINE TONIC for Body, Brain, Nerves
Combats Malaria, Wasting Diseases.

Send for book of endorsements and portraits of Emperors, Empress, Princes, Cardinals, Archbishops, and other distinguished personages. It is free to all who write for it.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE. AVOID SUBSTITUTES. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.
MARIANI & CO., 52 W. 15TH ST., NEW YORK.

Criss-Cross CEREALS

Seven food products—prevent K. C. WHOLE WHEAT FLOUR. Prevents constipation and liver troubles. GLUTEN CRISPS. Very health breakfast food. PANTRY Pastry Flour, Finest made. FARWELL & RHINES, Watertown, N. Y., U. S. A.

These goods are mounted in fourteen-carat gold, and so artistically that, when worn, the platinum tipping can not be seen. An infinite variety of designs, copied from the best real models, are shown, and at a price which is about eighty per cent. less than the genuine. All the colored stones—rubies, sapphires, emeralds, and turquoises—are also manufactured in a like way, and are similar, with the exception of the turquoise, to the doublet, except that they are much harder and are made of real stone (garnet) and crystal. As genuine pearls are the most costly of gems, so do the imitation pearls take the lead in price. They are made of fish-skin and a secret composition. The difficulty in the manufacture of pearls is in obtaining the orient, or lustre, similar to the genuine gems, and often out of ten thousand manufactured few will be marketable, and they are almost as difficult to match for necklaces as the real. It is said that most of the imitation-jewel business done is with refined women of wealth, who have their genuine pearls copied, or buy a novel design which serves the purpose of a fad as well as the genuine.

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions for the week ending Wednesday, September 27, 1899, on the Stock and Bond Exchange were as follows:

	Shares.	BONDS.		Closed.	
				Bid.	Asked.
U. S. Coup. 3%.....	1,100	@ 108½		108½	109
Los An. Ry. 5%.....	24,000	@ 108½		108½	
Los An. & Pac. Ry.					
5%.....	7,000	@ 103½		103	104½
Market St. Ry. 5%.....	3,000	@ 115		114½	
N. Pac. C. Ry. 5%.....	9,000	@ 107½		106½	
Oakland Transit 6%.....	10,000	@ 112½		112	112
S. F. & N. P. Ry. 5%.....	4,000	@ 113½-113½		113½	113½
S. F. & S. J. Ry. 5%.....	29,000	@ 116½		116	
S. V. Water 6%.....	3,000	@ 114		114	115
S. V. Water 4%.....	20,000	@ 104½-104½		104	
S. V. Water 4% 3d.....	17,000	@ 101½		101½	101½
	Shares.	STOCKS.		Closed.	
				Bid.	Asked.
Contra Costa Water.....	75	@ 73		72½	73½
Spring Valley Water.....	160	@ 101-101½		101½	101½
		Gas and Electric.			
Equitable Gaslight.....	350	@ 4½-5½		5	5½
Mutual Electric.....	305	@ 15½-16½		16½	16½
Pacific Gas Imp. Co.....	40	@ 65-65½		65	
Pacific Lighting Co.....	20	@ 41½		41	41½
S. F. Gas & Electric.....	555	@ 66-66½		66½	66½
S. F. Gas.....	748	@ 3½		3½	3½
		Banks.			
Bank of Cal.....	15	@ 28½-28½		28½	
First National Bank.....	15	@ 235		245	
		Street R. R.			
Market St.....	350	@ 62½-63½		63½	63½
		Powders.			
Giant Con.....	1,700	@ 74½-77		76½	77
Vigorit.....	45	@ 2½-2½		2½	2½
		Sugars.			
Hana P. Co.....	235	@ 15		14½	15½
Hawaiian.....	10	@ 96½		96	
Hutchinson.....	1,000	@ 29½-31		30	30½
Makawell S. Co.....	1,835	@ 48½-49½		49	
Onomea S. Co.....	510	@ 38½-40		39½	39½
Pauhaun S. P. Co.....	750	@ 37-37½		37½	
		Miscellaneous.			
Alaska Packers.....	90	@ 117½-117½		117½	117½
Oceanic Steam.....	105	@ 88½-89		88½	89

Giant Powder has been the most active stock on the list during the past week, 1,700 shares changing hands from 74½ to 77, closing at 76½ bid and 77 asked. Rumors of increased dividends can not be traced to any authentic source.

The sugar stocks have been quiet, with small fluctuations. The stock of the Honokaa Sugar Company has been placed on the list at 35 bid and 35½ asked. This company pays a 35 cent monthly dividend.

San Francisco Gas and Electric sold down to 65½, but closed strong at 66½ bid and 66½ asked. Mutual Electric sold up to 16½, but closed off at 16½ bid and 16½ asked.

INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

SIG B. SCHLOSS, A. W. BLOW,
Member Stock and Bond Exchange.
A. W. BLOW & CO.
Tel. Bush 24. 338 Montgomery Street, S. F.

WORTHINGTON AMES

Member Stock and Bond Exchange, Broker in Bonds and Stocks and Municipal Securities.

324 Montgomery St., San Francisco
TELEPHONE MAIN 1381.

MT. VERNON COMPANY, BALTIMORE

The undersigned having been appointed AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST for the sale of the manufactures of above company, have now in store:

SAIL DUCK—ALL NUMBERS;
HYDRAULIC—ALL NUMBERS;
DRAPER AND WAGON DUCK.

From 30 to 120 inches wide; and a complete assortment of all qualities. 28½-inch Duck, from 7 Ounces to 15 Ounces, inclusive.

MURPHY, GRANT & CO.

THE LATEST STYLES IN Choice Woolens

H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS,
622 MARKET STREET (Upstairs),
Bicycle and Golf Suits. Opposite the Palace Hotel.

"I would lay the world at your feet," he exclaimed. But she looked at him icily and returned: "I see no reason for troubling you, Mr. Dobby. Unless the law of gravity has been unexpectedly repealed, the earth is there already."—*Washington Star*.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,187,617.90
Capital actually paid up in cash.....1,000,000.00
Deposits June 30, 1899.....27,656,513.03

OFFICERS—President, B. A. BECKER; First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERRMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNEY; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODFELLOW.
Board of Directors—Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohte, D. N. Walter, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, and John Lloyd.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

532 California Street.

Deposits, July 1, 1899.....\$24,920,395
Paid-Up Capital.....1,000,000
Reserve Fund.....205,215
Contingent Fund.....442,763

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres.
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.
Directors—George W. Beaver, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, Albert Miller, Geo. Tasheira, E. B. Pond.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL.....\$3,000,000
SURPLUS.....1,000,000
PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.....2,337,829
July 1, 1899.

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier
IRVING F. MOULTON.....Assistant Cashier
ALLEN M. CLAV.....Secretary

CORRESPONDENTS:

New York.....Messrs. Laidlaw & Co.
Baltimore.....The Bank of New York, N. B. A.
Boston.....The National Exchange Bank
Chicago.....The National Savings Bank
Philadelphia.....The Philadelphia National Bank
St. Louis.....The Bank of St. Louis
Virginia City, Nev.....Agency of the Bank of California
London.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons
Paris.....Messrs. de Rothschild Freres
Berlin.....Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft
China, Japan, and East Indies.....Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China
Australia and New Zealand.....The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

WELLS FARGO & CO., BANK

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$6,250,000

JNO. J. VALENTINE, President; HOMER S. KING, Manager; H. WADSWORTH, Cashier; F. L. LIPMAN, Asst. Cashier; H. L. MILLER, Second Asst. Cashier.
Directors—John J. Valentine, Ben. P. Cheney, Oliver Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, Geo. E. Gray, John J. McCook, John Birmingham, Dudley Evans.
Branches at New York, Salt Lake, and Portland.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.

OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$3,702,300; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$2,112,546.

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.
COLIN M. ROYD, Agent for San Francisco,
411 California Street

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The latest English golf-story is told by Mr. Justice Lawrence against himself. He is an ardent golfer. Recently he had a case before him in which he felt it necessary to ask one of the witnesses, a boy, the usual question whether he was acquainted with the nature of an oath. The ingenious youth replied: "Of course I am. Ain't I your caddie?"

A young woman who played the pianoforte once asked Brahms, the composer, as to the advisability of giving a concert in Vienna. "Are you all ready," inquired Brahms. "Certainly, dear master; may I play something for you?" "Oh, no, no; I meant only have you a new gown and gloves?" "Yes sir." "Pity; otherwise I should have advised you not to give the concert."

The following story is going the rounds in Vienna: A well-known Austrian anti-Semite and statesman encounters three private soldiers. "Would you shoot me, if you were ordered?" he asked the first. "Certainly, I would obey orders." "What is your religion?" "I am a Protestant." "Well, and you?" to the second. "I would kill you sure, although I am a Catholic, like yourself." "And you?" to the third. "I am a Jew, but I couldn't shoot you." "Why, my brave fellow? Do you not know that I am the greatest anti-Semite in either Austria or Hungary?" "That is so, but you see I have no gun. I play the big drum in the hand."

An English police-inspector being informed that a hotel-keeper was serving game out of season, visited the restaurant in plain clothes and ordered dinner: "Waiter, partridge for me." The inspector finished his dinner leisurely, and then said to the waiter: "Ask the proprietor to step this way a minute." "What for?" "I wish to notify him to appear in court to-morrow and answer for selling partridge out of season. I am a police officer, and have secured the necessary evidence against him." "Waiter—" "It wasn't partridge you had." "Police-inspector (uneasily)—" "What was it then?" "Waiter (cheerfully)—" "Crow." The inspector swooned.

While in Tacoma a recent Eastern visitor went down on the bridge overlooking the railroad tracks and newly made ground below the bluff, and gazed at five hundred government mules ready to be shipped to Manila. They were a sturdy lot of animals, and with their stamping, kicking, braying, and tail-switching made that part of Tacoma a lively scene. "What do you think of it?" asked a Tacoma friend. "Quite a sight," the visitor replied. "You are not so much impressed with it, then, as Thad Huston was," the native observed. "How is that?" he was asked. "Why, Thad came down here the other day, and after a few minutes' inspection of those mules, remarked: 'That's a h—l of a place to hold a Democratic convention— isn't it?'"

On one occasion Lord Norbury observed an attorney of doubtful reputation prospecting in the dock for business, and determined to make an example of him. Just as the attorney was climbing over the rails of the dock into the court, his lordship called out: "Jailer, one of your prisoners is escaping. Put him back." Back the attorney was thrust, and the following colloquy ensued: "My lord, there is a mistake here. I am an attorney." "I am very sorry, indeed," said Lord Norbury, "to see one of your profession in the dock." "But, my lord, I am innocent." "Yes, they all say that," was the judge's reply; "a jury of your own fellow-countrymen must settle it." "But, my lord," exclaimed the now desperate man, "there is no indictment against me." "Then," said his lordship, "you will be put back, and if no one appears to prosecute, you will be discharged by public proclamation at the end of the assizes."

One of the applicants for a consulate in Japan, while James G. Blaine was Secretary of State, was the late Samuel Kimberley, of Baltimore, who died in the service in Central America. After he had presented his credentials, Mr. Blaine said: "I should like to appoint you, Mr. Kimberley, but I have made it a rule to recommend no one who does not speak the language of the country to which he is sent. Do you speak Japanese?" "Certainly, Mr. Blaine," stammered Mr. Kimberley; "a-a-ask me s-s-something in J-J-Japanese and I'll a-a-a-answer you." Mr. Blaine had not a word to say, but the Japanese post went to another man, all the same, and Kimberley went to Central America. One day Kimberley met a young woman who threw her arms impulsively around his neck and kissed him. Seeing her mistake, she drew back and angrily asked: "Aren't you Mr. Jones?" "N-no-no, madam," replied Kimberley, bowing; "I'm n-n-not, but I w-w-wish to thunder I w-w-was."

A well-known photographer of New York recently had his country-house overhauled. A new skylight was added and extensive alterations were made in the roof. The men engaged on the job took their time and did not overwork themselves, which did not prevent the roofer from presenting a bill almost as

steep as his calling. When the owner of the house expostulated, it was explained to him that the men had to be paid for their time, and that they had spent several days on the job. "No wonder," said the photographer; and then he produced a number of snap-shot photographs, representing the men on the roof of his house as taken from the attic window of an adjoining building. Some were sitting smoking, some were reading newspapers, and others were lying on their backs. "Why," said the astonished roofer, "these are my men." "Exactly," responded the owner, "and these pictures explain why they took such a long time over the job."

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Dewey's Return.

Let the trumpets loudly hlaire;
Fling out bunting everywhere!
Nail the flag high on the pole;
Eat the drum-beat loudly roll!
Paint the sidewalks Turkey-red;
Hang rose garlands overhead;
Let the cannons hang away;
Swathe the Brooklyn Bridge in gay
Stuffs in festival array.
Set the soldiers on the march;
Raise a grand triumphal arch!
Ring the bells, and sound the chimes;
Call on poets for their rhymes.
In each window let there be
Wreaths from off the laurel-tree;
Clothe the boys in Sunday suits,
Collars clean, and polished hoots.
Let the little girls be seen
Dressed as fair as May-time's Queen.
Deck your horses; deck your cars;
Deck your hydrants and your bars.
Let each fulgent 'lectric light
Fulge until it dazzles sight.
For 'tis plain to any duncie
Dewey can come back but once;
And when he comes to this town
We must do him up as brown,
And completely, too, as be
Did the Spaniard on the sea!

—John Kendrick Banges in Harper's Weekly.

Maternal.

"Mother, may we go out to flirt?"
"Why, yes, you little sillies.
Keep in touch with the millionaires,
But don't go near the Willies."—Life.

Shopping.

She screamed in terror when her purse
Was snatched from out her jeweled hand,
And hurled a modest semi-curse
Toward the fleeing, hold brigand;
And when the copper caught the thief
She seized the purse with anxious air,
And breathed a sigh of sweet relief
To find her treasures all were there.
A penciled note
Her fellow wrote,
A sugar plum,
A wad of gum,
A hair-pin (bent),
A copper cent,
A button-hook
With broken crook,
A safety-pin,
A curling tin,
A powder rag,
A sachet bag.

These were the treasures which she bore
Around with her from store to store
While on a shopping tour, to see
The many pretty things which she
Would love to buy if she but had
The cash, and with a smile so glad
It almost made the copper sneeze
She thanked him, and with sprightly ease
Tripped on to seek another store
Or two where she could shop some more.
—Denver Post.

The Boy in the Library.

He'll surely be a poet, for Shakespeare's in his line;
He's torn three pages from "Macbeth" and six from
"Cymbeline."

A scholar also shall he be who learning rare shall seek;
He's turned the leaves of Homer and blotted half
the Greek.

He will excel in painting, with lamp-black, pencils, all;
He's drawn the family portraits upon the parlor wall.
He'll surely take to sculpture, for there, upon the floor,
Lies that new bust of Byron that shows a nose no more.

Alas! the library's tumbled, my books all out of place;
But dearer to his mother are the roses on his face.
She chides and then she kisses him, while I my anger keep;
And now he's in her arms and she is singing him to sleep.

—Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

The Best Man Wins.

Prize-fighting may not be a pleasant subject, but it teaches a lesson nevertheless—the inability of man to hold the championship for any length of time. How unlike that great champion of health, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which has never been beaten, and for fifty years has met and conquered the worst cases of constipation, dyspepsia, biliousness, and liver trouble. See that a private Revenue Stamp covers the neck of the bottle.

BEING AN EMPEROR.

The Trials and Tribulations which Kaiser Wilhelm Is Forced to Undergo to Hold His Job.

"That's a job some people mite Like," paw sed when we was settin around waitin for it to Git time to Go to bed nite before last. "But that's where they don't no what the contract calls fer."

"What job is That?" maw ast.
"Bein a Emperor," says paw. "Look at Willie over Thare in Gurmenny. Say, that Boy works overtime rite along without extry pay, and he don't git menny Saturday afternoons off neither."

"Why," maw Told him, "I thot kings and queans and Emperors didn't Haft to Do nothin but sine state papers they never ned and ride around in the park to git a nappette fer Dinner."

"That shows I done wise not goin in fer a Diplomack career after I married You," paw says. "You'd make a nice wife of a Forren council with all your ignorary of sich affairs, wouldn't you? Sposed I was hired By the Goveumnt tho, and was Sent over to Burlin to See the Emperor about Gitin him to report the Dryfus trial or the yot race er somethin like That fer a New York paper. I'd go up to the pallus and ring the Bell, and purty Soon a Survent would come, and I'd say:

"'Good mornen. Is the Emperor in?'"
"'No,' the Survent would say, 'he Has went out alreddy.'"

"'Where is He?' I'd ast.
"'I fegit whether He's openin a Canal or Unvalin a Statute of his grandfawther this mornin,' the survent would answer."

"Then I'd go in and set down and Wate, and purty soon the Emperor would come hurryin in, dressed as a kernel of the Yoolans. After we would Shake hands he would say:

"'You must excuse me for a Few minutes; I Got to present a meddle to a feller what Belongs to a Friendly power. He's waitin out in the Hall.'"

"So he goes into the Bed room and purty soon he comes out in the youniform of a Drum major in the Rooshen army, and Goes and pins the meddle on to the man Frim the friendly Power and then Comes back, and I Start to tell Him what I want, and He looks at his watch and Hollers:

"'Holy smoke! Here it is a quarter-past to alreddy. I must go and lay the corner-stone of a Chewin Gum factory. Here's the Famby album full of pictures of me what you kin look at till I git Back.'"

"Then He Dresses Himself like a Judge of the Soop pream court and Hurries out so he wont miss the next car. When he comes Back he only jst has time to Dress up As a admiral and Go to Lawncb a new tug Bote. Then it's Time to git his picture taken in six styles, and That takes bim twenty minits, so when He Gits thru He makes a speech to the assemblud multitoed, sayin:

"'My deer children, there's only one thing you got to Do to Be the graitest peepul on erth. That's pay your Taxes and Remember That Thare's jst one Reel Thing worth while in this world and I'm it. Always Remember it's me That gives the word when the Whissel Blows and you'll Be happy. France has a great army. I want to see that sho in Parus next year.'"

"Then that hollar 'Hock, Hock' a few times and the Hired Gurl says dinner's redly."

"Well," maw says, "you mite tell Him what you want while He's eatin."

"No," paw told Her, "that's one of the Bizziest times in the Day fer him. While the meel is goin on he has to pose for a Bust of Himself and Dick-tate the musick of an opety to Three tipe riters. When he's thru eaten he puts on the yooniform of a kernel of the Coldstream gards and goes out and wins a yot race from the prince of walls and Takes Furst prize in a Shooten match. On his way home he unvals three monuments of His grandfawther, and sends frendly messidges to the Forren potentats."

"Well, I jst git started to Tell him what I Dropt around fer when the clock strikes 3, and he jumps up and is Gone. Purty soon he comes out of the closet in the yooniform of a Turkish pashaw and says:

"Excuse me. I got to rite a Letter to the sultan congratulaten Him Becos Him and his sixty-thurd wife Has a Little boy.' After that's done He goes back and Dresses himself like a murry huntsman and goes out and Beats the Reckord killin Stags. It's Beginninn to Git purty Late then, and he's got to open another canal, so I Don't care to wait enny Longer, and while He's in putting on a new yooniform I Duck out of Thare, and he telefones me the next mornin tellin How glad he is that him and this Country is on Sich frendly relations."

"Paw," maw says.
"What?" says paw.
"I'm glad you ain't no Emperur."

"Why?"
"Becoz if you had to Dress and ondress that Fast you'd Have every Button tore off indrest of two Days and you'd never no where the pants was what Belonged to your other Soot."

So paw got mad and Sed the hole famby was always tryin to Run him Down and he wouldn't tell us no more about it.—Georgie in Chicago Times-Herald.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:
Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for
YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,
Calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with Steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong. 1899.
Coptic. (Via Honolulu).....Friday, Sept. 29
Gaelic. (Via Honolulu).....Tuesday, October 24
Doric. (Via Honolulu).....Friday, November 17
Coptic. (Via Honolulu).....Wednesday, Dec. 13
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street,
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.



Toyo Kisen Kaisha

(ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)

IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND
U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 1 P. M. for YOKOHAMA and HONG KONG, calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
America Maru.....Friday, October 6
Hongkong Maru.....Wednesday, November 1
Nippon Maru.....Saturday, November 25
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market Street, cor. First.

W. H. AVERY, General Agent.



OCEANIC
Steamship
Company

S. S. Mariposa sails via Honolulu and Auckland for Sydney, Wednesday, October 4, 1899, at 10 P. M.
S. S. Australia, for Honolulu only, Wednesday, Oct. 18, 2 P. M.
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 214 Montgomery St. Freight Office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.



Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:
For Alaskan ports, 10 A. M., October 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, November 2, change to company's steamers at Seattle.
For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 10 A. M., October 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, November 2, and every fifth day thereafter.
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 2 P. M., October 2, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, November 5, and every fifth day thereafter.
For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports, 9 A. M., October 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, 31, November 4, and every fourth day thereafter.
For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 A. M., October 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, November 2, and every 4th day thereafter. For further information see folder.
For Mexican ports, 10 A. M., seventh of each month.
The company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates and hours of sailing.
Ticket Office 4 New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel).
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., 10 Market St. S. F.

International Navigation Co.'s Lines

AMERICAN LINE.

New York and Southampton (London, Paris), from New York every Wednesday, 10 A. M.
New York.....October 4 | St. Paul.....October 18
St. Louis.....October 11 | New York.....October 25

RED STAR LINE.

New York and Antwerp. From New York every Wednesday, 12 noon.
Friesland.....October 4 | Westernland.....October 18
Soubwark.....October 11 | Kensington.....October 25

EMPIRE LINE.

To Alaska and Gold Fields.

For passage and freight apply to International Navigation Company, G. D. FAHNESTOCK, General Agent Pacific Coast, 30 Montgomery Street.

WHITE STAR LINE.

AMERICAN SERVICE.

The New Twin Screw Steamship

OCEANIC

The Largest Vessel in the World.
17,040 tons, length 704 ft., width 68 ft. 4 1/2 in.
First sailing from New York, Wednesday, September 20th, noon.

TEUTONIC and MAJESTIC

Twin Screw.

10,000 tons. 582 feet long.

CYMRIC

Twin Screw, 12,552 tons, 600 feet long, one of the largest steamships afloat.

GERMANIC and BRITANNIC

Wednesday sailings from New York.

S. TENNEY FRENCH, G. W. A.

94-96 Dearborn Street, Chicago.
For passage apply to G. W. FLETCHER, 613 Market Street, or to official railway and steamship offices on Pacific Coast.

"I suppose you don't think we make much of a showing," said Oom Paul to the stranger. "I must say there are not many evidences of glory and authority." "Well, you'll have to come around when we're not so busy if you want to see our pomp and pageantry. The poet laureate is at work cleaning blunderbusses, the members of the brass band are practicing at the rifle-range, and the military tailors are all working overtime reinforcing the cavalry's pantaloons. You'll have to make a few advances."—Washington Star.

SOCIETY.

The Martin-Goad Wedding.

The marriage of Miss Genevieve Goad to Mr. Andrew Donahue Martin took place at the Goad family residence, 2000 Washington Street, on Tuesday, September 26th. The bride is the youngest daughter of the late W. Frank Goad, a prominent lawyer. She made her debut three years ago and was at once conceded to be one of the handsomest young women in society, and like her sisters, Mrs. C. Osgood Hooker and Mrs. Charles K. McIntosh, she has been very popular. Mr. Martin, a son of Mrs. Eleanor Martin, is regarded as prospectively one of the wealthiest young men in the State, and is widely known and liked.

The ceremony was performed in the east drawing-room by the Rev. Father Prendergast, V. J. Precisely on the noon hour two ushers, Mr. Peter D. Martin and Mr. Edward M. Greenway, entered from the dining-room, bearing the traditional white-satin ribbons, and after them came the maid of honor, Miss Hattie Bell Goad. Next came the bride, leaning on the arm of her brother, Mr. William Frank Goad, and finally the remaining ushers, Mr. Addison C. Mizner and Mr. Frederick W. McNear. In the large bay-window the groom and his best man, Mr. Walter S. Martin, awaited them, with the officiating priest. The solemn service of the Roman Catholic Church was then read, Mr. Goad gave his sister into the keeping of the groom, and the couple were pronounced man and wife.

After the usual felicitations, a wedding-breakfast was enjoyed, those at the bridal-table being Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Martin, Miss Hattie Belle Goad, Miss Mary Thomas, Miss Eleanor Terry, the ushers, and Mr. W. F. Goad.

Only relatives and intimate friends were present, among them being Mr. and Mrs. C. Osgood Hooker, Mr. and Mrs. Charles K. McIntosh, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett, Mr. and Mrs. William R. Whittier, Mr. and Mrs. Richard H. Sprague, Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Carolan, Mr. and Mrs. Avery McCarthy, Lieutenant and Mrs. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Irving M. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel G. Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred S. Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. John E. de Ruyter, Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Miner, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Drake, Captain S. W. Terry, U. S. N., and Mrs. Terry, Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Oxnard, Mr. and Mrs. Hall McAllister, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mrs. Walter Scott Hobart, Mrs. Condit-Smith, Mrs. George H. Howard, Miss Caro Crockett, Miss Helen Hopkins, Miss Edna Hopkins, Miss Georgie Hopkins, Miss Schneely, Miss Daisy Van Ness, Miss Mary Scott, Miss Loughborough, Miss Josephine Loughborough, Miss Ruth McNutt, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Alice Hager, Miss Edith Findley, Miss Carrie Taylor, Mr. James D. Phelan, Dr. Mackenzie, Baron von Schröder, Baron Alex von Schröder, Judge William T. Wallace, Mr. Maxwell McNutt, Mr. Henry N. Stetson, Mr. Clement robin, and Mr. Lawrence I. Scott.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin left on Tuesday evening's train for "Miramar," their cottage near Santa Barbara, and will hereafter reside there and at their winter home at Palm Springs, near Riverside.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Sarah Cone Bancroft, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Bancroft, to Mr. Donald Hugh Fry, of Arcata, took place at "Aloha Farm," the country-home of the bride's parents near Walnut Creek, on Sunday, September 24th. Miss Alberta Bancroft was the maid of honor; the bridesmaids were Miss Charlotte Ellinwood, Miss Laura Van Wyck, Miss Winifred Fry, and Miss Marguerite Sichel; the best man was Mr. Herbert E. Punnett; and the ushers were Mr. Robert Field, Mr. C. K. Field, Mr. Ralph Wardell, and Mr. John Bancroft. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Hamilton Lee.

The marriage of Mr. James Gamble, Jr., and Miss Carolyn Ritter was celebrated in Los Angeles last Wednesday. Mr. Gamble is the youngest son of Mr. James Gamble, of this city, and is a nephew of Mrs. John W. Coleman, of Oakland. The bride is the daughter of Mrs. Ritter, of Oakland. They will reside for the present in Arizona, where Mr. Gamble is engaged in railroad construction.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Chalmers, of Stockton, announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Harriet Chalmers, to Mr. Frank Pierce Adams. The wedding will take place the first week in October at Stockton.

An invitation tandem parade was enjoyed by the members of the Burlingame Club on Saturday, Sep-

tember 23d, at the invitation of Mr. Francis J. Carolan. A goodly number were in line, and after the parade luncheon was served *à la carte* in the Howard woods, near San Mateo. Since the club's directorate has been empowered to remit the initiation fee, twenty-six new names have been put up, and as the desired limit of membership has almost been reached, it is probable that the initiation fee will soon be restored.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin had a number of friends at luncheon at the Burlingame Club on Sunday last. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin, Miss Eleanor Terry, Miss Daisy Van Ness, Miss Genevieve Goad, Mr. Buckley Johnston, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. E. D. Beylard, Lieutenant G. R. Fortesque, Mr. Frank Goad, Mr. Clement Tobin, Mr. Peter D. Martin, and Mr. Andrew D. Martin.

Mrs. Isaac Requa gave a dinner in honor of Mrs. George Crocker at her home in Piedmont on Friday evening, September 22d.

Mr. John Barrett, formerly United States minister to Siam, was the guest of honor at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Booth at their home, 2510 Washington Street, last Tuesday evening. The other guests were General W. H. L. Barnes, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Shortridge, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Baldwin, Miss Helen Stubbs, and Miss Fanny Miller. Later in the evening a large number of friends of the host and hostess called to meet Mr. Barrett.

Golf and Tennis Notes.

The San Francisco Golf Club is enjoying a high tide of prosperity, and has taken advantage of that fact to strengthen its status, financially and otherwise. To that end it was determined at the last meeting to increase the limit of the club's membership from 200 to 250, the equal proportion between the sexes being retained, but at the same time the initiation fee was raised from \$25 to \$50 for men and from \$10 to \$25 for women. The monthly dues for members were not changed, but the fees charged those having visitors' cards were raised to 50 cents a day, \$1.50 a week, and \$5 a month.

Mr. E. J. McCutcheon, of the San Francisco Golf Club, and Mr. Peter E. Bowles, of the Oakland Club, are a committee of two delegated to arrange a series of inter-club matches for this winter, but as yet they have done nothing definite.

The winter schedules of special events have not yet been made out for either the San Francisco or the San Rafael Club, but it is expected that they will be issued to the members in a few days now. Meanwhile there will be hole-play at the Presidio links and the bi-weekly club tournaments in San Rafael.

The Oakland Golf Club is in correspondence with notable Eastern authorities, and expects in a week or so to have completed arrangements by which it will secure the services of a new professional. Meanwhile the club is continuing its programme of winter events. Mr. Charles P. Hubbard has won the MacDonald Cup, and on Saturday, September 30th, the contest for the Tibbets Cup will come off. Fourteen men have qualified for the tournament for the Captain's Cup, but the contest has been postponed until Captain Orestes Pierce shall have recovered from his present unfortunate illness.

In tennis circles there is little doing. The next event of importance is the interscholastic tournament, which is still quite a way off. The players of the Lowell High School are to hold their try-out, to determine who shall represent the school in that contest, at the California Club courts on Saturday, September 30th.

Loring Club Concert.

The first concert of the Loring Club's twenty-third season was given at Odd Fellows' Hall last Tuesday evening. The club had the assistance of Miss Ruth Loring, accompanist, and of an instrumental quartet consisting of G. Minetti, first violin; E. Carlmuller, second violin; Charles Heinsen, viola; and A. Weiss, cello. The following programme was presented:

"Rhine Wine Song," Liszt; "Ave Maria" (solos by Frank Coffin), Abt; quartet in F-major, Dvorak; "After the Battle," Lieke; "The Haunted Mill" (solo by Mr. Coffin), Strong; "Drinking Song," Mendelssohn; selections from Smetana and Bazini; "Sailors of Kermor," Saint-Saëns; and "When Love Was Young," Chadwick.

"A Celestials" dance was given at Simla, India, recently by Lady Jenkins, wife of the chief-judge of Bombay. All the guests wore Chinese, Japanese, or Burmese costumes, some of which were extremely beautiful and even valuable. The decorations were in harmony with the dresses, and each guest had a pair of chop-sticks at supper. A real Chinaman distributed the programmes, which were decorated with Chinese characters. Even the band, which was an English one, could not resist the temptation of playing selections from the "Geisha" and other more or less Chinese and Japanese music during supper. Among those present were Lady Curzon and the Misses Leiter, who were in costume.

Paderborn is going to celebrate the millenary of the establishment of the late Holy Roman Empire, as it was in that city that Charlemagne received Pope Leo the Third in 799, and arranged for his own journey to Rome in the following year.

GHOSTS.

The painter toiled at his picture in the light of the northern sky, And his soul burned out at his easel as the paint grew hard and dry. The marvelous work that the painter wrought seemed full of depth and soul, And the people gazed at the deathless thing, while each one paid his toll. Then questioned the voice of the painter's heart, while the great man shook his head. "No motive pure can the world endure—I did it for gold," he said.

The worker worked in the midnight black and under the light of day, And dragged his soul from out of himself and breathed it into the clay. Thus wrought the hand of the poet a song that the people sing, And the sound of its wondrous music wells up like a living spring. Then questioned the voice of the poet's heart, and he bowed his head in shame. "No motive pure may my soul endure—I did it," he cried, "for fame."

In front of the battle's wavering line the hero charged his steed; A thousand furies had hurried him on, and his was a hero's speed. Into the serried ranks of death he rode with a hero's shout, Till victory sat on the upraised flag, and the foe was put to rout. Then questioned the voice of the hero's heart, and he said: "The fight is won. Yet motive pure no man may endure—for glory the deed was done."

L'ENVOI.

Art met Duty, and Duty said: "Three beings have just been sold: One for glory and one for fame and one for glittering gold. You were not there and I was not there, yet the deeds they did rank high; Glory and fame and gold, it seems, are better than you and I." Said Art: "Why not? You're a ghostly thing, and I myself am the same; We're not worth much to the popular touch with gold and glory and fame!"

—Tom Masson in *Munsey's Magazine*.

In London a curious craze has cropped up for the protection of landmarks and places of historical interest against the mythical assaults of American millionaires. Stonehenge is the latest place which is alleged to be threatened, and the newspapers are marshaling the public into a patriotic fervor, subsequent to the announcement that it is for sale. Thomas Hardy, the novelist, is among those who have been writing to the papers urging the government to purchase Stonehenge. An official of the Antiquarian Society says an American speculator has already made an offer with the view of transporting the stones of Stonehenge to the United States. A committee, supported by the Prince of Wales, is trying to secure for the nation the late Lord Leighton's house. This is also threatened, according to rumor, by American capital. But it is rather believed that the furor originates in the shrewd methods of selling-agents, who, wishing to stimulate the market, invent reports of American enterprise while appealing to British patriotism.

The Marquis of Lansdowne, England's secretary of war, has issued a circular to the general officers saying that he has noticed that a predominant fashion exists among young officers to shave the upper lip, and adding that this is much to be regretted. The result is that many unfertile lips are being coerced. The regulation against shaving the upper lip has been little observed of recent years, and its revival is unpopular.

Leipzig is to have a new Rathaus, costing one million six hundred thousand dollars. It will stand on part of the ground covered by the old Pleisenberg, where Luther held his disputation, which has been torn down. A tower of the old castle still stands, and will be worked into the architectural design of the city hall.

Mr. James L. Flood has purchased the Joseph A. Donohoe place, on the north side of Broadway, west of Buchanan, running through to Vallejo, and intends erecting a new house on it for his permanent residence.

Colonial Hotel.

The management wishes to inform its patrons of the completion of the new private bath-rooms in connection with suites of rooms. Reservation for the winter season should be made at once.

Moët & Chandon.

(The Largest and Oldest Champagne House in the World.)

White Seal (Grande Cuvée), of exceptional bouquet and dryness.—*Court Journal*.

WILLIAM WOLFF & CO.,
Pacific Coast Agents, 329 Market Street, S. F.

Pears'

What is wanted of soap for the skin is to wash it clean and not hurt it. Pure soap does that. This is why we want pure soap; and when we say pure, we mean without alkali.

Pears' is pure; no free alkali. There are a thousand virtues of soap; this one is enough. You can trust a soap that has no biting alkali in it.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

THE GREAT LEADER OF CHAMPAGNES

G. H. Mumm & Co.'s Extra Dry

WHILE words tell, statistics prove.

The importation of G. H. Mumm & Co.'s EXTRA DRY in 1898 aggregating 86,855 cases, or 52,649 cases more than of any other brand, is certainly the most striking evidence of the great popularity of this famous brand of champagne, and particular attention is called to the fine quality, purity, and natural dryness of the wine now coming to this market.

Used at almost all notable banquets, balls, weddings, etc.

FOR BEST VALUE IN HATS OR CAPS

Herrmann & Co.
328 Kearny Str.
San Francisco
Cal.

Fall and Winter Styles NOW READY.

The Chickasaw Indians, not wishing to have all their girls won away by white men, have passed a law making the price of a marriage license one thousand dollars.

HOTEL PLEASANTON

COR. SUTTER AND JONES STS.

The leading Family and Tourist Hotel in San Francisco. Situated in a warm and pleasant part of the city, near the theatres, churches, and principal stores. Two lines of cable-cars pass the hotel; Sutter Street line direct from the Ferries. All modern improvements for the comfort and safety of the guests. Sunny and elegantly furnished rooms single or en suite, with or without private bath. The excellence of the cuisine and service is unsurpassed, and there is an atmosphere of home comfort rarely met with in a hotel. *Select patronage only.*

Rates—Single Rooms with Board, \$2.00 to \$2.50 per day. Suites of Rooms with Board, \$3.00 to \$4.00 per day. Suites with Board for two persons, \$12.00 per month and upwards. O. M. BRENNAN, Proprietor.

THE HOTEL RICHELIEU

N. E. Cor. Van Ness and Myrtle Avenues.

The Principal and Finest Family Hotel of San Francisco

HOTEL RICHELIEU CO.

HOTEL BELLA VISTA

1001 PINE STREET.

THE PIONEER FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL OF SAN FRANCISCO.

MRS. M. W. DENVER.

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL

NEWLY REFITTED WITH ALL THE LATEST MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

MAJOR WILLIAM B. HOOPER, Lessee
San Francisco, Cal.

THE LENOX

628 SUTTER STREET.

First-class quiet Family Hotel.
D. W. JAMES, Proprietor,
Late of Paso Robles Hotel.

ROYAL Baking Powder
Absolutely Pure.
Made from Pure Grape Cream of Tartar.

SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker left on Tuesday evening for New York, where they will make their permanent home.

Prince Poniatowski returned on Saturday, September 23d, from a business trip to New York, and is now at his home at Burlingame.

Mrs. George C. Riggs was among the White Star liner *Majestic's* passengers on her last trip from Liverpool to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel G. Buckbee were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy at Burlingame on Sunday last.

Miss Frances Currey has returned from Santa Barbara, where she has been spending the past summer, and will leave immediately for the East, expecting to spend the fall and winter season with relatives at Fortress Monroe.

Miss Daisy Van Ness came down from St. Helena on Friday last, and is now visiting Mrs. Joseph S. Tobin at her home at Burlingame.

Mrs. Thomas Magee and Mrs. Valentine G. Hush arrived in New York last Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Ducey recently returned from the East, and have taken an apartment at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Colonel and Mrs. W. R. Smedberg and Miss Cora Smedberg arrived in New York last Wednesday.

Mr. Eugene Pissis was on the White Star liner *Oceanic* on her last trip from Liverpool to New York.

Mrs. D. B. Davidson and Mrs. Harrison Dibblee were guests at the California Hotel early in the week.

Mrs. A. P. Hotelling arrived in New York last Monday.

Miss C. C. Jackson has engaged rooms at the Hotel Pleasanton for the winter.

Miss Therèse Morgan, after a week's visit to Mrs. A. F. Fechteler at her home in San Rafael, has returned here.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Small and Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson at Burlingame on Sunday last.

Mr. E. M. Greenway left unexpectedly for the North on Tuesday evening, and expects to be away about three weeks.

Mrs. Clark Burnham has returned from the country, and will be at home on Tuesdays, at 936 Haight Street.

Mr. John E. Cazes has left for a sojourn of several weeks at Southern California resorts.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Fink are among the permanent guests at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Sullivan are expected back for the winter from Santa Cruz next week.

Dr. and Mrs. Stanley Stillman enjoyed a trip to the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Justice J. G. McKenna, of the United States Supreme Court, arrived from Washington, D. C., on Saturday, September 23d, and is a guest at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcus L. Gerstle and Mr. and Mrs. William Gerstle are in New York.

Mr. Andrew B. McCreery returned from Europe to New York on the last trip of the White Star liner *Oceanic*.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Babcock are up from Coronado, and are guests at the California Hotel.

Mr. George A. Goodman came down from Napa early in the week, and is a guest at the Palace Hotel.

Chief Justice Judd and Mrs. Judd, of Honolulu, who have been stopping at the Hotel Richelieu, left for the East during the past week.

Mr. Arthur Page left last week for a brief visit to New York.

Mr. Stuart J. Menzies returned to New York from Liverpool last week on the White Star liner *Majestic*.

Mr. Addison C. Mizner arrived here from the Klondike on Monday, September 25th.

Dr. H. Ohrwall has moved to the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall, who have been spending the summer at Ross Valley, will return to town early next week.

Mr. and Mrs. D. T. Eustis and Mr. T. Sloane are among the new guests at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mrs. Emily Boysen and Miss Hilda Van Sicklen arrived in Paris on September 23d.

The Rt. Rev. W. H. Moreland, D. D., Episcopal Bishop of the Northern Diocese of California, and Mrs. Moreland are at the Occidental Hotel for the month of October.

Miss Eleanor Terry has been spending the past week with Mrs. Eleanor Martin at San Mateo.

Captain and Mrs. A. H. Payson were among the recent visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais.

Count and Countess Bozenta (known on the stage as Mme. Modjeska) are stopping at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mrs. R. Clover and Mrs. G. F. Clover, of Washington, D. C., arrived in town on Thursday and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Beylard, of San Mateo, were in town early in the week, and stayed at the California Hotel.

Mrs. Guy L. Edie will soon depart for Manila, where her husband is at present stationed. Meanwhile, she is at the Hotel Richelieu with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Ingraham Kip.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. Colin M. Boyd, Mr. C. B. Holbrook, Mr. F. A. Hatch, Mr. A. J. Treat, Mrs. H. C. Whitney, Mr. S. E. Gregory, Mrs. W. T. Schenck, Mr. and Mrs. John F. Boyd, Mr. Mark Severance, of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Percival, of London, and Mr. S. E. Clark, of Boston.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel

are Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Cox, of Hollister, Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Yoerk, of Sacramento, Dr. and Mrs. James Maloney, Mr. I. I. Irwin, of San Diego, Mr. C. E. Knowles, of Santa Cruz, Mr. and Mrs. F. Powers, of Yosemite, Mr. W. L. Valentine, of Los Angeles, Mrs. G. Leiser, Mr. Max Leiser, and Miss F. Cooke, of Victoria.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Captain Silas W. Terry, U. S. N., Mrs. Terry, and Miss Eleanor Terry, who have been spending the summer at San Rafael, left for the East this week. They expect to spend most of the winter at Annapolis.

Lieutenant-Colonel Marion P. Maus, inspector-general, U. S. V., is at Vancouver Barracks, Washington, on a tour of inspection.

Major Robert H. Noble, assistant adjutant-general, U. S. V., has been ordered to Manila on the transport *Sheridan*.

Major John A. Logan, U. S. V., son of the late General Logan, who is now en route to Manila, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Carolan at their Burlingame home on Sunday last.

Major Edward B. Mosley, surgeon, U. S. A., has been ordered to Manila on the transport *Sheridan*.

Dr. E. K. Johnstone, acting assistant-surgeon, U. S. A., and Mrs. Johnstone (*née* Shiels) have returned from the Philippines and are at the Occidental Hotel.

Dr. George A. Lung, passed assistant-surgeon, U. S. N., is a guest at the Palace Hotel.

Lieutenant George W. Laws, U. S. N., and Mrs. Laws came down from Mare Island on Thursday and were guests at the Occidental Hotel.

Captain Orin B. Mitcham, ordnance department, U. S. A., arrived in town on Thursday and is a guest at the Palace Hotel.

ART NOTES.

The Mark Hopkins Institute of Art.

The members of the Art Association are much gratified at the announcement that the old, glass-domed conservatory which was to have been transformed into an entrance lobby is to be altogether demolished and, through an additional gift of Mr. Searles, replaced by a new and modern structure in architectural harmony with the gallery proper. The change has made it necessary to postpone the proposed fall exhibition until some time in January. This decision was made at a general meeting of the artists last Wednesday. The authorities of the Art Association, through President Grant, signified their willingness to place the rooms of the institute at the service of the artists for an exhibition in November if they so desired, but it was the unanimous opinion that the exhibition should be postponed until the opening of the gallery. It was further decided that all artists who had been identified with California art work should be at liberty to exhibit, doing away with the ancient law that the previous exhibition of a picture bars it out; and that each artist should be limited to ten pictures. Three prizes have been offered to the pupils of the School of Design for a poster to advertise the exhibition.

The group of statuary entitled "The Flight from Pompeii," presented by Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker, has been placed in position in the main entrance-hall, pending the completion of the art gallery.

The membership of the association is rapidly increasing, while the number of paying visitors who have inspected the institute during the last two months is nearly double that of previous years.

A Studio Musicale.

A musicale was given on Friday evening at Mr. Cadenasso's studio on Post Street, where he has been holding an exhibition of his recent work. Among those who took part in the programme were Mrs. Cadenasso, Mrs. M. Wismer, Mr. Hother Wismer, Mr. Willis Bachelder, Miss Rose Broderick, and the Press Club Quartet.

Mr. Cadenasso reports a number of good sales during the exhibition. Among the purchasers were Mr. James D. Phelan and Mr. Alexander Hamilton.

The will of the late James de la Montanya was filed for probate in this city on Friday, September 22d. The value of decedent's estate is unknown, but it is roughly estimated as being in the neighborhood of \$1,500,000, and it is devised as follows:

To Sarah Jane de la Montanya, decedent's widow, the homestead on Taylor Street; to James de la Montanya, a son, a house and lot adjoining the homestead; to Sarah Jane de la Montanya, a daughter, a store and lot on Jackson Street now occupied by the decedent's business; to a trust for the benefit of George de la Montanya, a brother, \$3,000; and the residue in equal shares to the widow, son, and daughter.

In a trip up Mt. Tamalpais is afforded a pleasant day's outing full of enjoyment and devoid of tedium, for there is an ever-changing panorama presented as you make the ascent. The accommodations at the Tavern of Tamalpais for remaining over night are excellent.

German army officers are ordered by imperial decree to wear reddish-brown dogskin gloves during the manoeuvres.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Love and Loyalty for the Flag.

FRUITVALE, CAL., September 24, 1899.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Those of us who now maintain the attitude upon the question of annexation of the Philippines that was defined by President McKinley in his message to Congress, when he said "forcible annexation," according to "our code of morality," would be "criminal aggression," are charged with disloyalty to the Stars and Stripes.

In answer to such charge we say: it is our very love and loyalty to "Old Glory" that impels us to still stand where the President stood upon this question when he issued that message. We are profoundly conscious of the fact that while it is true the President has changed—acting counter to his expressed sentiment, yet "our code of morality" is unchanged, and we prefer to be governed by it rather than by the President.

Again, we so much venerate and adore our national standard because of what it typifies to us and to the world, that we most feelingly, earnestly, revolt against a policy which profanes and desecrates it by causing it to float over the palatial harem of a pagan, slave-holding monarch at a pecuniary cost to the people of the United States of ten thousand dollars per year, while attempt is made at the sacrifice of many human lives and of hundreds of millions of treasure to shoot a way open with rifle, cannon, dynamite, and thorite to its unfurlment as emblem of sovereignty over a Christian people who want and have an ensign of their own which to them represents all that our flag represents to us.

In a word, it is only our loyalty to the flag and what it symbolizes that makes us disloyal to the President's policy in the Philippines.

JOHN AUBREY JONES.

Smollett on Golf.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 15, 1899.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In view of the present vogue of "golf," the following extract from Smollett's "Humphrey Clinker," written in the year 1770, may be interesting.

R. J.

"I never saw such a concourse of genteel company at any races in England as appeared on the courses of Leith. Hard by, in the fields called 'links,' the citizens of Edinburgh divert themselves at a game called 'golf,' in which they use a curious kind of bats, tipped with horn, and small, elastic balls of leather, stuffed with feathers—rather less than tennis-balls, but of a much harder consistence; these they strike with such force and dexterity, from one hole to another, that they will fly to an incredible distance. Of this diversion the Scots are so fond that, when the weather will permit, you may see a multitude of all ranks, from the senator of justice to the lowest tradesman, mingled together in their shirts and following the balls with the utmost eagerness.

"Among others, I was shown one particular set of golfers, the youngest of whom was turned of fourscore. They were all gentlemen of independent fortunes, who had amused themselves with this pastime for the best part of a century without having ever felt the least alarm from sickness or disgust, and they never went to bed without having each the best part of a gallon of claret in his belly. Such uninterrupted exercise, coöperating with the keen air from the sea, must, without all doubt, keep the appetite always on edge, and steel the constitution against all the common attacks of distemper."—Letter of J. Melford from Edinburgh to Sir Watkin Phillips, Bart., of Jesus College, Oxon.

Euthanasia Given by a Physician.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 18, 1899.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I see the papers are bringing out, with a great show of novelty and freshness, the doctrine of the justifiableness of putting a person to rest who is in torture. Here is a case that might interest, because it happened, and the man who did it read a paper before the South Carolina Medical Society, stating the case exactly as it happened. It may also be of interest to know that the South Carolina Medical Society put its seal of disapproval on the act. All of this occurred before the war. Dr. Robertson, of Winnsborough, Fairfield County, S. C., killed his sister with chloroform at her earnest and repeated request, to give her rest. She was suffering from cancer. Dr. Robertson's great learning and high probity made them respect the man, but condemn the act—not as wrong, but as dangerous—too dangerous to countenance. MEDICO.

In time everything seems to find its way into London auction-rooms. The sword of honor presented to Admiral Lord Collingwood by the city of London was sold recently for \$1,200, that presented by Liverpool for \$800, the sword surrendered to him by Admiral Villeneuve after Trafalgar for \$315, and that worn by Nelson when he was a master's mate for \$1,355.

JULIUS.

—THE NOVEL, "RICHARD CARVEL," HAS HAD A remarkable sale. Messrs. Cooper & Co., the Art Stationers, have sold more copies of this work than any book ever published.

—A PLACE OF INTEREST FOR VISITORS IS THE Gump Art Gallery of Paintings, by European masters. No. 113 Geary Street.

—THE BEST ARGUMENT AGAINST TOTAL abstinence is the Old Government Whisky. Pure, aged, mellow—a wholesome stimulant, a promoter of digestion, a nerve tonic.

\$18,000 To be Given in Cash Away

On the fifteenth of next April to all agents sending 20 or more subscribers to

The Ladies' Home Journal
AND
The Saturday Evening Post

One thousand dollars to the agent sending the largest list—\$750—\$500—\$400—and so on.

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LEAVE	From August 2, 1899.	ARRIVE
7:00 A	Benicia, Suisun, and Sacramento...	5:45 P
7:00 A	Marysville, Oroville, and Redding via Woodland...	5:45 P
7:00 A	Elmira, Vacaville, and Rumsey...	8:50 P
7:30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa...	6:15 P
8:00 A	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East...	9:45 A
8:30 A	San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, and Red Bluff...	4:15 P
8:30 A	*Milton, Oakdale, and Sonoma...	4:15 P
8:30 A	Yosemite Valley via Oakdale and Chinese...	4:15 P
9:00 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations...	11:45 A
9:00 A	Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno...	12:15 P
9:00 A	Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East...	6:45 P
10:00 A	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations...	7:45 P
12:00 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations...	2:45 P
12:00 M	Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Sacramento, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville...	4:15 P
*1:00 P	Sacramento River Steamers...	8:00 P
3:00 P	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations...	5:45 P
4:00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa...	9:15 A
4:00 P	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Oroville...	10:45 A
4:30 P	Niles, San Jose, and Stockton...	7:15 P
4:30 P	Vesomite Sleeping Car for Raymond...	12:15 P
5:00 P	The Owl, Tracy, Fresno, Bakersfield, Saugus for Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles...	9:45 A
5:30 P	Stockton, Merced, and Fresno...	12:15 P
5:30 P	Martinez, Tracy, Mendota, Fresno, Mojave, and Los Angeles...	8:45 A
5:30 P	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East...	6:45 P
6:00 P	Chicago-San Francisco Special, Ogden and East...	8:50 P
6:00 P	Haywards, Niles, and San Jose...	7:45 A
*6:00 P	Vallejo...	12:15 P
7:00 P	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Stations...	19:55 P
8:05 P	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East...	8:15 A

COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge). (Foot of Market Street.)

17:45 A	Santa Cruz Excursion for Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations...	18:05 P
8:15 A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Palaton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations...	5:50 P
*2:15 P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations...	10:50 A
4:15 P	San Jose, Glenwood, and Way Stations...	9:20 A
8:15 P	Felton, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations...	19:20 A

CREEK ROUTE FERRY. From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip B.)

*7:15 A	9:00 A	11:00 A	M.	1:00 P	2:00 P	3:00 P
4:00 A	5:00 A	6:00 A	P. M.			

From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—

10:00 A. M.	12:00 P.	1:00 P.	2:00 P.	3:00 P.	4:00 P.	5:00 P. M.
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COAST DIVISION (Broad Gauge). (Third and Townsend Streets.)

*6:10 A	Ocean View, South San Francisco, San Jose, and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only)...	6:30 P
17:30 A	Santa Cruz Excursion for Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations...	8:00 A
9:00 A	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Surf, Lompoc, and Principal Way Stations...	4:10 P
10:40 A	San Jose and Way Stations...	6:35 A
11:30 A	San Jose and Way Stations...	1:30 P
*2:45 P	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San Jose, Hollister, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove...	10:36 A
*3:30 P	San Jose, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations...	7:30 P
*4:15 P	San Jose and Principal Way Stations...	9:45 A
*5:00 P	San Jose and Principal Way Stations...	8:35 A
*5:30 P	San Jose and Principal Way Stations...	9:00 A
*5:30 P	San Jose and Way Stations...	5:30 P
11:45 P	San Jose and Way Stations...	17:30 P

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Time is money," quoted Stiles. "Yes," said Giles, "and I haven't a moment that I can call my own."—Chicago News.

"Myrtle Gushon writes that she is now living surrounded by splendor." "I suppose she's got a new silk petticoat."—Chicago Record.

Proud father (surveying his new-born)—"Don't you think he looks like me?" Jealous visitor—"Yes, poor little thing!"—Tit-Bits.

"To our silent heroes," little Willie read from the memorial bronze; "Popper, who are silent heroes?" "Married men," said popper.—Indianapolis Journal.

Wheels: "I feel as if I had wheels in my head!" groaned the man. "It must be the truck you ate for dinner," rejoined his wife, innocently enough.—Detroit Journal.

"I wonder why McKinley took his vacation so early this year?" "It was the best time for him; he can't afford to take any vacation after Dewey arrives."—Town Topics.

The Amiable Plutocrat—"But riches do not bring happiness." The Unamiable Pauper—"But I ain't looking for happiness. All I want is comfort."—Indianapolis Journal.

"I wonder why it is," said Jinks, "that most authors are snobs?" "Well," said Binks, "I suppose it is because royalties pay their expenses, and their titles are copyrighted."—Bazar.

"A self-opening and closing umbrella has been invented." "That's no good; what the world wants is an umbrella that will find its way back home when stolen."—Detroit Free Press.

"Hello, Smith; suppose a man marries his first wife's step-sister's aunt, what relation is he to her?" "First—wife—um—step-aunt—er—let me see; I don't know." Bright fellow—"He's her husband."—Ex.

"And this," said the enthusiastic traveler, as the train entered Boston, "is America's intellectual holy of holies!" "Shucks!" exclaimed the other traveler; "it's only the anti-room."—Chicago Tribune.

Wearry Watkins—"Dusty, suppose you was Dewey?" Dusty Rhodes—"I won't do nothin' of the sort. I'm hungry, but I ain't a-goin' to ruin my stummock by thinkin' of the things he's got to eat when he gets back."—Bazar.

Teacher—"Johnny, what is a thief?" Johnny Hardup—"Dunno." Teacher—"Oh! yes, you do. Now, what would I be if I took money out of your pocket?" Johnny Hardup—"Why, youse 'ud be a peach."—Ohio State Journal.

"So you want to write war news?" said the enterprising exponent of emotional journalism. "Yes," said the young man. "Do you feel that you are equipped for that kind of employment?" "I do; I've got a map and an imagination."—Washington Star.

Monsieur Calino can never remember anything, nor keep anything to himself. He is aware of his vice of inattention: "Things that I hear go in at one ear and out at the other," he says. "No," a friend puts in, "they go in at one ear and go out at your mouth."—Youth's Companion.

Mrs. May-Fair—"I hear that your son is a great student, and spends most of his time over the mid-night oil." Mrs. Jones (a rich parvenu, in pony carriage)—"Not a word of truth in it. We 'ave helectric light over the 'ouse, and Halfred 'as a 'ole chanticleer in 'is room!"—Punch.

"I must say," said the Filipino general, "that we seem as far as ever from a solution of this race problem." "Have you a race problem?" "I should say so. Even the army is thrown into constant confusion by this wild desire of individuals to come out first in every retreat."—Washington Star.

Parent (left in charge)—"No, you can not have any more cake." (Very seriously.) "Do you know what I shall have to do if you go on making that dreadful noise?" Little girl (sobbing)—"Yes." Parent—"Well, what is that?" Little girl—"Give me some more cake!" (And she was quite right.)—Punch.

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The Fifty-Sixth Congress will assemble in its first regular session early in December, and judged merely by the press of important public matters awaiting its deliberations, it promises to be a busy and notable if not an epoch-making session. That Congress will again take up the Nicaragua Canal enterprise in some form may confidently be expected, but what progress will be made toward a decision to construct that great waterway is at present highly problematical. Although one of the most important of the unfinished measures bequeathed to the Fifty-Sixth by former Congresses, it is liable to be overshadowed to some extent by the new problems forced to the front by the war, and by

the internal unrest on the questions of labor, capital, tariff, and finance.

There is strong probability that the Republican majority in Congress, which has hitherto been delayed in its action by the presence of a silver majority in the Senate, will, at the coming session, make a decided effort to enact a financial measure representative of currency reform on the basis of a gold standard, as promised by the St. Louis platform three years ago. The regular committee of the House on banking and finance being unable to agree on a financial bill, a committee selected by the Republican caucus was appointed and has been at work during the summer. It is understood that the committee has agreed upon and will report a bill the vital points of which will be: the redemption of all government obligations in gold on demand; the re-issue of greenbacks for gold only, when once they have been redeemed; the authorization of national banks to issue notes to the full value of their government deposit in the Treasury, instead of ninety per cent. as at present; and permitting the minimum capacity of national banks to be thirty-five thousand dollars, instead of fifty thousand dollars, as at present. It is also understood that the Senate financial committee has been working on much the same lines; and presuming that there can be little conflict of opinion in the party, prominent members predict that a bill practically in the form outlined will become a law this winter. It will mean a definite adoption of the gold standard, in fulfillment of Republican promises.

There will undoubtedly be some attempt made to formulate effective anti-trust legislation. What the result will be no man can safely predict. Opinions on questions regarding combinations of capital are in a chaotic state in both parties. There appears to be as yet no certainty in the public mind on the fundamental principles of the subject. As might have been expected, the much-heralded trust conferences have left the matter as much in the air as before they attacked it. Democrats are in a safe position, where they can declaim against trusts in glittering generalities, with an eye single to the effect on a Presidential campaign, and without the responsibility for determining what should be done and how to do it. They are consequently in favor of making trusts a campaign issue. The responsible Republican majority are divided both upon the effect of trusts and upon methods for their restraint. They agree only upon one point, and that is that combinations of capital which are injurious to the people must be regulated. If any legislation is passed, they must first determine whether trusts are a menace; where legitimate combinations of capital end and where dangerous trusts begin; and whether those which are malevolent can constitutionally be controlled by national legislation, or whether their restraint must be relegated to State action.

It is fully time also for Congress to apply itself to the solution of the problems which involve the form of future government for the new possessions of Hawaii and Porto Rico. It would appear easy and natural to agree upon the territorial form of government for these islands, which has become familiar and proved successful in our Western domain, but there are subsidiary questions of finance, trade, tariff, citizenship, and ultimate Statehood promising to complicate the subject, prolong debate, and delay decisive legislation. While the prevailing sentiment is to give Cuba an opportunity to demonstrate its capacity for self-government, the methods of its inauguration are liable to give the coming Congress plenty of chance to occupy itself with interminable discussions, and the Philippine question bids fair to take first rank as a subject for debate.

From some quarters strong pressure has been brought to force the President to call Congress at once in special session to take up this question—a pressure which he seems inclined to ignore totally. Advocates of a special session contend that a prompt statement of our intentions in the Philippines would allay the apprehensions of the insurgents, instruct them as to the benefits to be gained from American guidance, and put a speedy end to the war. Supporters of the President's plans to continue a vigorous warfare until peace is compelled and legislate afterward, urge that a meet-

ing of Congress which would probably be unable to agree for months on anything definite would have a deleterious effect in merely encouraging the insurrection. A special session would at least relieve the President from the embarrassing charge he now invites by carrying on a foreign war on his own responsibility.

All of these subjects awaiting congressional action are sure to be hampered by partisan wrangles over the outcome and conduct of the recent war, especially as whatever may be accomplished is bound to have an effect on the national campaign, which will open in the spring. Republicans are agreed, it would seem, upon the financial measures proposed, and are liable to split upon the questions of the trusts. Democrats from the East will divide upon financial questions, while those from the South and West will advocate free silver, the withdrawal of national bank circulation, the retention of the greenback system, and the removal of the tax on State bank-notes. At the same time the Democrats will present a united front in opposition to the trusts, without the probability of their being able to offer any rational and acceptable methods for their restraint. It is a revelation of the speed with which national issues chase each other over the political field to observe that the interviews with congressmen, gained a month since, do not even mention the question of expansion, which just now agitates the public mind. Within less than the space of one administration the tariff has given place to silver, silver to trusts, and trusts to the logomachy now raging between expansionists and anti-expansionists.

Apparently there is an effort to color the expression of views held by President Schurman, of the Philippine Peace Commission. At least, some of the excerpts made public tend to create the belief that Mr. Schurman gives to the policy of imperialism: unqualified support. Probably the best way to correct this will be to quote from statements made in the thoughtful address delivered by him at the opening of Cornell's scholastic year. He was endeavoring to answer the question, "What is to be done with the islands?"

In the opening he made clear that assumption of sovereignty over the Philippines was not based upon any precedent in national expansion. Instead of growth through the occupation of uninhabited territory, the taking of the islands was the taking of territory teeming with millions, who had made there their homes, resented intrusion, and were far better than white men adapted to the physical environment.

"There are those who speak of the Philippine Islands as our possessions," he continued, "and calmly conclude we may do what we like with them. This is too barbarous to be taken seriously; it is not callousness of heart; it is only muddleheadedness. The 'ownership' and 'possession' are a barbarous survival applied to any relation between them." Our relations with the Philippines will be misrepresented so long as we retain that fatal confusion of government and property. "We are simply in possession by virtue of the treaty made in Paris. There is no instance in history of the successful government of a colony where profit to the parent state or its citizens has been a leading consideration. On the other hand, there are many examples of disasters and rebellions from such unworthy greed and exploitation."

He concluded his address by saying: "In the Philippine Islands our own mission is to educate and elevate the Filipinos and aid them in governing themselves."

In a previous report, Mr. Schurman had given many points of interest. He had called attention to the vastness of the archipelago, the difficulty of blockade. He himself had made the circuit of two thousand miles of coast line, while thousands more there had been no opportunity to visit. He had cited the heterogeneous nature and the multiplicity of tribes. He had learned of the existence of sixty distinct languages. According to him, the Tagalogs centring about Manila were the ones engaged in resistance to the United States; other civilized Filipinos remained neutral, except as they yielded to coercion. "It would be incorrect to assume, however," the report continued, "that the

tribes are allies of ours." The explanation given was that they are suspicious of the white man, knowledge of him having been gained solely through contact with the Spanish. Much good, Mr. Schurman then contended, could be done through a declaration from Congress as to the form of government to be established, or better yet, he said, "let Congress establish a government for the Philippine Islands, and have it put in force among the tribes now in an attitude of hostility."

In that report he used the following language: "I have great confidence in the people of the Philippine Islands, and much sympathy with their aspirations." He promulgated the belief that a race should be judged by its best product, and that the educated Filipino would bear comparison with the educated man of any race. His conclusion was this: "At present, although they may not realize it, their inspiration and hope is in American civilization, which while uplifting, will protect them from the greed of Europe, finally elevating them to an increasing measure of self-government."

The discrepancy between the two purported statements from the same man is obvious. What are the real convictions of Mr. Schurman? Is Mr. McKinley changing his mind? Does it appear to him that the conquest of the Philippines means danger to the Republican party? Either Mr. Schurman has been misquoted or his estimate of the situation has changed since he came back from the Philippines. It would seem to be a time for McKinley to come out fairly and declare his intentions. If the Filipinos are to be granted independence equal to that of the Cubans, would it not be an excellent opportunity to say so and deprive the Democrats of their war-cry? Have the Schurman interviews with the President had the effect of changing the commissioner's sentiments? There is reason for suspicion in the premises. Either he is not talking in his old vein or the public prints have done him an injustice. Now he says our mission is to aid the Filipinos in governing themselves. Formerly he said: "Their hope is in an American civilization." Whence the change?

In a recent interview, Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, whose induction into the presidency of the University of California has been received with so much enthusiasm by the students and the friends of the university, spoke of the projected commercial course. It is probable that most people who have heard of this course have regarded it as something similar to that offered by a business college—thorough instruction in book-keeping, the knowledge of how to present a draft or draw a check, and a smattering of the particular rules of law that govern commercial transactions. These are very desirable branches of knowledge, but they do not involve that thoroughness that is usually associated with the idea of a college education. Dr. Wheeler pointed out a line in which this course can perform a service that is particularly needed upon this coast at this time.

Whatever may be the result of the war in the Philippines—whether the United States shall become an empire with colonies in the far Orient, or shall expand its traditional policy and accept the Philippines into the family of States on that probationary standing which we legally know as a "Territory"—the war that this country is now waging and the attention that is being riveted upon Oriental countries by it, is certain to develop into increased commercial activity. The *Argonaut* has consistently urged the development of Oriental trade as the logical destiny of San Francisco. It has pointed out the immense field that lies there, and the necessity of making an effort to secure it. The extension of America's commerce is in the hands of the consular service.

This fact, which must be patent to every person who thinks on the subject, has not received the attention that it deserves. With all the practical capacity of the American people, the consular service has suffered from extreme neglect, and shows the effects of that neglect. The consular office is awarded in return for activity in local politics, without consideration of the fitness of the appointee. This is a survival of the mistaken principle upon which all political appointments have been made in this country—a principle which happily is being abandoned. Its better effects were well expressed by the English publication that remarked concerning Ambassador Choate that, strange to say, he was an American diplomat and yet not a poet. There is no intention to belittle the service that the consular representatives of the United States have performed. The consular reports now published daily by this government are the admiration of the commercial world. They present information that it would be well for the merchants of this country to give more attention. At the same time those reports could be improved, and their improvement must come from an improvement of the principle of appointment to the consular service.

President Wheeler stated that one of the great benefits of the establishment of the college of commerce in connection with the university was the training of young men for the

diplomatic service. The University of Pennsylvania is, we believe, the only educational institution in this country having a course with this object in view. It is an unfortunate result of the pressure of business devolving upon Congress that no legislation can be perfected unless there is some strong influence behind it. This is particularly true of appropriations, and the consular service, having no supporters whose influence is used in its support, suffers more than any other. It is a recognized fact that the acceptance of a prominent diplomatic appointment is a luxury that only the rich can indulge in. The minister to St. James, to Paris, to Berlin, or to any other first-class mission, must expend in the maintenance of his position far more than the salary amounts to. It is good fortune, and in spite of the system, or rather, lack of system, that prevails, that enables this country to have as good representatives as it has.

The English diplomatic department, to mention one, has a system calculated to secure the most intelligent service. Entrance is into the lowest grades only, and promotion comes as a reward of merit and good service. An entrant into the service is only as a result of successfully passing an examination in the English and French languages and in that of the port of appointment. He must have sufficient knowledge of British commercial and mercantile law, and of the duties he will be called upon to perform. He must remain in the foreign office three months to become accustomed to the forms of business carried on there, and must make himself acquainted with the laws, municipal ordinances, and tariff of the place to which he is appointed. For promotion, and in France for entrance into the service, he must have a knowledge of international law. This is a line in which the diplomatic service of this country can be vastly improved, and it is reassuring to note that the colleges are taking it up.

Mr. Hall Caine said some interesting things to the English Institute of Journalists at its recent meeting in Liverpool. After claiming for English journalism that it was the most catholic in the world, the most truthful, and the purest, he said that for seven years before becoming a novelist he had been a journalist, and that he had found journalism the best school for the imaginative writer; that it taught him the value of fact, the importance of subject, and the necessity of being "on the nail"; that the free criticism of fellow-journalists was most beneficial. Much of this is conceivably true—of English journalism.

The journalism of England is a very different thing from that of the United States. In England the value of fact is fully appreciated; in American journalism it is not an essential, but merely an incidental quantity. Moreover, English journalists are generally educated persons, with an acquired skill and an implanted pride in accurate thinking and writing. In American journalism these qualities are openly, shamelessly, scornfully weak. The criticism of which Mr. Caine speaks is practically unknown here, where the one motto is to "get there," and where the man who fails or refuses is degraded or discharged.

A common expression of derision among educated Americans is "reporter's English." This expression is hardly known in England, where the reporters know how to write English. The one standard of excellence for the American reporter is his ability, first, to "get the news," and second, to exercise a daring and facile imagination in making a "story" out of it—making it readable first, and, if convenient, true last. The words "fake" and "faking" are in very common use in American newspaper offices; they are unknown in English offices. The first object of an American newspaper is to thrill the reader. If the facts suffice to that end, well and good; if not, the most facile qualities of the imagination are called into play.

Is it not a suggestive fact that among the thousands of brilliant men in American journalism, with a shrewd understanding of human nature and the relations of men, and a fecund imagination developed by the methods under which they work, so few become writers of fiction? Is it not strange that they cling to their narrow field, where they have no personality, instead of stepping forth into the light of the great world about them, and giving it the benefit of their wisdom and skill? Is it not significant that they prefer their enforced obscurity as journalists, and their comparatively meagre emoluments as such, to the fame and the generous income that novelists far inferior to them in brains, skill, and worldly wisdom so easily secure? It is different in England. There, some of the greatest novelists have been graduates from the newspaper. Why is it not so in America, where the journalists have so much more dash, vigor, originality, and so much better developed imaginative faculties?

The answer does not seem difficult, and Mr. Caine has suggested it when he declares that English journalism is the most truthful, the purest in the world. No novelist can be great unless the element of sincerity permeates every line

that he produces. By its very nature, American journalism, instead of developing and training the manliness, the sincerity, the conscience, the deeper and better part of its followers, cripples them in every one of the best essentials of character. It robs them of their self-respect, their pride, their trust in humanity, their natural sympathy with the great human heart beating warmly all about them. It teaches them to be cynics, tricksters, blackguards. It requires them to play upon the baser human weaknesses, to pander to an inherent prevalent tendency toward grossness and vice. It discloses to them only the meaner, the lower, the more vulgar, the more degraded side of individuals and society. In not a single way does it tend to elevate the manliness of its devotees, to bring them in touch with the finer, cleaner, nobler, deeper qualities that constitute the very foundation of individual, social, and national integrity and stability.

Hence it is that the American novel, with all its stupidity, its ignorance, its provincialism, its almost total lack of literary art, is infinitely higher in its conception and spirit than the American newspaper. Excepting a few notable authors of education, sensibility, and skill, American novelists for the most part are lacking in every requisite for the production of fiction of the highest order. Yet their books are held in immeasurably higher esteem than the newspapers. The novelist is at least clean-minded and clean-handed. He is unpolluted, sincere, aspiring. He believes in human nature, and strives conscientiously to represent it in its nobler, its normal phases. He does not seek deliberately to degrade the public taste, as the newspapers do. He gives of the best that is in him, the journalist of the worst. Is it difficult to understand why American journalists do not become novelists?

When human judgment has learned to dread the inroads of the bacilli of consumption, a journalistic friend of these errant messengers of death has arisen, lachrymose and palpitant with sympathy. The *Chronicle* displays touching concern for the absent wife of ailing lung who can not rejoin her husband in California, provided the proposed quarantine of tuberculosis become a reality. Perhaps this is a sentiment bespeaking the tender editorial heart, but it lacks the necessary basis of common sense. The plea that because tuberculosis is more fearful and more prevalent than any other malady known to mankind it must not be guarded against; that because its victims outnumber those of any other scourge there must be no effort at abatement, fails to appeal to the understanding. A similar plea made in behalf of the bubonic plague would be deemed ridiculous, and yet the white plague that the *Chronicle* would allow to make incursions, not only unrestricted but encouraged, is far more to be dreaded here than its black brother of the Orient:

"Not far in advance of the consumptive moves the dark angel, and glimpses of the sable of his wings are ever flitting through the waking and sleeping visions of the doomed victim. Pitiless is the heart that would deepen the gloom or add to the penalties of his condition. But no such quarantine as suggested will ever divide him from his friends or banish from his heart the little glimmer of hope which mercy has sent to go with him to the end. It is interdicted by fundamental law and obnoxious to the humanity of the age, and it may be held to be little to the credit of the State that it has been seriously considered in high quarters."

The *Chronicle's* pity for the doomed victims of consumption, thus expressed with fervor and furbished by the spirit of poesy, could not in itself be regarded as an error did it not ignore the rights and welfare of those who are neither victims nor possessed of a desire to acquire the fateful taint. It may extend to the lepers banished to Molokai, one of the lonely islands now a part of the United States, but if it were to take the form of a demand that the lepers were to remain free to move at will among the untainted, spreading a living death, it would not be accepted as wise. It does not seem consistent that the *Chronicle*, shedding tears over the quarantined consumptive, should gaze with dry eyes toward the distant home of the leper. If a certain mode of treatment is proper as to the leper, why is a similar mode, for similar reasons, a horror and an outrage when applied to the consumptive? The latter is even more competent to plant as he journeys the seeds of lingering dissolution.

In regard to the "hardships of quarantine," and "any consumptive citizen of the republic visiting a foreign land being expatriated," every citizen of the republic knows, or ought to know, that when he arrives at a home port he must declare not only that he is not a pauper, but that he is free from contagious or loathsome disease. This process is not wholly pleasing, and yet it is recognized as a necessity. Refusing to submit to it, or failing to pass the ordeal, the citizen would be refused a landing. This goes on every day. Is it "obnoxious to the humanity of the age?" If the *Chronicle* were to be asked why an exception should be made in regard to the most deadly and wide-spread destroyer of the race, and chose to reply candidly, it would be obliged to answer through its tears that it did not know.

To bolster up an opinion purely one of fancy, decorated

though it be in expression by "balsamic breaths" and fir trimmings, the *Chronicle* falls into the mistake of quoting from the constitution: "The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States." In this it finds a measure of assuagement for its grief, but the lament would burst forth anew were the *Chronicle* to note that among the guaranteed immunities is the right of citizens to immunity from contagious diseases.

That from motives of cruelty this quarantine is proposed is an absurd misconception. No quarantine is contrived for the working of hardship, but to ward off suffering and misery. If the comfort of the few must be sacrificed, the many must be protected, and commiseration, natural, wholesome, right, can not be allowed to sacrifice the many, when the sacrifice would be no benison even to the few.

Jabari

What form of literary art most endears the author to the world? What form is it that enables him to give forth the best that is in him, that most surely reaches and is retained by and refines and strengthens his readers? What form is it that enables him to reach the largest audience and thus exercise the greatest power? The writer of "Notes" in *Literature*, commenting as follows on the celebration at Frankfurt of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Goethe's birth, seems to answer the question:

"Perhaps, if his splendid creative faculty, lyrical and dramatic, were to be deducted from some of his powers—even though the deduction would still leave him in possession of the finest critical intelligence that has ever dealt with art, and one of the most profoundly philosophical minds that ever studied human life—he would not hold quite the place in the German heart which is his to-day. But that is only to say that it is by poetry alone, or by that dramatic prose that is akin to poetry, by these, and not by criticism, still less by philosophy, that literary immortality in the popular, the national, sense is ever completely attained."

The history of Goethe's development is epitomized, to some extent, in "Faust." The first part of that wonderful drama, written when he was young, shows the exuberance of his objective imagination, his keen personal sympathies, his intense pressure upon individual life; the last part, the final work of his life, discloses the masterful philosopher, ripe with the wisdom of years, and going to the heart of the broad, profound, universal problems of mankind. For a long time the last part could not be understood, just as Beethoven's music at one time was deemed raving, and as Wagner's is to some extent to-day. But the splendid, mature genius of Goethe and Beethoven by its very mastering force uplifted the world's comprehension to the present clear understanding; and this, perhaps, will be the final work of Wagner's masterpieces.

In his younger years the personal equation was the problem that Goethe set himself for solution. It was then that his intense self-consciousness and chivalry enabled him to produce the stirring "Goetz of the Iron Hand," which did more than all things else to make the German people the conquering, warlike nation that finally consolidated the Germanic states and brought France to her knee, and "The Sorrows of Werter," the remarkably different novel that set forth the struggles and trials of a man aiming for the upholding of his ideals under the most heart-breaking trials. Later, under the impulse of the love alliances that he contracted with one woman after another, he composed his incomparable lyrics and larger poems. Still later, when the fires of youth were cooling and the stern sense of manly responsibility had roused his conscience, he grappled with problems in art and science that constituted the foundation of much of the progress made afterward by the world in criticism and evolution. Still later, "Wilhelm Meister," a novel of matchless grace, beauty, and depth, issued from his pen. At eighty his undimmed genius concentrated in the last part of "Faust" the whole range of wonders that it had explored through his life.

Science, in its relation to the individual scientist, is necessarily an evanescent quantity, because of its swift progressiveness. Achievers in it soon become but a memory to be revered, and cease as a force that directs. In criticism the critic is but the shadow of something greater—the analyst, the classifier, perhaps the teacher, but always working with material that others have furnished.

Not so with poetry and fiction. In these forms of literary art all others are embraced, and immeasurably more that they can not touch. No criticism, no science, is beyond their purview. But a vastly greater quality than these is the intensely living human element that constitutes the true test of their higher worth. Criticism and science bear, of course, upon human needs and aspirations, but their impinging is not so close, their interest not so acute. The poet and the novelist, enjoying the infinite range of their opportunity, go straight into the intimate lives and passions of men, and by showing them forth kindle the universal sympathy that forms the groundwork of human society.

We may admire Carlyle; we can not love him. We may admire that in Goethe which was analogous to all that there was of Carlyle; but it is not that in Goethe that we love.

Affection is an elemental quality of the mind; indeed, so elemental is it that it is commonly regarded as not being a function of mind, but of what is termed soul, to give it an element of greater depth, strength, and reverence. That which appeals to the affections touches, therefore, something vastly older, deeper, and stronger than mentality in its present state of evolution—something unchangeable and forever impervious to evolution. It is this element that poetry and fiction reach, explore, hold up to our sympathy. Great poetry and fiction do more; they kindle in unexplored recesses within us, infinitely beyond the grasp of analysis, a light that diffuses a warm and stimulating glow within us and externally illumines the way into which our inscrutable longings, hopes, and aspirations are forever seeking to lead us.

Jabari

Rumors of the sale of the Crocker interests in the Southern Pacific, at first received with distrust, have been fully confirmed. A transaction of such magnitude could not be without interest to the entire commercial world, and especially to California, whence sprang the idea, later materialized into a gigantic transportation system. From the first the names of Huntington, Crocker, Hopkins, and Stanford were identified with the enterprise, and that Huntington, still a man of vast physical strength and a mental grasp as firm as ever, should now, after so many years, be still the central figure of the system he in a large measure projected, is an unusual instance of the retention of power.

The deal—consummated so adroitly as to keep in the dark the shrewd observers whose business is to know the plans of financial magnates, and reap from them if possible a profit in advance—added to the reputation of C. P. Huntington, even if there is in certain quarters slight tendency to congratulate him. It also brings into light the prowess of Prince Poniatowski as an agent, for he played a major part in the transfer. Poniatowski has invested extensively, and in a manner to be of substantial benefit to this coast, but for him to have taken active part in so vast a scheme proves that in the school of finance he is not merely an acute novice.

Doubtless one of the effects of the change will be the restoration of H. E. Huntington to authority. For this gentleman it is but just to say that, while in official station here, he demonstrated himself to possess not only ability such as might have been expected of the nephew selected by the uncle, but was personally popular, generous, and broad—characteristics not invariably credited to the president of the Southern Pacific. The retirement of George Crocker from railroad life will not be regarded so much as a new thing as the restoration of the old.

Perhaps to the holders of the Crocker portion of stock the public felt closer personal relations than to any other branch of the combination. The Hopkins millions had gone to a stranger, the Stanford share contributed to the wealth of a university, Huntington held to and deftly manipulated his own, but had found a residence elsewhere. The Crockers alone remained intimately woven into the business and social life of the community, progressive and charitable. The hint of friction in the railroad management had been made so often that it had lost its force, and the change, whether due to this friction or to desire to place the money in other channels, came at last as a surprise. There will be general gratification at knowledge that Crocker investments in other fields of development in this State are so varied and heavy that the change, important as it is, does not imply any intention of withdrawal from this city, home from childhood of the sons of the builder.

Jabari

The policy of the present board of education is that of judicious retrenchment. They have endeavored to make up for the recklessness and extravagance of past administrations, and at the same time have been careful not to interfere with the usefulness of the school department. They deserve much commendation for their firm and consistent work in this direction. One of their reforms is the abolition of the Webster School. For this they have been censured by some unthinking persons. But the building had been condemned by several grand juries, it was clearly unfit for the occupancy of children, and most of the classes were given accommodation in a building in good condition in the same block. As the city grows to the west and north-west, and requires new schools in those localities, changes are sure to take place in the older neighborhoods, where the school population is decreasing. Such a change has taken place in this case. The Webster School was a superfluity, and the board of education did right to abolish it.

Jabari

The signature of the editor is appended to every article in this issue written, dictated, or inspired by him, in accordance with the "signature law," enacted during the last session of the legislature.

THE PHILIPPINE SITUATION.

Extracts from a Most Remarkable Report Made to the War Department by a Government Agent.

Herewith the *Argonaut* presents to its readers a number of extracts from a report on the present situation in the Philippines—a report made to the War Department by a special agent of the government. The facts herein contained will in a short time reach the public through another channel. Therefore we have been given permission to publish such portions of the report as we see fit. It would be inexpedient at present to print the whole. But while the fact that our country is at present at war with the Filipinos must restrain every patriotic citizen from doing anything that would hamper the government or aid the enemy, none the less, there are statements in this report which the American people have a right to hear. These statements have no bearing on military operations; they concern *us* rather than the enemy; and their publication can not interfere with our armies in the field.

If we are to give a government to the Filipinos, whether temporary or permanent, whether military or civil, the conditions now existing in Manila must change. Every honest American, whether for or against annexation, will feel a twinge of shame after reading the statements of this government agent. If the conditions now existing in Manila are not changed, and that speedily, we shall be sowing only the seeds of hatred, to be garnered in a harvest of bitter and ceaseless war.

Let us take the treatment—not on the field, but in Manila—of our future Filipino fellow-citizens by our American soldiers, as reported to the War Department by its special trusted agent:

"Toward the end of July in Manila the soldiers seemed to degenerate. The war began to assume the ugly phase of a race war. The new regiments do not have the calibre of men the volunteers had. They are more apt to kick and cuff the natives. Mr. ——— assures me that he saw on the Escolta, from his room in the English hotel, over a hundred unjustifiable assaults by Americans on the Filipinos. I can believe it; for I had my servant-man assaulted and beaten three times on the journey from my room, No. 15 Plaza Santa, to the steamship *Sherman* in Manila harbor.

"The second day after the first negro regiment landed in Manila, I saw a negro soldier take the money-belt off a Chinaman in front of Major ———'s office, amid the laughter of our own people, civilians, and soldiers. Corporal ———, of Major ———'s office, threw a Filipino on the paving-stones just because he was in the way. An assistant clerk in the same office struck a Filipino standing beside me. On being remonstrated with, he exclaimed, 'He is only a damned nigger.' "An American chaplain in Malabon, whose name I withhold, told me that in his first parish work he had been told by the natives of Malabon that their wives and daughters had been raped by our soldiers. He could authenticate five cases."

This statement is borne out by recent dispatches concerning three American soldiers sentenced to death for outraging Filipino women. These accusations are not made by hostile newspapers, be it remembered—they are temperate statements made to the War Department by its own special agent.

Concerning the reported desecration of churches, the special agent says:

"General Lawton told me that he had hard work to stop looting. He was very good at this. One of the Kansas boys told me, 'Funston is hard nuts on monkeyin' with the dead. The boys burned the wooden Christs, and stole the brass Jesuses off the crucifixes.' "

If we are going to annex the Philippines and make the inhabitants love and revere the Stars and Stripes, the way to do it is not to abuse, insult, and assault the Filipino men and women dwelling under the American flag, or to commit outrages on their sacred edifices and sacred things. We are aware that these reports have been denied, but here they are sustained by the War Department's own agent.

Concerning the church question, the agent reports:

"The Spanish friars had and have more power than is good for the development of the Philippines. I greatly admire the Roman Catholic priests who accompanied our army as chaplains, but all the Filipinos I met assured me that while they were loyal to the Roman Catholic Church they hated the friars as they hated the gates of hell."

The special agent makes a number of specific charges of dishonesty and corrupt officialism in our army. The War Department will doubtless attend to the charges against the officers. Concerning the enlisted men, the agent writes:

"I know that our enlisted men oftentimes levy black-mail on the people of the city, going, for example, into a Chinaman's house and charging him five dollars for the tax on his piano. So much is this carried on that recently the walls of Manila were plastered with a proclamation of General Otis in Spanish, English, and Tagalog, calling attention to the fact that no citizen should pay taxes to any one except at places established by the government."

Concerning civilians, the special agent says that the dishonesty of many of them has affected the Filipino estimate of the American character. He says that many Americans there boast that they have "got the custom-house fixed," and that one American firm there is "selling tomatoes for seven dollars and fifty cents a case, while the duty on tomatoes is eight dollars a case." He adds:

"There is no use for any American civilian trying to get into Luzon just now to start a business, because if he takes in his merchandise honestly through the custom-house it would be impossible for him to make a living. These things are not pleasant to say, but when our own countrymen all through the city laugh and sneer at such things there must be some truth in them."

"But many of the agents sent there are undoubtedly corrupt."

instance, I saw on the books of the Red Cross Society of California to-day an account of how two young men, ———, an officer of ———, and ———, a Red Cross officer, had stolen the supplies of the Red Cross, sold them, and had now gone into business, and were now prosperous business men in Manila.

"As long as dishonesty and cruelty are possible with our soldiers and civilians, I do not think there will be any lasting peace in the Philippines, but I do think that if the campaign was given into the hands of one man, who was competent to run the civil administration, we could have peace."

As to the power of Aguinaldo, the agent says:

"I think that Aguinaldo has far more power than we are inclined to admit. His name is one to conjure with. I have never seen a Filipino who would not turn his ear and listen if the magic name of 'Aguinaldo' was mentioned. At first I accepted the sayings about the Filipinos and their leader, but from my personal observation and experience among the natives, sometimes by mistake being within the rebel lines, trying all the time to find out what the people thought, from the mudsills to the palaces, I am inclined to think that their national aspirations are very much stronger than most people imagine. However, it looks reasonable to me that, with a large and efficient army, order can be restored and Aguinaldo's army captured or destroyed. Then it will depend upon how justly the men we send there treat the Filipinos."

The special agent discusses with great frankness the "jealousy between the high officers of the army," and tells some secret history concerning various military expeditions which is interesting but which it would be inexpedient to print. Concerning General Otis he says:

"If I may be allowed to suggest, it seems unfortunate to retain General Otis in command of the Philippines. He may have all the qualifications and have the confidence of the government, but inasmuch as he has entirely lost the confidence of the soldiers and civilians in the Philippines, I think you will find it more difficult to handle things with him as governor-general than you would if you had a new man. . . . Still, I have the utmost respect personally for General Otis, and believe him to be a much-maligned man and a man of great ability in many ways."

The special agent closes by making these recommendations:

"We need to study the Philippine question *psychologically*. These people are not as our people. The Filipinos never forget. They never forgive. They are highly sensitive, easy to flatter, but impossible to fool; they are very bitter, very brave, very persistent. Individual Americans, civilians, and soldiers treat them arrogantly, as if already they were our slaves. We need on our side great tact, absolute discipline, stainless honor, incorruptible honesty, otherwise a legacy of hate and bloodshed is as certain as the decrees of God."

"For the Filipinos we must have civil service. . . . If the offices can not be filled by men of merit it will be dangerous for the United States to hold the Philippines. . . ."

"We must have absolutely strict discipline of our soldiers in their relation to the natives, *especially to the women*."

"Our Congress ought to be convened at once to give the Filipinos some promise of government. . . . They know the difference between an absolute statement and a diplomatic evasion, and unless some promise is made of a very definite character, in my judgment the war will not cease with the conquest of Aguinaldo."

"The Tagals, who are at the heart of the revolution, are the smartest, brightest, and best of all the Filipinos. There is a spirit of nationality abroad in the Philippines to-day. This is what made it so easy for Aguinaldo's emissaries to gain control in Panay, Cebu, South Luzon, and Mindanao. . . . At present the zone of hostility to the United States authority is very wide in the islands. . . ."

"For the present I think that an autonomous government with an American protectorate would satisfy the people. We might arrange for a convention at the end of ten years, to determine by a public vote of the Filipinos what form of government they wanted. If in the eyes of the civilized world the Filipinos at the end of ten years were unfit for self-government, by that time matters will have developed so that both we and they should have our minds made up as to what our permanent relations should be. The manner of dealing with the people of Sulu, is, I believe, the proper one in dealing with the Filipinos, although opponents of the administration will say, with some degree of justice, that we should not have encouraged the Datto Mundi, the Mohammedan, to take vengeance on the Christians of Mindanao. This will undoubtedly be used by the hostile press. Moreover, to send Indians to the Philippines will be apt to have a reactionary effect upon the people of the country. . . ."

"Protestants should have the same rights as Roman Catholics all through the islands. A silly decree was published by the Roman Catholics (and I believe upheld by General Otis) that all marriages that have thus far been performed in the Philippines by Protestant clergymen are null and void."

The special agent closes with the statement that he is personally in favor of Philippine annexation, and says:

"These are my opinions and observations. There is no use sending you flattering words which only take up your time and throw no light on the question. I hope for the President and his Cabinet all success in dealing with the Philippine problem, and have no doubt that their painstaking work will in the end bring good results, although at times they may be criticised by an ungrateful public."

With the publication of the foregoing extracts the *Argonaut* believes it has done a public service. We have published nothing in the report concerning military operations, and we have omitted all criticism of military officers—with the exception of the brief paragraph about General Otis—and of him the agent speaks in terms of praise, but considers him unfitted by temperament for his position, an opinion which Admiral Dewey frankly says he shares. We have also omitted all names of persons accused of offenses. But the record, with all its blanks and omissions, is not a pleasant one to read.

Still, it is a duty to lay it before the American people. It seems to us that those who advocate Philippine annexation should approve of its publication even more strongly than those opposed. For if we are to annex the Philippines as a colony, we can not treat the Filipinos with greed and brutality, as did Spain; if we are to annex them as a Territory, we can not treat them as if they were slaves; and if they are some day to become a sister State of the United States, can American citizens spring from the loins of men who have been brutally beaten by our black soldiery, or from the wombs of women who by that same soldiery have been defiled?

AN EYE FOR AN EYE.

The Triumph of Dolores.

A California bay; the bay, in shape, an artist's palette, and on it the sun mixing colors the livelong day.

A quaint little town on the shores of the bay, and in front of it the sailing boats of the Spanish and Portuguese fishermen, moored together in a row. Looking at them from the long wooden pier, they seemed to be courteously bowing to you as they rose and fell on the languid swell.

Manuel Pirez had just come in from the outer bay with his two boats and morning catch. Swarthy Manuel, in his big rubber boots, was already on the pier bustling about in a thoroughly American fashion. His orders to the crew of three or four men below, who were mooring or anchoring the boats, were couched in a strange mixture of Spanish and English.

"*Aquí, Ramon! Look out for this line! Bueno! Make fast there. Tate! Guiseppe, you damned fool! can't you—Diablo! Pull in there! Dios! That's ah right—that's ah right. Now up with the fish!*"

Quickly he let down a line attached to a gaff, which was deftly inserted in the gills of the monster sea-bass, and one by one they were hauled up and spread out upon the wooden planking, their resplendent blue-and-silver bodies glistening in the sunlight. The slender barracuda came next, and then Manuel folded his arms across his mighty chest, leaned against the rail, and looked around him.

The usual number of sea-shore visitors gathered admiringly about the magnificent fish. One of them—a well-built, handsome, and stylishly dressed young man—had no eyes for the fish at all. Instead they were fixed admiringly upon Dolores Pirez, who had slipped up to her father and placed her hands upon his shoulder.

"*Ah! machachita!*" cried Manuel, delightedly.

Without apparent design Harrow moved around to the side of the girl. The Spanish type of beauty attracted him strongly. He thought he could safely waive a conventional presentation under the circumstances, and began:

"Will you tell me, miss, what kind of fish these are?"

"Sea-bass and barracuda, sir."

"Thanks, very much. I—ah—think I have seen you before. Were you not—?"

He stopped suddenly. Something in her eye told him he had made a mistake in his presumption. Immediately he made the *amende*:

"I beg your pardon. I did not intend to offend you. Will you forgive me?"

Her eyes softened, but there was some anger in her voice as she replied:

"I do not know you, sir—I can not talk to you"—and she glanced nervously at Manuel—"I go now to—to the choir rehearsal at the church. You must not—"

She stopped herself quickly and looked at Harrow to see if he had discerned her thought, a thought perhaps fathered by the wish.

"I must not—what?" he asked, smilingly. "Must not go to church? Oh, yes, I will—next Sunday. It wouldn't be right to keep a sinner away from church."

A troubled look came into her face for an instant. The next it was dispelled by an arch smile. He lifted his hat and held it slightly above his head as she walked away. Then he turned and met the angry gaze of young Ramon, who, with a bright kerchief about his olive neck, was stretched out upon a pile of fishing-nets and leaning on his elbow. Ramon said nothing, but his face was eloquent enough. The passions there depicted were easily read, and Harrow read them at a glance. But in them he saw neither a warning nor cause for fear. He had within him a large measure of the Anglo-Saxon contempt for the Latin blood.

At the church on Sunday Dolores was not at all surprised to see Harrow enter the "choir" and take a seat in one of the stuffy little pews. She would, in truth, have been much disappointed had he not kept his promise. So, when he looked around at her during the service, there was a glad recognition in her eyes which she was powerless to conceal, although she had formed a characteristically feminine resolution to reward him by a disdainful stare.

Of course he spoke to her in front of the church after the service. Though brief, it was to her a delicious triumph—standing there before every one, talking to the handsome stranger. She affected not to see Ramon, who was waiting for her on the board-walk, quite stiff with rage and a new suit of store clothes. On the way home she answered the voluble questions of her mother with considerable tact and brevity, and ignored Ramon altogether, as a punishment for his manifestation of displeasure. Manuel walked beside them. To his wife he had always left the supervision of his daughter's conduct, but the incident at the church caused him to contract his shaggy eyebrows. He was silent, thoughtful, and perturbed. However, his only comment was, "Es malo."

But in one short week Harrow had obtained an indorsement in a high quarter, and at once became *persona grata* to the whole congregation—Ramon excepted. He had called upon Padre Ventura, not once, but twice, and had sent him a box of fragrant cigars. Moreover Señora Pirez learned that the *padre* regarded the young man as a very probable and promising convert to the church.

It was not difficult for him after this to meet Dolores. He was invited to the Pirez dwelling, where her mother—who had already constructed many air-castles since the incident of the church-yard—received him effusively, and afterward dropped momentous and exasperating hints of the affair among her envious neighbors. Harrow joined the choir and sang with Dolores both at rehearsals and on Sundays. He walked and drove with her, and went with her to the Spanish balls. He was a foolish young man, but it was a flirtation he enjoyed with all his heart.

When the summer began to wane and he knew he must soon make his departure, he found to his amazement that he

was entangled in a net. It seemed to him incredible, but Dolores believed he seriously loved her and intended to make her his wife; her mother believed it; Manuel believed it; Padre Ventura believed it; and many of the neighbors—though not all—believed it. He confessed to himself, with a pang of compunction, that it was true he had often lightly told Dolores that he loved her, but, of course, she knew—good heavens! couldn't she—didn't these people understand? The idea was absurd! The idea might have been absurd, but it was a reality.

Though foolish, Harrow was a brave young man. He stood his ground and faced the consequences of his folly. Gently as he could he told Dolores the truth. She was stunned, but made a pitiful pretense of bearing up under the blow. He had no idea that she loved him so.

She reached home that evening, and with difficulty laid bare her broken heart to her mother. Never before did such wrath rage in the bosom of the mother. Keen as was her sympathy for her child, it seemed to be smothered entirely by the anger and indignation that welled within her when she thought of the humiliation that had been placed upon the Pirez family. Yet feared she to tell Manuel, for had he not left Dolores to her keeping? And Dolores was to Manuel the apple of his eye.

Not until the following morning, just before Manuel went out with his boats, did she muster the courage to tell him. She was shocked by the way he took it. Had he stormed and swore she would have felt some relief. But he walked away, like a man asleep.

It was well into the forenoon when the boat containing Manuel and Ramon came cuddling before the quickening breeze back to the wooden pier. Manuel was at the tiller and Ramon in the bow. The sail was a curtain between them. There were no fish in the boat, for Manuel had refused to cast his nets that morning. He gave Ramon no explanation of his conduct, for he was master of his own boat.

The wind increased and the whitecaps grew into combers and dashed over the bow of the boat, drenching its occupants.

"*Mal tiempo,*" observed Ramon, as he shortened sail and looked calmly into the teeth of the squall. Manuel said nothing.

Suddenly Ramon gave a cry and pointed to an object in the water a hundred yards away. It was a man struggling in the water—some one who had fallen overboard from a boat, or, more likely, a venturesome bather who had miscalculated the tide and undertow. In an instant Manuel had pushed the tiller hard to port, and the boat swung around as on a pivot. As the boat leaped toward the drowning man, Manuel peered ahead under the sails, and then in a flash a look came into his face that surely neither Padre Ventura, his wife, nor even Dolores would have liked to see. Almost at the same moment Ramon turned toward him, and their eyes met.

The boat sped on. The look in the face of the man at the helm became a distorted agony—the agony of one who weakly combatted a damnable intent. Yet still the boat sped on and its course was true. A plunge or two more and it had almost reached the man in the water, when suddenly the tiller went to starboard and again the boat swung around—away from the drowning man. The wind and water were noisy, yet an awful cry arose from the waves.

Manuel looked at Ramon. "It was only the scream of a sea-gull, Ramon," was all he said.

And Ramon returned the look with unflinching eyes and uttered the monosyllable: "Si."

With all the wind behind it the boat came on to the wooden pier.

The following Sunday Padre Ventura preached on the Christian repeal of the Mosaic law. Manuel did not like the sermon. He told his wife that whatever was in the Bible was good, and he had read—"An eye for an eye."

WILLIAM A. TAAFFE.

SAN FRANCISCO, October, 1899.

A tide of unparalleled prosperity is sweeping through the Great Lakes. The shipping interests and all concerned in them have been carried far beyond any earlier mark of good times, and from the ports inland the vigor that comes of a full and quickened circulation is felt in all the bustling cities of Wisconsin, Minnesota, and the two Dakotas. In a recent article in *Harper's Weekly*, by Ray Stannard Baker, many statistics are given, showing the marvelous production and increase of transportation during the season. Rates have advanced from fifty cents a ton for iron ore, from Duluth to Buffalo, to one dollar and eighty-five cents a ton. On grain, lumber, and coal the advance is no less remarkable. In spite of the efforts of builders the demand for new vessels can not be met. The increase of tonnage this season is fully one million tons, and many contracts can not be filled. The merchant marine of the Great Lakes now exceeds that of every other country in the world except Great Britain and Germany. Last year the estimated value of the goods transported from Lake Superior to Lake Erie ports was two hundred and twenty million dollars, and the transportation charges amounted to fifteen millions—this at a rate of three-quarters of a mill per ton per mile, the cheapest transportation in the world. The Sault Ste. Marie Canal last year passed more than twenty-one million tons of freight; the Suez Canal about nine millions. Up to August 1st the movement of grain this year had more than doubled the record of 1898, and the shipments of iron ore were much larger than last season. To expedite the movement of grain and ore many vessels are under contract to return light from the East, and Duluth has fears of a scarcity of coal this winter through this strange condition. But at the present there is a continuous chain of prosperity and plenty, from the farmers in the great Red River Valley to the warehousemen at the eastern end of the Great Lakes.

Among the prizes at the Atchison Corn Carnival are free legal services for divorce-seekers.

A WIZARD OF THE AIR.

Electrician Marconi in New York to Report the Yacht Races by Wireless Telegraphy—The Operation of His Marvelous System.

Whether Marconi has come over here on the invitation of the federal government or on that of the New York *Herald*, it was certainly a clever stroke on the part of Mr. Bennett's paper to engage the brilliant young electrician to report the yacht race by his system of wireless telegraphy. Interest in the international contest over the *America's* Cup permeates all classes of society here, and the *Herald* will get a deal of advertising by giving the entire world the story of the race each day at the precise time that it is taking place.

Marconi got in on Thursday last on the *Avania*, bringing three expert assistants with him and a wagon-load of electrical apparatus. Two naval captains met him at the dock, and informed him that such of his instruments as were to be used exclusively in the experiments he is to conduct for the government would be admitted duty free. But there was enough other stuff to be classified and taxed by the customs officials to take up an entire day of his time and make him wish he were back in England. He is a man of the quiet and studious type, and, though he admired our tall buildings, with their swift elevators running constantly up and down, he thinks we take life too hurriedly, and prefers the quiet of his work-room at South Foreland on the English Channel. In spite of his Italian name, he is half English, his mother having been born in the tight little isle, and he speaks our tongue with scarcely a trace of accent. There is nothing of the genius in his appearance. Plainly and neatly dressed, he has the slender figure of youth, and his face is almost boyish, in spite of a slight brown mustache. And he has a right to look young, for he was born in 1875. Kipling and Mascagni were famous at twenty-six, but this young electrician has won his laurels at an even earlier age, and they may be as lasting as the writer's and musician's.

Marconi began his experiments in wireless telegraphy on his father's estate, near Bologna, and at the age of twenty went to England at the invitation of Mr. Preece, the well-known electrician. Since then he has improved his system so that it is on the way to supercede the use of wires and cables altogether. The process of using his apparatus is something like this: By the use of an ordinary telegraphic key, electric sparks are made to leap between the two brass knobs of an induction coil, one knob connecting with the earth and the other with a wire that is held up in the air by an iron mast, or some such support. The spark creates an oscillating impulse in the wire, which communicates the same impulse to the ether, in centrifugal waves, much as a wire hung in a well would, on being shaken, send out ever-widening circles of ripples. This is the transmitting end, and the receiving end is much the same. Another wire hung up in the air is affected by these ripples, faint though they be, and transmits them to an exceedingly sensitive receiver. The essential point in the latter instrument—and, in fact, the key-stone of the whole system—is a glass tube, the ends of which are stopped with silver plugs. These plugs come so close together that you could not pass a knife-blade between them, and this narrow intervening space is filled with thousands of minute particles of nickel and silver, so minute that they have been strained through silk. Ordinarily this dust is a poor conductor of electricity, but the oscillating impulse from the vertical wire, which is connected with one end of the tube, causes the particles to cohere in such fashion that they become a good conductor and complete the current through the tube from one silver plug to the other. Then the current, with the aid of a relay battery, operates an ordinary receiving instrument, which prints the Morse telegraph system of dots and dashes. The current through the dust also operates a little metal hammer, which taps lightly on the glass tube and so shakes up the dust particles that they lose their coherence, and consequently their conductivity, and so the current is broken. Short sparks and long series of sparks between the brass knobs of the transmitting instrument are printed by the receiving instrument as dots and dashes respectively.

The distance through which messages may be sent increases according to the square of the length of the vertical wires, and Marconi asserts that if we had an Eiffel Tower in this city we could communicate with Paris by wireless telegraphy. It may be, however, that such great height will not be necessary in the time to come. By improvements in his apparatus Marconi is now able to do the same work with wires eighty feet high that three years ago needed a height of one hundred and twenty feet. The greatest distance he has yet sent a message is eighty miles, and the electric ripples are not disturbed by heat or cold, light or darkness, wind, rain, fog, or any other atmospheric condition. In fact, the instruments work best in foggy weather. More marvelous still, the ripples pass through all intervening objects. When the Prince of Wales was ill on the royal yacht *Osborne* recently, Queen Victoria at Osborne House was kept constantly informed of his condition by wireless telegraphy, the yacht meanwhile cruising about within a thirty-mile radius of the royal mother; and messages have been successfully sent thirty miles though a range of hills several hundred feet high intervened between the transmitting and receiving wires.

The chief drawback to the usefulness of the system is the fact that the oscillating impulse, spreading in all directions from the transmitting vertical wire, may be read by any receiving instrument within range. This Marconi is striving to overcome by two methods, both of which are successful in theory but not yet perfect in practice. One is to generate the oscillations in a parabolic reflector which will throw the impulse along parallel lines in a given direction, and the other is to synchronize the receiver and transmitter, that is, so to attune them electrically that the transmitter will send out waves to which its twin receiver and no other will respond.

Either of these processes will make the system useful in warfare on land or at sea, which it is not now, since messages sent out under present conditions can be read by the enemy as well as by those for whom they are intended.

This drawback, however, is an advantage so far as reporting the yacht-races is concerned. Marconi is to follow the yachts on the steamer *Ponce*, with his transmitting wire depending from a spar, and his messages throughout the races will be received at the *Herald* office and also on board the Mackay-Bennett steamer, which will connect with the transatlantic cable and transmit them to Europe. Thus New York, London, and Paris will be kept informed of the precise condition of the race from start to finish at the very time that it is taking place.

NEW YORK, September 26, 1899.

FLANEUR.

THE NIGHTJAR.

To-night, beneath an operatic moon
I listened to the flattered nightingale,
Ornate, melodious, impeccable,
Round notes of fluted silver soft as dew,
The soul of Tennyson become a bird.

'Twas thus, I thought, that Leighton painted Greece,
Thus fell the molded notes of Mendelssohn,
Canova thus made marble make believe—
The very marble colder for his art.

Is this the voice that made the fame of Keats?
Moon of the voices of the voiceless night,
Moon-echo of the sun that is the lark.
Men tell of Ilys and thine ancient woe,
Only old grief could wield so new an art,
An art so cold, a studious art of tears,
That charms the taste, but never stirs the soul.

So have I seen a perfect face go by,
Hard wax of measured features without flaw,
Snow-queens of beauty, cold as death within,
Faces of smitten metal, chiseled stone.

This patterned song holds nothing for my heart,
I need a more bewildered wistful song,
Agony-made, and warm with hidden tears,
The heart-made music of a heart that breaks.

O nightingale, it is not thine that song—
Water-fall song, a ruined-castle song,
Song of the moldering minster, glossy lake,
And mossy mountain song.

Great nightingale, there is a toad of sound,
Whose raucous passion until yesterday
Found not a nest in any willing ear;
Browning among the birds, the nightjar he,
Spinning a homespun thread of coarsest song.

Ah! but the mighty rude sincerity,—
Brawny, and bracken-born, and hoarsely sweet,
Song of the hairy heather-honeyed throat.

He reckons not of the moon, nor heeds the stars,
He churs but of his mate and flutters low,
Flits, flaps, from pine to pine, and never tires—
O patient passion! passionate patience! so
Would I too will to wait, and so would sing.

Coarse beak of blunted music, uncouth bird
That grinds monotonous music in the night,
Trusting that truth shall make amends for art,
Thy voice is as the face the future loves,
Face poor in feature, rich in flaming soul,
Rude bird, a shire of pinewoods in thy voice,
Fern-throated, thistle-tongued, and moorland bred.

Thine is the voice of souls, the voice that cries,
Lonely, across the world, for but one voice
That hears and cries again, or never hears;
Voice of the uncouth beauty, of the tongue
Harsh in cold ears, but dulcet to the ear
That loves the voice and loves no other voice—
All heedless of the accomplished nightingale.

Nightjar, for thee I build a cage of gold,
And here within the palace of the moon,
Where the dark pine makes black the silver ground,
Bird of the heart, my nightjar, sing to me—
While in the valley, sings the bird of brain.

—Richard Le Gallienne in *Literature*.

Unusual interest attaches to the introduction into the great transatlantic passenger service of the new White Star Line steamship *Oceanic*. The interest is not to be accounted for by the fact that the *Oceanic* is the largest steamship afloat. This fact is a matter of no small importance in the shipping world, but a question of still more importance is what will she do with her great bulk. The consumption of coal is also calculated to enter largely into the leviathan's worth as a profitable money-maker. A comparison between the *Oceanic* and the *Great Eastern* reveals the fact that the new vessel out-classes her giant predecessor in all but two or three respects. The *Oceanic* is longer, has more draught, and is much faster. The *Oceanic* is 704 feet long, 68 feet beam, 49 feet depth, 32½ feet draught, 28,500 tons displacement. The *Great Eastern* was 692 feet long, 83 feet beam, 57½ feet depth, 25½ feet draught, 27,000 tons displacement. The *Oceanic* has easily made her twenty knots an hour, while the *Great Eastern's* speed was only thirteen knots.

Hon. John Morley, Liberal member of Parliament, while addressing a peace meeting in Manchester recently, at which a son of the late John Bright, the distinguished British statesman and friend of peace, presided, was frequently interrupted by cries of "Majuba Hill" and other anti-Boer demonstrations. In retorting to the interruptions, Mr. Morley said: "A year ago the United States saw only one aspect of war, and what are they doing to-day? They are repenting. They have their yellow press and we have our yellow press. If I am asked to speak in this hall a year or two later, I shall find those who now oppose me repenting also." The proceedings finally became so noisy that Mr. Morley had great difficulty in obtaining a hearing. He urged an adherence to the five-year franchise proposal and advised President Krüger to accede to Great Britain's suggestion regarding the conference.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Dr. C. J. Hoadley, the Connecticut State librarian, has in his possession an old placard or "dodger" which was distributed ten days after the death of Washington and announces a memorial service in Hartford.

Thomas Dunn English has just celebrated his eightieth birthday at his home in New Jersey. He is the oldest living graduate of the University of Pennsylvania. Still, his fame continues to rest on the shoulders of immortal "Ben Bolt."

Lionel Decle, the author of "Trooper 3809," which we reviewed at length in our issue of September 25th, has been principally known hitherto as an African explorer. In 1891 he started on a journey from the Cape to Uganda, and thence to Zanzibar. He has been in Africa several times since. His book, "Three Years in Savage Africa," gives a vivid description of his first journey.

Admiral Montojo, who commanded the Spanish fleet defeated by Dewey, has just been found guilty by the Spanish court-martial and sentenced to retirement without promotion. His defense was that the responsibility of his defeat rested entirely with the Spanish Government, for he produced telegrams from the government saying it was in nowise afraid of Dewey, nor would it send reinforcements to his aid, after he had warned Madrid regarding the probable result of a contest.

Miss Muriel Thetis Wilson, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wilson, of Tranhy Croft, and reputed to be one of the most beautiful and accomplished, as well as one of the most eccentric girls in British high society, arrived in New York, a fortnight ago, to witness the international yacht race. Tranhy Croft, the country seat of the Wilsons, is the place made famous by the haccarat scandal that occurred there some years ago, while the Prince of Wales was a guest.

S. Joseph Visvanath, of Ceylon, a Hindoo of high caste, who has been a student in the University of Calcutta, has entered Johns Hopkins University as a special student of Oriental languages. The university will also have two Japanese students this year, namely, Nisaburo Yamaguchi and Y. Hattori, both graduates of colleges in Tokio, Japan. The former will take up graduate work in history and the latter advanced chemistry. Dr. Rokeno Nakaseko, a Ph. D. of last year, who has now gone to Yale, was the only representative of Japan at the university last year.

The Princess of Asturias on September 8th completed her nineteenth year. Her sister, Doña Maria Theresa, is only seventeen. Both princesses have been carefully educated, under the care of the Spanish queen-regent, by English and Austrian governesses, and speak several languages fluently. In court circles it is said that the Princess of Asturias has taken more after her mother, whom she very much resembles in carriage, and in her Viennese manners and appearance, than the Infanta Theresa, who has taken strikingly after her father, the late King Alphonso.

Sir Alfred Milner, governor of Cape Colony, one of the most talked-about men in Europe to-day, has won his way to his present post by persistent hard work, begun in old Balliol under Dr. Jowett and in company with Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. H. H. Asquith. New College, Oxford, elected him to a fellowship in 1881, but he resigned it and took up journalism for a time. From the editorial desk he went into politics, first as a candidate for Parliament as a Radical, and later on as Mr. Goschen's private secretary. He served in the finance department at home and in Egypt under Mr. Goschen and Lord Cromer. He made hudgets under Sir William Harcourt and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. Then came his appointment to South Africa, in which he has won his chief fame.

The Rev. William Henry Ironsides Reamy, the chaplain of the *Olympia*, received his commission from President Harrison in 1892, and was the second Catholic priest appointed to the navy. He was born at sea thirty-four years ago during a voyage across the Atlantic of the steamer *Ironsides*, of which his father, who also served in the United States Revenue Service, was commander. His early years were spent near Fort Hamilton, N. Y. He was ordained by Cardinal Gibbons in 1888, and his first service as chaplain was on the old training-ship *Portsmouth*. He went to the *Olympia* on July 3, 1898, and has been with Dewey ever since. At Manila his services were of special importance in communicating with the archbishop and in settling up many of the tangled ecclesiastical questions that followed the capture of the city. While the *Olympia* was at Naples he went to Rome, and was honored by a special audience with the Pope.

Mascagni, who is husily occupied at Pasero with his new opera, "Le Maschere" ("The Maskers"), which is soon to be produced in Rome, recently informed a *Pall Mall Gazette* correspondent that he intends to visit England before the Paris Exhibition next year, adding, laughingly, that he hopes he will not have a repetition of his previous experiences in foreign lands. It seems that Mascagni does not speak foreign languages; so he usually travels with a secretary, who helps him out in this respect. When in Vienna he was struck with the immense number of autographs which were requested of him every morning by his secretary. Sheet after sheet was laid before him until he was thoroughly tired. One day, taking up a newspaper, he caught sight of his own name, and with languid curiosity asked a friend to translate. It was an advertisement, and ran as follows: "Maestro Mascagni, in consequence of the immense number of autographs asked of him, has decided to sell them for one florin each, the proceeds going to a charitable institution in Vienna. Please inclose florin in demand." He computed that his secretary made upward of a thousand florins by this transaction.

WULLY.

Another Story of a Lost Soul.

[A number of readers have asked us to reprint the portion of Ernest Seton Thompson's story which is said to resemble "A Lost Soul," by Charles Dwight Willard, which was reprinted in last week's *Argonaut*. Mr. Thompson's story, "Wully," is in three parts; the first deals with his early life as a sheep-dog, his abandonment at South Shields, England, by old Rohin, the shepherd, who was always more or less under the influence of liquor, and his two years' devoted watch at the ferry for his master; the second tells how he was adopted by Dorley, a friend of Rohin, who took him to his home among the hills of Derbyshire, where he became once more a sheep-dog in charge of a flock; the third portion, which resembles Mr. Willard's story, and which is reproduced herewith, shows how the killing of the sheep of Dorley's neighbors, which had been attributed to a mad fox, was finally proved to be the work of Wully, who by day was a faithful sheep-dog, and a blood-thirsty, treacherous monster by night.—EDS.]

The Monsaldale farmers were still paying their nightly tribute to the Mad Fox when the snow came, late in December. Poor Willard felt lost his entire flock of twenty sheep, and the fiery cross went forth early in the morning. With guns unconcealed the burly farmers set out to follow to the finish the tell-tale tracks in the snow, those of a very large fox, undoubtedly the multo-murderous villain. For awhile the trail was clear enough, then it came to the river and the habitual cunning of the animal was shown. He reached the water at a long angle pointing down stream and jumped into the shallow, unfrozen current. But at the other side there was no track leading out, and it was only after long searching that, a quarter of a mile higher up the stream, they found where he had come out. The track ran to the top of Henley's high stone wall, where there was no snow left to tell tales. But the patient hunters persevered. When it crossed the smooth snow from the wall to the high road there was a difference of opinion. Some claimed that the track went up, others down the road. But Jo settled it, and after another long search they found where apparently the same trail, though some said a larger one, had left the road to enter a sheep-fold, and leaving this without harming the occupants, the track-maker had stepped in the foot-marks of a countryman, thereby getting to the moor road, along which he had trotted straight to Dorley's farm.

That day the sheep were kept in on account of the snow, and Wully, without his usual occupation, was lying on some planks in the sun. As the hunters drew near the house, he growled savagely and sneaked around to where the sheep were. Jo Groatorex walked up to where Wully had crossed the fresh snow, gave a glance, looked dumfounded, then pointing to the retreating sheep-dog, he said, with emphasis: "Lady, we're off the track of the fox. But there's the killer of the widder's yowes."

Some agreed with Jo, others recalled the doubt in the trail, and were for going back to make a fresh follow. At this juncture, Dorley himself came out of the house.

"Tom," said Jo, "that dog o' thine 'as killed twenty of Widder Galt's sheep, last night. An' ah fur one don't believe as it is 'is first killin'."

"Why, mon, thou art crazy," said Tom. "Ab never 'ad a better sheep-dog—'e fair loves the sheep."

"Aye! We's seen summat o' that in las' night's work," replied Jo.

In vain the company related the history of the morning. Tom swore that it was nothing but a jealous conspiracy to rob him of Wully.

"Wully sleeps i' the kitchen every night. Never is oot till he's let to bide wi' the yowes. Why, mon, he's wi' oor sheep the year round, and never a hoof have ah lost."

Tom became much excited over this abominable attempt against Wully's reputation and life. Jo and his partisans got equally angry, and it was a wise suggestion of Huldah's that quieted them.

"Feyther," said she, "ah'll sleep i' the kitchen the night. If Wully 'as ae way of gettin' oot ah'll see it, an' if he's no oot an' sheep's killed on the country-side, we'll ha' proof it's na Wully."

That night Huldah stretched herself on the settee and Wully slept, as usual, underneath the table. As night wore on, the dog became restless. He turned on his bed and once or twice got up, stretched, looked at Huldah, and lay down again. About two o'clock he seemed no longer able to resist some strange impulse. He arose quietly, looked toward the low window, then at the motionless girl. Huldah lay still and breathed as though sleeping. Wully slowly came near, and sniffed and breathed his doggy breath in her face. She made no move. He nudged her gently with his nose. Then, with his sharp ears forward and his head on one side, he studied her calm face. Still no sign. He walked quietly to the window, mounted the table without noise, placed his nose under the sash-bar, and raised the light frame until he could put one paw underneath. Then, changing, he put his nose under the sash and raised it high enough to slip out, easing down the frame finally on his rump and tail with an adroitness that told of long practice. Then he disappeared into the darkness.

From her couch Huldah watched in amazement. After waiting for some time, to make sure that he was gone, she arose, intending to call her father at once, but on second thought she decided to await more conclusive proof. She peered into the darkness, but no sign of Wully was to be seen. She put more wood on the fire, and lay down again. For over an hour she lay wide awake listening to the kitchen clock, and starting at each trifling sound, and wondering what the dog was doing. Could it be possible that he had really killed the widow's sheep? Then the recollection of his gentleness to their own sheep came and completed her perplexities.

Another hour slowly tick-tocked. She heard a slight sound at the window that made her heart jump. The scratching sound was soon followed by the lifting of the sash, and in a short time Wully was back in the kitchen with the window closed behind him.

As the flickering fire-light Huldah could see a strange, wild gleam in his eye, and his jaws and snowy breast were

dashed with fresh blood. The dog ceased his slight panting as he scrutinized the girl. Then, as she did not move, he lay down, and began to lick his paws and muzzle, growling lowly once or twice as though at the remembrance of some recent occurrence.

Huldah had seen enough. There could no longer be any doubt that Jo was right and more—a new thought flashed into her quick brain; she realized that the weird fox of Monsal was before her. Raising herself she looked straight at Wully, and exclaimed: "Wully! Wully! so it's a' true—oh, Wully, ye terrible brute."

Her voice was fiercely reproachful; it rang in the quiet kitchen, and Wully recoiled as though shot. He gave a desperate glance toward the closed window. His eye gleamed and his mane bristled. But he covered under her gaze, and groveled on the floor as though begging for mercy. Slowly he crawled nearer and nearer, as if to lick her feet, until quite close; then, with the fury of a tiger, but without a sound, he sprang for her throat.

The girl was taken unawares, but she threw up her arm in time, and Wully's long, gleaming tusks sank into her flesh, and grated on the bone.

"Help! help! feyther! feyther!" she shrieked.

Wully was a light-weight, and for a moment she flung him off. But there could be no mistaking his purpose. The game was up, it was his life or hers now.

"Feyther! feyther!" she screamed, as the yellow fury, striving to kill her, bit and tore the unprotected hands that had so often fed him.

In vain she fought to hold him off, he would soon have had her by the throat, when in rushed Dorley.

Straight at him, now in the same horrid silence sprang Wully, and savagely tore him again and again before a deadly blow from the fagot-hook disabled him, dashing him, gasping and writhing, on the stone floor, desperate and done for, but game and defiant to the last. Another quick blow scattered his brains on the hearthstone, where so long he had been a faithful and honored retainer—and Wully, bright, fierce, trusty, treacherous Wully, quivered a moment, then straightened out, and lay forever still.

A Thought for O-Shiroi-Fuji-San.

Hush your frolicsome laughter and listen, O flower-eyed,
To the faint, mysterious murmur of the under-running tide.
It is chanting the Song of Nightfall, a melody strangely sweet,
And the winds on the strings of the samisen its monotonous repeat.

The sea is a mirror of copper and the sky is a sea of flame,
And the pink on the sail of the shallop and the rose on your lips
is the same.

That over your satin cheeks and your gay little gown has spread,
And has lacquered your hair with the lustre of metal-red.

For the God in the Sun is dying. His great and passionate heart
Deep in the west has burned the barrier clouds apart,
And he sinks through the yielding cirrus to his sleep in the water
kissed
By gilded gray and the glory of lucent amethyst.

Suppose, little White-Wistaria, that you and your lover were dead,
And away from the World of Men to the World of Gods had sped—

Would you stay your opening wings and forget your maiden flight
For the pleasure of floating forever in this ruddy, alluring light?

On the breast of the River of Heaven in a boat huilt of Wishes
and Hopes,

Woven of Joy the sails of her and of Memories the ropes,
Into this flood of beauty, of color, of warmth, of peace,
Your spirit and mine a-sailing on a voyage that should never cease.

You and I in the boat, and the roguish moon in the South
Sending to lift our keel a breath from her smiling mouth;
You and I with above us Love's oriflamme unfurled
Pursuing the flying sunset around and around the world!

—Ethel Morse in the *October Bookman*.

The ability of bootblacks to pay three thousand dollars a year for the use of ten chairs in an office building and still make money was recently discussed (says a writer in a recent issue of the *New York Sun*), and some facts have been developed as to the incomes which may be made from this humble pursuit. One proprietor of half a dozen stands, who was not many years ago an active worker at the business, owns a racing stable of sixteen horses. One of these is already the favorite in a coming race, and is said to be valued at fifteen thousand dollars. His owner is likely to make a small fortune out of him if present expectations are realized. The bootblack who rose to fortune was always a popular figure in juvenile fiction, but the latest instances of that hero are unlike their prototype. He usually spent only his tenderest years with the blacking-box slung over his shoulder and passed through many stages before he became a bank president. Nowadays he remains in the business, extends his field into every part of the town, and makes his fortune.

Whether the consecration of a piece of ground extends like the law maxim's definition of its ownership, "down to hell and up to heaven," is puzzling some people in England, as a new underground railroad station has been constructed directly under the Church of St. Mary Woolnoth, at the junction of Lombard Street and King William Street in London. In Boston a piece of ground bequeathed to a church for sacred purposes is now covered several stories high by a department store, legal ingenuity having discovered that a chapel in one of the upper stories, and an agreement that liquor should not be sold at that end of the store, would satisfy the testator's intentions. The ground seems thus to be cut from both under and over the old law maxim.

A good suggestion, given by the *Army and Navy Journal* especially to army and navy men, is that two words should be banished from the American vocabulary; one of them *nigger*, and the other *dago*. The word *dago* is derived from *Diego*, a frequent Spanish name, and has come to be applied as a term of contempt to Italians as well. Certainly it is right to encourage in every way the spirit of good-fellowship with the Spanish-American peoples, and equally with our colored citizens.

THE HERO OF FORT CHABROL.

Paris Sees the End of a Forty Days' Farce—The Garrison of Guérin, the Anti-Semite Leader, Taken without a Struggle—The Conspirators' Trial.

The siege of Castel Guérin is over. The Rue de Chabrol is no longer thronged with police in plain clothing and cavalry in bright uniforms, and gentlemen of the press no longer find their way blocked by lines of municipal guards that a *coupe file* can not divide. For five weeks and four days Jules Guérin and his little band of compatriots, shut up in the offices of *L'Antiquaire*, with barricaded doors defied the officers of the law. Early yesterday morning the intrepid leader, the head of the Anti-Jewish League and the editor of its official journal, who had declared that he would come forth to freedom or die in his stronghold, walked out meekly, his wide De Morès hat crushed over his brows, and gave himself into the hands of the police. His fourteen companions were permitted to go in peace, but M. Guérin was taken to the police station.

It was on Saturday, August 12th, that Paul Déroulède, founder of the League of Patriots and a member of the Chamber of Deputies for the Angoulême division of Charente, was arrested at his estate at Croissy. The semi-official publication at the time stated that a magisterial inquiry had developed the fact that an organization which dated from July of last year had formed a plot to seize the government by force, and a number of warrants were issued by virtue of article eighty-nine of the penal code. Twenty-five arrests that followed quickly brought in M. Marcel Habert, deputy for Rombouillet; M. de Godefroy, president of the Jeunesse Royaliste Club; M. le Comte de Sabran-Pontèves, editor of the *Clarion de la Villette*; M. Poujol de Fréchencourt, of the staff of the *Gazette de France*; M. de Monicourt and M. le Comte de Chevilly, courier and steward of the Duc de Orléans; and others. M. Guérin was on the list, but warned in time barred the doors of his house and refused entrance to the officer of the law.

M. Jules Guérin, who has achieved such notoriety, is a man of thirty-five, with a talent for demonstration and popular effect. His first notable appearance was in a heavy failure as a speculator in petroleum; next, in connection with the fatal duel between the Marquis de Morès and Captain Mayer. At the Zola trial he was prominent among the *manifestants*, and soon after this started his paper, the organ of the Ligue Anti-Sémétique.

Castel Guérin, as the *camelots* named the house early in the siege, is a two-story building in the Rue de Chabrol, a respectable thoroughfare not far from the Gare du Nord, running from the Rue Lafayette to the Boulevard Magenta. Provisions were thrown into the fortress the first day of the siege from a scaffolding on a neighboring building, but the police took possession of the structure and prevented its further use. Behind the barricades M. Guérin and his companions sang the "Marseillaise," and in the streets, outside the line of besieging forces, encouraging shouts of "Vive Guérin!" and "Mort aux Juifs!" went up. At intervals M. Guérin appeared at a window or on the roof, to harangue the spectators. Once he accused the director in charge of the police of an intention to call in the assistance of the firemen and throw jets of water upon his building, and gave warning that he would reply with rifle shots. M. Moquin assured M. Guérin, with grave sincerity, that the firemen were at hand for service in case of fire only, and that the besieged would not be inundated.

Many efforts were made to furnish the defiant band with needed material comforts, but the guards were too vigilant. Mlle. Liane de Pougy, famous in the *monde où l'on s'amuse*, accompanied by Mme. Blanche d'Arville, attempted to run the blockade in a carriage filled with flowers, but she was not permitted to reach the door of the fort. Beyond this, the lynx-eyed police found a ham and loaves of bread hidden under the garlands, and remorselessly seized the provisions. The disappointed fair one secured prominent mention in the journals by her exploit, at least partial repARATION.

For the *camelots* who sell on the smaller thoroughfares ballads of the siege and souvenir post-cards, the blockade provided a harvest, but to the hundred shop-keepers in the Rue de Chabrol it has been a visitation of sorrow. Customers have been driven away and the trade of the shops with them. Claims to the amount of 250,000 francs will be made upon the city for compensation. The cost of the siege will be heavy in other directions. The detective force has been disorganized by this extraordinary demand upon it. Day and night the watch was kept up, and the guard maintained, not only in the streets, but even in the sewer beneath the buildings.

At eleven o'clock Tuesday night the ultimatum of the government was handed in at the door of the castle. The time was ripe for an assault, for a counter-attraction to divert discussion from the Dreyfus verdict. Four hours' time was given M. Guérin to decide upon submission or resistance to an attack of the military. At two o'clock a regiment of infantry, a squadron of cavalry, a brigade of firemen with a steam fire-engine, and ambulances and cabs almost without number occupied the Rue de Chabrol from the Rue de Hauteville to a point a hundred yards below the house. All the *cafés* in the neighborhood were open, and filled with visitors. In the crowds were many women and men in fashionable evening-dress, even at that early hour of the day. Fifty francs was paid for windows offering a favorable view.

The end was an anti-climax, and in a few minutes the great military parade had dissolved and the thousands of spectators had vanished. The long siege, with its daily presentation of dramatic effects and farcical incidents, was a matter of history. M. Jules Guérin's next appearance on the stage will be at the trial before the Senate, convened as a high court, a court that has been constituted but once before, in the life of the Third Republic—on the occasion of the trial and conviction of General Boulanger.

PARIS, September 21, 1899.

ST. MARTIN.

JAPAN'S TRANSITION.

Progress, Policy, and Methods of the Japanese Since Their War with China—Traveling and Accommodation—The Standing of the Foreigner.

The latest volume relating to the Mikado's realm is "Japan in Transition," by Stafford Ransome, who, for some two years after the close of the recent war between Japan and China, acted as the Tokio correspondent of the London *Morning Post* and *Enquirer*. There are three distinct Japans in existence side by side to-day—the old Japan, which has not wholly died out; the new Japan, which as yet has hardly been born, except in the spirit; and the transition Japan, which is passing through its most critical throes just now. As the title of his book implies, it is of the last that Mr. Ransome writes. He regards this phase of Japan's history as the most difficult and complicated of the three, as it is so seldom treated without prejudice that foreigners resident in Japan are accustomed to class those who write in one of two categories; he is stated either to be "pro-Japanese" or "anti-Japanese." Mr. Ransome compares the Japanese of to-day and their methods not with those of the past, but with the methods of other countries, in view of the fact that Japan is endeavoring to bring herself into line with the most advanced nations of the earth.

In his introduction, he thus briefly summarizes the line of argument taken in his book:

I am a firm believer in the solid nature of the modern progress made by the Japanese—politically, commercially, and industrially. Socially speaking, I think their old methods suited them better than those imported from the West. Their moral instincts, though not based at all on Western theories, are not, as a rule, of a lower order than the average standard of the European nations. They are lacking in that quality known as modern business integrity, but I think this is largely due to a misconception as to the fundamental principles which guide the conduct of modern business. In the ordinary transactions of life, at all events away from the treaty-ports, the Japanese are still particularly honest, even when dealing with foreigners. I think that in spite of certain failings, pointed out in due course in this book, the politicians of Japan, generally speaking, and particularly those who are at the head of affairs, keep their hands cleaner than do their counterparts in many of the countries which boast of a higher civilization. I believe that, so far as the interests of various countries can be the same, those of Great Britain, the United States, and Japan, are and must be, for many years to come, identical so far as a Far Eastern policy is concerned; for those three powers are alone in disapproving of the dismemberment of China and in respecting international law in that part of the world. A triple alliance of these three nations would be invaluable in the interests of Far Eastern commerce and peace; and there is no doubt that we should find in the Japanese not only efficient but perfectly honorable allies.

I consider the most marked trait in the Japanese character to be their feverish anxiety to acquire and wonderful capacity for absorbing knowledge of any sort; and I take a more optimistic view than many well-known authorities with regard to their capabilities for giving practical effect to such knowledge. In the rush for modern knowledge it was a question, not as to what would be the best subjects to devote their attention to, but as to which among those subjects could be omitted with the least inconvenience; consequently, practice has been temporarily shelved in favor of the headlong pursuit of theory.

An especially interesting chapter deals with popular misconceptions of Japan. Many of the mistaken notions current should be ascribed to the fact that those responsible for them have based their views of the country and its inhabitants on what they have seen in the treaty ports, where, Mr. Ransome informs us, the better class of Japanese never live if they can possibly do otherwise. Another visitor who is apt to mislead people is he who endeavors to "Japanify" himself at short notice without being able to speak the language:

To such a man Japan is peopled with dear little giggling dolls, living in dear little miniature houses made of "cardboard." He eats fairy food out of miniature dishes; he hangs the graceful costume of the country on him as if the *kimono* were a towel and he a clothes-horse; he struts the sinews of his legs in squatting on the floor, and he tells us that he fears his head would knock a hole in the fragile ceiling if he were to stand upright; so it would if he were eight or nine feet high, and his head were not softer than the wood-work. He laughs in innocent glee as he lets the rice fall from his chopsticks on to the spotless *patami*, for he is in such a delightful, little, shallow-minded, light-hearted, immoral paradise. He hugs himself in the belief that he is living among laughing children again, and he has no thought for the morrow; for he has not grasped the fact that his companions are bored with it all, but that etiquette and business exigencies oblige them to appear amused at his eccentricities. He does not understand that, if their laugh is genuine, they are laughing at him rather than with him, and that it is he, in reality, who is the child. Meanwhile his treaty-port guide is making terms with the landlady of the "cardboard" house as to the extent to which it will be safe to run up the bill, and as to how much commission is to be reserved out of the amount for himself. The above enthusiast, who has thus solved the Japanese problem to his own satisfaction, will tell us that he has "eaten the lotus," when, in plain English, he has merely been very silly. Such silliness, however, infectious and his "adventures" in the Land of the Rising Sun have no doubt had the effect of causing others to visit Japan with the express purpose of emulating him.

The finest hotel in Japan on the European style, so far as appearance is concerned, is the Imperial Hotel at Tokio:

It is owned and run by a Japanese company, and subsidized by the imperial household, but is so eccentrically managed that, while possessing all the features which go to make up first-class accommodation, in the shape of good rooms, good furniture, and good cooking, it lacks just that knowledge on the part of its directors the possession of which would transform it from a rather uncomfortable place of abode into an excellent one. As a matter of fact, the Imperial Hotel was established by the Japanese for the purpose of affording a place where official and other receptions on European lines could be held and dinners given as occasion demanded, and the ordinary visitor who puts up there does so at his own risk. He finds plenty of managers and clerks, who are civil enough, but he will find that his instructions are ignored, his letters mislaid, and his bell unanswered. He finds plenty of servants, through whom he will have to elbow his way in the passages and public rooms; and should he require to play billiards, he must push them from the table. He finds a splendid dining-room, attended without any system, and a good though limited bill of fare, which, to his dismay, is identical every day.

Mr. Ransome thinks that the "transition Japan" is exemplified in its very worst phases at the Imperial Hotel:

For while no doubt everybody about the place is doing what he believes to be the right thing, the people connected with it have not yet learned to understand the foreigner. They have fallen into the error—an error which is not uncommon in Japan just now among people who, having no personal acquaintance with foreign countries, endeavor to assume foreign ways—of believing that, because we are less ceremonious in our manner than they, they should in dealing with us divest their manner of any sort of courtesy. As the Englishman who, without a thorough understanding of Japanese etiquette, endeavors to adopt their style invariably makes himself ridiculous, so those Japanese who

mistake our comparatively abrupt ways for want of courtesy, and endeavor to follow our example, appear to us to be merely boorish and rude. It is a pity that the Imperial Hotel is not better managed, for it is here that a very large percentage of the foreign visitors acquire their first impressions of Japan and the Japanese after leaving the treaty-ports. Such as it is, however, the Imperial Hotel is almost the only hostility on "foreign" lines worthy of the name in the immense metropolis of Japan.

The first thing one usually does on arriving at a Japanese hotel is to take off one's clothes and have a bath:

It is not necessary for the guest to possess a single item of luggage; everything, from night-clothes and day-clothes, for the matter of that, even down to tooth-brushes, is found for him by the house. The Japanese tooth-brush is merely a stick of soft wood pointed at one end and having the fibre unraveled at the other. When the visitor has made use of this instrument of torture he breaks it in half. The furniture is spare enough. Mats to sit upon are brought in on one's arrival, and removed when one leaves or goes to bed. The bed during the day-time is stowed away in a cupboard, and is brought out only when required. Such as it is, I found it very comfortable as a rule, and, in nineteen cases out of twenty, clean. It consists of a few thickly padded oblong quilts, which are placed on the floor. The upper clothes are of a similar nature, and are applied in a greater or less quantity according to the temperature. The bedding is not washed as often as our sheets, but more often than the blankets in an ordinary European hotel. It is, however, sun-bathed or aired almost daily, and from time to time is unpicked and thoroughly cleaned.

My advice to Europeans traveling in Japan is to take a pair of sheets and a pillow with them. The Japanese pillow is the weakest point in the bed-furniture according to foreign ideas' notions of comfort. It is hard and cylindrical, like a German sausage, about eight inches in diameter, and twelve or fifteen inches long. I do not know the nature of the material used in making up the interior of an ordinary pillow, but on one occasion, when I complained to a landlady that it was rather like a brick, she triumphantly brought me one which she seemed very proud of, and which she told me was stuffed with tea. When I explain that this pillow seemed luxurious and downy in comparison with those I had previously tried, the solid consistency of the ordinary Japanese pillow can be imagined.

In such Japanese hotels as are frequently visited by foreigners there is usually had accommodation of a sort where the European can disport himself in privacy; it is only in the hotels away from the ordinary tourist track that the foreign visitor need run any risk of finding others strolling in while he is in the middle of his bathing operations:

The Japanese bath in its ordinary form is a rectangular structure, made mostly of wood, and is usually let in so that its top is more or less flush with the floor. The water is let in cold, through a bamboo tube, and is heated in the bath by a fire underneath or on one side of it. In measure as it becomes too hot, more cold water is admitted through the supply-pipe. No doubt the Japanese habitually take their baths very warm, but the harrowing accounts of their entering them at a temperature which would boil a European must be classed as figurative rather than accurate statements. In cases where accommodation is poor, the bath consists merely of a wooden tub of tolerably large dimensions, sufficiently high to enable one when sitting down to have the water up to one's chin. The water is seldom changed more than once or twice a day, except in places where the natural hot-springs of the country are available, in which case the water renews itself automatically and continually. Under ordinary conditions, therefore, from a score to a hundred people might bathe practically in the same limited amount of water which a bath of given dimensions will hold. Now, at first-sight this would strike the Englishman as a very dirty arrangement, and so it would be if the Japanese treated the bath as we do—that is to say, as a place to wash in—but he does not. He gets into his bath for the purpose of raising the temperature of his body after he has been thoroughly washed all over, and on leaving it he is immediately washed all over again, before he puts his clothes on. . . . Even if the bath is unoccupied when he enters it, he can not expect in a busy hotel that it will remain so; and while the Japanese will always do their best to avoid bathing at the same time as a foreigner, it is hardly to be expected that when they are ready to get into the bath they will stand shivering until the foreigner has finished.

While we hear so much of the modern progress of the Japanese, Mr. Ransome says that we must not run away with the supposition that Japan proper is at all like a Western country, or that the people in it are at all like Western people:

While it may answer their purpose to master our sciences and our methods, they will merely apply them to their study of life, and not necessarily adopt our style. They require modern soldiers and sailors and business men, and ships and railways and telegraphs and machinery, to enable them to keep pace with their foreign competitors and to keep their country for themselves. But all these things can be adopted without radically changing the methods of conducting the homes—that is to say, of their inner life. At all events, we may make it that domestic Japan will be the last feature in that country to give way to what we are pleased to term "civilization." . . . At the present day one can travel throughout the greater portion of Japan—that portion which is seldom visited by the tourist—without seeing much to indicate the great progress that has been made at the ports and the great political, industrial, and trading centres. . . . It is true that in some of the large cities certain wealthy men have added foreign rooms to their houses, but this has not been for the purpose of living in them. It merely means that they have been built to be used on occasion, possibly for receiving foreigners, or for entertaining Japanese friends in a European style.

With regard to the position of foreign advisers, it is often alleged, says Mr. Ransome, that the Japanese treat them very unfairly. He adds:

Unless, however, we are to assume that the discharging of their instructors as soon as they feel that their own knowledge is sufficient to enable them to get along without them constitutes a sign of ingratitude, we can not call the Japanese absolutely ungrateful. The practice of discharging the foreigner as soon as possible has been invariably adopted in Japan; and, since the war with China, this policy has been much more marked than was the case previously. . . . That the Japanese have been well served by their advisers and instructors in nearly every branch of foreign learning is expressing the matter in unduly mild terms. To one whose business it is to study the modern developments that have taken place in that country, and to note the solid foundation on which the modern knowledge of the Japanese has taken root, the question as to which was the greater factor in the creation of the New Japan—the aptitude of the pupil or the conscientiously applied skill of the instructor—must continually occur to him. And he will find it difficult to answer. The foreigners who are still retained in this capacity are mostly English, with a few Americans and Germans, and a Frenchman or two. Speaking generally, England may claim to have taken the largest part in organizing the navy, finance, communications, mining, and industrial work; Germany devoted herself mostly to the army, medicine, and several scientific subjects. America has had a hand in almost all departments, more particularly with regard to educational and industrial matters; and to France belongs the chief credit of having given the preliminary advice which led to the formation of the existing legal code, and of organizing on modern lines the Yokosuka dock-yard, which until now has been considered the leading naval depot of the country.

An interesting feature about Yokosuka is that centuries ago it was the place of residence of the first foreign adviser whom the Japanese ever employed, one "Will" Adams, an Englishman, who in 1600 was cast ashore in a storm while piloting a Dutch fleet:

If the affection of the Japanese for their foreign advisers were as strong to-day as it was then, one could not accuse them of any want of appreciation. For their attachment to Mr. Adams was so marked that they would not let him return home to his wife and family, but retained

him in the mixed capacity of shipbuilder-in-chief and agent for the reception of foreigners, found him a Japanese wife, treated him with every honor, and raised a monument to his memory over his grave, which the guide-books tell us is "revered to this day."

There is a fallacious notion that the Japanese law recognizes polygamy, or, at all events, the keeping of concubines; such is not the case:

The law takes no more cognizance of the mistress in Japan than the British law does; but society in Japan accepts her, and while her children are no less illegitimate than British children would be under similar circumstances, the conditions of life in Japan are such that her position is not a degraded one. As a matter of fact she usually becomes one of the family; and, owing to the peculiar system of adopting children, which is in vogue and is recognized by the law, their illegitimacy can be, and usually is, overcome. Family ties are so strong in Japanese life that even the wife will do all in her power to keep both the woman and her children in the house, the former becoming by the process a part of the household, and the maternal authority over the children being transferred by adoption to the wife. In these circumstances the standing of the *mekake*, as she is called, is a respectable one, and, from a Japanese point of view, there is no immorality on the part of the woman accepting it. With the Westernizing of the country, however, the more advanced among the Japanese are beginning to realize that the *mekake* is no longer a lady to be paraded openly before the world, and there is no doubt that, in time to come, the prestige of her position will diminish. She will not disappear, but we shall see and hear less of her, and possibly the tendency to legitimate her children will decline. Many of the priests have *mekake* as well as wives, and though this is not considered by everybody to be quite in good taste, the position of the woman is accounted honorable. Thirty years ago, that is to say, until the abolition of the Shogunate, priests were not allowed to marry, and any immorality on their part in Tokio was punishable by exposure to the insults of the mob in the streets, bound and in a state of nudity.

The casual visitor, if he happens to come in contact with the Japanese of a respectable class, nearly always comes away with the idea, not only that they are an extremely agreeable, intelligent, and enlightened people, which is true enough, but that he has made a favorable impression on them, which is often not the case:

This is due to two reasons—the conduct of such Japanese will usually be courteous and very modern, and they will nearly always be glad to have an opportunity of conversing with a newly arrived foreigner. The visitor in Tokio, with an introduction or two to Japanese business people, will have no difficulty whatever in finding plenty of educated Japanese men ready to take him about and to put themselves to no end of trouble for him. But this is not necessarily due to friendship, but rather to intelligent curiosity. The Japanese are often glad to meet a new-comer either to practice talking English with him, or to learn his ideas, so that they can compare his views with those of the resident foreigner. The new-comer is apt to imagine that he has made unusual progress, and can not understand how it is that the local foreigner persists in telling him that the Japanese are difficult to get on with, and that to obtain an insight into their character and feelings would mean the solving of one of the most complicated problems in the world. He considers that he has found it all out at the end of a week; for he has mistaken a passing interest, created by curiosity in a passing man, for a frank and sudden friendship for which there would really be no *raison d'être*. He will find that, if he remains in the country for any length of time, unless he can manage to sustain that feeling of curiosity about his personality in the mind of his Japanese acquaintance, the friendship so suddenly born will as suddenly die.

The school statistics Mr. Ransome gives are worth consideration:

Roughly speaking, and in very round numbers, we may estimate that there are in Japan at the present day 30,000 schools of all sorts, 100,000 teachers, 5,000,000 graduates, 5,000,000 pupils of both sexes; and that the annual outlay, in one way and another, to maintain them has reached about \$7,500,000. We may also say that at least two-thirds of that portion of the total population who are of school age are receiving tuition of a sort which in quality will compare favorably, as far as their requirements are concerned, with that meted out to the people of any country in the world.

If any proof is required of the hunger that possesses the Japanese for acquiring knowledge, it is to be found readily in the fact that, even when the law of the land prescribed that the possession of a foreign book was punishable by death, there were Japanese to be found not only ready to risk death in procuring such books, but who hacked up their eagerness in a practical manner by paying enormous sums of money for them to the philanthropic Dutch settlers who were permitted to reside in Nagasaki on sufferance. The writer says:

A Japanese friend of mine, who is now a well-known man in the international business world, began his studies of the English language by writing out in its entirety "Johnson's Dictionary," a copy of which had been lent to him by a friend. This colossal undertaking he carried out successfully, and when I explain that he painted it all out in Indian ink by means of the Japanese pen, a sort of bamboo brush, on what we should call tissue-paper, and when it is borne in mind that at the commencement of his task he was merely copying the outlines of our lettering, the form of which conveyed no meaning to him, the terrible nature of the difficulties he had to contend with and the tedious nature of his work can be appreciated. The late Count Matsui, who died in 1897, and who had led a life of the most strange vicissitudes, is said to have started his early studies of the English language by taking a berth as cabin-boy on a British schooner trading between Japan and China. Chamberlain tells us how, among other adventurous youths, those two well-known statesmen, Marquis Ito and Count Inouye, years ago smuggled themselves on "homeward (presumably onward from Japan) bound" ships, as affording the only means of gaining a practical insight into the affairs of the outer world and of learning the English language.

Christianity seems to be making little if any progress among the Japanese. Mr. Ransome considers that it may be safely said that not one in one hundred thousand of the population is a genuine believer in the faith, although there are numbers who allow themselves to be called Christians for the opportunities thus afforded them of gaining an education.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$3.00.

The American Club in Mexico City has about four hundred and fifty members, and occupies the whole of a sumptuously furnished mansion opposite the historic Iturbide Hotel, on San Francisco Street. Residents get off with a fifty-dollar initiation fee alone. The concern is most admirably managed, and the cheapness and excellence of its *cuisine* is something really marvelous. A first-class dinner costs members about thirty-five cents, and both service and cooking are unexceptionable. Of course, the dining-room has never made any money, but it has managed to pull out about even, which is certainly a remarkable feat. Americans who are carrying Uncle Sam's commerce into foreign lands have learned the value of club life from the English, and this particular institution would be a first-rate model for the American colonies in Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippines.

LITERARY NOTES.

One of Mrs. Whitney's Best Girls.

There are quantities of young girls who will hail with delight the appearance of a new story by Mrs. Adeline D. T. Whitney. In spite of the worldly wisdom that has come with years, Mrs. Whitney has remained as young and fresh in heart as the school-girls for whom she writes, and for that reason her stories have for them the charm of intense sympathy with their views and aspirations. And parents, too, commend Mrs. Whitney's tales, for they know that she always makes virtue attractive and well rewarded, and paints vice—such petty vice as comes within a school-girl's ken—in most repulsive colors.

Mrs. Whitney's latest story is "Square Pegs," and it is long enough to satisfy the most voracious little reader. It tells the life of Estabel Charlock throughout her "teens," from her launching at a fashionable school to her safe landing in the harbor of matrimony. Left an orphan at an early age, Estabel is brought up alternately by two aunts, one a shrewd and kindly old maid, who is the village milliner, and the other a childless wife, who is blessed with money and cursed with social aspirations. At fifteen she is taken to the wealthy aunt's pretentious town house and sent to a fashionable school, where her aunt expects her to make friends who will help them both up the social ladder. But Estabel is a clear-seeing, outspoken child, and, between her own sense of justice and her desire to do her duty to her aunt, she has a hard time of it. She is made to feel bitterly the distinctions of caste, but her fine nature is developed by this form of adversity, and in time she wins her way to leadership in the community.

There are young men in the story, and love follows as a matter of course. Estabel's relatives have chosen for her the son of the most prominent man in town, and the lad does not know his own mind. But Estabel has chosen for herself another man—a doctor—who thinks he is too old for her. The two play at cross-purposes for a time, and then, just as the sky begins to clear, her aunt dies and leaves her a large fortune, and the doctor fears being considered a fortune-hunter. Eventually, however, the doctor is brought to his senses, and after his conversion from agnosticism to acceptance of Estabel's faith, the couple are happily married.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

A Sketch of Admiral Dewey.

An especially timely volume is "Admiral George Dewey," by John Barrett, who relinquished his post as United States minister of Siam in May, 1898, and proceeded to the seat of war in the Philippines as a special war-correspondent for several American newspapers. Although most of the matter published is new and freshly taken from the note-book which he carefully kept at Manila from May, 1898, to March, 1899, some selections have appeared over Mr. Barrett's name in *Harper's Magazine* and *Harper's Weekly*, and in the addresses and interviews which have from time to time been quoted in the public press. Mr. Barrett makes no attempt to write an exhaustive biography, introducing only sufficient biographical matter to give a fairly comprehensive record of the admiral's life. His main object is to "touch upon those phases of his life and labors, especially at Manila, which are of interest to all who wish to learn more than is generally told and known of this great man as he appeared under the trying conditions which brought him his highest fame and greatest responsibilities." As a character study this, modest little volume should satisfy all hero-worshippers, while at the same time more moderate admirers of the hero of Manila Bay need have no fear that good taste has been violated.

Among the most striking chapters are "Relations of Admiral Dewey and Aguinaldo," "The Temptation of Presidential Ambition Resisted," "Admiral Dewey and the Germans," "The Admiral's Opinion on America's Duty in the Philippines," and "Points of the Admiral's Character." A more extended review of Mr. Barrett's volume will appear in a later issue, when copious extracts from the above-mentioned chapters will be given.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25.

A New Study of Milton.

Professor Hiram Corson's "Introduction to the Prose and Poetical Works of John Milton" is excellent in plan and purpose, and notable for its evidence of care, enlightened study, and appreciation. His plea for Milton's prose is earnest, and many of his phrases are new and strong. He commends the writings for their "uncompromising advocacy of whatever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report"; for "their eloquent assertion of the inalienable rights of men to a wholesome exercise of their intellectual faculties, the right to determine for themselves, with all the aids they can command, what is truth and what is error."

From the prose and poetry of Milton, Professor Corson has collated all the autobiographical passages, and presented them in such a way that the character and method of thought of the poet are illustrated by their own radiance. No biography could have a greater charm, or be more satisfying in its higher views. Milton's ideas of liberty, individual, political, and religious, as shown in his works,

are here brought together for examination, and this department of the book, though not extended, is most suggestive. "Comus," "Lycidas," and "Samson Agonistes" are given complete, with introductions and notes, while at the end of the volume there are nearly a hundred pages of references to the works quoted, full of scholarly research.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

The Story of Two Young Volunteers.

Captain Charles King has written many good stories of army life, and they have been read and enjoyed in every part of the country. His latest volume may not appeal to so wide a circle, but it is no less graphic and sincere than those which have preceded it. The story is named "From School to Battle-Field," and its heroes are two pupils in a New York school at the breaking out of the Civil War. The first half of the book is given up to descriptions of the school, its teachers, and the pranks and punishments of the pupils. Through the misdeeds of a jealous and unprincipled fellow-pupil, one of the boys runs away and enlists, and later on his chum is swept into the ranks as a drummer. The descriptions of the first battles of the war, almost within sight of Washington, are vividly done, and the many adventures of the youthful volunteers are written down by a practiced pen. Youthful readers will find no disappointment in the story.

Published by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.50.

The Life of Claude Bernard.

The Masters of Medicine Series has lately had added to it the volume "Claude Bernard," by Michael Foster, secretary of the Royal Society of London and professor of physiology in the University of Cambridge. Dr. Foster devotes more space in his biography to the scientific work of the distinguished French physiologist than to the details of his life as a man; for the reason, in part, as he says in his preface, that "the details which can now be gained of Bernard's daily life are very scanty," and "the real life of every great man of science lies in the story of his scientific work." The account is intensely interesting, and must give the reader a vivid sense of the progress in laboratory methods since 1840, when Bernard began his labors, as well as a better understanding of the modern scientific mind and its origins.

Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

A Teller of Tales.

The Chicago Record some time since contained a series of character sketches by George Ade, into which sundry studies of the street and town were incorporated. These original newspaper sketches have lately been rewritten and made into a volume, under the title "Doc' Horne," with illustrations by John T. McCutcheon. Calvin Horne, called "Doc" by his familiars, is had to sit in the lobby of the Alfalfa Hotel and swap stories with his satellites. The illustrations, which are not extraordinarily good, picture him as a bald-headed old man, with chin-whiskers, and his audience as composed of men from all over the world. The scheme is a comprehensive one; the stories do not lack for variety and spice; and they are above the average of the newspaper tale in workmanship.

Published by Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.25.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Augustus Thomas is making a dramatic version of Winston Churchill's "Richard Carvel" for Charles Frohman. This popular novel is now selling in its one hundred and fiftieth thousand, or seventeenth edition.

Haldane McFall, whose novel of West Indian negro life, "The House of the Sorcerer," is announced for immediate publication, is a step-son of Mme. Sarah Grand, to whom the book is dedicated.

Two notable new biographies are among the Macmillan Company's fall announcements. They are: Charles Hiatt's "Sir Henry Irving," a record and review, with about fifty illustrations and portraits; and J. Lys Baldey's "Sir J. Everett Millais."

Edwin Markham will take to the lecture field this winter, speaking on "The Man with the Hoe," and "The Fraternal State," as well as on some purely literary topic.

A new and interesting convert to literature proves to be a no less conspicuous figure than John Philip Sousa, who will write of "My Experiences as a Bandmaster."

Professor Benjamin I. Wheeler's study of Alexander the Great, which has been running as a serial, is to be published in book-form soon.

John Fiske's important work, "The Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America," has just been published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"Miranda of the Balcony," a new novel by the author of "The Courtship of Morrice Buckler," will be published this month by the Macmillan Company.

Paul Laurence Dunbar is in Denver, Colo., recuperating from a severe attack of illness. He has

a new novel nearly completed, which is to be called "Copperheads of the Civil War."

"Spanish Peggy, a Story of Young Illinois," by Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood, will show this author in a new field, and will have as an important character Abraham Lincoln in his early youth.

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney was seventy-five years old September 15th, and on the next day her new story, "Square Pegs," was given to the public. It is an interesting fact that her daughter, Mrs. Caroline Leslie Field, on the same day saw published her story entitled "Nannie's Happy Childhood." Both books bear Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s imprint.

"The Future of the American Negro," by Booker T. Washington, is announced for publication in November. The eloquence and energy employed by Mr. Washington for the benefit of his race is well enough known to insure the sincerity and success of his work.

Christian Science is the theme of a new work by Stanley Waterloo.

Theodore Roosevelt will write a history of Oliver Cromwell to run through six issues of *Scribner's* in 1900.

The new president of Wellesley College, Miss Caroline Hazard, is soon to bring out, through Houghton, Mifflin & Co., "The Narragansett Friends' Meeting in the XVIIIth Century."

Beatrice Harraden has written an introduction to a collection of papers by the late Mrs. Lynn Linton, which is to be published in book-form under the title of "Reminiscences of Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, and Others."

Balzac's personal opinions, expressed in his correspondence and miscellaneous writings, form the material of the new volume which has been prepared by Miss Wormeley.

Two Rare Vanderbilt Books.

The newspapers that chronicled the death of Cornelius Vanderbilt gave little space to descriptions of his library, though they told of his great love for books (says the *New York Times*). Nevertheless, Mr. Vanderbilt's collection should be classed among the precious things he died possessed of. The real bibliographical importance of the library is not known, but most collectors have long been aware that it contained many books of great rarity and value, among them a perfect and superb copy of the "Bay Psalm Book," the first book printed in the United States, and a fine copy of Eliot's Indian Bible of 1685. The latter was once in the possession of the famous theologian, Jonathan Edwards, who was missionary to the Stockbridge Indians from 1751 to 1757 and president of the College of New Jersey in 1757-8. Later the Bible was owned by George Brinley, and when the third part of his collection was sold in New York in 1881 it was purchased for Mr. Vanderbilt for five hundred and fifty dollars. Its present value is, of course, much more. Mr. Vanderbilt's "Bay Psalm Book" is one of the four perfect copies that are known, only six others being in existence, all of them imperfect. Of the other perfect copies the Lenox Library has one, the Bodleian Library, Oxford, England, another, and the John Carter Brown Library, Providence, R. I., the third. The Brown copy of this metrical version of the Psalms, which Stephen Day printed in Cambridge, Mass., in 1640, is perhaps the most important of the four, as it once belonged to the Rev. Richard Mather, one of the compilers, but the Vanderbilt copy ranks second among the four. At one time it was in the New England Library of the Rev. Thomas Prince, pastor of the Old South Church in Boston and the first American to collect books. In 1879 Mr. Vanderbilt secured his copy for twelve hundred dollars—about one-third of its present value.

Great were the profits of the old "story papers." The late Mr. W. Stevens left a fortune of one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars as his share of the property of the *English Family Herald*. This periodical was started in 1842, for the ostensible purpose of giving work to a type-setting machine, the first completed instrument of its kind, invented by Young and Delcambre. The first twenty-three numbers of the paper were of four double-demy pages. The composing-machine, which cost a fortune, proved a failure, however, and its use was soon abandoned, but the *Family Herald*, which it brought into existence, has been the making of two or three fortunes, and is still prosperous, notwithstanding the competition with which it has to contend. This reminds us of hearing, from one who had means of knowing the facts, that some years ago the publishers of the *Family Story Paper* of New York netted each week the sum of three thousand dollars.

The total inheritance tax to be paid out of the Vanderbilt estate has been estimated at from \$3,500,000 to \$5,000,000. There is some reason for believing that when the will is offered for probate it will be found that not so much as these figures would mean is to pass under the will itself, and that Mr. Vanderbilt recently made gifts of large amounts which will not become matters of record in the courts.

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By JOHN FISKE. With 8 Maps. Two vols. crown 8vo, gilt top, \$4.00.

This important work traces the causes which led to the colonizing of New York by the Dutch, and Pennsylvania by the Quakers; and describes the small beginnings, the formidable obstacles, the tenacious purpose of these colonies, and their gradual growth to great power. The story is told with the remarkable clearness and charm which make Mr. Fiske's volumes of American history as delightful as they are important.

PLANTATION PAGEANTS.

By JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS, author of the Uncle Remus and Thimblefinger stories. Fully illustrated by E. BOYD SMITH. Square 8vo, \$2.00.

This is a continuation of the delightful Thimblefinger stories. Sweetest Susan, Buster John, Drusilla, Aaron, and other well-known characters figure in it. The book contains a tale of Brer Rabbit and the Goochers; describes the strange wagner and his passenger, little Billy Biscuit; and is full of Mr. Harris's best, finely illustrated.

SQUARE PEGS.

A Novel. By MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY, author of "Faith Gartney's Girlhood," etc. 12mo, \$1.50.

The attempt to put square pegs in round holes has suggested the title of Mrs. Whitney's new story. This is told in Mrs. Whitney's well-known style, and abounds in those wide-reaching suggestions, humorous touches, and flashes of inspiration which make her stories so charming and helpful to a large circle of readers.

THE HELPERS.

By FRANCIS LYNDY, author of "A Romance in Transit." 12mo, \$1.50.

This is a story of the New West of to-day. It deals with engineers, silver and gold mining, and love finds easy entrance. There is an uncommonly strong human interest in the story.

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everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the
original). Sample free. Gerhard Mennen Co., Newark, N. J.

LITERARY NOTES.

A New Novel by Sir Walter Besant.

Sir Walter Besant, who is in the habit of writing at least one new book each year, has just published his latest novel—a tale of the eighteenth century—to the extent of nearly one hundred and fifty thousand words. He calls his book "The Orange Girl." He may now feel free to devote himself for a while to his favorite recreation, which he defines as "looking on." Next year there will be another book.

"The Orange Girl" is not at all about an orange-girl, but about the most popular actress in England, a beautiful, lovable, self-sacrificing woman, who is indispensable in thwarting a conspiracy against the hero. This hero, the son of a former lord mayor of London, chooses to be a musician, and is thereupon disinherited by his Philistine father. The father dies, leaving a peculiarly worded will, whereby the son is cut off without a cent; a favorite nephew inherits the fortune and the family residence; and so on. A codicil, however, provides that an immense sum of money shall be set aside until the death either of the nephew or of the son, and then that this money is to be delivered to the survivor. The nephew is a scamp of a gambler, and tries to force his cousin to sell his rights of succession to this money, in order to borrow on that security. He threatens his life, he has him imprisoned on a trumped-up charge of debt, he makes his life miserable in other ways. But ever and always the talented actress, good Jeony Wilmot, frustrates his plans. Finally there is a conspiracy to swear away the hero's life for a crime of which he is innocent. Jenny Wilmot, because she long years before had been an orange-girl, is enabled to face the conspirators in court with the evidence to damn them. Her one-time associates then wreak their vengeance upon her, by charging her with the possession of stolen goods. To save her mother—the real criminal—she pleads guilty. She is sentenced to death, and is pardoned by the king. The wicked nephew dies, the fortune goes to the disinherited son. There ought to be a wedding, but there is not, for the reason that the hero is already happily married, and the "orange-girl," although a widow—her husband was the wicked nephew—loves a nobleman whom she refuses to marry because of her disreputable family. And so this tale by the "knight of the colon"—as Sir Walter has been called, from his excessive use of that punctuation mark—comes to a full stop.

Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.50. jshart

Boys Among the Colonists of America.

A book of adventure that should have a hearty welcome from all young Americans is "The Boys of Scooby," by Ruth Hall. Its characters and incidents have much to do with history, but the figures are well-drawn, the scenes sketched with care, and in no instance is liberty taken with the chronicles of the time. The good and ill fortunes of the three brothers make a tale worth the telling, and, strange and thrilling as the record is, it is not improbable.

The story opens in an old moor-house in England, and the first chapter describes Hugh Chisholm's efforts to prevent his father from falling into the hands of officers sent to arrest him with other members of a little congregation of Separatists. The attempted flight to Holland, and the separation of the family, explains how the lad became a member of an expedition to Virginia, and in after time a friend of Pocahontas. In Holland the parents of the boys died, and John Chisholm, the brother of Hugh, became a page in the household of Juliana of Nassau, and afterward was taken into the service of Frederick, Palatine of the Rhine, and saw terror and bloodshed in Prague. Stephen Chisholm, the third and youngest of the brothers, was adopted by a Huguenot family, attached to the retinue of the Marquis d'Ancre, marshal of France. He grew up about the French court and became a trusted attendant of the queen; but he was forced to fly to Italy, and thence to Holland. A little after and he was on his way to America, one of the historic band on the *Mayflower*. The journey of John from Bohemia in the path of his younger brother, and the final meeting of the three boys on the banks of a great river of the New World, is a marvelous narration, and one without a break of interest.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50. jshart

A Master of Miracles.

A true type of the modern miracle-romance is the "The Kingdom of Hate," by T. Gallon—one of those romances the plot of which is after the manner of Anthony Hope and the style somewhat different. The story is packed with thrills, and runs along without much regard to natural laws and probable sequences, through an impudent wagger, whereby the hero engages to enter—at three o'clock in the morning—a strange house in London; thence to an unexpected reception; a marriage by force to a beautiful woman; mysterious disappearance of this woman; an exciting quest; murders, plots, and counterplots; dungeons, escapes, trapdoors in the street; and so on to the end, where the princess—it was no less than a princess whom the hero had married—renounces the princessship of her turbulent kingdom for the love of the brave man, her husband. The scheming villain happens

in this case to be uncle to the princess. Seemingly he succeeds in his plot against her succession to the throne; but in the hour of triumph he is dynamited by socialists, together with a castful of his fellow-conspirators; and the sun goes down in a sudden atmosphere of democracy.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00. jshart

Near to Nature's Heart.

A book that lovers of nature will find attractive, by reason of its sympathetic descriptions and its atmosphere of repose, comes to us in "Jess: Bits of Wayside Gospel," by Jenkin Lloyd Jones. The author calls it a book of "sermons, found out-of-doors during the occupied vacancies misnamed vacations." Jess, the title-character, is the name of Mr. Jones's horse. An attractive feature of the book is the careful grouping after each paper of suggestive and appropriate poems, taken from the world-antology. The essays were originally delivered in Chicago as lectures.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50. jshart

New Publications.

"In the Bivouac of Life" is the title of a volume of short stories by Sarah P. Brooks. Published by Drexel Biddle, Philadelphia.

One of the latest issues in Neely's Popular Library is "Point Vivian," by Helen Haring. Published by F. Tennyson Neely, New York; price, 25 cents.

Five thoughtful and practical essays make up the volume "The Art of Living Alone," by Amory H. Bradford. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, 50 cents.

A book of tender and vagrant fancies is "Prue and I," written years ago by George William Curtis, and the seven essays it contains deserve the friends they have won. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, 50 cents.

"Prisoners and Captives" is the title of a story by Henry Seton Merriman, full of strange adventures in strange surroundings, from the tropic waters of the South Atlantic to the snowy wastes of Siberia. Published by R. F. Fenno & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

A little volume entitled "Letters from Ralph Waldo Emerson to a Friend, 1838-1853," edited by Charles Eliot Norton, gives a familiar view of the poet-philosopher, and is a pleasing addition to his collected works. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.00.

A series of essays, eleven in number, on the problem of life, optimism, the spiritual life, and kindred subjects, make up a volume entitled "Voices of Hope," by Horatio W. Dresser. The different papers are readable and illuminating, if not strictly orthodox. Published by George H. Ellis, Boston; price, \$1.50.

The first issue in the Cambridge Literature Series is Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner." The dainty little volume contains a valuable introduction, a brief biography of the poet, some critical essays on the origin of the poem, its form, and its marginal notes in prose. Published by Benjamin H. Sanborn & Co., Boston; price, 25 cents.

One of Edmond Rostand's early plays, a delightful little comedy in three acts, entitled "The Romançers," has been translated by Mary Hendee. It tells a story of plotting parents and deluded lovers, and "the scene is laid where you will, provided the costume be pretty." Published by the Doubleday & McClure Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

Montaigne wrote in the sixteenth century, yet many of his essays on educational topics are pertinent to-day, sound, and pleasing in their diction. L. E. Rector has selected, translated, and annotated many of his thoughts on this subject, and made a volume for the International Education Series under the title, "Montaigne: The Education of Children." Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

Three dainty booklets have come to notice this week. They are "California and the Californians," a thoughtful essay by David Starr Jordan; "Love and Law," a smart effusion by Professor Thomas P. Bailey, Jr., plentifully sprinkled with italics; "The Man Who Might Have Been," a dream about Ingersoll, by Robert Whitaker. Published by the Whitaker & Ray Company, San Francisco; price, 25 cents each.

The sixth and seventh volumes of the Eversley Edition of "The Works of Shakespeare" have appeared. The first contains "King John," "Richard the Second," and the first and second parts of "Henry the Fourth"; the seventh volume contains "Henry the Fifth," "Henry the Eighth," "Titus Andronicus," and "Romeo and Juliet." The introductions and notes of Editor C. H. Herford are excellent in every way, and the appearance of the volumes worthy of the publishing house from which they are issued. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50 each.

A novel much above the ordinary, if not altogether pleasing, is Stanley Waterloo's "The Launching of

a Man." The hero is introduced as a sophomore at college, and followed through the changing fortunes of a career which has much of shadow before the sunshine of success makes it golden. There is a tender romance in the story, the love of the hero for an auburn-haired visitor at the college during his junior year, and no little charm in the scenes described with the youthful pair as central figures. All the pictures of school life, of winter revels in Northern forest homes, of business in the West, of family reunions after years of waiting, are well drawn, and the man who was launched is a strong but thoroughly human figure. Published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.25. jshart

LATE VERSE.

Two Voices—Only.

Fair France! Yet Charlemagne fought for her;
Oude Roland and Olivier
And Bayard for her bulwark were.

Now, after long progressive years,
Behold the army's patriot peers
Base slaves to greed and lies and fears.

Yet might the false iconoclast
The broken Justice have recast,
And due atonement paid—at last.

Twice-told the shame. When comes the end?
A land proved traitor to her friend,
Dishonored honor to defend!

Look to thyself: a gilded cord,
The curse of a dividing sword,
And treason's treason for reward.

—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

France.

She stands convicted by the public voice—
Her friends desert her and her foes rejoice—
Scorn'd by the nations! This is France; who still

In ancient days through good report and ill
Lack'd not some touch of greatness; now, ah now,

Sunk daily deeper in her self-made slough,
Shrinks from no meanness infinitely base,
Parades deceit and glories in disgrace!
Her armies' ranks, once trembling Europe's dread,
Are manned by cravens and by catifits led;
Warriors were once her Generals; to-day
Tricksters who scheme the innocent to slay:
Steal and suborn in Justice's outraged name,
And prate of Honor when their acts are shame;
Their plots detected and their frauds avowed
Win the base plaudits of a yelling crowd,
While priests of God their villainous sanctify,
And call them Christians when they forge and lie.
Truth hides her head, and crimes unpunished go:
Yea—and the people love to have it so.

What will ye do when comes the end thereof?
Above courts-martial and their dooms above
Stands the Tribunal of insulted Right,
Stroog to abide, relentless to requite!
When vengeance smites her, and her towns afar
Blaze in the fire of fratricidal war,—
Taught by the anguish of an ordeal stern
To know her guides and false from true discern,
May France arise, purged as by cleansing flames,
Another nation, arm'd for nobler aims,
Check the lewd tongue, and curb the unchastened pen,
And blot from history's page the memory of
Rennes.—*Stephen Phillips in the Spectator.*

Stanhope Sanis, a student of the Rubáiyát, says in the *New York Times* that the spelling of the name of the Persian poet should be 'Umar instead of Omar. In explanation, he writes: "I can only say that the spelling 'Umar' is the way in which the immortal tent-maker wrote his own name. Moreover, there is no letter or sound of o in the Persian. The accent, or stress, is on the last syllable, both of 'Umar' and of 'Khayyám,' as is the case with all Persian words, with perhaps a dozen exceptions. When written 'Omar,' there is a noticeable tendency to pronounce the name with the first syllable stressed, which is anathema to the real student of 'Umar.' It may be added that the apostrophe in 'Umar' and other Persian words stands for an unspoken consonant gh, which had already disappeared in pronunciation at the time of 'Umar.'"

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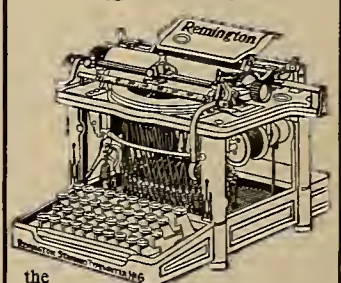
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Why is it that so few actresses can play Beatrice? There is nothing mysterious, or incomprehensible, or esoteric about her. She is not the type that critics fight over and upon whom students of the drama have violently divergent opinions. Moreover she is a kind of woman that is often met with in modern life, especially in this country. Have we not all met Beatrice? Have we not all laughed at that sparkling play of wit which scratches but does not cut? Have we not all been charmed by those unconquerable high spirits, and underneath their buoyant brightness seen the slyly concealed depths of a nature proud, deep, and rich?

Yet Beatrice, in her habits as she lived, we seldom, if ever, encounter in stageland. Miss Ellen Terry's was the only Beatrice I have seen that seemed to me to have close kinship with Shakespeare's wittiest and most brilliant heroine. In this personation, and only in this one, were the depths, tenderness, and womanliness of Leonato's niece indicated beneath an exterior so splendidly radiant, so alive with health, high spirits, and bubbling, irresistible vivacity, that it remains in the memory as a complete stage figure, like Booth's Brutus, Salvini's Outlaw, and Bernhardt's Floria Tosca.

I do not imagine that at her youngest and most brilliant day Mme. Modjeska could have been a great Beatrice. Everything she does has its artistic value, its charm of elegance, of intellectual balance, and quiet distinction; but the strongest features of her art have been those that do not belong to the radiantly merry or the wittily mischievous. Aside from the perfect finish of her performance, its careful yet broad intelligence, its cool and even mastery, her most potent charm has been her winning femininity. She is at her best in the characters that are gently strong, persuasively poetic. Hers is the purely feminine type. I saw her once in "Cymbeline," and the noble beauty of that performance is never to be forgotten.

Her Beatrice is, as it is bound to be, gayly gracious, refined, and more poetic than brilliant. She is, in truth, much handicapped by the fact that she no longer looks so youthful a part. As Marie Antoinette her appearance was eminently suitable, but she has not now the girlish sparkle of a Beatrice. The portrayal was all on a more subdued key than one is accustomed to associate with one of the most regally whimsical figures on the stage. Beatrice seemed to regret the biting power of her tongue, and her sharpest sallies were delivered with so gentle an accent, so soft a smile, that Leonato's reproving criticism seemed quite pointless. Even in the scene where she is sent to call Benedick to dinner, she softens the effect of her ungracious message—"Against my will I'm sent to call you in to dinner"—by adopting an air of sleepiness which finds expression in several realistic yawns.

The star's performance, with its classic refinement, its delicacy, and, above all, its poetic feeling, was in sharp contrast to the work of the rest of the company. For the most part, they treated the comedy with the easy familiarity of old and tried acquaintance. Several pretty girls are in the cast, and these having contributed their good looks, seemed to think their duty as performers in a Shakespearean classic had been done, and recited their lines with an off-hand, easy-going casualness and the air of saying: "I'm trying to make this stuff sound natural and up to date, and if it doesn't, it isn't my fault." Miss Dalglisch, the leading lady, a pretty girl, who in appearance suited her picturesque costumes, was particularly determined to give to her share of the dialogue a modern, piquant, if not actually frisky brightness. In the cathedral act—greatly to my surprise—she suddenly dropped this and rose to the exigencies of the scene with unexpected force and feeling. It is a long time since I have seen a more attractive Hero. She displayed an anguish and amaze that were moving. I did not quite like the white rosebuds. They were a little too aggressively prickly, standing out like quills on the fretful porcupine. The surprising thing was how they ever bore the strain of so much fainting, and clapping, and being pressed up against Leonato's shoulder. If it was not a pretty head-dress, it was certainly one that it took a good deal to disarrange.

Contrasting his King Louis with his Benedick, Mr. Keller's forte is the tragic. He is a boisterous, boyish, flamboyant Benedick. He is a man of camps rather than courts, a bluff, merry, shame-faced sort of soldier. How such a big simpleton of a man ever came to say so many clever, deliciously witty things is a question for Mr. Keller to settle with his own artistic conscience. He does not give the impression of being either humorous, mentally alert, elegant, or shrewd. But he does give a

distinct impression of a distinct type. Where the trouble is, is that this is not the type to which we have heretofore imagined Benedick as belonging. He has always been a gallant, cool, self-possessed, rather acidulated, woman-hater, who fell a very easy victim to a very simple plot. It occurs to one while watching Mr. Keller's uncouth and yet not unattractive Benedick, that his is in some ways more really natural and comprehensible than any of its predecessors.

Just such a stupid, shy, gauche gentleman as this would be taken in the trap his sharper friends set. And just such a kindly, heavy, boyish, downright soldier would have found his natural mate in the wild and untamable Beatrice, all life, color, animation, dash, and daring. It is a not unlovable Benedick, though it is never a stately one. There is something unconsciously and almost ridiculously humorous about it. Mr. Keller's appearance, especially after the loss of his beard, adds to the impression of naïve youthfulness. He reminded me of the description of Mr. Sparkler, who, in his large, smooth-shaven juvenility, had the appearance of "a swelled boy."

Tuesday evening, in its lazy, uninvigorating warmth, was not the sort of evening that one feels impelled to search for intellectual diversion. The mild amusement that one extracts from light opera is fitting entertainment for this balmy, autumnal season. This was the subdued frame of mind in which I took my way to the Grand Opera House to see "Rip Van Winkle." The city presented its most beautiful night aspect—a softly looming darkness broken by the splutter of thousands of lights—and the superambient ether was permeated with that large, varied, and unrivaled collection of odors for which San Francisco enjoys a just fame. I wonder if any other city in the world smells quite as badly as San Francisco does on a warm, autumn evening! Some one once told me that Naples could give it cards and spades in that particular, but I never could bring myself to believe it. People who travel in Europe are always trying to belittle the distinctions of their native land as compared with the glories of the Old World.

Across Market Street the atmosphere was even more remarkable. You wonder as you walk along why the passers-by do not suddenly become overpowered and sink senseless to the sidewalk. I suppose the secret of our survival lies in the fact that here in San Francisco we are all immune. Nevertheless, I entered the Opera House with a distinct sensation of relief, as of one who has found sanctuary in a position of the direst peril.

It is some time since I have been down there, and the bright freshness of its appearance, the large audience, the enlivened and encouraged players, all testified to an era of cheering prosperity. The last time I was in the Opera House I had most of the auditorium to myself. In the balcony three or four people disputed my supremacy, and a bead or two, blackly silhouetted against the glimmer of the dome, decorated the edge of the top gallery. The performance was no less excellent than that of last Tuesday, and I believe the difference in the size of the audience is due to the fact that where one person buys a dollar ticket, ten will buy a half-dollar ticket.

With the drop in price there has been no drop in the quality of the production. It was good—it was astonishingly good. I have several times remarked in this column that I am not a fair critic of comic opera, as it exercises over me but little of that charm which it extends over other and even more hardened theatre-goers. Yet despite the warmth of the evening, the fact that the night before I had been to see "Much Ado About Nothing" for about the twenty-first time, and the inborn disinclination for light opera with which an unjust fate has handicapped me, I was amused and entertained from start to finish.

There are both voices and actors in the Grand Opera House company. Wolff, for example, gave a quite artistic rendering of the leading part. It was a portrayal worthy of serious consideration as a piece of grave histrionic work. Though he had the stage to himself most of the time, he did not over-act or weary the spectators by too much buffoonery—a common error with companies of this sort. In the last act he played with so much real feeling that the joyous cackling in the audience finally died away and the house sat silent, caught and held for a moment by what the play-bills call "the strong heart interest." It was a very pretty scene, very lightly and yet deftly played. Edith Mason is not much of an actress, but she has a sweet and graceful stage-manner, a most attractive presence, and a charming voice.

The second act of the operetta dragged a little, and suffered from a good deal of padding. Where the libretto followed the play it was good. It was in its digressions for the introduction of musical numbers that it dwindled in interest. The music was neither particularly bright nor original. Had it been otherwise "Rip Van Winkle" would not have fallen into the state of desuetude from which the Grand Opera House management revived it. Outside the songs of Hendrick Hudson and his mates, there is nothing in it of sufficient merit to have made it an operatic treat. The interest of the story and the charm of the acting and setting are what render the present performance so piquantly attractive.

GERALDINE BONNER.

MAGAZINE VERSE.

The King of Ireland's Cairn.
*Blow softly down the valley,
O wind, and stir the fern
That waves its green fronds over
The King of Ireland's Cairn.*

Here in his last wild foray
He fell, and here he lies—
His armor makes no rattle,
The clay is in his eyes.

His spear, that once was lightning
Hurled with unerring hand,
Rusts by his fleshless fingers
Beside his battle-brand.

His shield, that made a pillow
Beneath his noble head,
Hath moldered, quite forgotten,
With the half-forgotten dead.

Say, do his ghost remember
Old fights—old revelings,
When the victor-chant reechoed
In Tara of the Kings?

Say, in those Halls of Silence
Hath he sought his shadowy Queen,
Or doth he sleep contented
To dream of what has been?

Nay, nay, he still is kingly—
He wanders in a glen
Where Fionn goes by a-hunting
With misty Fenian men.

He sees the Hounds of Wonder
Bring down their fleeting prey—
He sees the swift blood flowing
At dawning of the day.

At night he holds his revels
Just as a King might do—
But all the guests are ghostly,
And all the lights burn blue.

And he who crowns the feasting,
His pale Queen by his side,
Is cold as when they stretched him
That bitter eve he died.

'Tis well he seeks no tidings—
His heart would ache to know
That all is changed in Ireland,
And Tara lieth low.

—Ethna Carbery in *October Harper's Magazine*.

His Letter.

As Nature wasting for the rain of Spring,
She waited for his letter—over seas,
Long hills lay dusty for her traveling,
The Summer days but bloom-girt travesties!
She waited by the moon, with sightless eyes,
Unbearable her woman's industries,
She waited brave or pensive, woman wise,
For that uncoming voice across the seas.

Weary the while, she lent her ear to catch
The constant rhythm of a neighbor's tune,
That clung as bees about a rose-clad thatch,
Piped 'neath her window noon by noon.
Last night she opened the lattice of her heart
And took it in;—to-day, as if to shame
Inconstancy unto the rover's faith,

Across the silent seas his letter came!

—Martha Gilbert Dickinson in *October Atlantic Monthly*.

The Sailor-Man.

Sure a terrible time I was out o' the way,
Over the sea, over the sea,
Till I come back to Ireland one sunny day,
Bethther for me, bethther for me!
The first time me foot got the feel o' the ground,
I was strollin' along in an Irish city
That hasn't its aqual the world around
For the air that is sweet, an' the girls that are pretty.

Light on their feet now they passed me an' sped,
Give you me word, give you me word!
Every girl had a turn o' the head
Just like a bird, just like a bird.
An' the lashes so thick round their beautiful eyes,
Shinin' to tell ye 'twas fair time o' day wi' them;
Back in me heart wi' a kind o' surprise,
I think how the Irish girls has the way wi' them!

Och, man alive! but it's little ye know
That never was there, never was there—
Look where ye like for them, long may ye go,—
What do I care? what do I care?
Plenty as blackberries where will ye find
Rare pretty girls, not by two nor by three o' them?
Only just there where they grow, d'ye mind,
Still like the blackberries, more than ye see o' them.

Long, long away, an' no matter how far
'Tis the girls that I miss, girls that I miss.
Women are roun' ye wherever ye are,
Not worth a kiss, not worth a kiss.
Over in Ireland many's the one—
Well do I know that has nothin' to say wi' them,—
Sweeter than anythin' under the sun,
Och, but the Irish girls has the way wi' them!

—Mairia O'Neill in *September Blackwood's*.

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THE STAGE IN MEXICO.

Peculiarities of the Theatre and Audience—
Rosario Soler the Queen of
Comic Opera.

The Mexican stage bears the imprint of Spain, the mother-country, to a higher degree than do Mexico's manners and customs, which are rapidly nearing a transitional state due to her growing relationship with her northern neighbor (says Thomas Brown in the October *Cosmopolitan*). In the capital city, famous for its old buildings, the theatres likewise date, if judged from internal and external appearances, back to the days of the conquest, or at least to those of the empire.

While there are minor theatres devoted to the legitimate drama, and patronized by a *clientele* composed mostly of the lower classes, the Mexican people are essentially a pleasure-seeking and music-loving race, and lean toward comedy and music to such an extent that a combination of these two elements in the *zarzuela* forms their chief class of the theatrical entertainment. *Zarzuela*, translated comic opera, has a wider and broader meaning, running the gamut from the serious to the farce, more or less interspersed with music of the Spanish type. *Zarzuela* is of two classes, the *genero chico* and the *genero grande*—the former generally consisting of one act of a light order embellished with catchy music, the latter usually of three acts with a more serious motif, and at times, though rarely, approaching the tragic. The *genero chico* in duration can be compared to the curtain-raiser of our own stage; and in turn, according to its class, if there be any distinct sub-classes, contains from one to six parts, depending upon whether an attempt be made toward spectacular effect or not. A production consisting of four acts, each a complete play within itself, and taking in all more than four hours to present, would make for us, even though of the best, a rather long and wearisome performance. The management, however, offers to sell tickets for all ordinary occasions by acts at the modest price of twenty-five cents each, and offers a varied programme suited to all tastes. Upon special occasions, such as Thursday and Sunday matinees, Sunday nights, and feast days, is given an undivided show.

Upon all occasions the first few rows are reserved for the proverbial bald-head, or the foreigner forced to sit close to catch the subtle tones of the pure Castilian. Between the acts the men rise from their seats, put on their hats, which are never off their heads except when the curtain is up, and if they do not retire for liquid refreshments to the numerous *cantinas* in the immediate vicinity, or to that in the foyer, they stare about freely, turning to face the audience leisurely in search of acquaintances, and ogling the occupants of the tiers of boxes. The whole proceeding savors of informality and good-fellowship. The *señora* and *señorita* take as much pleasure in the display of wonderfully constructed but impenetrable head-gear in public as do their Anglo-Saxon sisters. In some houses smoking is permitted during the performance; in others, while no one else may object, an overzealous *gendarme* will probably do so.

The stage-curtain is provincial in character, reminding one of his youth and the county-seat opera-house. While there is no attempt to make the programme a medium of advertisements, the curtain is used for this purpose to its full extent. Above, in the proscenium arch, appears the roster of the acts for to-morrow's performance, which will later appear on walls not bearing the following familiar legend: "Post no Bills"—for the flaming lithograph is still a stranger in the country.

Take it all in all, you will see much that will strike you as rather crude, and even obsolete on our own stage. The prompter's box stands strikingly forth as a barrier between the orchestra-leader and the stage, helching forth sounds clearly audible to the occupants of the first rows. The chorus will set you meditating on the illuiveness of beauty in the human race. One can not properly describe the facial and physical appearance of this chorus. It is recruited from the rank and file of Mexican life, and comprises the pure Indian type, together with all degrees of intermixture. The scenery, from its tattered and dingy appearance, may have served as first examples of the scenic art. On the other hand, you will hear the largest and best theatre orchestra that you have ever heard in light opera—every member an artist—and see Spanish principals of talent and wide versatility, from whose proximity the chorus becomes inspired fairly to outdo itself, resulting in such artistic effects that you instinctively yearn for a far-distant companion to share in your enjoyment.

Mexico City supports two theatres devoted to *zarzuela*—the Principal and the Arbu, which are open every day in the year except in Holy Week, and produce an *estreno* every Saturday night. The *zarzuela* that lives to become an old favorite is one that touches a popular chord. Its success does not depend so much on scenic effect as on its intrinsic worth. Many have been in repertoire for years, to be revived at intervals and again shelved. Upon the advent of a new star, they serve her as a vehicle in which to match her talents with those of her predecessors. These operas are few compared with those that live but a short period and those that die at birth.

The Mexican public is not an indulgent one. The Mexican goes on the first night to form his own opinion, and is not backward in expressing it. It does not matter how strong the hid may be for his favor. He has a criterion of his own, and if he does not like the play he jeers and hisses it off the stage.

The companies of these leading theatres are large and versatile, capable of producing anything from "Traviata" to the lightest kind of musical farce-comedy; composed of leading ladies of diversified talents, first and less tenors, character actors, comedians, *ballerinas*, and chorus.

The queen of the Mexican stage is Rosario Soler, endearingly styled "la Pata," because of the fetching duck-song she so charmingly sings in "La Marcha de Cadiz," in which she here won her first laurels. Personally "la Soler" is possessed of that quality expressed so aptly by the Spanish adjective "simpatica," and indefinable in English except by the word "magnetic." I can not think of an American counterpart of her except Della Fox in her palmy days, and such a comparison is far-fetched. The possessor of a delicate beauty and charm, and a voice of light *timbre*, which, while exceedingly pleasant, gives a suggestion of an imperfect training, she plays *chula* (pretty, but of the people) parts as no one else can, and all other parts she invests with a charming personality.

In a city of four hundred thousand inhabitants, the most cosmopolitan for its size on the continent, in which a speaking acquaintance with three or four modern languages is an ordinary accomplishment, and English is in the ascendancy, the introduction of this language on the Mexican stage would doubtless meet with good returns for some enterprising manager. An interchange of certain classes of Spanish *zarzuela*, with its beautiful but unfamiliar music, with the vaudeville shows of our variety houses, would be to the mutual enjoyment of both peoples. American companies have nearly always played to large audiences in Mexico, but the long and expensive journey debars all but the big organizations from visiting the city. Patti always considered Mexico City one of her best engagements.

Mrs. Craigie on Wagner.

Mrs. Craigie, better known by her pen-name, John Oliver Hobbes, has been to Bayreuth for the festival and has gone home to London chock full of impressions, a part of which she rids herself of in a column and a half article in the *London Times*. It is a most violent attack on Wagner and all his works, and concludes thus:

"As a composer, even if he has mastered the technique of Bach and covered more ground than Beethoven, Wagner has never caught the spirituality of the one nor approached the heights of the other. When he might have soared, he relied upon the scene-painter and imitation clouds on gauze. But where he is supreme among the greatest is in his representation of nature. Wagner alone has seized the music of the earth. No one else has caught and enchained forever the mysteries of life 'outdoors'—the sound of wind in the trees, the fall of night on black mountains, fiercest gales, and the melancholy of sunset, the spell of a spring morning, the break of day, the madness of the storm, the flow of the river, the singing of rushes in a pool, the rage and hunger of the sea, and the wrath of the tempest. For these physical forces he shows an unerring and serene sympathy; no 'personal equation' disturbed his genius in this regard, or drove him, out of sheer hostility to human nature, as he found it, to utter the word too much. It is the cruel reproof of time and destiny that a man of Wagner's genius should come to be regarded as the pessimistic sensualist who twangs the old song of self-indulgence in a louder, and therefore newer, way. He was a great man, but the greatest man is not so great as mankind. His art was too personal, nervous, over-charged; and the vast crowd who are ever waiting in the market-place to dance to any piping—no matter how inferior—on the sensual strings, go to him, not for his incomparable gifts, but because he seems a sensation-monger with a hurdy-gurdy."

A New and Popular Pastime.

A new and interesting amusement is furnished by the harmless rubber-tipped arrow and target, and its popularity is a surprise even to the inventor. It was supposed that it would find favor chiefly among the boys, but with its introduction the new sport attracted the attention of all members of the family, and was taken up at once by every one. As an indoor pastime it meets all requirements. Skill, of course, comes with practice, but there is excitement in the varying success of the first efforts. There is no danger in the sport, and no explosions or scent of powder to annoy those not engaged in the trials. It trains the sight and steadies the nerves, and is beneficial in many ways. Parents who have provided the game for their children have shared the delight of the young folks in the sport. It is safe to say that no pastime introduced in recent times has as many elements of lasting popularity.

Touring Round the World.

A party of twelve tourists, accompanied by a representative of the world's famous tourist agents, Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son, will leave Vancouver, October 9th, for a six months' tour. Another party, under the same management, will leave San Francisco by the Pacific Mail Steamship *China*, November 9th. Itineraries can be obtained at Cook's Tourist Bureau, 621 Market Street, San Francisco.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

"Hotel Topsy Turvy."

Modjeska will close her engagement at the Columbia Theatre this (Saturday) evening in "Macbeth," and on Sunday evening a musical comedy entitled, "Hotel Topsy Turvy," will open for a two weeks' run, at popular prices. It is based on the trials and tribulations of a circus company that has been doing bad business, and is said to abound in sparkling dialogue and laughable situations. No less than five noted librettists and composers had a hand in its production. They are Maurice Ordonneau, Arthur Sturges, and Edgar Smith, who wrote the book, and Victor Roger and Lionel Monckton, who composed the music. While we are not to see all the principals who contributed to the success of the comedy at the Herald Square Theatre last season, notably Marie Dressler, the company which will present "Hotel Topsy Turvy" here is a good one. Eddie Foy, a San Francisco favorite, and Josie de Witt are the most prominent members. Among the others may be mentioned Burrell Barbareto, Phil H. Ryley, J. C. Marlow, William F. Carroll, George Romain, Gus Mortimer, Octavis Barbe, Bertie Fowler, Pauline Duffield, Louise Rosa, and Amelia Glover.

Nance O'Neil in "Peg Woffington."

Ben Hendricks in "A Yenuine Gentleman" will give way on Sunday evening to Nance O'Neil, who will begin a two weeks' engagement in Charles Reade and Tom Taylor's charming comedy, "Peg Woffington," in three acts. Miss O'Neil's support has been materially strengthened, as will be seen from the following cast: Sir Charles Pomander, Edwin Mordaunt; Mr. Ernest Vane, Charles Canfield; Colly Cibber, George Backs; Triplet, Barton Hill; Mr. Snarl, W. L. Gleason; Mr. Soaper, Raymond Whitaker; Mr. Quin, Frank Opperman; James Burdock, Eolette Barthelette; Colander, Mrs. John T. Raymond; Hunsdon, Charles Bartram; Call-Boy, James N. Gleason; Mrs. Mabel Vane, Virginia Stuart; Kitty Clive, Mina Crolius; and Mrs. Trip-let, Ricca Allen.

Among the other plays in which she will be seen will be "The School for Scandal," "Camille," "Magda," and "The Jewess."

At the Tivoli.

Next week the Tivoli Opera House will present another alternating bill of comic and grand opera. On Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings and Saturday matinee, Balfe's tuneful opera, "Satanella," will be given with a cast composed of Ada Palmer Walker, Julie Cotte, Charlotte Beckwith, William Schuster, Tom Greene, and Alf. C. Wheelan, the clever new comedian, who has scored a great success as Koko in "The Mikado." On Tuesday evening, Verdi's eighty-seventh birthday will be celebrated by a varied programme, devoted entirely to the eminent composer's operas and including selections from "Aida," "Othello," "Trovatore," "Attila," and orchestral numbers rendered by the orchestra under Director Hirschfeld. During the remainder of the week Verdi's "Ernani" will be sung with Avedano, Salassa, Wanrell, Zani, Fornari, and Anna Lichter in the leading roles.

The Orpheum's Excellent Bill.

There will be a practically new bill at the Orpheum next week, for the only hold-overs will be the Hawaiian Queens, Frank Cushman, Forest and King, and Seymour and Dupree, all of whom will introduce innovations in their specialties. Among the new-comers will be the Florenz Troupe, composed of six clever acrobats, who perform all sorts of marvelous feats in full evening dress; the Le Page Sisters, song- and dance artists; Le Petite Elsie, a precocious little girl of seven years, who will give imitations of famous actresses; Mr. and Mrs. Harold Haskins, who will appear in an original comedy sketch; and Howard's ponies. The latter are said to be marvelously trained—one of them wrestles, another does a cake-walk, and the whole troupe enact a comedy, which is sure to appeal to the children.

"Giroflé-Girofla" at the Grand.

The many admirers of Edith Mason will have an excellent opportunity to see her at her best next week, when she will appear as the twin sisters in Lecocq's charming comic opera, "Giroflé-Girofla," which is to be revived on an elaborate scale at the Grand Opera House. This is one of Miss Mason's most successful rôles and is especially suited to her clear, soprano voice. Thomas Perse will be seen as Marasquin, Arthur Wooley as Don Bolero, Bessie Fairbairn as Aurora, Hattie Belle Ladd as Paquita, Jeanette Fredericks as Fernand, William Wolff as Mourzouk, Winfred Goff as Pedro, Hubert Sinclair as the pirate chief, and A. E. Arnold as Admiral Matamores.

Another support of the British constitution is threatened. Bear-skins are growing scarce and difficulty is found in providing the ridiculous head-gear worn by the Foot Guards. The English war department is, therefore, studying the problem of a substitution, and may report on the subject in a few years.

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Midsummer Night's Dream.
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All's Well That Ends Well.
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VANITY FAIR.

In Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer and Mrs. Burton Harrison New York society has two caustic critics. To Mrs. Van Rensselaer's drastic essay in the August *Cosmopolitan* on the want of respect for traditions in New York society of to-day, Mrs. Harrison has added a chapter in a recent number of the *Saturday Evening Post* entitled "New York Society—An Inside View." Mrs. Harrison opens with this statement: "In the face of the luxurious displays of modern New York society at which the whole world blinks astonished, we are in danger of forgetting that things were ever otherwise among us. Quiet people who recall the New York of earlier days, and shared in its social diversions then as now, may well stand back in astonishment at our swift advance in luxury. The new society recruited from the nurseries of a period not so long since hardly credits the recent date of the advance in extravagances it so readily assimilates. These sated young people, brought up to sip the froth from the wine of the present, smile at pictures drawn for them by some veteran of society of the New York of sixty years ago, when some of the solid business men of the city, founders of princely fortunes of to-day, actually slept and lived over their shops. But," she adds, "everything that happened sixty years ago is dignified by the lapse of time." The writer observes that the marked difference between the two eras is indicated by domestic service. "In the first period a butler and one footman were all that were deemed essential for the establishment of a wealthy citizen. When it was a question of receiving company at dinner, black-coated waiters of the ordinary stripe were brought in to supply deficiencies, and vanished like ghosts in the night. Now the myrmidons who stand in ranks on either side of the hallway, when dinner guests are ushered in, belong to the house and filly sustain its glories. The absolute lack in America of the habit of coalescence among servants, such as, no matter what their shortcomings, still keeps the same class together in English homes, is painfully apparent here. More and more as the years press us toward a new century one wonders if our wealthy 'leisure class,' who make a business of pleasure and raise themselves up to be gaped at by all the newspaper readers in the land, are ever going to cease to find satisfying delight in material things?"

The motto of the social mart, "give and take," is one of the writer's criticisms. She charges that intellectual accomplishment, wit, spiritual graces, are not overlooked, but are second to material display; and, as if to second Mrs. Van Rensselaer's comments, Mrs. Harrison writes that old family and distinguished lineage count for something in all societies of the civilized world, but it means little here unless backed by the money requisite for entertaining. Mrs. Harrison stands for a phase of American family tradition as aristocratic as that represented by Mrs. Van Rensselaer. One represents a Southern aristocracy and the other a Northern, and both trace their descent clearly from British noble families of the first water. Mrs. Harrison thinks that the best explanation of this attitude is that life in New York goes on so rushingly, is so crowded with detail, that fashionable people have no time to investigate what lies beyond their borders, and are too weary to take on new cares of visiting acquaintance. She hastens, however, to pay tribute of admiration and profound respect to one side of "smart" society. It is the unfailing and ever-flowing fountain of benefaction toward the poor and sick here and elsewhere. She also notes that we have few idle, dissipated "chappies," and points to the prominence of representative society men in the war with Spain. Mrs. Harrison has also these words of commendation: "As to the consideration of moral tone among the people of social consequence now in New York, in spite of a few conspicuous examples of defiance of public opinion, there is more observance of old-time propriety of life and demeanor than in the same class in any other social centre of the world. This condition would naturally obtain in families where the cult of children is made of the first importance, as with us."

English society seems to be suffering from a similar affliction—the worship of money. Listen to what London *Vanity Fair* says: "So far as mere 'looks' go, it is none the less probable that the living generations of peerage, beaige, and general aristocracy and plutocracy are handsomer than their ancestors. Yet difficulty of recognizing ladies and gentlemen is increasing, owing to the very serious deterioration of conversation and manners. The general motive underlying the carefully studied air of a great number of persons is to assert an importance that, without money and impudence, would not be theirs. There are still a few gentlefolk in the world; but, as a rule, good manners have ceased to be the natural attribute of good birth. Vulgarity, no doubt, is our common heritage, and certainly we now fail to resist its influence or to be imperious to it—as were our grand parents. The responsibility for this deterioration rests more especially upon those whose mothers and grandmothers were what old-fashioned gentlemen were wont to term 'gentlewomen.' The women and girls of the present day rather resent this demand the courtesy that was formerly required; and, consequently, it is seldom accorded to them. The ambition of the period is to be 'smart,'

and the result is a kind of gilded vulgarity. Some are born vulgar and ape gentility; some are born gentle and ape vulgarity. But, be they gentle or simple, the majority have vulgarity—on the surface or under a veneer. Such is the picture of ourselves toward the close of this nineteenth century; and the promise of the future is not encouraging. We worship money, we realize dross. The appearance of most of us suggests that we are ill-bred, and in actual fact it seldom belies us. *Noblesse oblige* represents a virtue that is almost extinct. Most of us are selfish, and consequently ill-mannered, as well as ill-looking. Ludovics is yet a pot-bellied, mean-looking pantaloons; but his robes are gorgeous and denote Rex; so Ludovics, plus the robes, becomes transformed into Ludovics Rex. Those who have money and spend it are, consequently, 'quite nice people.'"

The story that there is a lack of women for domestic service in Chicago, and that men are taking their places, is corroborated by the *Chicago Times-Herald*, which says: "Crowded out of stores, factories, and offices by women's willingness to work for lower wages, idle men are going into domestic service, and are raising the wage scale there, too. Moreover, so far as the employment agencies have had reports from their clients who employed men for house-work, the latter are giving excellent service, and seem to be, in most instances, satisfied to remain in their new positions. Many of the men so employed are old fellows, unable any longer to do hard outdoor labor, and are gratified to be able to fall into indoor places of comparative ease, with a guaranty of plenty of wholesome food, comfortable quarters, and fair wages in addition. But young men are not lacking in the list. These men, be it understood, are not employed for the offices of butler, coachman, and the like, but are asked to perform the functions of house-maid and cook—to care for the babies, sweep and wash, scrub and polish, and so forth. The want-ad columns of the daily paper contain many calls for men—the last resort of housekeepers who have failed to get women. The labor agencies have many such applications, and not infrequently a help-seeker who comes for a woman engages a man instead, the women refusing to do general work, or making other conditions with which the house-wife is unwilling or unable to comply."

Each of the more important international weddings of the last five years has had some spectacular distinctiveness, either in the variety of ceremony used or in the romance that led up to the match (says the *New York Commercial Advertiser*). The marriage of Mrs. Louis Hammersley to Lord Blandford, afterward Duke of Marlborough, in 1888, was the most prosaic of all the recent international matrimonial matches. They were married in the New York City Hall by the mayor, but there was something theatrical in the sensation in society that followed the marriage. The vulgar rush of unbidden guests at the marriage of Miss Martin with the Earl of Craven in Grace Church formed a scene that impressed itself indelibly on the memories of spectators. Prompted by an insatiable curiosity, a crowd, made up mainly of women, pushed into the church, and, as the aisles were crowded, climbed over the backs of pews. A similar scene, on a smaller scale, was enacted on the occasion of the marriage of Mrs. Colgate with the late Earl of Stafford in Grace Church. The marriage of Consuelo Vanderbilt with the Duke of Marlborough was planned on a scale of magnificence that would do justice to a theatrical spectacle of the first magnitude. The impressiveness of the scene in St. Thomas's Church, the lavish floral display, the brilliant throng of guests, the elaborate musical programme, and the precision with which the details of the ceremony were carried out had no precedent in the memories of the local guests present. Undoubtedly the most spectacular of all the recent international marriages was the union of the daughter of a St. Louis brewer with a German count. The bride's father hired a hotel for the accommodation of the wedding guests who went long distances. Nearly a hundred guests came on from Germany with the bridegroom, and the only expenses they incurred in the round trip from Germany to St. Louis were their tips. Even their laundry bills were paid by the bride's father. The spectacular distinctiveness of the marriage, a fortnight ago, of Miss Julia Grant with the Prince Michael Cantacuzene, Count Speransky, lay in the picturesque Greek ceremonial in a room that had been previously blessed, thereby making it, for the occasion, a consecrated Greek church. Rarely has an altar of the Greek Church been erected in a private American home, and the right to do it on this occasion could have been obtained only by a person of high station in matters of both church and state in Russia.

Among the various topics which have come up for discussion during the London silly season this year are "Is the athletic girl dying out?" "Ought ladies to row?" "Are we as good as we look?" "What shall we do with our daughters?" and "Are appearances worth keeping up?" The last subject is the only one which has been taken up with anything like enthusiasm, and those in the affirmative seem to have come out ahead in the controversy. The *London Spectator* says, in discussing this question: "There is no acting in postponing one comfort to

another—good food, for example, to respectable clothes—no falsity in doing as others do at the price of secret economy, no cheating in doing without comfort for the sake of grade if you pay rigidly for the little you are content to buy. Some people seem to think it positively wrong to look well-off if you are poor, but why is it wrong if no one is defrauded? It may be foolish, and in extreme cases it is unwise, but in nine cases out of ten it is the very best course to pursue, prevents humiliations which slowly sap self-respect, and preserves those possibilities of careers without which the reparation of fortunes is impossible."

One of the stories of Mr. Vanderbilt that has not been told in print illustrates his personal courage. While he was in Europe with his sons, a few years ago, he sent word to Mr. Depew, who was in London, that the boys wanted to visit the tomb of Agamemnon, in Greece. As the holding up of trains upon the railroad which he would have to take to reach Argos was by no means rare, Mr. Depew sought to dissuade him from the idea. Mr. Vanderbilt, however, insisted upon going. At Vienna, through some delay, the party missed the train it was to have taken, and was forced to take the next one. Mr. Vanderbilt learned afterward that the first train had been held up in the mountains by robbers, and that four men, who were mistaken for his party, had been taken from it. These men were forced to raise ten thousand dollars before they regained their liberty.

Prospective Mothers.

Preparatory Hints; Bathing; Clothing; Habits; Fresh Air; Second Summer, etc.; are some of the subjects treated in "Babies," a book for young mothers, sent free by Borden's Condensed Milk Co., N. Y., who make Gail Borden Eagle Brand.

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions for the week ending Wednesday, October 4, 1899, on the Stock and Bond Exchange were as follows:

	BONDS.		Closed.	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
U. S. Coup. 3%.....	1,700	@ 107 3/4-108 1/2	108 1/2	
Los An. & Pac. Ry. 5%.....	9,000	@ 103 1/2	103	
Los An. Ry. 5%.....	1,000	@ 105 1/2	105 1/2	
Market St. Ry. 6%.....	6,000	@ 128 1/2	128 1/2	129
Market St. Ry. 5%.....	5,000	@ 115 1/2	115 1/2	
N. R. of Cal. 6%.....	10,000	@ 115 1/2	112 1/2	
Oakland Gas 2d 5%.....	5,000	@ 109	111 1/2	
Oakland Transit 6%.....	12,000	@ 111 1/2	111	112
S. F. & N. P. Ry. 5%.....	10,000	@ 113 1/2	113 1/2	
S. F. & S. J. Ry. 5%.....	6,000	@ 114 1/2	114 1/2	115
S. P. Branch 6%.....	7,000	@ 122 1/2	122 1/2	123 1/2
S. V. Water 6%.....	12,000	@ 114 1/2-114 3/4	114	115
S. V. Water 4%.....	10,000	@ 104	104	104 1/2
S. V. Water 4 3/4 3d.....	17,000	@ 101 1/2	101 1/2	101 3/4
STOCKS.		Closed.		
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Contra Costa Water.....	315	@ 67 1/2-72	68 1/2	69 1/2
Spring Valley Water.....	395	@ 100 1/4-101 1/2	100 1/2	100 3/4
Gas and Electric.				
Equitable Gaslight.....	1,540	@ 5 1/2-7 1/2	6	6 1/2
Mutual Electric.....	275	@ 15-16	15	16
Oakland G. L. & H. S.....	25	@ 49	48	50
S. F. Gas & Electric.....	390	@ 64 1/2-66 1/2	64 1/2	65
Banks.				
Bank of Cal.....	50	@ 287-287 1/2	287	287 1/2
Cal. S. D. & T. Co.....	100	@ 97	97	98
S. F. Savings Union.....	1	@ 505	500	515
Street R. R.				
California St.....	20	@ 121 1/2	120	
Market St.....	30	@ 63 1/2-64	64	64 1/2
Powders.				
Giant Con.....	1,255	@ 77-78	77 1/2	78 1/2
Vigorit.....	375	@ 2 1/2-2 5/8	2 1/2	2 5/8
Sugars.				
Hana P. Co.....	655	@ 13 1/2-14 1/4	14	14 1/2
Hawaiian.....	150	@ 90 1/2	90	97
Honokaa S. Co.....	2,945	@ 34 1/2-35	34 1/2	35 1/2
Hutchinson.....	160	@ 30-30 1/2	30 1/2	
Makawell S. Co.....	540	@ 49 1/2-49 3/4	49 1/2	
Onomae S. Co.....	215	@ 39-39 1/2	39	40
Pauhaau S. P. Co.....	230	@ 36 1/2-37	36 1/2	37
Miscellaneous.				
Alaska Packers.....	15	@ 117 1/2-117 3/4	117 1/2	118
Oceanic Steam. Co.....	35	@ 87-88	86	88 1/2
Pac. C. Box.....	20	@ 142 1/2	145	

The gas and electric stocks have been active and mixed on small transactions, San Francisco Gas and Electric and Mutual Electric selling down from one to two points, and Equitable Gas selling up three points to 8, falling back to 5, and closing at 6 bid, 6 1/2 asked. There are rumors on the street of a combination of the Equitable Gas and the new Spreckels Electric Company, but could not be traced to any reliable source.

Giant Powder was strong and advanced to 80 on strong buying, but closed off at 77 1/2 bid and 78 asked.

The sugar stocks have been quiet and weak on small sales. Hana sold down to 13 1/2, but closed strong at 14 bid and 14 1/4 asked.

The water stocks were weak, Spring Valley selling down a point and a half to 100 1/4, and Contra Costa six points to 67 1/2, the latter closing at 68 1/4, bid for small lots.

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BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.

COLIN M. ROYD, Agent for San Francisco, 411 California Street

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Robert Lowe once watched a deaf friend listening to a most tremendous bore with his ear-trumpet. "Why," Lowe wondered aloud, "why contend against natural advantages?"

A minister, having preached a very long sermon, as was his custom, some hours after asked a gentleman his candid opinion of it, to which the latter replied that "twas good, but it had spoiled a goose worth two of it."

A writer in the Atlanta Constitution tells a tale, perhaps autobiographical, of an author, who, being hard pressed by his creditors, wrote to an editor for whom he had done some work: "Please send check at once, as my gas bill is due." The candid editor replied in this brief fashion: "So is mine. God help us all!"

A musician, whose English is not as perfect as his music, while conducting a festival at Littleton, N. H., was called upon to introduce a soloist. He did it in this fashion: "Ladies and gentlemen, I had been asked introduce to you Meester Vilder to play for you a floot solo; I haf now done so, and he vill now do so."

Ernest McGaffey, poet and benedict, was approached soon after his marriage by a lady who said to him: "Oh, Mr. McGaffey, I have just seen your wife for the first time since your marriage. I had supposed that she was a taller woman. She seems shorter than when I saw her last." "Certainly," replied the poet, solemnly, "she has married and settled down, you know."

One day a friend came rushing into Sarcey's room, waving a paper. "What's the matter?" inquired the critic. "Here's some one," cried the other, "who has been calling you 'an imbecile' in print! Are you going to challenge him?" Sarcey smiled. "Certainly not," he replied; "I owe him my thanks. The public will soon forget the word 'imbecile,' and will only remember having read my name."

An old farmer who had been to the city was describing to his friends the splendor of the hotel he stayed at. "Everything was perfect," said he; "all but one thing—they kept the light burning all night in my bedroom, a thing I ain't used to." "Well," said one of his listeners, "why didn't you blow it out?" "Blow it out!" said the farmer; "how could I? The pesky thing was inside a bottle!"

A new military prison chaplain was recently appointed in a certain town in Scotland, and, entering one of the cells on his first round of inspection, he, with much pomposity, thus addressed the prisoner who occupied it: "Well, sir, do you know who I am?" "No, nor I dinna care," was the nonchalant reply. "Well, I'm your new chaplain." "Oh, ye are; well, I have heard o' ye before." "And what did you hear?" returned the chaplain, his curiosity getting the better of his dignity. "Well, I heard that the last two kirks ye were in ye preached them baith empty, but I'll be hanged if ye find it such an easy matter to do the same wi' this one."

When a warship goes out for target practice it is the custom to place all glass, chinaware, and other fragile articles in the hold of the ship—as close down to the keel as possible—in order to prevent breakage by the concussion that follows the firing of the guns. This led to an amusing incident at Manila, after the destruction of the Spanish fleet. Life on board the Olympia was gradually settling down to its accustomed routine and dullness, when one day at luncheon Commodore Dewey asked his colored boy, Jim, where some dish that he missed from the table had gone. "I ain't had no chance to git it yet," was Jim's answer, "since I put it in de hol 'jest befo' dat target practice you had de udder day, commodore."

A financial agent of the Texas penitentiary had warmly opposed the election of Governor Houston, but was particularly anxious to retain his own pleasantly lucrative position. Consequently the governor was soon in receipt of a petition in which the man's years of faithful service and special qualifications for the place were set forth in glowing terms by himself. The governor sent for him, and said, gravely: "It appears from this petition that you have been in the penitentiary eight years?" "I have," was the reply. "And during that time you have performed faithfully every duty that has come in your way, to the best of your ability?" "I have," answered the agent, his courage rising. "Then, sir," said the governor, with the air of one conferring a priceless favor, "I pardon you out!"

The late Lord Carnarvon, when colonial secretary, officially recorded his opinion of Sir George Grey as "a dangerous man." Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, on one of his visits from Victoria, called upon Lord Carnarvon in Downing Street, and in conversation came to introduce a reference to Sir George Grey. "A very strange and incomprehensible character," said Lord Carnarvon, with a shake of the head; "I

hear he has now withdrawn to an island off the coast of New Zealand and surrounded himself with a number of wallabies." "Oh, yes, I think that is not at all improbable," replied Sir Charles. "You surprise me," rejoined Lord Carnarvon; "what must be the state of morality in a country where you make light of such a proceeding?" "Why, my lord, what do you suppose a wallaby to be?" "A half-caste female, of course. Is that not so?" "Certainly not; a wallaby is simply a small kangaroo."

A TEA-TABLE TALK.

The Entertaining Visitor and the Buds of Promise.

The DEDLYDUL family, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. DEDLYDUL, JOHNNIE, aged six, and MABEL, aged five, are discovered sitting at supper, with their guest, MR. PERCY FLAGE DE WITT, the brilliant raconteur.

MR. DEDLYDUL—It has always seemed to me, Mr. de Witt, that the hospitable board lends itself more readily to diverting converse than any other place. As food for the body goes into the mouth, it should be accompanied by food for the mind.

MRS. DEDLYDUL—Very happily put. [To Mr. DE WITT.] We have heard great things of your powers of conversation, Mr. de Witt, and I hope that you are in a mood to scintillate at our humble board.

MR. DE WITT—I am afraid that my powers have been overstated. You remember—

JOHNNIE—Mamma, my chair's sticky.

MABEL—It's jelly he spilled last night.

MRS. DEDLYDUL—Hush, both of you. What were you saying, Mr. de Witt?

MR. DE WITT—Oh—er—it slipped my mind, but Johnnie's remark reminds me that once when I was dining out at the house of the late Chief-Justice Waite, I asked him—

MABEL—Can't I have some more butter?

MR. DEDLYDUL—Hush!

MR. DE WITT—I said to the judge—

JOHNNIE—Oh, mamma, Mabel spilled—

MRS. DEDLYDUL—Hush!

MR. DEDLYDUL [ponderously]—Your story of Chief-Justice Waite reminds me of an occasion. It was many years ago when the railroads were not as well equipped as they are now. My father lived in the western part of the State, and he was a great stickler for etiquette—Johnnie, take your fork out of your hair—and one day in the dead of winter, when the traveling was very bad, we had the bishop to dinner, and of course my father was anxious to make a good impression—take your fingers out of the butter, Johnnie.

MR. DE WITT—Johnnie evidently wished to make a good impression upon the butter.

MRS. DEDLYDUL—Very good.

MRS. DEDLYDUL—Johnnie's table manners need molding, Maria.

MR. DE WITT—He thought the butter needed it, too, I suppose.

MRS. DEDLYDUL—You're very quick to seize an opportunity, Mr. de Witt.

MR. DE WITT—One has to be quick sometimes.

MR. DEDLYDUL—Your saying that reminds me of an anecdote of General Grant in the—

MRS. DEDLYDUL—Oh! Henry, tell Mr. de Witt that clever remark of Lieutenant Halton. I'm sure Mr. de Witt will appreciate it.

MR. DEDLYDUL—If he hasn't heard it already: witty things travel fast. Have you heard Lieutenant Halton's clever *bon mot*?

MR. DE WITT [interested]—No, I haven't.

MR. DEDLYDUL—Some one told him that Tenyson was no more—

JOHNNIE—I know more than Mabel.

MABEL—You do not!

MR. DEDLYDUL—Children, will you keep quiet?

JOHNNIE—Mamma, what makes Mr. Witt's ears stick out so?

MR. DEDLYDUL—Johnnie, leave the room!

MR. DE WITT [pleasantly]—Not on my account. I like my ears that way, Johnnie; I can hear better.

Pardon me for interrupting you, Mr. DEDLYDUL. What did Lieutenant Halton say?

MR. DEDLYDUL—Really, the children annoyed me so that it slipped my mind.

MR. DE WITT—One's mind does get slippery when there are buds of promise around.

MABEL—What are buds of promise?

MR. DE WITT—They are generally peach crops that are going to be failures.

MRS. DEDLYDUL—Oh, how clever, Mr. de Witt!

MR. DE WITT—That reminds me of what Doctor Holmes said.

MRS. DEDLYDUL—Now, children, listen.

MR. DE WITT—In the "Autocrat" he says—

JOHNNIE—Must I eat this bread? It's all crusts.

MR. DEDLYDUL—Will you be quiet?

MRS. DEDLYDUL [confusedly]—I—I think I remember the passage.

MR. DEDLYDUL—Can't I help you to something?

MR. DE WITT [irrelevantly]—Thanks, no. I'm perfectly helpless. You remember what Dean Swift said of the shoulder of beef?

JOHNNIE—Mamma, what's a soldier of beef? Is it canned beef?

MRS. DEDLYDUL—Hush!

JOHNNIE—Oh, he is going to recite something? Will he make funny faces?

MR. DEDLYDUL—Hush, and listen. By the way, if I may interrupt you for a moment, when I was a boy I went to school in Vermont. It was when abolition sentiment ran high, and every Wednesday we had to recite a poem. My uncle—

JOHNNIE—I recited to-day at school.

MR. DE WITT—What did you recite?

MRS. DEDLYDUL—Johnnie, be quiet. Your father is talking.

JOHNNIE [oblivious]—I recited "At Midnight in His Guarded Tent"—

MABEL—What is a gurdy tent?

MRS. DEDLYDUL—Suppose we go into the parlor. Unless I can serve you with something more?

MR. DE WITT—Not anything, thank you. Well, this has been very enjoyable. We've had quite a talk between us, haven't we?

MRS. DEDLYDUL—Yes, the children were pretty good to-night. Sometimes they interrupt, as children will.

MR. DE WITT [gallantly]—Your children but whet the edge of conversation.

MABEL—What is the edge of conversation?

MR. DEDLYDUL [who has been waiting for a chance]—Well, as I was saying, my uncle—

[Exeunt omnes.]

[CURTAIN.]

—Charles Battell Loomis in the Saturday Evening Post.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Everything in its Time.

The glass of fashion, so they state,

Reflects diseases new;

Better be dead than out of date

In health and illness too;

The Coupon Thumb and Ticker Eye

And Hobson Bug's caress

Are being superseded by

Automobiliousness.

—Karl H. Lansing in the Criterion.

Mr. Dobb's Lament.

[On Receiving an Invoice of Golf Prizes from Mrs. Dobb, in the Country.]

Mugs, Mugs, Mugs, Mugs!

See the lovely pewter Mugs!

See the Mugs of stone and lead;

Mugs of silver, earthen, red;

Mugs of brown and white and blue;

Pink and green and yellow, too;

Mugs for flowers, Mugs for beer;

Mugs from far and Mugs from near;

Broad and squat and thin and tall;

Massive Mugs and Muglets small;

Dumpy, scrumpy, humpy Mugs,

Some like vases, some like jugs.

With so many Mugs, methinks

Some one's been out on the links.

Mugs in chests and Mugs in trunks;

Mugs by dozens, Mugs in chunks;

Wrapped in towels, wrapped in rags;

Some in baskets, some in bags;

Some in satchels, boxes, too;

Here's a hamper through and through

Stuffed with Mugs. I wonder who

'S looked so much upon the jugs

To think I'd corner all the mugs!

Heavens! here's a card to me

From the sender. Can it be?

'Pon my soul and 'pon my life,

They were all won by my wife!

"Putting," "Cleeking," "Carrying through";

"Lofing" and "Approaching," too;

"Niblicking" and "Mashieing,"

"Jiggering" and "Brasseying";

Holds the "Stymie record" for

Thirty-six to twenty-four!

Little wonder she has not

Writ a line through weather hot.

Now I very plainly see

Why she has neglected me.

Plain old men are Vanities

When compared to Mugs like these.

—Bazar.

Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star.

[Boston Version.]

Scintillate, scintillate, globule vivifie,

Wonderingly contemplated by men scientific;

Elevated and poised in the ether capacious,

Resembling a coruscant gem carbonaceous.

—Chicago News.

A Song.

Sing a song of sixpence, a pocket full of rye,
Four-and-twenty key-holes dance before his eye;
When the door is opened
His wife begins to chin,
"Isn't this a pretty town to let a fellow in."—Life.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:
For Alaskan ports, 10 A. M., October 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, November 2, change to company's steamers at Seattle.
For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 10 A. M., October 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, November 2, and every fifth day thereafter.
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 2 P. M., October 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, November 5, and every fifth day thereafter.
For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports, 9 A. M., October 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, 31, November 4, and every fourth day thereafter.
For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 A. M., October 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, November 2, and every 4th day thereafter. For further information see folder.
For Mexican ports, 10 A. M., seventh of each month.
The company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates and hours of sailing.
Ticket Office: 2 Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel).
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., 10 Market St. S. F.

Armour's
Extract
of
Beef
for
Soups, Gravies
and
Beef Tea
Armour & Company
Chicago.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.
NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:
Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for
YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,
Calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with Steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1899.
Gaelic. (Via Honolulu)..... Tuesday, October 24
Doric. (Via Honolulu)..... Friday, November 17
Coptic. (Via Honolulu)..... Wednesday, Dec. 13
Gaelic. (Via Honolulu)..... Saturday, January 6
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

Toyo Kisen Kaisha (ORIENTAL S. S. CO.) IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA and HONG KONG, calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
America Maru..... Saturday, October 14
Hongkong Maru..... Wednesday, November 1
Nippon Maru..... Saturday, November 25
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market Street, cor. First, W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

OCEANIC S. S. Australia, for Honolulu only, Wednesday, Oct. 18, 2 P. M.
S. S. Moana sails via Honolulu and Auckland for Sydney, Wednesday, November 1, 1899, at 10 P. M.
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 114 Montgomery St. Freight Office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

International Navigation Co.'s Lines

AMERICAN LINE.
New York and Southampton (London, Paris), from New York every Wednesday, 10 A. M.
St. Louis..... October 11 | New York..... October 25
St. Paul..... October 18 | St. Louis..... November 1

RED STAR LINE.
New York and Antwerp. From New York every Wednesday, 12 noon.
Southwark..... October 11 | Kensington..... October 25
Westernland..... October 18 | Noordland..... November 1

EMPIRE LINE.
To Alaska and Cold Fields.
For passage and freight apply to International Navigation Company, G. D. FAHNESTOCK, General Agent Pacific Coast, 30 Montgomery Street.

WHITE STAR LINE. AMERICAN SERVICE.

The New Twin Screw Steamship OCEANIC
The Largest Vessel in the World.
17,040 tons, length 704 ft., width 68 ft. 4 1/2 in.
First sailing from New York, Wednesday, September 20th, noon.

TEUTONIC and MAJESTIC
Twin Screw.
10,000 tons. 582 feet long.

CYMRIC
Twin Screw, 12,552 tons, 600 feet long, one of the largest steamships afloat.

GERMANIC and BRITANNIC
Wednesday sailings from New York.

S. TENNEY FRENCH, G. W. A.
94-96 Dearborn Street, Chicago.
For passage apply to G. W. FLETCHER, 611 Broadway, New York, or to official railway and steamship Pacific Coast.

SOCIETY.

The Ainsworth-Mullins Wedding.

The marriage of Miss Anna Mullins to Mr. Harry B. Ainsworth took place on Wednesday, October 4th, at the home of the bride's parents, 2626 Ellendale Place, in Los Angeles. The bride is the daughter of Colonel George C. Mullins, chaplain, U. S. A., retired, and Mrs. Mullins, and Mr. Ainsworth is the son of the late Captain J. C. Ainsworth, of Portland, Or., and Oakland.

Miss Mary Mullins, sister of the bride, was the maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Belle Ainsworth, of Portland, Or., Miss Jane Dorsey, Miss Huston Bishop, Miss Helen Klokke, and Miss Ethel Mullins. Mr. John C. Ainsworth was his brother's best man, and the ushers were Mr. James Caine McKee and Mr. Joseph Garber, of Oakland, Mr. Frank A. Hopkins, of Portland, Or., Mr. James Slauson, and Mr. Joseph Easton.

Mr. and Mrs. Ainsworth will make their future home at Redondo.

Polo in Golden Gate Park.

Two teams of polo-players from the Burlingame Country Club had a spirited game out on the polo-grounds at Golden Gate Park last Wednesday afternoon. It is the second time the game has been played in the park, and drew even a larger crowd than did its predecessor. Many coaching parties had been made up by friends of the players, and these, with the three coaches that brought the two teams out from their luncheon at the Palace Hotel, made quite a coaching parade as they entered the field, where a large concourse of spectators in more modest vehicles and on foot had already assembled.

The two teams, known as the White and the Red, were made up respectively of Mr. Francis J. Carolan, Mr. Walter Scott Hobart (captain), Mr. Thomas Driscoll, and Mr. Charles N. Dunphy; and Mr. R. M. Tobin (captain), Mr. Charles A. Baldwin, Mr. Edwin Tobin, and Mr. Peter D. Martin. A very lively game was played, the score standing 3-1 in favor of the Whites at the end of the first period, 3-5 at the end of the second, 3-7 at the end of the third, and 7-7 at the end of the fourth. Another goal was necessary to determine the match, and this was won by Mr. Dunphy for the Whites, giving them the match by 8-7.

Mr. Harry Simpkins acted as umpire, and Mr. E. Buckley Johnson as time-keeper and referee.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Belle Mhoon and Mr. Frederick Magee will take place in Trinity Episcopal Church in Oakland on Wednesday, October 11th. Miss Amy McKee will be the maid of honor, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Florence Dunham, Miss Florence Selby, Miss Helen Boss, and Miss Juliet Garber. Mr. Walter Magee will act as his brother's best man, and the ushers will be Mr. Sam Bell McKee, Mr. Sam McKee Mhoon, Mr. Frank B. King, Mr. Thomas V. Bakewell, Mr. Sheffield Sanborn, and Mr. Horace Miller. After the ceremony, which will take place at four o'clock, there will be a reception to relatives and intimate friends at the home of the bride's parents, Major and Mrs. J. B. Mhoon, on Adeline Street.

The wedding of Miss Caroline V. Bosqui, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bosqui, to Mr. George W. Borrowe will take place at the home of the bride's parents in San Rafael on Wednesday, October 18th. Miss Constance Borrowe, sister of the groom, will be the maid of honor, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Coralie Selby, Miss Martha Hutchinson, Miss Olive Hamilton, Miss Elizabeth Callinder, and Miss Caroline Haren.

The engagement of Miss Luita Booth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Booth, of Piedmont, to Mr. A. Sherman has been announced. Mr. Sherman was formerly connected with the University of Chicago, and is now employed by the United States Government in Manila. Miss Booth will go on the next China steamer, accompanied by her sister, Mrs. Charles A. Phelps, of New York, to Hong Kong, where she will be met by Mr. Sherman and become his bride. The couple will then proceed to Manila, where they will make their home for some time to come.

A dancing club for young people, known as La Jeunesse Cotillion Club, has been organized, with Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst, Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Mrs. W. H. Mills, Mrs. H. E. Huntington, Mrs. W. A. McKittrick, Mrs. J. W. McClung, and Mrs. A. W. Foster, of San Rafael, as patronesses. It will meet once a month, until April, on Friday evenings at a hall on Polk Street, the first meeting being set for October 27th.

Mrs. John D. Spreckels gave a circus-party on Friday evening, September 29th, followed by supper at her residence. Those present were Mrs. John

D. Spreckels, Mrs. Sands W. Forman, Miss Grace Spreckels, Miss Lillie Spreckels, Miss Forman, Miss Leontine Blakeman, Miss Maud Mullins, Miss Charlotte Ellenwood, Miss Loughborough, Miss Josephine Loughborough, Mr. Bert Cadwalader, Mr. Maxwell McNutt, Mr. Frank King, Mr. Bryant Grimwood, Mr. Harry M. Holbrook, Mr. Max Robbins, Mr. Julian Thorne, Mr. Edgar Peixotto, and Mr. Brander.

A dinner was given by Major-General W. R. Shafter, U. S. A., assisted by his daughter, Mrs. W. A. McKittrick, at Fort Mason on Friday evening, September 29th, in honor of Colonel H. Clay Evans.

Mr. Peter D. Martin was the host last Monday evening at an elaborate dinner at the Bohemian Club. His guests were a dozen gentlemen who take an interest in polo.

Mrs. Donald Y. Campbell received her friends at an "at home" on Saturday, September 30th, at the Campbell residence on Orchard Street, near Telegraph Avenue, in Oakland. Mrs. Campbell was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Jones and Miss Jessie Campbell.

The California Society of the Sons of the American Revolution will celebrate the one hundred and eighteenth anniversary of the surrender of Cornwallis by a banquet at the Palace Hotel on October 19th, on which occasion for the first time ladies are invited. The committee have secured as speakers President Benjamin Ide Wheeler, of the University of California, the Rev. Dr. David C. Garrett, the new rector of St. Luke's Church in this city, and the Hon. W. H. Jordo. There will also be an excellent musical programme. Mr. Horace Davis is president of the society, and the committee having the banquet in charge comprises Mr. Byron Mauzy, Colonel J. C. Currier, Mr. Z. U. Dodge, Mr. Frank L. Brown, and Mr. George N. Spencer.

Golf Notes.

Mr. Ernest R. Folger has definitely won the Tibbitts Cup. It had been won successively by Mr. Daniel E. Belden, Mr. Peter E. Bowles, Mr. Folger, and Mr. Cook, and the final tournament was scheduled for Saturday, September 30th. Mr. Cook defaulted, being in Honolulu, and Mr. Folger defeated Mr. Belden. On Wednesday last the two remaining candidates, Mr. Folger and Mr. Bowles, tried conclusions, with the result that the former defeated his adversary, who has not been playing much of late, by a score of 6 up over the 18-hole course.

On Saturday, October 7th, there will be an open handicap competition at the Oakland Golf Club's links, over eighteen holes, medal play, for special prizes.

At the San Francisco and San Rafael Golf Club links there is little doing beyond hole-play at the former, and the bi-monthly competitions at the latter. In a few weeks, however, when rain shall have improved the condition of all three local courses, a series of inter-club contests will be inaugurated.

A Sale of Laces.

An exhibition and sale of needlework and laces will be held in the Maple Room of the Palace Hotel, on the ninth, tenth, and eleventh of November, to which both professionals and amateurs are requested to contribute. The work for sale must be marked with the price, and can not be removed until the close of the exhibition. All articles must be exhibited at the owner's risk, though the managers will take all proper precautions for the safety of the articles contributed.

Contributions may be sent to the Maple Room of the Palace Hotel on November 6th and 7th, between the hours of 10 A. M. and 4 P. M.

The committee having the affair in charge comprises Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe, Mrs. Beverly MacMonagle, Mrs. Hall McAllister, Mrs. William H. Taylor, Mrs. Austin C. Tubbs, and Mrs. Robert J. Woods.

Fifty Yale under-graduates who have helped earn their way through college are out of a situation by the introduction of a new system into the Yale commons. For years it has been the custom to employ students to wait on the tables and colored waiters to assist them. A new order has just been promulgated, discharging all the under-graduates and announcing that only colored waiters will be engaged in the future. The managers of the commons say that the recitation hours conflict with the meal hours so badly that the student-waiters were never able to be prompt in their attendance at the dining-hall. The new order takes immediate effect.

"A newly married couple in Portland, Me., who are both deaf, and are trying housekeeping without a servant, have devised an ingenious substitute for a door-bell," says *Electricity*. "When a caller presses the electric-button all the lights in the house flash up, and his presence is made known."

John C. Freund, the New York writer on musical topics, gives the cheering intelligence that at least one hundred and fifty thousand pianos will be manufactured in the United States this year, a gain of thirty per cent. over last year's figures.

The Mark Hopkins Institute of Art will hereafter be open to the public on the first Sunday of each month.

Channing Auxiliary Lectures.

Mr. Howard Malcolm Ticknor, of Boston, is coming here soon at the invitation of the Channing Auxiliary, under whose auspices he is to deliver a series of lectures in the parlors of the First Unitarian Church. He will arrive in this city on October 10th, and on the afternoon of the 14th he will be tendered a reception to which the members of all the women's clubs in town will be invited. The dates and topics of his lectures are as follows:

Thursday, October 19th, at 3:30 o'clock: "Authors, Artists, and Celebrities Whom I Have Known at Home and Abroad."

Thursday, October 26th, at 3:30 o'clock: "Edmond Rostand and His Writings."

Thursday, November 2d, at 3:30 o'clock: "The Tenderness of Thackeray."

Thursday, November 9th, at 3:30 o'clock: "How to Judge Plays and Players."

Thursday, November 16th, at 3:30 o'clock: "The Pathetic Humorists."

Thursday, November 23d, at 3:30 o'clock: "Shakespeare as Playwright and Master of Stagecraft."

Photographing the growth of plants is a new line of work by the Department of Agriculture at Washington. Pictures will be taken every hour, day and night, for several months. In three months they will get twenty-one hundred and sixty negatives, which, put through at the regulation speed, would give a moving picture almost exactly two and one-half minutes in duration. In that length of time one could see a plant appear in a tiny shoot, develop to maturity, bud, and blossom, all right before one's eyes. It would beat the mango trick to death. On exactly the same principle a child could be photographed clear up to the time it developed into an adult, and this experiment has been in progress for over a year in Paris. All that is necessary is to place its head against a properly adjusted rest, and take a picture every day. The negative, pieced together, will gradually make a complete film. It would be very strange to see a chubby baby passing swiftly through childhood into youth and then manhood. The only trouble about the scheme is that it requires such a quantity of time and patience.

What Rudyard Kipling calls his "best smoking-room story" has just been told by Miss Florence Hayward. There is a family in Virginia the name of which is spelled "Enraghty," but it is pronounced "Darby." This fact, familiar to many Americans, happened to be told by Miss Hayward at a dinner in London at which Mr. Kipling was present, when he broke in, "You have saved my reputation by telling that. You are the first man, woman, or child who could back me up in it." The explanation of the peculiarity is that the Derbys were an English family who settled in Virginia in the Colonial days. One of the sons, the traditional black sheep of the family, was left a share in his father's will on condition that he changed his name. He changed his written name to Enraghty, but continued to call himself Darby.

A vocal concert will be given by Miss Lillian K. Slinkey on Monday evening, October 16th, in Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall. Miss Slinkey will be assisted by Miss Marion Bear, pianist, and the following trio: Mr. Hother Wismer, violinist; Mr. Arthur Regensburger, cellist; and Mr. Fred Mauver, pianist.

Miss Jennie Foster, soprano, announces a song recital for Tuesday, October 10th.

Colonial Hotel.

The management wishes to inform its patrons of the completion of the new private bath-rooms in connection with suites of rooms. Reservation for the winter season should be made at once.

Moët & Chandon.

(The Largest and Oldest Champagne House in the World.)

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Hunters' Equipments, Fishing Tackle, Athletic Goods, etc. Bed-rock prices. Send for Catalogue. GEO. W. SHREVE, 739 Market Street.



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AS THE SOLDIER-BOY Game for Sport and Discipline. Perfectly Harmless. Intensely Amusing. 65c Bronze, 90c Nickel. Pacific Coast Trade supplied by Goodyear Rubber Co., San Francisco and Portland, Or.

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All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people are using it.

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G. H. Mumm & Co.'s Extra Dry

WHILE words tell, statistics prove.

The importation of G. H. MUMM & Co.'s EXTRA DRY in 1898 aggregating 86,855 cases, or 52,649 cases more than of any other brand, is certainly the most striking evidence of the great popularity of this famous brand of champagne, and particular attention is called to the fine quality, purity, and natural dryness of the wine now coming to this market.

Used at almost all notable banquets, balls, weddings, etc.

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Fall and Winter Styles NOW READY.

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Absolutely Pure.

Made from Pure Grape Cream of Tartar.

SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements in and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. I. S. Van Winkle, Miss Helen Van Winkle, and Mr. Laurence E. Van Winkle have returned from San Rafael, and are occupying their residence, 2234 Broadway, for the winter.

Mr. L. B. Parrott and the Misses Parrott arrived in New York last week.

Mrs. Guy L. Edie will sail for Manila on the *Coptic* on November 9th, where she will join her husband, Major Edie, brigade surgeon, U. S. A. Mrs. Edie will be accompanied by her sister, Miss Mary Kip, and they purpose remaining until next May.

Mrs. Norman Lang, of Oregon, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Sam Bell McKee, at her home in Adeline Street, Oakland, went down to Los Angeles on Monday, accompanied by her brother, Mr. James C. McKee, to attend the Almsworth-Mullins wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Tomasito Onativia (formerly Miss Lily Hastings) are settled for some time to come in Paris, where Miss Marie Zane is their guest.

Mrs. D. B. Davidson was in town from San Rafael in the first part of the week, and stopped at the California Hotel.

Mrs. Richardson Clover, Miss Dora Clover, Mrs. Charlotte McVay Halleck, of Washington, D. C., and Mrs. G. F. Clover, of Brooklyn, N. Y., were among last week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais.

Justice McKenna, of the United States Supreme Court, left on Tuesday night for Washington, D. C.

Mr. Maxwell McNutt is visiting Mr. Bruce Cornwall at his country-place near Glenwood.

Mrs. L. W. Foster and Mr. Ross R. Foster arrived last Monday at the Hotel Pleasanton, where they will remain for a few weeks.

Mrs. Chauncey Taylor, of Oakland, Mr. Ben Taylor, Mrs. W. W. Foote, and the Misses Foote sailed for Japan on Friday, September 29th. They intend touring through India and Egypt, meeting Mr. Foote in Paris next spring.

Mrs. James Otis, who has been spending the past two months in San José, has returned to town for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Shaw Robertson are in town from Hanford, and are stopping at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. Henry T. Oxnard arrived in New York on Monday, October 2d.

Mr. John Perry, Jr., and his niece, Miss Laura Kimber, arrived from Philadelphia on Saturday, September 30th, and will spend the winter at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Colonel and Mrs. W. W. Polk and Miss Polk started for Europe on Friday, September 29th. They purpose spending the next two years in Florence.

Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Monteverde and Dr. and Mrs. Grant Selfridge have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. John McGeoghegan in San José.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Young enjoyed a trip to the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Miss S. M. Spooner, of Philadelphia, who has been the guest of Mrs. Thurlow McMullin for a few weeks, has returned to Pacific Grove.

Mrs. A. M. Wingfield came down from Benicia early in the week, and is at the California Hotel.

Mrs. Jane Stanford is expected back from Europe this month.

Mr. and Mrs. William Van Allen, of Santa Rosa, are guests at the California Hotel.

Judge Stephen de Wolfe and Miss de Wolfe, of Butte, are among the guests of the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. James E. Tucker arrived in New York last Thursday.

Professor George Davidson left for the East last Wednesday, to attend the National Export Exposition in Philadelphia.

Mrs. William J. Younger, now of Chicago, arrived in town on Saturday, September 30th, having just returned from a visit to her daughters in Europe. She is a guest at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Homer S. King has gone on a business trip to Portland, Or.

Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Douty came up from Menlo on Thursday and stopped at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Paul Jarboe is in town from Santa Cruz.

Mr. John C. Ainsworth and Mr. Frank A. Hopkins, of Portland, Or., were in town last Monday, stopping at the Palace Hotel, on their way to Los Angeles.

Mr. Alfred Gwynne Vanderhilt was expected in town on Friday, en route from the Orient to New York.

The Right Rev. W. F. Nichols, Episcopal bishop of California, was in town in the early part of the week, and was a guest at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin were in town for the polo game on Wednesday, and had an apartment at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. F. C. Barker and Miss Barker, of Los Cruces, N. M., are spending a few weeks at the Colonial.

Mrs. E. J. Starr is a guest at the Palace Hotel for the winter.

Mrs. J. H. Hough, of Stockton, is a guest at The Colonial.

Mr. E. R. Hefelfinger, of Philadelphia, was a guest at the Palace Hotel in the early part of the week.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. C. Barker, of San José, Mr. W. W. Ripley and Mr. J. H. Ripley, of Minneapolis, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Richmond and the Misses Richmond, of Scranton, Pa., Dr. and Mrs. G. Heine, of Dresden, Mrs. W. P. Veuve and the Misses Veuve, of Los Gatos, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Williamson, of Santa Cruz, Mrs. J. F. Hamburg and Mrs. H. C. Stoggett, of Honolulu.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tam-

alpais were Mr. and Mrs. A. Sharborn, Mrs. Henry Santri, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Fontana, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Sheppard, Miss C. A. McCollam, Mrs. M. C. Haley, Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Bates, and Mr. Rudolph Spreckels, of San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bensson, of London, England, Mrs. H. C. Miller and Miss Ruth Miller, of Sausalito, Mr. W. J. Barnes and Mr. O. O. Johnson, of Chicago, and Mr. George F. Strnbridge, of Denver.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

The marriage of Miss Adelia Parmenter, daughter of Major Harry H. Parmenter of the quartermaster's department, War Department, and Mr. Charles Edwin Berry, will take place in Washington, D. C., on October 11th.

Lieutenant-Colonel John Henley Higbee, U. S. M. C., retired, and Miss Lenah A. W. Sutcliffe, daughter of the late Rev. Ingraham Sutcliffe, were married in the Church of the Transfiguration in New York on September 23d.

Rear-Admiral Henry L. Howison, U. S. N., has been detached from command of the South Atlantic Squadron, and is now in New York on waiting orders. He will be retired through having reached the age limit on October 10th.

Commander John M. Hawley, U. S. N., of the training-ship *Hartford*, came down from Mare Island on Thursday last, and is at the Occidental Hotel.

Lieutenant-Colonel Ernest A. Garlington, inspector-general's department, U. S. A., is in town en route to Manila, and is stopping at The Colonial.

Colonel Charles R. Greenleaf, assistant surgeon-general, U. S. A., has been ordered to the Philippines.

Commander H. G. O. Colby, U. S. N., of the *Marblehead*, was in town on Tuesday, and put up at the Palace Hotel.

Lieutenant Yates Stirling, Jr., U. S. N., is a guest at the California Hotel.

Lieutenant Oliver D. Norton, surgeon, U. S. N., is at the California Hotel.

Captain J. B. Hughes, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., was a guest at the Occidental Hotel in the early part of the week.

Captain William Lassiter, Sixteenth Infantry, U. S. A., and Mrs. Lassiter are at the Hotel Pleasanton for the winter.

Among the officers of the Thirty-Second Infantry, U. S. V., who sailed for Manila on Sunday, October 1st, were Colonel Louis A. Craig, Lieutenant-Colonel L. H. Strother, Major Henry C. Cabell, Major Frank C. Armstrong, surgeon, Captain George T. Summerlin, Captain Edwin J. Griffith, Captain John P. Grimstead, Captain Frank M. Rumbold, Captain Joseph H. Culver, Captain Granville Siever, First-Lieutenant John M. Snook, First-Lieutenant James L. Long, First-Lieutenant Ambrose G. C. Williams, First-Lieutenant Joseph C. Hixson, First-Lieutenant William S. Mapes, First-Lieutenant Schaeffer, Second-Lieutenant George H. Armitage, Second-Lieutenant Charles R. W. Morrison, Second-Lieutenant Henry K. Love, Second-Lieutenant Charles H. Wilson, and Second-Lieutenant Henry E. Slack. Other officers of volunteers who sailed at the same time are Second-Lieutenant Charles L. Ballard, Eleventh Cavalry, Second-Lieutenant Arthur P. Watts, Fourth Infantry, Second-Lieutenant Willis P. Coleman, Ninth Infantry, Second-Lieutenant Richmond Smith, Twelfth Infantry, Second-Lieutenant Dupont B. Lyon, Sixteenth Infantry, Second-Lieutenant Henry M. Bankhead, Twentieth Infantry, Second-Lieutenant Lewis Admire, Twenty-Second Infantry, Second-Lieutenant James M. Petty, Thirty-Sixth Infantry, Second-Lieutenant John T. Fuller, Thirty-Seventh Infantry, and Second-Lieutenant Reuben V. Baskette, Thirty-Seventh Infantry.

It is stated that the seats in the grand-stands along the line of the Dewey parade will cost from five to twenty, or even fifty, dollars each. This is preposterous (says a writer in *Town Topics*). The admirable admiral is the nation's hero; spectators should not be allowed to turn the public celebration of his return into a monopolistic scheme of greedy profit. Permits accorded them for the erection of grand-stands should stipulate reasonable limits as to the prices they impose upon the public. Or, better still, the authorities should provide accommodations, at a nominal charge, for at least some considerable portion of the multitude, who are unable, of course, to pay the fancy prices that will be exacted by the speculators. It is not only the hero of Manila that the people are to acclaim, but also the next President of the Union, the statesman who will point the way to justice to the Filipinos and the patriot who will drive the horde of canting hypocrites from the purlieus of the White House. There should be no prohibitory tax put upon the zeal of the people to welcome this modern Bayard.

Bishop Peter of Rumbitoo's accomplishments are emulated by other Anglican prelates in the South Pacific. Dr. Wilson, Bishop of Melanesia, recently captained one side in a game of cricket on Norfolk Island, between the "Community," as the natives are called, who are descendants of the transplanted Pitcairn Islanders, and the "Outlaws," the other dwellers on the islands. The bishop and his "Outlaws" were defeated.

St. Helena is one of the places where the weather fails as a topic of conversation. For three hundred and thirty-two days last year the south-east trade-wind blew steadily, and there were only nine days of calm.

THE RIVER FIGHT.

[Farragut was so impressed with this spirited description of the river battle below New Orleans that he sought out the author and they became warm friends. Brownell expressed a desire to witness a naval conflict, and Farragut took him on board the *Hartford* at the storming of the Mobile forts. It was in this river battle that the *Mississippi* was burned; and Lieutenant George Dewey is said to have been the last officer to leave that ship when she was abandoned. We give the main portions of the poem.]

Would you hear of the River Fight?

It was two of a soft spring night;

God's stars looked down on all;

Up the river of death

Sailed the great Admiral.

On our high poop-deck he stood,

And round him ranged the men

Who have made their birthright good

Of manhood once and again,—

Lords of helm and of sail,

Tried in tempest and gale,

Bronzed in battle and wreck.

Bell and Bailey grandly led

Each his line of the blue-and-red;

Wainwright stood by our starboard rail;

Thornion fought the deck.

Tyson coned our helm that day;

Watson stood by his guns.

The way to our work was plain:

Caldwell had broken the chain;

Under the night's dark blue,

Ship after ship went through.

Out-thundered Philip! Ah, then

Could you have seen our men!

How they sprang in the dim night haze,

To their work of toil and of clamor!

How the boarders, with sponge and rammer,

And their captains, with cord and hammer,

Kept every muzzle ahlaze.

How the guns, as with cheer and shout—

Our tackle-men hurled them out—

Brought up on the water-ways!

First, as we fired at their flash,

'Twas lightning and black eclipse,

With a bellowing roar and crash.

But soon, upon either bow,

What with forts and fire-rafts and ships

(The whole fleet was hard at it now,

All pounding away), and Porter

Still thundering with shell and mortar,—

'Twas the mighty sound and form!

But, as we worked along higher,

Down came a pyramid of fire:

Pitch-pine knots to the hrim,

Belching flame red and grim;

In a twinkling, the flames had risen

Half-way to maintop and mizen,

Darting up the shrouds like snakes!

Ah, how we clanked at the brakes!

And the deep, steaming pumps throbb'd under!

Our topmen, a dauntless crowd,

Swarmed in rigging and shroud:

There (twas a wonder!)

The burning ratlines and strands

They quenched with their bare hand hands;

But the great guns below

Never silenced their thunder.

When we were clear of grounding,

The whole rebel fleet came rounding

The point. If we had it hot before,

'Twas now from shore to shore

One long loud thundering roar

Of crashing, splintering, and pounding!

For above all was battle,

Broadside, and haze, and rattle,

Smoke and thunder alone;

(But down in the sick-bay,

Where our wounded and dying lay,

There was scarce a sob or a moan).

And at last, when the dim day broke,

And the sudden sun awoke,

Dreadfully blinking

O'er the haze and the cannon smoke

That ever such morning dawns—

There were thirteen hulls

On fire and sinking!

—Henry Howard Brownell.

Ill luck still clings to the name of Castlereagh. The present bearer of the name, the heir of the Marquis of Londonderry, was thrown from his horse on the morning of his coming of age celebration and is suffering from concussion of the brain.

The Tavern of Tamalpais is one of the most pleasant and most convenient objective points for outing-parties during these clear autumn days. The railway trip affords beautiful views, and the tavern more than satisfies the inner man.

NOTWITHSTANDING THE COMBINATION among stationers to raise prices of engraving, our prices will remain the same as heretofore, and with our same high standard of work strictly adhered to. Cooper & Co., Art Stationers, 746 Market Street.

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changes the "complexion" of tarnished Silver—making it brighter than ever—and altho' its beauty be only "skin deep" never mars it in the least. The thinner the plating the greater need of its use.

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The Palace

—AND—

Grand Hotels

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1400 rooms---900 with bath.

Rooms, \$1.00 and upward.

Room and meals, \$3.00 and upward.

JOHN C. KIRKPATRICK,
Manager.

NEW
Fall Styles

\$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00, \$6.00, \$7.00.



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Other Publications, too numerous to mention, all valuable for the information they contain, and the great help they afford travelers, may be obtained from Southern Pacific Agents simply for the asking, like wise information about ticket rates to all parts of the world, routes of travel, movements of trains and through cars.

Go and see the nearest S. P. Co. Agent.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY, (PACIFIC SYSTEM.) Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO. (Main Line, Foot of Market Street.)

LEAVE	From October 2, 1899.	ARRIVE
7:00 A	Benicia, Suisun, and Sacramento	5:45 P
7:00 A	Marysville, Oroville, and Redding via Woodland	5:45 P
7:00 A	Elmira, Vacaville, and Rumsby	8:50 P
7:30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa	6:15 P
8:00 A	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	9:45 A
8:30 A	San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, and Red Bluff	4:15 P
8:30 A	Milken, Oakdale, and Sonoma	4:15 P
9:00 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations	11:45 A
9:00 A	Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno	12:15 P
9:00 A	Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East	6:45 P
10:00 A	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations	7:45 P
11:00 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations	2:45 P
12:00 M	Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Sacramento, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville	4:15 P
11:00 P	Sacramento River Steamers	8:00 P
3:00 P	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations	5:45 P
4:00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa	9:15 A
4:00 P	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Oroville	10:45 A
4:30 P	Niles, San Jose, and Stockton	7:15 P
5:00 P	The Owl Limited, Tracy, Fresno, Bakersfield, Saugus for Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	9:45 A
5:30 P	Stockton, Merced, and Fresno	12:15 P
5:30 P	Martinez, Tracy, Mendota, Fresno, Mojave, and Los Angeles	8:45 A
5:30 P	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	6:45 P
6:00 P	Chicago-San Francisco Special, Ogden and East	8:50 P
6:00 P	Haywards, Niles, and San Jose	7:45 A
6:00 P	Vallejo	12:15 P
7:00 P	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Stations	19:55 P
8:05 P	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East	8:15 A

COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge). (Foot of Market Street.)

8:15 A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations	5:50 P
12:15 P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations	10:50 A
4:15 P	Newark, San Jose, Felton, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations	9:20 A
6:15 P	Hunters' Excursion, San Jose and Way Stations	17:20 P

CREAK ROUTE FERRY. From SAN FRANCISCO-Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)

7:15	9:00	11:00 A. M.	12:00	2:00	3:00
4:00	15:00	6:00 P. M.			

From OAKLAND-Foot of Broadway

6:00	8:00	10:00 A. M.	12:00	2:00	3:00	4:00	5:00	6:00 P. M.
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COAST DIVISION (Broad Gauge). (Third and Townsend Streets.)

16:10 A	Ocean View, South San Francisco	16:30 P
7:00 A	San Jose and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesday only)	1:30 P
9:00 A	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Surf, Lompoc, and Principal Way Stations	4:10 P
10:40 A	San Jose and Way Stations	6:35 A
11:30 A	San Jose and Way Stations	5:30 P
12:45 P	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove	10:36 A
13:30 P	San Jose and Way Stations	7:30 P
14:15 P	San Jose and Principal Way Stations	9:45 A
15:00 P	San Jose and Principal Way Stations	19:00 A
5:30 P	San Jose and Principal Way Stations	8:35 A
6:30 P	San Jose and Way Stations	18:00 A
6:15 P	San Jose and Way Stations	7:30 P

A for Morning, P for Afternoon, * Daily, † Sunday excepted, ‡ Saturday only.

The PACIFIC TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. Inquire of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

First dear girl—"I have no friends to speak of." Second dear girl—"Lucky friends."—Life.

Britisher—"England expects every man to do his duty." American—"But will our heiresses hold out?"—Town Topics.

"My daughter's music," sighed the mother, "has been a great expense." "Indeed?" returned the guest; "some neighbor sued you, I suppose?"—Boston Traveler.

Uncle Bob—"Well, Frankie, what are you going to do this vacation?" Frankie—"Last year I had mumps and chicken-pox. This year I don't know what I'm going to do."—Bazar.

"A splendid stroke! Did you follow the ball, caddy?" "No, sir, but I think that gentleman with the red coat can tell you where it struck. I see him feeling of his head."—Tit-Bits.

First sailor—"So you lost your wife last month? Wasn't it a terrible blow?" Second sailor—"It was a regular tornado. She cleaned out everything in the house before she eloped."—Judge.

Freddie (age six) was seated in a barber's chair. "Well, my little man," said the barber, "how would you like your hair cut?" "Like father's, with a round hole at the top."—Woman's Journal.

Little Clarence—"Pa, money talks, doesn't it?" Mr. Calliery—"I guess so, my son." Little Clarence—"Well, then, pa, gimme a penny, so's I can hear it whisper to me a little."—Punch.

Chicago judge—"You testify that your husband was cruel to you. What did he do?" Mrs. West—"Refused to let me wear a décolleté costume and my diamond necklace to the circus."—Jeweler's Weekly.

Mrs. Newpop (silencing the dear infant's cries)—"What do you mean by saying that baby reminds you of Dewey's home-coming?" Mr. Newpop—"Why, he's whining and dining all the time."—Judge.

"Do you dahnce on your toes, Miss Quickwit?" "Never, Mr. Clunisey. Other people do that for me." And he didn't know just what she meant until he tried to get another dance with her.—Colorado Springs Gazette.

Peacemaker—"I wouldn't fight, my good nien." First combatant—"He called me a thief, sir." Second combatant—"An' he called me a lazy loafer!" Peacemaker—"Well, I wouldn't fight over a difference of opinion; you both may be right."—Tit-Bits.

Dobley—"I understand that young Spending is being pushed for money." Mrs. Dobley—"Why, I heard that he was spending a gay summer at Atlantic City." Dobley—"Yes, that's it. He takes a constitutional every morning on the board walk in one of those wheel-chairs."—Criterion.

Missionary—"Was it liquor that brought you to this?" Imprisoned burglar—"No, sir; it was house-cleanin'—spring house-cleanin'—sir." Missionary—"Eh—house-cleaning?" Burglar—"Yes, sir; the woman had been house-cleanin' an' the stair-carpet was up, an' the folks heard me."—Tit-Bits.

The golf language: "Well, Mabel, how was the musicale?" "Perfect fizzle! Miss Wiggins made a drive at Mozart, and sliced every bar. When I left, Jennie Lathers was trying to stymie Helen Waterbury in a duet." "Was it nearly over?" "Yes. Pollie Dawson didn't come, so there were three up and only two to play, on the programme, when I putt out."—Bazar.

Something to be considered: Prospective tourist (at booking-office of great ocean liner)—"That state-room is near the stern of the vessel, isn't it?" Agent—"Yes, sir." Prospective tourist—"You ought not to charge me full price for it." Agent—"Why not?" Prospective tourist—"Because when the steamer comes to land I'll have to walk half a mile to get ashore."—Chicago Tribune.

Chinese premier—"I see that the province of Wing Wang yields no revenue." Chinese secretary of treasury—"Yes, the people are very poor; the land is worthless, and the harbors are filling up with sand. I know not what to do with Wing Wang." Chinese premier—"Nothing easier; have somebody kill a missionary there, and the missionary's government will take Wing Wang for an indemnity."—Boston Transcript.

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Hard to catch: First citizen—"The Filipinos are an inferior race." Second citizen—"That may be, but they can put up a superior race."—Puck.

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The political contest is now fairly inaugurated in San Francisco. Both the great parties met in convention last week and nominated their tickets, which are now before the people for their choice. The Democratic convention was held first, and it was unusually Democratic in its character and proceedings. The peculiarities which were engrafted on the ancient party of Jefferson in the memorable year of 1896, at Chicago, were all in evidence and luxuriantly flourishing. The silver-tongued orators and the spellbinders were all out in fine fettle, and they brought their most vivid imaginations with them. The turgid eloquence at Chicago, which startled a world with "crowns of thorns," and "crosses of gold," was left completely in the lurch by the San Francisco Democrat, who, in nominating a local milk-inspector for sheriff, "rose to name a man whose reputation has spread not only through

the United States but through Europe." Not more, however, than by that other delegate who proclaimed that "the American eagle screams and screeches for my candidate for treasurer."

Locally the Democratic party reflects not only the bombast of the national parent stock, but also its bopeless divisions. The frenzied silverite who worships Bryan, and whose creed is free silver at 16 to 1, was, mighty persistent in forcing on the attention of the convention a resolution indorsing William J. Bryan and the whole Chicago platform. Like false Sextus at the bridge, "he thrice came on in fury, and thrice turned back in dread," but when he did succeed in getting a vote on his pet proposition the convention jumped on it with an adverse vote of 242 to 93. The amount of feeling that was raised over this question is emblematic of the condition of the party everywhere. As General Sam Houston said, "the eloquent and impassioned gentlemen nearly got into each other's hair." It would be interesting to have Mr. Bryan's comment on the incident as an evidence of the rapid growth of free-silver sentiment.

The work of the Republican convention was also completed, and resulted in placing an excellent ticket in the field, and one entirely worthy of the suffrages of the people. The Republican candidates are: for mayor, Horace Davis; for auditor, Asa R. Wells; for treasurer, Louis Feussier; for assessor, Albert Heyer; for tax-collector, J. Harry Scott; for recorder, W. C. Tiffany; for city and county attorney, Charles H. Jackson; for district attorney, A. P. Black; for public administrator, John Farnham; for county clerk, W. A. Deane; for sheriff, John Lackmann; for coroner, Dr. A. D. McLean; for police judges, L. G. Carpenter, H. L. Joachimsen, Charles A. Low, and James L. Nagle; and for supervisors, Nathan Bibb, Charles Bliss, Charles Bixton, Victor D. Duboce, Samuel Foster, D. C. M. Goodsell, Thomas L. Henderson, W. C. Johnson, Milo S. Jeffers, Charles J. King, George R. Sanderson, George T. Shaw, E. N. Torello, William Watson, C. S. Wright, T. H. Morris.

So far as platforms go, that of the Republican convention is by all means the more desirable. The question of the new charter can not properly be an issue in the contest because both parties have committed themselves to inaugurate it and to enforce it in its letter and spirit. Otherwise, the Republican platform represents an intention to administer municipal affairs conservatively and with a wise economy, while the Democrats are rashly committed to most extravagant expenditures for embellishments and public utilities without deliberate understanding where the immense expenditures they propose are to come from or where they will lead.

The Republican ticket should be elected next time because it is a good ticket, and because it will strengthen the party in the nation as well as in the State and the city. Horace Davis appears to have outraged the feelings of the Democrats by saying that the election will be "the advance skirmish of the great battle which will be fought over the whole country a year from now," and that "victory now will strengthen us in the national fight." His remarks were true and pertinent. However desirable it may be to divorce municipal politics from national, it can never be done so long as the same great parties, with the same names and controlled by the same men, are engineering both. If the Republicans wish to carry this State next year they can not afford to handicap themselves by intrenching the Democrats in power in this city without a better reason than any that has been urged. Nationally we need a Republican administration in San Francisco, and locally we need to encourage with a victory the Republicans who have been foremost in the struggle for an era of clean municipal politics. We can not rest on our arms now and give the enemy an advantage next year for any sentimental reason.

Early in 1861, when Holt was Secretary of War, "Extra Billy Smith," who was then governor of Virginia, demanded of him an explanation why cannon had been mounted on the landward side of Fortress Monroe, and received the reply that it was "good tactics to keep the muzzles of the

guns turned in the direction from which the enemy was expected." That is just what must be done in the city election this year, and it is one of the best of reasons for supporting the whole Republican ticket.

It is necessary that the administration shall remain Republican to settle the questions growing out of the war. It will be well for the country to avoid a Democratic executive next year, unless it wishes to be precipitated into another senseless war over the currency. It will be disastrous to the business interests of the whole country to install, next year, a tariff-leveling party in power. To obtain the good and to prevent the evil it will be desirable to have California, with her electoral vote, in line with national Republicanism. It will be much easier to keep the State in line if San Francisco, the chief city in the State, is in the proper column. Let the Republicans see to it that she is placed there, and, in the meantime, they may rest assured that the charter and good government are in the best of hands.

While the recent trust conference at Chicago did not lead to the adoption of a definite plan of regulating this form of monopoly, it did indicate the wide-spread interest in the subject and the general desire to check an economic tendency that manifestly is an evil. Many shades of opinion were heard, and many remedies proposed. None of them was better than that advanced in these columns, of federal regulation. That the trusts have grown too powerful to be controlled by the several States, in the absence of uniform statutes, has been clearly shown, while the difficulty of formulating such statutes renders it little less than an impossibility.

At the conference, one of the addresses attracting most attention was delivered by Bourke Cockran, of New York. It was witty and conservative. He did not use the word "trusts" beyond explaining that the term had fallen into disrepute "apparently because of its association with millionaires." He believed that "a cloud of passionate declamation was likely to obscure outlines and often magnify dimensions." As he proceeded, he denounced corporate robbery, and those guilty of conniving at it, who still "held their beads high in the world of respectable finance." Mr. Cockran did not regard the department-store as a menace. To him the labor union did not seem to be a factor in the fixing of wages. Indeed, he assumed a position which many of the more radical opponents of trusts could not regard as tenable. Enlarging upon the conditions that produce monopoly, the one panacea he offered for all the ills involved was publicity. Secrecy he considered the badge of crime. He would have no governmental favors shown. He would have no corporation permitted to close its books against the inspection of the smallest stockholder. He would have the corporation give a full list of its property, and then allow it to sell stock on any basis of capitalization. His plan may be thus condensed into his own closing words:

"My friends, these are my suggestions: Publicity for corporate mismanagement, prohibition under penalties for special favors, right of action against any corporation whose service is suspended, except an absolute defense proved that it was at all times ready to discuss with its employees questions at issue between them by agencies of their selection."

William Jennings Bryan was a speaker the next day, and a listener while Cockran held the floor. Here is what Mr. Bryan proposed:

"That the people of every State shall first decide whether they want to create a corporation; that they shall, secondly, decide whether they want any outside corporation to do business in the State, and, if so, upon what conditions; and, thirdly, that Congress shall exercise the right to place upon every corporation doing business outside of the State in which it is organized such limitations and restrictions as may be necessary for the protection of the public good."

There is nothing, as legal commentators at once pointed out, essentially new in this set of suggestions. At present many of the States have sought to apply restrictions, but generally they have been defeated by the willingness of a neighbor State to sell a charter, donate a franchise, and assist the corporation not only in becoming a trust, but in shielding it from the penalty of violating the law elsewhere. States have already undertaken with some success the regulation of outside corporations doing business within the

lines. The third Bryan proposal is very like that made in the *Argonaut* to leave the trusts, when these rise superior to the State, to the national government.

Governor Roosevelt, of New York, was not at the conference, but in an interview which he pleasantly submitted to, he denounced the Bryan plan as "vague and visionary," and added, of trusts: "Their growth has been accompanied by the growth of evils we can but remedy by common sense and common honesty." If Bryan was more "vague and visionary" than this, the English language has lost its power. Nevertheless, in a subsequent speech Roosevelt reached a basis of reality. Here is his scheme:

"The plan is, as a first step, to try the effect of publicity, and then to supplement publicity by taxation, and then by licensing or whatever measure experience shows to be effective. . . . The first thing to do is to provide for full investigation of and exhaustive report on . . . all the corporations which have grown to be of such portentous dimensions as to control any considerable portion of a given trade, industry, or produce—in short, all those corporations which we mean when we speak of trusts. The mere letting in of the light will in itself cure many evils—especially those of over-capitalization and the undue suppression of competition."

The observer may perceive a likeness in the views of Roosevelt and those of Cockran, and perceive also that what they propose shall be done can not be done except by the general government. The States have tried it.

Strangely enough there has arisen a controversy between this government and the president of Hawaii. Mr. Dole seems to think that instead of being an *ad interim* executive, with powers merely nominal, he is bigger than the Department of State, can wave aside Congress, ignore McKinley, and conduct himself as though subject to no check. Just where he obtained this unique notion does not appear. Mr. Dole is not vindictively assertive. Indeed, he is inclined to be pitying, and kindly ascribes the mistakes of Secretary Hay to the lack of official experience. "He is not thoroughly informed," says Dole, "as to the lines on which we have been working here." There exists a possibility that on certain points Dole also lacks information. Apparently he has still to learn that Hawaii has been annexed, absorbed; that its sovereignty is a memory and its flag extinct.

Secretary Hay had intimated to Mr. Dole that his plan to dispose of certain public lands in the islands was marked by undue haste, and must not be consummated without the approval of Congress. There happens to be specific provision covering the contingency. Secretary Hay was presumptuous enough to know this, and so impertinent as to act upon it. Dole brushed Hay's instructions aside as vague, but did make the concession of postponing the sale until November 2d. This is really no concession whatever, for it will not permit Congress to take action. If the sale proceeds it will be in defiance of the Washington government. The Honolulu government, a mere temporary expedient, will be setting itself up as superior, subject to no restraint by the United States. That confusion would follow such a course is evident, and that Dole needs definite instructions as to his place and authority is equally plain.

When Hawaii was annexed, one clause in the treaty gave the United States "the absolute fee and ownership of all public lands and government of crown lands in the islands." As soon as this had been adopted and ratified it became a law. There seems a total absence of vagueness or ambiguity about it. The terms are express and definite. Nevertheless, Dole counts it as nothing, and proceeds to do that which not even the President of the United States would have any right to do, resents instructions meant to enlighten him, and tacitly proclaims that he will pay no attention to interference. This complication is only one of many remaining to be adjusted, and is comparatively simple. There can be no doubt that before November 2d Dole will have received orders so explicit that, though he may ascribe them to ignorance, he will not decline to heed them, or, declining, will find another in the place he now over-fills. That the Hawaiian government—a makeshift, bridging a time for which there is no better scheme perfected—should be allowed to trifle with the government of which it is a minor part is not conceivable, and the venerable Dole, his whiskers flying in the breezes of his own imagination, is really a ludicrous figure.

Questions as to the extent to which the United States Constitution is in force in the islands present a serious rather than a comical side. The highest court of the islands has decided adversely as to its prevalence there. It has done this in at least three cases, one involving customs duties, one a crime, and the third contract labor. There is a natural curiosity as to the method of reasoning which permits a subordinate power to cast aside a superior power and calmly rule itself supreme. There will be an awakening in the domain of Dole, and perhaps that gentleman himself may be jarred from his tropic somnolence. Lawyers of repute have made bold to differ with the court. Hon. Francis H. Hatch, once minister to this country, says: "The Constitution of the United States belongs to us . . . and no

power exists that can deprive us of it." While the deprivation continues, Mr. Hatch may indulge in profitable speculation as to how this happens in view of the lack of an adequate power to cause it to happen.

The Southern States have for many years attempted to solve the race problem that perplexes them by adopting some form of constitutional amendment that will have the effect of disfranchising the negroes without violating the prohibition contained in the fifteenth amendment. North Carolina presents the latest experiment in this line. The new constitution submitted for approval in that State provides that "every person presenting himself for registration shall be able to read and write any section of the constitution in the English language." As registration is a prerequisite to voting, this is in effect an educational qualification upon the voter. A subsequent section, however, provides that this qualification shall not apply to any male citizen "who was on January 1, 1867, or at any time prior thereto, entitled to vote under the laws of any State wherein he then resided," or to any lineal descendant of any such person. In other words, the educational qualification is intended to apply to negroes only. It is to be hoped that the new constitution will be carried. This is the more to be desired because it will have an effect very different from that desired or expected. The limitation will probably be held by the courts to be unconstitutional, while the educational qualification will stand as to all citizens. This will place North Carolina upon the same footing as California and some other States. An educational qualification may disfranchise more blacks than whites, but it will exclude the unworthy whites, and any disfranchised citizen may remove his disability by the simple process of becoming sufficiently educated to vote intelligently.

M. Edouard Rod, the French critic and scholar, has been making a study of the institutions of higher education in this country, and his observations are interesting, not only because of his standing, but because he points out those features that would impress a foreigner more vividly than they would residents of the United States. To him these institutions have not only an "American physiognomy," but each seems to have a peculiar character of its own. Cambridge, for instance, reminded him of the secluded retreat which certain small towns in Germany offer to their seats of learning. In New York and Chicago, on the other hand, the universities are little more than episodes in the maelstrom of life that carries them along with it. In the latter places the students will become men of action, fighters; while the former institution will produce men with a taste for deliberate reflection. The material equipment of the universities particularly impressed him. In Europe they have no idea of such conveniences. "There is not a single detail that is not perfect."

The feature of the American university that impressed M. Rod most unfavorably is the vast amount of work required of the professors. So much is required of them that they can not do their best. "Let there be few lectures, but let each be a masterpiece, whose excellence shall have no other limits than those of the professor's ability." This point has been brought out before by European critics. The leading professors in the English universities deliver during the year barely as many lectures as are required of the professors in this country in the course of one month. The cause of this, which apparently escapes M. Rod's attention, is the mingling of college instruction and university work in the same institution. The tendency is to separate these, and when this separation is more nearly complete there is hope for improvement in both departments.

The frankness, good will, and mingling of brightness and seriousness in the student life especially pleased him, and he comments with approval upon the fact of "these vigorous, robust, healthy young men devoting sufficient time to hygiene, and thus avoiding the evils of overwork." He adds, however, that "their work is done, and, I have a thousand reasons to believe, well done."

Mr. Thomas B. Reed, one time Speaker of the House of Representatives, evidently considers that as a private citizen he is free to express just what he thinks on public questions. A friend, in discussion with him recently, declared that this country would be humiliated before the world if its troops were withdrawn from the Philippines. Mr. Reed's reply was that the dread of humiliation was found among people and nations exactly in proportion as they deserved humiliation. Continuing, he declared that the Filipinos have "put their tongues in their cheeks at us," and have "watched our failures as others have. I don't know how long it will be before the American people get tired of spending fifty millions of dollars a year trying to conquer these people, but it does not seem to me it will be very long. I can conceive that freedom is just as dear to them as it is to us,

and that they will fight for it just as long." Mr. Reed is a Republican, but it is easy to understand how, entertaining such views, he found it impossible to continue working in harmony with the administration.

The successor of Mr. Reed in the Speaker's chair is to be General D. B. Henderson. What is likely to be his position upon this question? He has a record of service in the army that proves he is ready to fight when necessity demands, yet he is also on record as being opposed to war. When the trouble with Spain was first entering upon the acute stage, he delivered a speech before a gathering of soldiers at Chicago, a few extracts from which will be interesting at this time. He said:

"Mr. President, my theme to-day is war, and I am against it. I wish I had all the gifts to speak my abhorrence of war. . . . The bull-fight, the cock-pit, the prize-ring, and the battle-field must all go down together. . . . The great man reasons, the small man fights. . . . I appeal to you, brave men of many battles, who have seen, and felt, and comprehended! I cry out to you to throw your influence into the scales and urge the world to seek some forum where the arbitrator shall not be the dripping sword."

"War is demoralizing. War is desolating. War consumes the toil and comfort of our people. War is the world's terrible, relentless, remorseless inquisition. War is the weapon of tyrants, the prop of thrones."

There can be no question as to the views of a man who makes use of such utterances. Yet it is safe to say that, as Speaker, his influence will be unqualifiedly thrown in support of the policy of the President. It would be wrong for him to do otherwise. Did he propose any other policy he would not be justified in accepting a position where he might thwart every effort of the administration. Like many other Republicans, General Henderson probably feels it his duty to enrol himself under the banner of the administration with the purpose of giving his best work in its support.

The human tendency oftentimes is to hurry, whether or not there exists any occasion for haste, and hence there is interest in the reduction to lowest limits of the time required for a journey over sea. According to what seem to be the best authorities this limit has almost been reached. At least, there is no reason to expect any sensational change while steam remains the motive power. Some have predicted a speed for ocean liners practically that of express trains; Sir William White, a distinguished naval architect and writer, perceives no basis for this prediction, and in a recent publication explained his views. He thinks it possible that by means of the Parsons engine a speed of forty knots may ultimately be attained but does not look for this in the immediate future. Progress as he makes clear by reference to official records, has been slow in the acquirement of speed.

In the half-century ending with 1875 the increase has been very small. At the end of that period the best to be expected of a liner was fourteen and one-half knots, although warships had touched sixteen or seventeen knots, an inkling of the swift cruiser of the present. Now a liner can make twenty-three knots, and of one under construction the attainment of twenty-four knots is expected. Thus the increase in the traveling qualities of this class of craft has been about ten knots in a quarter of a century marked by inventions, improvements, and the study of naval possibilities. Warships there has been a gain more marked. Some "destroyers" are rated at thirty knots, and for one building in England, the *Viper*, thirty-five knots is the speed anticipated. This shows a gain of eighteen knots for the craft of battle while the craft of peace have gained but ten since 1875. It is to be remembered, however, that the destroyer is a special type of boat for special work, and has little in common with anything designed for the accommodation of passenger. It carries little weight, but a trifle of space, and is devoid of comfort. As a rule, the actual warship, as distinguished from the destroyer, has failed to keep pace. Russia has third-class cruisers that can develop twenty-five knots—faster than any England has launched, and far ahead of the speediest designed in the United States. Twenty-three knots is the standard of the English cruiser against twenty of ten years ago. It is a marvel to Sir William that the United States should be content to be outdone.

He concludes by hazarding the prediction that the limit speed has almost been reached at sea, as on the rail. I see no reason to believe that the mail liner will do better than thirty knots, and to the highly specialized vessel he accedes the probability of forty knots. Beyond this he discerns danger, for there must be a limit to speed on the water, just as sixty miles an hour has been shown to be the utmost achievement of the locomotive consistent with safety.

Popular interest in the question whether the human race is becoming a race of degenerates was first aroused by the publication of Max Nordau's book. Scientific interest had been aroused prior to that time by the investigations and speculations of Lombroso, whose pupil Nordau was. These investigations were interested primarily in the mental and ethical aspects of the question, but Professor Fetter, of Stanford University

has, in the current issue of a leading magazine, an interesting discussion of the physical side of the question. The influence of the present tendency to prolong the lives and assist the defective classes is the point upon which Professor Fetter lays stress. The diseased and deformed who were once permitted to die now marry and bring into the world children not fitted to carry on the struggle for existence. Free clinics and charitable institutions enable the weak and defective children of the poor to grow up to become fathers and mothers. Spectacled infants are no longer a rarity; mutes and the feeble-minded are collected into colonies; and the skill of the dentist prepares us for the advent of the toothless man.

Evolutionary development depends upon the survival of the fittest, yet the tendency of this altruistic movement is to defeat those natural forces that once removed the unfit. Famine and pestilence are combated, the influences that remove the weakling infant among savages are not permitted to operate under our civilization. War formerly carried off the weak in single combat, now it is only the most fit who are permitted to go out to battle and die in the trenches and in the hospitals. The opening of various fields of industrial activity to women tends to withdraw the intelligent and progressive into professional and business life, and to leave only the less capable for domestic duties.

Such are the considerations advanced by Professor Fetter, but he seems to overlook certain counteracting tendencies. The advance of medical and surgical science during the last decade or two gives hope that the number of hopelessly defective will in time be reduced to a minimum. Sanitary science tends to raise the standard of health throughout the civilized world. The fact that physical labor is decreasing as a result of the general introduction of machinery, which he deplures, is offset by the increasing participation of both sexes in games of activity, and the hygienic influence of such amusement is superior to that of labor. Physically weak children are developed by intelligent direction into healthy men and women. The general diffusion of a knowledge of the laws of health is decreasing the number of marriages that can result only in unhappiness. The economic results of all this may give cause for uneasiness, but the outlook of the physical future of the race is reassuring rather than disquieting.

In view of the fact that Admiral Dewey has repeatedly declared that he was not to be considered a Presidential candidate, it is surprising what a large portion of the press—especially Democratic—is endeavoring to “boom” him for the Presidency. The proposition which was advanced by Henry Watterson, of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, last year, and dropped when it was learned that the admiral disapproved of it, has again been brought forward by the New York *World*, and the discussion which has resulted is decidedly interesting. We quote a number of striking extracts *pro* and *con*.

In one of its first editorials, the *World* said:

“The advantage to the country of the nomination of Admiral Dewey for President by the Democratic party is so great as to outweigh any personal objection which his rare and quite heroic modesty may seek to interpose. Not since Washington’s day has any American had the opportunity to do his country a greater service than Dewey can render it next year by causing a suspension of party strife and accepting the Presidency as a simple patriot—under no pledge save to duty, free from all obligations except those of honor, bound to no platform other than the constitution.”

New York *Town Topics* makes this fervent appeal to the Democratic party:

“Will you, as a party, hesitate to promptly proclaim Dewey your candidate, so as to secure him before the Republicans, moved by the same clever politics that led them to take Grant, in 1868, shall take Dewey for 1900? The question is instant and insistent. I appeal to the leaders of the Democratic party, with the earnestness bred of forty years’ fighting in the ranks, to move at once in such a manner as shall secure Admiral Dewey as the standard-bearer of the Democracy next year.”

In a recent editorial of the *Courier-Journal* we learn that the proposal of Dewey’s nomination was thrown out by Mr. Watterson last year just to see how the Democracy, supposing Dewey to be an available candidate, would take it. “But,” says the Louisville editor, “the Democratic leaders would have none of it, or of him. They affect to believe that they would rather lose with Bryan than win with Dewey, quite forgetting that if they lose another national battle they are lost forever, because, however sacred a cause may be and however fervid its leaders, if victories be not sometimes achieved fighting is sheer, useless sacrifice. At least in American politics the blood of the martyrs is not the seed of the church.” He concludes:

“There is just this difference, with respect to Dewey, between the Democrats and the Republicans: The Republicans can hold the great admiral as a reserve to draw upon in case of need. If, next year, when the convention period has arrived, all is clear and safe before them, they will nominate McKinley by acclamation. But if the outlook be uncertain they need not take the least risk with McKinley; for there is Dewey right to their hand, and—whatever his private disinclination and personal preference—he could not refuse a nomination under such conditions if tendered him. He would accept, and nobody could beat him. In a word, it seems the old, old story over again. At the critical moment the Democrats, as General Grant observed,

may be relied on to perpetrate some folly; at the opportune moment the Republicans do the one thing needful, and so the legend of the starved and stumbling donkey seems in danger of perpetuation.”

Apropos of Watterson’s remarks, the New York *Sun* says:

“It is a great comfort to have a sagacious political seer like the genial Kentucky editor to remind the Republican party that it has a ‘reserve to draw upon in case of need.’ But these are the ‘reserves’ that have been brought out by the McKinley administration. They are the fruits of an American administration of American affairs in a great crisis. The more the people idolize Dewey the greater becomes the force of the patriotic obligation to keep in power the present national administration.”

The St. Paul *Dispatch* pooh-poohs the idea of Dewey being able to secure the Democratic nomination, and remarks:

“But the nomination of Dewey and his candidacy for President on a common sense platform—which is the only kind of a platform Dewey would ever stand upon—would kill the Democratic vote of every Western and Southern State. As against Bryan, Dewey could not carry a Democratic precinct in any Western State, and every Democratic paper knows it. The Democracy of to-day has but one motive, and that is the ‘restoration’ of silver. All else is secondary and relatively of minor importance. In a few of the Eastern States, perhaps, the Dewey movement might make some headway, if Dewey would permit it, but the Democracy of the West and South is still for 16 to 1 or bust and Bryan for 1900. There is no possibility of heading Bryan off, and there is only one question open to-day concerning the 1900 Democratic ticket, and that is the ownership of the barrel which shall be nominated for second place and play the part of ‘angel’ to the rest of the troupe.”

Leslie’s Weekly thinks that while the *World’s* suggestion appears to be fanciful, it is obviously not to be laughed at. It adds:

“There is little doubt that the nomination of Admiral Dewey by one party would compel his nomination by the other, for, as a candidate, he would appear to be invincible. His joint nomination by both parties would mean virtually his unanimous election, an honor received by no other person excepting another George, who was the only President bearing that baptismal name—George Washington. . . .

“The unanimous choice ever again of any man for the Presidency seems extremely doubtful. If any one could have it, Dewey, under existing circumstances, could be thus favored. First, because he is the hero of the nation; secondly, because he is more familiar than any one else with the gravest problem that now confronts us—the Philippine question—it should be noted that the London *Spectator* advises the appointment of Dewey as the governor-general of the Philippines; and, thirdly, because his unanimous election would set at rest the fears of the business world regarding grave financial disturbances that will obviously follow another campaign with Bryan pitted against McKinley on the old platforms. It would be unique and extraordinary if both parties were to endorse Dewey, making his nomination unanimous and the Presidential election a mere matter of form. Such an eventuality, if it were possible, would remove the one great menace to a continuance of the country’s present extraordinary prosperity—that is, the menace of a Presidential election, with all that implies of a possible change in our financial and economic policies.”

The New York correspondent of the Boston *Globe* ventures this prophecy:

“Just put yourself in a national convention next June. The States are called upon to nominate candidates. Vermont’s turn comes, the chairman, rising, says: ‘Mr. President, the delegation from the State of Vermont unanimously places as its candidate on the list George Dewey, of Vermont.’ What will be the effect? Did you ever see a candidate nominated? Don’t you know that every Republican and every Democrat and every independent that goes as a delegate to a convention is as dependent as a sheep? Let a popular name be sprung, let it once enter the mind of that convention that the man of the hour is on deck, and, like a flock of sheep, the delegations rush to get near the van! Mark my words, that experiment will be tried, and if so, Dewey will accept the nomination. And then the people will do the rest.”

The Chicago *Journal*, which doubts if the *World* could make Dewey President, even if he were willing, says:

“To take up, on such knowledge, a military conqueror and make him President would operate toward making the Presidency a prize to be fought for on battlefields, instead of a great and sacred trust to be discharged by the man who had proved himself wisest and worthiest in the domain of statecraft. It would make men who are only soldiers hunger after political power, and in some unforeseeable crisis it might induce them to provoke unnecessary foreign war in order to snatch from the field of victory rewards they should not have. Such is the condition in France to-day. The *World* cites the case of General Grant as an argument in favor of its plan. It is an unfortunate citation. General Grant was one of the greatest warriors and poorest Presidents this country ever had. His election was a mistake that should not be repeated. It is right for the American people to admire Dewey for his soldierly qualities and reward him for doing his work so well. But if they are a cool-headed and a shrewd people they will call on statesmen for statesmanship and keep their warriors for war.”

The Chicago *Times-Herald* dismisses the “hysterical” New York *World’s* attempt to put Dewey in the Presidential chair against his own wishes with this remark:

“The Democrats will have to look elsewhere to find some one to pull their chestnuts out of the fire, and even then the search will be hopeless. There is nothing for them but to burn their fingers again along with William the Willing.”

According to an *Evening Post* interview, Admiral Dewey, just after the arrival of the *Olympia* in New York harbor, settled the whole question of his probable candidacy for the Presidency in one short sentence: “Why, they don’t know me.” The reporter adds: “Any politician who could have seen the admiral then, and noted the expression of his face, an expression half amused, half pitying, could not help feeling in his soul that the question of Dewey and the Presidency had been settled forever.” And, when it was suggested that the Democratic slate had been settled, with Admiral Dewey for the Presidency and General Wheeler for the Vice-Presidency, the admiral said: “Well, we should make a pretty mess of it. General Wheeler, of course, has had some training in the political school, but then he is a West Pointer, I had forgotten that. He would want to run everything as he would

a regiment, and, of course, would make a splendid mess of it. You can not run a government as you would a regiment. I am not a politician; I am a sailor; my training has been all that way. I am at home on board my ship. I know my business, or, at least, should know it; and I do not want to mix up in the affairs of government. I am perfectly satisfied to live and die a simple sailor, who tried to do his duty. I am not a politician.”

Under the startling title “Breakers Ahead,” we read in the London dispatches of October 12th:

“The *Daily Mail’s* Berlin correspondent says: ‘General Benjamin Harrison, former President of the United States, said to me to-day that he sighted breakers ahead for the British ship of state.’”

Now Benjamin Harrison is one of the most discreet of men. He is an old lawyer, an old politician, an old Congressman, and an old President of the United States. In his long political career few have been able to place a finger on a foolish word written by him. Being a wise and prudent man, if he has an irresistible impulse to say unwise and imprudent things, he doubtless confides them to his wife. To expect such a man to fall upon the neck of a yellow newspaper reporter, and pour into his yellow bosom indiscreet utterances concerning the policy of a foreign and friendly nation, would be insane if it were not preposterous.

The *Daily Mail* is a new London newspaper modeled on the most approved American yellow sheets. It is like the New York *World* and *Journal*, and therefore everything in it is to be looked upon with suspicion. In the foregoing paragraph there is probably nothing that is true except the date, and even that is doubtful—the “Berlin dispatch” may have been written in London. General Harrison probably did not say that there were breakers ahead for Britain. If he had said it he would not have said it to a *Daily Mail* reporter. He probably said nothing to a *Daily Mail* reporter and perhaps never saw one.

The only statement in the foregoing paragraph that is true is that there is a *Daily Mail*.

And that’s a pity.

Doubtless many people are uninformed as to the merits of the controversy between Great Britain and the Transvaal Republic. Doubtless many do not know how the Boers have wronged the British. The explanation will be found in this remark of Sir Alfred Milner, the British commissioner, the day he left England for the Cape: “If you saw a solid pile of gold worth five hundred million sterling over there, with twenty thousand Boers armed to the teeth sitting on it, what would you do?”

Britons’ wrongs must be avenged!

Three years ago the United States and Great Britain entered into a treaty to determine the eastern boundary of Venezuela. At that time the *Argonaut* had the temerity to question the wisdom of President Cleveland in involving this country in a dispute that might lead to war with England—a war that would cost billions of dollars and hundreds of thousands of lives, and all for the sake of a petty South American republic that looked upon the United States with unfriendly eyes and was incapable of feeling gratitude for any sacrifices that might be made. For assuming this position, the *Argonaut* was favored with the abuse of the jingo press. In the light of recent events it may be interesting to recall some of the facts then set forth and some of the contingencies suggested. It was pointed out that Venezuela was on the eve of a presidential election, and that the opponents of Crespo were making use of this same treaty in an attempt to defeat him. The *Argonaut* suggested:

“Suppose the Venezuelan Government should fall, and that a revolution should break out against Crespo on the ground that he had weakly imperiled the integrity of the country’s soil and stained his country’s honor? The United States has agreed with Great Britain to regulate the boundaries of this country. What would the United States do? Would it take a hand in the internecine struggles in Venezuela, and settle which was the rightful president, which the loyal army, which the rebel army, and which the rightful government? It would be forced to do so by the attitude it has assumed and the terms of its agreement with Great Britain. It has made itself responsible for Venezuela’s acts. It will have to remain responsible.”

The Paris tribunal has rendered its award, and has given to Great Britain territory which she herself offered to Venezuela. The forces in Venezuela that opposed the arbitration three years ago are now in revolt, and the award justifies their opposition to the treaty. Suppose those forces should be victorious and should gain control of the government? Suppose they should repudiate the arbitration and refuse to abide by the award? What will the United States do?

The signature of the editor is appended to every article in this issue written, dictated, or inspired by him, in accordance with the “signature law,” enacted during the last session of the legislature.

THE GAME COURSE.

How a Partridge Proved the Undoing of a Poet.

Mme. d'Ollionles is a perfect hostess. With her cook, Joséphine, and a narrow income, she manages to give better dinners than most people afflicted with a *chef* and a hundred thousand francs a year. To maintain one's table varied and delicate, *distingué*, and succulent, is especially difficult in the country. So Suzanne d'Ollionles found it to be in the lonely nook to which she had retired to recover from Parisian gayeties. She was here to regain her looks and to entertain her friends—never more than one or two at a time. For she had her rustic pigeon-cote, the flaming glory of sunset, the love-sick melancholy of twilight, the ploughman bending over his furrow, and the sower with his august gesture, the voices of the forest, the great mystery of the love of nature. Yes, of course, you can scoff at her, but she felt it all. Or she thought she felt it—which amounts to the same thing.

But you can not lunch on a harmony nor dine on a symbol, and in the country provisions are not easy to get. Nothing is as difficult to secure as game—like fish at the sea-side. No wonder then that to-day she was rejoicing in the hamper of game that Saint-Hubert wired her he had sent. It came really in the nick of time, for she was expecting Jehan des Glayeuls by the 5:27 train. And it was with Saint-Hubert's game that she intended to regale him. The irony of fate, plainly. Poor Saint-Hubert! Lucky Des Glayeuls!

You surely could not expect her to remain a widow at thirty-two, when the one and only pleasure given her by the departed was the restoration of her liberty to her. The present decision called for great circumspection. One is more or less forced into one's first marriage; one is not responsible. But to make a bad play of the fair card of young and charming widowhood—it would be an insult to Providence. At the end of the two prescribed years, prognostications announced Saint-Hubert as the man. A handsome and a gallant gentleman; large estates in Poitou, where he bred choice mules; a stable honorably known at provincial race-meetings; a *piéd-à-terre* in Paris and a taste for society; downright, square, definite—in short, in perfect form. Visibly very much in love, and not at all frozen, he had all odds in his favor.

Yet the general summer scattering had come without bringing a *dénouement*. Something was up evidently. Intimate friends suggested that since Jehan des Glayeuls had become an assiduous visitor at Mme. d'Ollionles's, when the door opened for Jehan it shut on Saint-Hubert. Latterly, the handsome sportsman's star seemed to be paling before that of the fascinating poet. One of our most sympathetic drawing-room delinquents, highly relished among the readers of pale-mauve reviews, Ihsen and Burne-Jones, liberty and tetralogy, Scandinavia and the Round Table! You must know—by sight, at least—his volume of "Aquamirines and Opals" bound in fog-gray, dashed with lunar-blue, and sown with black irises that are kissed by great night-moths.

He is one of our amateur anarchists as well—a most select and exclusive one—of an exquisite savor when one is horn with a silver spoon in one's mouth. His spoon is, in fact, gilt-bowled, whence his humanitarianism is all the more high-keyed. How can one fail to pray for the downfall of a society hard-hearted enough to permit the existence of people unable to indulge in a *cyclus* at Bayreuth or a Passion Play at Oherammergau? And luxuriously stretched on the bed of roses spread for him by the extinct Des Glayeuls, *père*, he prepares the way for the coming of the reign of mind, justice, and love, by chiseling invertebrate verses, all iridescence, evanescence, efflorescence, where colored sounds have it out with sonorous colorings—as well as by collecting subtle sensations in his hyperaesthetic heart and rare *bibelots* in his Hellogabalesque apartment, where, by a perverse caprice, modern style is married to Byzantine. For the rest, the best son in the world.

"What! hasn't the hamper come yet? It's incomprehensible; it should have arrived yesterday. Antoine, take the *boghei* and go to the station to see what is wrong."

An hour later the man returned with the basket. The addressed card had fallen off, and no one had identified it. To any one who appreciates the finer shadings of living, the opening of a game hamper is a keen pleasure. The strings snap. A good selection—a hare, two pheasants, a brace of partridges. The pheasants are hung up in the store-room; the hare is jugged—one of Joséphine's artistic triumphs. The partridges will be served to-night.

"Young and fat. But doesn't madame fear that they are a little far gone?"

Far gone! What a disaster! And Mme. d'Ollionles's little pink nose sniffs and sniffs. "No, indeed, Joséphine, I'm sure not. I can tell better when they are plucked."

Joséphine returns shortly with the featherless birds. A fresh examination and a council of war. Plainly, the partridges would have been better eaten yesterday. Then they were absolutely *à point*; one especially. The other—there is no knowing why—had not gone so far. Killed better, no doubt; the quantity of lead makes a difference, and the place of the wound. But this exact, this ideal moment of perfection, how fleeting and intangible it is—like the psychological moment of an *omelette soufflée*, or of a woman's love. Finally, Joséphine, who knows her business, declares that they will do. Well larded, well trussed, roasted over clear wood-coals on the spit, served *sur canapé* in a little nest of freshly gathered cress, she will get congratulations for them.

This serious question once settled, Suzanne d'Ollionles vanishes every material consideration from her mind, and thinks only of adorning her attractive little person for the expected guest. No; there is another thing that she thinks of. She is drowned in perplexity. This visit will be decisive. On what is she determined? For Saint-Hubert

is far from being exiled from her heart. It is very flattering to have two lovers—but what a complication! Suzanne d'Ollionles thought too much of herself to have only one ego. And if her poetic ego leaned toward the handsome, dark man, her prosaic ego acknowledged a weakness for the handsome fair man.

The carriage returning from the station is heard rolling up the avenue. No doubt at that very instant Mme. d'Ollionles came to a decision, for recalling a chapter of Brillat-Savarin, with the deliciously ferocious smile of a woman who knows that some one is about to suffer through her, she murmured: "Poor Saint-Hubert! It's hardly fair to eat his partridges to-night." A second later, Jehan des Glayeuls was kissing her hands; the new Laura—without one of the nine children—smiled upon her Petrarch. A Petrarch in a *gris de lin* suit, a soft lavender shirt, a white collar around which ran a rigid stock of black satin that developed in front into artistic volutes, caught in the centre by a rare moonstone. And as she smiled, between her and the handsome fellow with his hair in short waves, his soft, well-trimmed beard, his skin pale by thought, his eyes of a green-gray, the tint of a twilight sea, rose the vision of a tall, muscular frame, well-planted on its feet, the brilliant blue of a keen, clear eye, a red Merovingian mustache curling like a flame from a naturally fair skin now sunburned. To whom did she smile? To the bard or to the boxer? She did not know. She looked charming in her flowing draperies of "sick turquoise" India muslin, that glistened with pale-gold palm-leaves—a dreamy setting to her fragile beauty.

Yet she was hungry when she went to table. So was he. What dyspeptic could have resisted the delicacies of the meal? On the ivory cloth, into which mauve cyclamen were woven, lay a wreath of violet and white clematis. An old, chased pewter bowl, whose soft tones are infinitely more aesthetic than the harsh brilliancy of silver—quite low, so that they could see each other—was filled with tearoses, jasmine, and heliotrope; discreet tints, suave scents. The service was of unmatched old Strashurg, each piece having an artistic value. The plate was oxydized, softened, dimmed. The candles humed under *pervenche* silk shades. And what a charming *menu*, light and appetizing! *Purée de volaille printanière*, lake trout with cream sauce, sweetbreads *à la chorizée*. A little *abricoté* white wine, Brauneherger-Mosel, of a perfect distinction, first cousin to the Rhine brands. The talk ran pleasantly. Des Glayeuls was just back from an unusual *villégiature*, Elsinore, and from this Hamletesque *milieu* he had brought back a certain air of Shakespearean fatalism flavored with Byronism.

The game course. A delicious whiff accompanies it. A hardly perceptible quiver of the nostrils, a flash of light in the eyes, small white teeth firmly planted in a bit of the wing, pink lips voluptuously moistened in a glass of Romanée-Conti—and Suzanne returns to her guest. Well, what is the matter with him? What a way of picking at the contents of his plate! She will bring him back to the respect of choice things.

SHE [*vaguely aggressive*].—It's not because it is served on my board, but really, the partridge is excellent.

HE [*constrainedly*].—Excellent.

SHE.—You don't look convinced.

HE [*nervously*].—To tell the truth, I think it's a trifle—

SHE [*annoyed*].—*Allons donc!* It's as ripe as if it had been killed to order.

HE.—That depends on one's taste.

SHE [*peremptorily*].—Pardon me. One either likes or dislikes game; that, I admit, is a question of taste. But when one likes it, one must eat it as it should be eaten. A partridge not properly kept is no better than a pigeon; in fact, a pigeon is tenderer. Antoine, serve me the partridge again. [To JEHAN, ironically].—I don't offer you any. [A gesture of defensive refusal. Out of bravado, she chooses the one that has the most shot in it, and takes a leg—an aggravating circumstance.] By the way, I remember last year, at my mother's, some snipe that they insisted on serving after they had been kept only eight days.

HE.—They must have walked on to the spit.

SHE.—You are extremely witty, but that jest has been heard before, you know. On the contrary, I assure you that these snipe had positively no *haut goût*.

HE [*disgusted*].—Luckily.

SHE [*scornfully*].—Pray, try to follow me. Game that is too fresh is tough; besides, it does not yield its *fumet*.

HE.—A horrid word.

SHE [*reared*].—All words are horrid if wrongly interpreted. The *fumet* of game is the bouquet of wine.

HE.—And in the meantime the meat is in the process of decomposition.

SHE [*angrily*].—So you think that my partridges are in a state of putrefaction?

HE [*politely*].—I think that eating tainted game is a perverted taste.

SHE.—Pray be reasonable. Every dish has its special exigences. Quail must be eaten within the twenty-four hours; venison chops require three weeks. Don't make such a face. Have you ever struggled with a chicken whose neck has just been wrung? You'd give it up. While a fish would be all the better for being popped alive into its *court-bouillon*.

HE [*suffering*].—Are you aware that you are saying horrible things?

SHE [*teasingly*].—What then? Bees and sheep have to be killed in order that you may have your steak and your chop. Why don't you feed on dove's milk?

HE [*piqued*].—It's very easy to say such things to people.

SHE [*getting worked up*].—The Hindoos live on rice and bananas. I borrow you with my partridge. [A gesture of weak protestation.] Yes, there's no doubt of it. But all that you have just eaten—not that I reproach you with it—would disgust a Brahmin prodigiously.

HE [*dogmatically*].—One of the basenesses of our impure

essence. But if we are actually slaves, at least we can enfranchise our minds. Love is a passion that is debased when it becomes a necessity. Food, on the contrary, is a necessity that lowers us when we make a passion of it.

SHE [*obstinately*].—I maintain that if God has given us an appetite, we are to enjoy it like everything else. [She takes up her fork again.]

HE.—You are fond of eating?

SHE.—Extremely so. And so are you, otherwise you would not dine out every evening with the alacrity you display.

HE.—My alacrity, as you call it, is an artistic pleasure. What charms me here? The lights, the flowers, and you.

SHE.—You are extremely kind. It is self-evident that a feast of Lucullus would lose its delights if it were served on iron-stone ware, on a doubtful tablecloth, by a red-armed Joan.

HE.—Evidently, things must be in harmony. I profess no scorn for *recherche* food; on the contrary, this art of selection purifies, or at least subtilizes, its grossness. But one must go about it delicately. [He helps himself plentifully to *frappé*, *whipped-cream*, and *strawberries*.]

SHE [*who is very fond of it, ostentatiously takes a mere taste*].—Eating merely for the sake of eating, when one is hungry, is no enjoyment. Yes, a good slice of underdone beef, with chow-chow, and a glass of frank red Burgundy—an enchantment, I assure you.

HE [*knowingly*].—And the piece of cheese that you have forgotten.

SHE.—Quite so. Rich Camembert, or good Gorgonzola.

HE.—Green, the color of decay.

SHE [*with the air of one who declines to lose her temper*].—Just what it is, that's why men reserve the privilege of eating it. It goes along with cigars. We are allowed Swiss cheese, as we are cigarettes. There are houses where the cheese is not handed to the ladies. In those houses I invariably call for it loudly.

HE.—Because it amuses you to make a little scandal.

SHE.—You may as well say at once that I don't like it, and that what I say is for *pose*. [He takes some more of the *entremets*.] About as if I should tax you with affectation because you can only endure Crème Chantilly.

HE [*with a new effort toward conciliation*].—Pray, don't exaggerate. I eat to support life.

SHE [*who refuses to be reconciled*].—Do you mean to say that you are the same man when you leave the table that you were fasting?

HE.—I pity those whose cerebral excitement is due to violent food—[a disdainful gesture on MME. D'OLLIONLES'S part]—or the excitement of their passions.

SHE.—My dear fellow, you are growing coarse.

HE.—It is in order to please you.

SHE.—Much obliged, I'm sure; but it doesn't suit your type at all.

HE.—It is well known that you prefer the Centaur type.

SHE.—I'm not afraid of it.

HE.—The Nimrod type.

SHE.—It has its good sides. [A pause. Ferociously].—By the way, Saint-Hubert sent me this game.

HE.—He knows your tendencies.

SHE.—Why not say my corruption, while you are about it?

HE [*civilly*].—I should not think of permitting myself such an impertinence.

SHE [*pursuing her idea*].—Corruption! Corruption! It is possible. Everything is corruption—love to begin with. But I forget that I am talking to an ingenious-hearted Parsifal. [Answering his gesture.] Dame! on a diet of white meat and boiled vegetables!

HE [*with a look that means volumes*].—It is not in the realities of love that I place its perversities.

SHE.—I don't understand. Too complicated for me.

The entrance of Antoine with the finger-bowls cuts the conversation short. The evening ends in a state of tension. She has him shown his room early; he must be tired from his journey.

The next day Jehan des Glayeuls gets his dispatch calling him back in haste. "Nothing annoying, I trust? *Allons*, so much the better."

After depositing the guest at the station, the coachman sends the following telegram:

"Partridges excellent. When done shooting pray make me short visit."—Adapted for the Argonaut from the French of Marie Anne de Bovet.

The rector of the University of Bonn has recently found it expedient to speak to his students on the subject of drinking. His address, as quoted by a correspondent of a French-American newspaper, affords an instructive example of moderation in reform. He does not tell his students that they must not drink, nor even that they must not drink according to rule, as German students are wont to do. The Germans, he says, have always drunk beer, and have apparently thrived on it; and since the time of Tacitus, at least, they have had prescribed rules and forms of drinking. That is very well, the rector says. "To the drinking custom in the gay and joyous circles there can be no objection." What he does object to is a new code which has been introduced during the last decade in many associations of students, which prescribes a certain quantity of beer to each man. The rector calls such a code idiotic, imbecile, and void of all reason. The amount of beer prescribed must be excessive, for he jeers at students who are so feeble-spirited as to submit to rules which involve compulsory drunkenness. They have a right, he says, to enliven their meetings with whatever can make them innocently gay. He enumerates some of the merits and benefits of drinking, but he has only scorn for rules which transform convivial meetings into contests in drunkenness. No doubt the rector knows both his students and his subject (says *Harper's Weekly*), and no doubt the advice he gives is salutary; but there is a prodigious gulf fixed between him and the temperance reformers of the United States.

THE CROWDS IN GŒTHAM.

Side-Lights on the Dewey Reception—New York Overrun with Visitors—Many Yachting Men and Women in Town for the Races.

It takes a great influx of strangers to counteract the peculiar smartness that gives a New York crowd its characteristic appearance, but we have had more than enough visitors to do that in the past four or five days. In any other city in the Union a sudden addition of thirty or forty thousand to its population would overcrowd the hotels and congest traffic in the streets, but New York can take in and assimilate a hundred thousand visitors and never show it. This is due to various factors—to the many arteries by which strangers come into town, not only by the Grand Central Depot but by a dozen widely separated ferries from as many different railroad lines; to the mingling of hotels, residences, business houses, and places of amusement in the same localities; and to the fact that we can always count upon and are ready for a large floating population. But the crowds that have swarmed in on us to see the Dewey reception and the yacht-races are beyond even New York's powers of assimilation. And no wonder, for in addition to Manhattan's usual population of one million souls, it is estimated that a quarter of a million visitors from a greater or less distance took up their quarters here during the early part of last week, and the figures given out by the various transportation lines show that fully one and one-half millions of suburbanites came to town on Saturday from Brooklyn, the Jersey side, and other places within a few hours' travel.

And they all seemed to be sight-seers. Those who are to stay for the yacht-races are generally of a comparatively higher order, and there are as well-dressed men and as carefully gowned women from Boston and Baltimore, Chicago and Minneapolis, San Francisco and Denver, as our own New Yorkers. They are to be distinguished only by a certain freedom and geniality of manner and an occasional burr in their speech. But the Dewey receptioners, so to speak, are country people, many of whom have never visited the metropolis before, and they are determined to get their money's worth of sight-seeing. Some of them even began at the Battery, determined to do the town from one end to the other, but they gave up the idea by the time they got into the Bowery and Chatham Street. Others made for the Dewey Arch in Madison Square. So many people were filled with an ambition to pass under the arch on Friday that the approaching streets for blocks in every direction were congested almost to the point of impassability. Every class of vehicle was called into requisition for this traffic, and the jehus reaped rich harvests. Half a dollar was the least sum for which a cabby would take a fare under the arch, and all of them conducted their vehicles on the omnibus plan. They packed in as many passengers as they could carry, drove them under the arch, and dumped them out on the other side to make room for a new load.

Another favorite gathering-place was about the Waldorf-Astoria. It was known that Admiral Dewey was stopping there, and thousands of people seemed to think that if they hung around long enough, and kept a sharp look-out, they would see the hero of Manila Bay at a window, or perhaps entering or leaving his carriage. For a great many missed seeing him in the parade. They seem to have thought New York was so big a place that there would be room for all to view the procession comfortably, but never was there a greater mistake. The line of march from the Grant Tomb down to Washington Square was seven miles long. The spectators on foot lined the streets on both sides solidly from kerb to house-line throughout those seven miles, with five miles of reviewing-stands, closely packed, behind them, and beyond that the houses with every window filled and crowds on the roofs. Seats in the stands sold for from one to fifteen dollars, while one Chicagoan paid one thousand dollars for an unoccupied house on Riverside drive for two days only, and a similar sum was given for an eight-windowed apartment in a hotel on the Plaza during the hours of the parade. The foolish ones who did not take time by the forelock were simply unable to see a thing. But some of them saw the vitagraph moving-pictures of the parade on Saturday, at Koster & Bial's and at the Eden Musée, and were partially compensated for their loss, for the photographs at both houses are remarkably good.

In all this turmoil of people the fashionable element of New York society was quite lost. All the clubs along Fifth Avenue erected stands for the accommodation of their members, and the Union League, Lotos, City, Engineers, and Knickerbocker Clubs issued two additional tickets to members, many of whom had ladies as their guests. Then, too, there were many "parade-parties." The Cornelius Vanderbilt residence was closed and undecorated, but the Harry Payne Whitney's had a few friends at 2 West Fifty-Seventh Street, and several members of the Vanderbilt family were with the Seward Webbs and the H. McK. Twomblys. In the Huntington mansion C. P. Huntington was entertaining the Princess Hatzfeldt and a few friends. Ex-Mayor and Mrs. Abram S. Hewitt had a large party in the second story of the triangular building at Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Third Street, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clews entertained many friends in Mr. Clews's uptown offices at the corner of Twenty-Fifth Street. Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Gould had the Shradys and some others in their private stand, and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs was surrounded by a gay party. But these, and scores of others, were mere drops in the bucket.

It was in the naval parade on Friday that the fashionable contingent came out strongest. There were no less than one hundred steam-yachts in the line, and all of them had merry parties of from ten to forty persons on board. They came from Newport and other resorts on Thursday, and most of them returned on Sunday to avoid the crowd in the city, but they will be back here to-day to watch the yacht-races.

Some of these yachting-parties remained on board on Friday afternoon, after the parade, but several preferred to land and see the sights. All the Fifth Avenue restaurants were doing a tremendous business. It was almost impossible to move about in the Palm Garden of the Waldorf-Astoria, but here and at Sherry's and Delmonico's the people of wealth found accommodation, and stared and were stared at to their hearts' content. It may interest my women readers, by the way, to know that fashionable women here are adopting the London custom of dining in public restaurants in extremely low-cut gowns. And it may interest men to know that the favorite tippie in the *cafés* was Irish whisky, instead of the usual "Scotch and soda." This, however, is probably only out of compliment to Sir Thomas Lipton. The Irish tea-merchant has been a very prominent figure in town in the past week and is deservedly popular. But we all know which one we mean when we say "May the best boat win!" FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, October 3, 1899.

A BALLAD OF HARVEST TIME.

An age has ripened, harvest-time and reaping-song are due;
Now, mowers all, the grain must fall, God has His eye on you;
Reap, reap! your blades are cold and keen, the straw is tall and fine.

And from the shining stubble rills a purple flood of wine.
Lay wide the swath, leave not a stalk in stately pride to wave;
Mow, mow, for golden store to fill the garner of the grave;
And I will sing the harvest-song that old-time reapers knew,
Bearing the burden and refrain: God has His eye on you.

The ways of Death are many, and the days of Life are few;
"I am the God of battles," comes the awful voice to you;
And all you have was bought with blood of Him who rules above;
Eternal wisdom forged the steel that slew the Lamb of love;
Full sacred are the glaive and spear, divine the warrior soul;
The prophet saint across his dream heard Armageddon roll;
And dare you heed the craven's creed, O people brave and true!
Face outward, form on all our shores, God has His eye on you.

The lowering nations grind their swords and call for corps and crew;
Face outward, form on all our shores, God has His eye on you;
His ear inclines to hear the prayer meet for His day of wrath,
The supplication of the stone that David hurled at Gath;
For when bold princes sound the charge and send their millions in,

The bravest men, the strongest ships, the heaviest guns shall win;
Yea, peace is pleasant, but its price the burning martyrs knew;
Face outward, form on all our shores, God has His eye on you.

Begot of hero sires who left heroic work to do,
Be worthy of them, brawn and soul, God has His eye on you;
Hark not the urban coward's wail for peace, while far and near
The tempest gathers, outward face and breast it with a cheer;
Clear the white decks, stand by the guns, for manhood calls the man;

Hold what to hold the sacred blood of slaughtered thousands ran;
For peace is peace, and war is war, no hand may yoke the two;
Face outward, hark, the drums, the drums! God has His eye on you.

Follow the pillared cloud of war flame-shot against the blue,
With Glory's banner overhung, God has His eye on you;
God who did lead His host of old through battle-din and death;
Who smote his foes with carnage-blows and burnt them in His breath.

Is calling you to meet the storm. He mails you in his might,
And over all the earth shall lie the harvest of the fight;
Hail! Hail! O masters of the glaive, O spearmen brave and true;
Hail! reapers of the reeking swath, God has His eye on you.

L'ENVOY.

Prince, hearken to the harvest-song that old-time reapers knew,
And heed its burden and refrain: God has His eye on you;
Look well upon the ghastly swath at eventide so still,
What time a wind of moaning blows o'er sodden plain and hill,
And in the twilight children stray all wondering what may mean
The wailing of the women in the stubble where they glean;
O tall and fine the waving grain on Glory's field that grew,
But, Prince, the price of reaping! God has His eye on you.

—Maurice Thompson in the Independent.

One of the leading Lutheran papers of the country, the *Germania*, of Milwaukee, Wis., for some time has offended some of the orthodox of the church by printing news which the ministers deemed unfit to be placed before members. For several years the ministers objected to the paper publishing the advertisements of certain theatres, and the culmination of the offenses came early last spring, when the paper advised attendance at some lectures which were given by a free-thinker. This was followed at Easter by the publication of an item calling attention to an Easter celebration which was held in a saloon. The sharp opposition of the ministers resulted in the employment of a censor, who will supervise all matter which goes into the paper, whether of an editorial or a news nature. This is claimed to be the only paper in the country which subjects itself to a censorship.

The will of the late Baroness de Hirsch, the provisions of which were lately published at length in the *London Times*, appears to have disposed of about \$26,750,000. She left to various charities about \$13,500,000. The other half of her estate went to her three adopted children, two sons and a daughter, the sons to receive eventually about \$5,000,000 each, and the daughter about \$2,200,000. Two millions of dollars or more was left in legacies to individuals. To the Home for Working Girls in New York she left \$600,000, and \$1,200,000 to the Baron de Hirsch Fund in New York, and \$120,000 for the Baron de Hirsch Fund in Montreal.

Mrs. Gladstone, on September 18th, cut the first sod in connection with the new St. Deniol's Library at Hawarden, which will form part of the national memorial to the late Mr. Gladstone, the only persons present being the clergy of the parish, Miss Helen Gladstone, Mrs. Dumaresq, and the Rev. Gilbert Foyle.

Marconi's experiments have proved so satisfactory to the British Admiralty that a complete set of the apparatus for wireless telegraphy has been supplied to the *Defiance*, the torpedo school-ship at Devonport, for further experiments by naval officers.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

President Diaz, of Mexico, has been forced to give up his proposed trip to Chicago on account of the illness of his wife.

Rev. F. W. Macdonald, Rudyard Kipling's uncle, has been chosen to be the head of the Methodist Church in Great Britain, to succeed the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes.

Prince August of Saxe-Coburg, an elder brother of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, has lately shot his three-thousandth chamois. The prince is fifty-four years of age and an untiring sportsman.

The Government of Hawaii has just chosen Judge Alfred S. Hartwell to represent it officially in Congress during the coming session. Judge Hartwell will leave for his post before December. It is said that President Dole sent him there with the entire approval of President McKinley.

The youngest major in the British army is John Campbell, of the Cameron Highlanders. He is only twenty-seven—three years younger than any other major in the service. He has attained his promotion so rapidly owing to active service. The two captains above him in his regiment were shot at Omdurman. Major Campbell comes of a long line of soldiers. His father and grandfather were both in the Cameron Highlanders, and three of his mother's brothers are commanding regiments in India.

M. Victor Robert, the stamp collector, of Paris, will present his fine collection to the Cabinet des Estampes, to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the introduction of French postage-stamps. M. Robert recently acquired the collections of the Comte Primoli, of MM. Auguste Leon and Mommens of Brussels, of M. Albert Hornung of Chartres, and of Señor Vidal y Quadras of Barcelona. The collection now consists of about twenty thousand stamps, and comprises a complete series of French postage-stamps, notably those of the first issue of 1849, which were struck off in nine colors, and carried a head of Liberty.

There are in London and the provinces no fewer than thirty-seven institutions officered wholly or partially by lady doctors, and there are nearly two hundred medical women who have been educated at the Handel Street School or the Royal Free Hospital in Gray's Inn Road. Miss Louisa Aldrich Blake, of the New Hospital for Women, is the first woman master of surgery of London University, and it is worth recording that the Royal College of Surgeons of Ireland four years ago conferred a fellowship on a woman—Miss Emily W. Dickson, daughter of a former member of Parliament. The first lady dentist in London was Miss R. G. Halliday, a fully qualified dental surgeon.

Despite all rumors to the contrary, Beatrix Hoyt will play in the women's golf championship. Whether she would start or not has been a mooted question ever since the last contest at Ardsley, but all doubts on the matter may now be dismissed, for the brilliant young golfer has finally decided to enter. Those who have seen Miss Hoyt playing at Shinnecock Hills this fall say that her game is even more strong and consistent than it was last year. The talk that Miss Hoyt would not play again seems to have been based on a rumor that she would imitate the example of Lady Margaret Scott, in Great Britain, who declined to play after having won the title three times. Lady Scott, however, is some years older than our champion, who is still in her teens, and the cause of her withdrawal was that she had become engaged to be married.

The motto of President Krüger for years has been Patrick Henry's memorable utterance, "Give me liberty or give me death." This sentence, translated into the Boer language, hangs handsomely framed in his parlor. This heroic Boer ruler is almost devoid of learning. What education he has was hard to secure. Yet he has baffled men of learning by his sagacity. His knowledge of human nature is wonderful. Once in Johannesburg there was an elected board of health which was becoming daily more powerful. The members were mostly English, among them being a Mr. Holt, who was ultra-English in his views. This board was the only hope of the British element for securing control of Johannesburg. In November, 1894, President Krüger issued an edict that only the Boer language could be used at the meetings of the health board, and only those who could speak the language were qualified to be its members. The English fumed, but there was nothing to do but resign.

The *Petit Journal* announces that Mme. Edmond Adam has retired from the editorship of *La Nouvelle Revue*, which she founded in 1879. Mme. Adam is known as the foremost woman politician of Europe, and her conduct of the *Nouvelle Revue* has placed it in parity in every department with its elder predecessor, the famous *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Mme. Adam was the pupil in politics of Gambetta, and she is said to be the only woman now living whose political opinions are respected and sought after by the diplomats and politicians of all nations. More than any other woman in France, Mme. Adam is the friend of authors, and the world owes her a great debt for introducing to it Pierre Loti, whose "Iceland Fisherman" has been translated into every European language, and each novel by Alphonse Daudet was discussed with her before its author began to work upon it. Mme. Adam first became prominent when she married Senator Adam, a pronounced Republican, who insisted that with liberty and a constitution like that of the United States France could soon become one of the prime powers of the earth. When he died he left his widow a handsome fortune—money enough to enable her to become a great politician and unrivaled editress. Mme. Adam was the adopted daughter of the notorious Countess d'Agouti, who left her husband to live with Abbé Listz, by whom she had daughters, one of whom became the wife of M. Ollivier, the other the wife of Richard Wagner.

MRS. LANGTRY'S NEW PLAY.

A Cynical Comedy by Sydney Grundy—Its Success Due to the Fame of the Actress—Her Marriage to Hugo Gerald de Bathe.

At the Haymarket Theatre Mrs. Langtry is in the fifth week of her success as Mrs. Trevelyan in Sydney Grundy's original comedy, "The Degenerates." It was on the same stage, eighteen years ago, that her first appearance was made as Miss Hardcastle, in "She Stoops to Conquer." Many pages have been written in the book since that first facing of the footlights, many conquests and some disappointments have been recorded, and the experiences should have been of value. But they have added little to Mrs. Langtry's art. The same elements that combined to make her first appearance notable are responsible for her success in the new play. It is public interest in the central figure on the stage that fills the theatre nightly, and that has saved Mr. Grundy's play from failure, not the histrionic power of the actress or the merit of the drama.

There was expectation that the comedy would be personal and reminiscent; that its lines would be filled with allusions that could be readily understood; and that its characters would be sketched from real life and meet with instant recognition. This expectation was only partially fulfilled. There is some spice of suggestion in the language, and two or three portraits dimly drawn among the figures that assist in dressing the stage during the first two acts; but Mrs. Langtry dominates every scene and speaks the few sentences that can be made to bear an autobiographical interest. In spite of the name, the play presents no collection of "degenerates"; indeed, there is but one character fitted to the term.

The story of the play is of a woman such as "men like but do not marry," who is good or bad through impulse only, and who is prompted to an act of self-sacrifice by the return of her innocent daughter from school and that daughter's trust and pride in her mother. The unselfish action is an effort to save another woman from the consequences of a reckless appointment, and while it places the rescuer in a most compromising position for the moment, it results with theatrical ease in her capture of a titled husband. Mrs. Trevelyan, the adventuress, as Mrs. Langtry plays the part, makes a fair bid for sympathy, but is hardly real. The scenes with the vulgar and vicious people who surround her before her daughter appears are done with a frank acceptance of the conditions that gives an unconvincing air to her change of attitude afterward, and there is little of softness in her solicitude for her child's welfare. But if her acting still leaves something to be desired, there is no disappointment in her appearance.

Mrs. Langtry is still beautiful, if not in the bloom of youth. Her costumes are superb and distinctive as ever—a dead-white brocade with a large flowered design, embroidered down the front breadth with pearls and crystal, cut low, and with a long train, and, later, a white satin gown draped with lace. Chains of diamonds and pearls are her ornaments with the first dress, and a collar and belt of diamonds and pale-blue turquoise with the second. Her hair is worn parted and slightly waved, still in the smooth knot low on her neck. Regal and bride-like as she appears, her beauty is no more striking than in the costume in which society first saw her years ago, which demonstrated, as none had ever done before, the possibilities of a simple black frock. The Jersey Lily, as she was painted by Millais, is still a delightful memory with many, and the simple elegance of her dress and coiffure has been the vain desire of many imitators since her reign as a favorite began.

The attendance of prominent personages has continued at the Haymarket, though the audience has never been so brilliant as on the opening night. Royalty was present on that occasion, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha and Prince Louis of Battenburg occupying a box with Hugo Gerald de Bathe, now the husband of the Jersey Lily. The Duchess of Marlborough had a box, and in another sat Jeanne Langtry, the daughter of Mrs. Langtry. Mr. and Mrs. Nat Goodwin, Clyde Fitch, Richard Le Gallienne, and other notables were there. A telegram conveying good wishes came from his royal highness, the Prince of Wales, and two weeks later, on his return from Marienbad, the theatre was honored with his presence.

It was while at the German baths that the news came to Lady de Bathe of her son's marriage with Mrs. Langtry, and it is said that the prince kindly gave expression to his friendly interest and sincere congratulations in softening the blow to the surprised mother. The marriage was given the merest mention at the time in the newspapers, and the members of Mrs. Langtry's company were startled one day at rehearsal to hear the author of the new play address her as Mrs. de Bathe. That dignified baronet and Crimean veteran, General Sir Henry de Bathe, did not signify his pleased acceptance of his son's choice by appearing in the first night's audience at the Haymarket. Nevertheless, there are few reasons why the newly wedded pair should not be happy. A matter of nineteen years—the bridegroom is twenty-eight—is not such a grave disparity. The family is one of the oldest and proudest. The young husband will succeed to the title in time, and the daughter of the Dean of St. Hiller's, who might never have left her peaceful home in the Isle of Jersey but for the yachting cruise of Edward Langtry that discovered her, will one day be Lady de Bathe.

Mr. Grundy's play, which is to come across to you in America in January, has not been received by the critics with a chorus of praise, to put it kindly, and very early the author was impelled to defend his work in a letter to the press. As has been said, it is an original play, his recent efforts having been adaptations, but it is not striking in originality, brilliance, or strength. However, he has been fortunate in many ways, even beyond the happy conjunction of personal and public interests in his subject. Mrs. Langtry's company includes some clever people, and they have

done well with the opportunities given them. Charles Hawtrey, Lily Hanbury, George Grossmith, Jr., and Ferdinand Gottschalk were certain to acquit themselves with credit, but the surprise of the cast was the debut of Lily Grundy, the daughter of the author. It was her first appearance on the stage, and it was not even thought of until rehearsals had begun. She is a tall and slender young lady with a charming presence, and her unaffected frankness and sincerity won immediate appreciation. As Una Trevelyan, the daughter of the adventuress, she is a foil to Mrs. Trevelyan's cynicism and worldliness, and her aid is not inconsiderable in the winning of Mrs. Langtry's latest triumph.

LONDON, September 29, 1899. PICCADILLY.

THE SUN-DIAL.

'Tis an old dial, dark with many a stain;
In summer crowned with drifting orchard bloom,
Tricked in the autumn with the yellow rain,
And white in winter like a marble tomb;

And round about its gray, time-eaten brow
Lean letters speak—a worn and shattered row:
I am a Shade: a Shadowe too arte thou:
I marke the Time: saye, Gossip, dost thou see?

Here would the ring-doves linger, head to head;
And here the snail a silver course would run,
Beating old Time; and here the peacock spread
His gold-green glory, shutting out the sun.

The tardy shade moved forward to the noon;
Betwixt the paths a dainty Beauty stood,
That swung a flower, and, smiling, hummed a tune,—
Before whose feet a harking spaniel leapt.

O'er her blue dress an endless blossom strayed;
About her tendlil curls the sunlight shone;
And round her train the tiger-lilies swayed,
Like courtiers bowing till the queen be gone.

She leaned upon the slab a little while,
Then drew a jeweled pencil from her zone,
Scribbled a something with a frolic smile,
Folded, inscribed, and niched it in the stone.

The shade slipped on, no swifter than the snail;
There came a second lady to the place,
Dove-eyed, dove-robed, and something wam and pale—
An inner beauty shining from her face.

She, as if listless with a lonely love,
Straying among the alleys with a book,—
Herrick or Herbert,—watched the circling dove,
And spied the tiny letter in the nook.

Then, like to one who confirmation found
Of some dread secret half-accounted true,—
Who knew what hands and hearts the letter bound,
And argued loving commerce 'twixt the two,—

She bent her fair young forehead on the stone;
The dark shade gloomed an instant on her head;
And 'twixt her taper fingers pearls and shone
The single tear that tear-worn eyes will shed.

The shade slipped onward to the falling gloom;
There came a soldier gallant in her stead,
Swinging a heaver with a swaling plume,
A ribboned love-lock rippling from his head;

Blue-eyed, frank-faced, with clear and open brow,
Scar-seamed a little, as the women love;
So kindly fronted that you marvel how
The frequent sword-hilt had so frayed his glove;

Who switched at Psyche plunging in the sun;
Uncrowned three lilies with a backward swinge;
And standing somewhat widely, like to one
More used to "Boot and Saddle" than to cringe

As courtiers do, but gentlemanly withal,
Took out the note; held it as one who feared
The fragile thing he held would slip and fall;
Read and re-read, pulling his tawny beard;

Kissed it, I think, and hid it in his breast;
Laughed softly in a flattered, happy way,
Arranged the brodered haldrick on his chest,
And sauntered past, singing a roundelay.

* * * * *
The shade crept forward through the dying glow;
There came no more nor dame nor cavalier;
But for a little time the brass will show
A small gray spot—the record of a tear.

—Austin Dobson.

For the past two years there has been a scarcity of Havana tobacco in this country, and the prospects for a larger supply in the very near future are not good. Just before the Spanish-American War the export trade from Cuba was cut off. But there were on hand some two hundred and twenty thousand bales of Havana tobacco in this country, and, in consequence, the trade did not suffer greatly. That stock has, however, been used up, and there is not now either in this country or in Cuba any of the old tobacco, so tobacco merchants say. At least there is not now on hand any high-grade leaf tobacco, though there is a small supply of an inferior quality. The crop of 1899 has begun to arrive in Havana from the outlying country. Some of this crop is fair, and some of it is very good; but the bulk of it is far below the average. In addition, the crop is said to have been small and the prices that have been paid for it exorbitant.

Three hundred Japanese colonists located two years ago in the southern part of Oaxaca, Mexico, near Jimiltepec, under authority of a concession granted by the Mexican Government. The colony has been experimenting in tea growing and has made such a success that five thousand more Japanese men and their families are to be brought to Mexico to join the original colony. Other tropical products are also raised by the colonists. Their extensive plantations are located in the Verde River Valley.

Out of 2,186,800,000 letters that passed through the British post-office last year, there were as many as 8,500,000 which the officials managed not to deliver. In those opened at the dead-letter office property of the value of \$3,600,900 was found.

A CAGLIOSTRO SEANCE.

A Graphic Pen-Picture of the Famous Necromancer.

The house of Cagliostro, the famous necromancer, hypnotist, and charlatan, who during the latter part of the eighteenth century was in the zenith of his fame, powerful as a noble, admired, nay, worshiped by princely dupes, still stands in the Marais quarter, Paris—a memorial in stone of its former master. It is situated in the Rue St. Claude, at an angle of the Boulevard Beaumarchais. It was originally the property of the Marquis d'Orvilliers, and was selected and furnished by Cardinal de Rohan as a residence for the Grand Cophta. Cagliostro vacated it on the eleventh of June, 1788, on the occasion of his exile from France. In the October *Cosmopolitan*, Henry Ridgely Evans gives the following pen-picture of some of the scenes that were enacted in the antiquated mansion:

"It is night. The lanterns swung in the streets of old Paris glimmer fitfully. Silence broods over the city with shadowy wings. No sound is heard save the clank of the patrol on its rounds. The Rue St. Claude is all bustle and confusion. A grand 'soirée magique' is being held at the house of M. le Comte de Cagliostro. Heavy old-fashioned carriages stand in front of the door, with coachmen lolling sleepily on the boxes, and link-boys playing rude games with each other in the kennel. A rumble in the street—ha, there, lackeys! out of the way! Here comes the coach of my lord cardinal, Prince Louis de Rohan. There is a flash of torches. Servants in gorgeous liveries of red and gold, with powdered wigs, open the door of the vehicle, and let down the steps with a crash. Mgr. le Cardinal, celebrant of the mass in the royal palace at Versailles, man of pleasure and alchemist, descends. He is enveloped in a dark cloak, as if to court disguise, but it is only a polite pretense. He enters the mansion of his bosom friend, Cagliostro, the magician. Within, all is a blaze of light. A life-size bust of the divine Cagliostro ornaments the foyer. Visitors are received in a handsomely furnished apartment on the second floor. Beyond that is the *seance*-room, a mysterious chamber hung with sombre drapery. Wax candles in tall silver sconces, arranged about the place in mystic pentagons and triangles, illuminate the place.

"In the centre of the room is a table, with a black cloth, on which are embroidered in red the symbols of the highest degree of the Rosicrucians. Upon this strange *shekinah* is placed the cabalistic apparatus of the necromancer—odd little Egyptian figures of Isis, Osiris, vials of lustral waters, and a large globe full of clarified water. It is all very uncanny. Presently the guests are seated in a circle about the altar, and form a magnetic chain. As the old chroniclers phrase it, to them enters Cagliostro, the Grand Cophta, the man who has lived thousands of years, habited in gorgeous robes like the arch-hierophant of an ancient Egyptian temple. The clairvoyant is now brought in, a child of angelic purity, who was born under a certain constellation, of delicate nerves, great sensitiveness, and, withal, blue eyes. She is bidden to kneel before the globe and relate what she sees therein. Cagliostro makes passes over her, and commands the genii to enter the water. The very soul of the seeress is penetrated with the magnetic aura emanating from the magician. She becomes convulsed, grinds her teeth, and declares that she sees events taking place that very moment at Vienna, St. Petersburg, Rome, and Kamschatka.

"Every one present is transported with joy. Mgr. le Cardinal de Rohan is charmed, delighted, and lauds the necromancer to the skies. How weird and wonderful! Albertus Magnus, Nostradamus, and Apollonius, of Tyana, are not to be compared with the all-powerful Cagliostro. Truly he is the descendant of the ancient Egyptian thaumaturgists.

"The *seance* is followed by a banquet. Rose-leaves are showered over the guests from the gilded ceiling, perfumed water plashes in fountains, and a hidden orchestra of violins, flutes, and harps plays soft melodies. The scene reminds one of the splendid feasts of the Roman voluptuaries in the decadent days of the empire. The lovely Lorenza Feliciani, wife of the enchanter, discourses learnedly of sylphs, salamanders, and gnomes, in the jargon of the Rosicrucians. The cardinal, his veins on fire with love and champagne, gazes amorously at her. But he is thinking all the while of the aristocratic Marie Antoinette, who treats him with such cruel disdain. But Cagliostro has promised to win the queen for him, to melt her icy heart with love-philters and magical talismans. Let him but possess his soul in patience a little while. All will be well. Aye, indeed, well enough to land the haughty prelate in the Bastille, and start the magician on that downward path to the Inquisition at Rome.

"The night wanes. The lights of the banqueting-hall burn lower and lower. Finally the *grandes dames* and the *seigneurs* take their departure. When the last carriage has rolled away into the darkness Cagliostro and his wife yawn wearily, and retire to their respective sleeping-apartments. The augurs of Rome, says a Latin poet, could not look at each other without laughing. Cagliostro and Lorenza in bidding each other good-night exchange smiles of incalculable cunning. The sphinx masks have dropped from their faces, and they know each other to be—charlatans and impostors, preying upon a superstitious society. The magician is alone. He places his wax light upon an escritoire, and throws himself into an arm-chair before the great fireplace, carved and gilded with many a grotesque image. The flames of the blazing logs weave all sorts of fantastic forms on floor and ceiling. The wind without howls in the chimney like a lost spirit. The figures embroidered on the tapestry assume monstrous shapes of evil portent—algazils, cowed Inquisitors, and jailers with rusty keys and chains.

"But the magician sees nothing of it all, hears not the warning cry of the wind: he is thinking of his newly hatched lodges of Egyptian occultism, and the golden *louis d'or* to be conjured out of the strong-boxes of his Parisian dupes."

DEWEY IN ACTION AND REPOSE.

Extracts from John Barrett's New Book—How the Admiral Acted in Critical Times in Manila Bay—The Von Diederichs Episode—Some New Anecdotes.

An especially timely volume is "Admiral George Dewey," by John Barrett, who relinquished his post as United States minister to Siam in May, 1898, and proceeded to the seat of war in the Philippines as a war-correspondent for several American newspapers. Although most of the matter published is new and freshly taken from the note-book which he carefully kept at Manila from May, 1898, to March, 1899, some selections have appeared over Mr. Barrett's name in *Harper's Magazine* and *Harper's Weekly*, and in the addresses and interviews which have from time to time been quoted in the public press. Mr. Barrett makes no attempt to write an exhaustive biography, introducing only sufficient biographical matter to give a fairly comprehensive record of the admiral's life. His main object is to "touch upon those phases of his life and labors, especially at Manila, which are of interest to all who wish to learn more than is generally told and known of this great man as he appeared under the trying conditions which brought him his highest fame and greatest responsibilities." As a character study this modest little volume should satisfy all hero worshipers, while at the same time more moderate admirers of the hero of Manila Bay need have no fear that good taste has been violated. Mr. Barrett was practically the guest of the admiral on board different vessels during the three months preceding the fall of Manila and enjoyed unusual opportunities for securing valuable information; in fact, much of what is recorded in his volume is based on personal conversations which were enjoyed with Dewey or those closely associated with him.

No American man carried so much weight in Filipino councils as that of Admiral Dewey. Says Mr. Barrett:

I honestly believe that if plenipotentiary powers and orders had been given Admiral Dewey after the fall of Manila, such as England gave Kitchener in the Upper Nile basin, he would have successfully solved the problem of our relations with the natives and prevented many of those conditions which have helped on the present warfare—unless the development of an anti-imperialist sentiment and the failure to ratify the treaty until after prolonged delay would have proved disastrous even to his masterful control of the situation.

Concerning the relations of Dewey and Aguinaldo, which have been the source of extended discussion, the writer says:

It was my privilege to listen to him describe what had passed between himself and the insurgent leader, so I hope that I am in a position to speak with some authority. Moreover, I talked over the same points several times with Aguinaldo himself, first at Hong Kong, in May, 1898, later at Cavite and Baker, and finally at Malolos. The first point that I would bring out strongly is that Dewey never, by spoken or written word, urged Aguinaldo to go to the Philippines, and did not even invite him. Second, the permission for him and his associates to go to Cavite on the *McCulloch* was only secured by the earnest representations of those who favored his going, and was not suggested by Dewey. Third, there were no other means by which Aguinaldo could reach Cavite, as no merchant ships were then leaving Hong Kong, and none could enter Manila Bay without the admiral's permission. Therefore Admiral Dewey simply allowed Aguinaldo, as a friend who wanted to fight a common enemy, to take passage on the United States dispatch-boat *McCulloch*. Fourth, I heard Ensign Caldwell say, on the night before the *McCulloch* sailed, at the residence of Consul-General Wildman, and in the latter's presence, that the admiral was not particularly desirous that the Filipino leaders should come to Cavite, but that if they were anxious to do so on their own responsibility, and the consul-general thought wise, he would permit them to come on the *McCulloch*. Mr. Wildman believed conscientiously that he was acting for the best, and advised Caldwell to take them. Caldwell at first demurred, but finally agreed. The next morning I accompanied him and the consul-general, while the Filipino leaders were picked up in the bay from different boats in which they had smuggled themselves off from shore to avoid the notice of the British officials. Fifth, Admiral Dewey received Aguinaldo on the *Olympia* after his arrival only in an informal way, and never by act or communication, then or later, formally recognized or regarded Aguinaldo as an ally, even giving him specifically to understand that neither he nor the American Government could make him any promises as to privileges or rights. Sixth, the only direct assurances that Aguinaldo may ever have received as to his future status were given to him in Singapore and Hong Kong by agencies which Dewey did not control. It may have been possible, and it is even probable, that Aguinaldo thought these agencies were authorized to speak, and were responsible and sufficient, but he himself, however, knew well the day he boarded the *McCulloch* that the admiral, as the chief and only representative of the United States in the Philippines, had not on his part, directly or indirectly, asked him to come to Cavite, or promised him anything in event he did come, and that, therefore, he had no hold on Dewey, or on the United States Government through Dewey.

Possibly the incident that aroused at the moment the most excitement on the *Olympia*, and throughout the American fleet, during the unpleasantness with the Germans, was the unfortunate effort of a steam-launch from the German admiral's flag-ship to come to the *Olympia* after dark:

One evening, when the relations with the Germans were most strained, a launch was discovered by the lookout, about half-past seven, coming directly toward the *Olympia*. He called out, "Boat ahoy!" No answer came. He repeated. Again no answer came. This shouting had attracted the attention of the admiral and Captain Lamerton. The admiral jumped up, went to the side of the deck, peered out into the darkness, and called to the officer on the deck:

"Why don't you fire?" It doesn't stop!"

There rang out the report of the six-pounder, but the launch kept coming. Then the admiral ordered, with an angry tone:

"Fire again, and fire to hit!"

The search-light of the *Olympia* was turned full on the hold intruder, and displayed a boat flying the German colors. The second shot was well aimed. It struck the water within three feet of the launch and splashed water all over it. It had the necessary effect. The boat stopped. A launch which had been sent out to meet it then escorted it to the *Olympia*. Up the ladder walked one of Admiral von Diederichs's staff officers in full uniform, and shaking with excitement or fear. On his way to the *Olympia* he said to Ensign Butler, who had been sent to meet him:

"Why do you fire upon me? This is a launch from the German admiral's flag-ship, flying the German colors, and I am a German officer. Why should you fire? You could see the flag in the light." Butler discreetly made no reply, leaving that for the admiral as soon as he should see the German visitor.

When the German officer was escorted to the presence of Admiral Dewey, the latter lost no time in telling him in plain terms what he thought of this exploit. According to my note-book, as the incident was related to me the next day by one of the officers present, the admiral said:

"Do you appreciate what you have done? Do you know that such a rash act on your part is against all the rules of war, and might even have been the cause of serious trouble between your country and mine?"

Suppose that shot had killed you and sunk your launch, the effect might have been to have brought on misunderstandings and a conflict. It would have been very easy for a Spanish boat meaning us harm to have put up a German flag and sunk the *Olympia* if we did not stop it in time. There is no excuse for such carelessness. You should understand the rules of war in a matter of this kind. Please present my compliments to your admiral, and ask him to direct his officers to be more careful in the future."

The officer attempted to explain the incident by stating that a German collier had come into the harbor late, and Admiral von Diederichs wished to get permission that night for it to join his squadron off Manila. Thinking there would be time to communicate with Admiral Dewey before it was too late, he sent the staff officer to attend to the errand. There is little doubt of the good intentions of the German admiral and the officer in this affair, but the ignorance it displayed of the rules of war may help to explain much of the general activity of the German squadron in a blockaded harbor. Possibly their motives were all right, but, from lack of experience, they did not appreciate what were the courtesies due the blockading squadron and its commander.

Mr. Barrett gives the famous interview which Admiral Dewey had with the flag-lieutenant of Vice-Admiral von Diederichs as told to him by one of the officers of the *Olympia* who heard the conversation:

"The German flag-lieutenant came to see the admiral shortly after the *Irene* incident at Subig Bay. The admiral was not, therefore, feeling in very good mood. Some of the *Olympia*'s officers happened to be sitting under the after skylight, and overheard what passed. As soon as the German officer was shown into the presence of the admiral, the latter began to discuss the situation. The admiral has a way of working himself up to a state of great earnestness as he thinks out a question. Commencing in a subdued tone, he gradually became querulous and then emphatic as he spoke of the activity of the Germans. Growing more earnest, his voice took a higher pitch, until he complained in vigorous terms of what had been done:

"If the German Government has decided to make war on the United States, or has any intention of making war, and has so informed your admiral, it is his duty to let me know."

"Hesitating a moment, he added:

"But, whether he intends to fight or not, I am ready."

"Then, having given vent to his suppressed feelings, he quieted down like a calm after a storm. The German officer made some hurried apologies and hastened away, remarking to one of the officers of the *Olympia*, 'Mein Gott! Mein Gott! What is the matter with your admiral to-day?'"

It is no wonder Dewey is beloved of his men, for he left no opportunity to praise them, though his praise always was quiet. Here is an anecdote which illustrates this:

When the Spanish gunboat *Callao* was overhauled and prepared for use under the American flag, he selected Lieutenant Ben Tappan, of the *Raleigh*, to command her. There was not a better man in all the squadron for this work than Ben Tappan, and the admiral knew it. The way Tappan cared for the *Callao*, fixed her up in prime condition, and executed the admiral's orders delighted him. Tappan would run right in under the Spanish batteries at Manila in the most saucy way whenever he was sent from Cavite on a reconnaissance up the bay. On the day Manila was captured he did magnificent work, getting so close in shore that she could rake the Spanish intrenchments. In the midst of this attack the admiral was afraid that Tappan would keep at it too long, and not stop when "Spanish honor was satisfied," so he signaled the *Callao* to cease firing and return alongside of the *Olympia*. But Tappan was too occupied working all the guns of his little ship to see any signal. I heard the admiral say to Brumby:

"Did you signal the *Callao* to cease firing and withdraw?"

"I did, sir," replied Brumby; "but he does not seem to see the signal."

"You mean he does not want to see it," interrupted the admiral.

"Tappan has been waiting for this chance ever since I gave him command two months ago. You know, I really believe if the *Pelayo* were here now he would fight her single-handed."

A little later, when the fight was over and the *Callao* circled around the *Olympia*, the admiral said to several of us:

"Look, there goes Tappan and his battle-ship. He's the proudest man in the navy to-day. I don't suppose he would change places with me if he could."

When I told Tappan what the admiral had said he was immensely pleased, but, of course, would not admit that he had failed to see the signal purposely. If it is remembered that the *Callao* was little more than a good-sized tug-boat, the joke of the admiral's reference to a "battle-ship" is apparent. There was no braver or more popular skipper in the squadron than Boh Tappan. He mingled fun with responsibility. When the admiral signaled on August 13th that vessels going into action should remove all inflammable or explosive material, Tappan came alongside the *Olympia*, and solemnly delivered from the *Callao* one pint of kerosene oil and a half-pint of turpentine.

One incident shows the amusing as well as the serious side of British kindness toward the admiral and his fleet during the blockade of Manila Bay:

The dispatch-boat *Zafiro* went up from Manila to Hong Kong toward the latter end of May for some "shore grub," or fresh provisions for the fleet. All supplies carried when the ships went down to fight were exhausted. The men needed fresh food. They had to have it, or sickness would surely follow. None could be obtained at Manila. The only place to get it was Hong Kong. There was no alternative that side of Shanghai or Singapore.

The rules of neutrality permit delicacies to be purchased for the admiral or officers of a ship, but not tons of fresh supplies for a whole squadron. Lieutenant McLean in charge of the *Zafiro* was at a loss as to how he was to manage the matter. While trying to get off one small boat-load of supplies to the ship, he had been stopped by a police-officer who said that such shipments could not be permitted. He came to me with his troubles, and, happening to know well the acting-governor, General Wilson Black, a typical old Scotchman of the best class, I went to see him regarding this matter.

"General," I said, "the *Zafiro* is in port for less than a twenty-four hours' stay, in accordance with the neutrality rules, but before returning, the captain would like to purchase a few delicacies for the admiral and his staff. Have you any objections?"

The genial but shrewd governor looked at me intently and smiled in a knowing sort of way.

"Delicacies for the admiral," he repeated. "Why, certainly, I have no objections. Of course he must have them—and just a few, too, for his staff and officers, I suppose. That is all right. I will give instructions for them to be passed—but, of course, only delicacies!"

Standing on Peddar's Wharf a little later, I saw a number of large lighters or junks being towed out toward the *Zafiro*. Suddenly a Spanish consular officer came rushing up to a harbor official, who was standing the usual guard, and exclaimed:

"Stop those boats! They are taking off supplies for the American fleet at Manila—I protest!"

The officer, who was a tall, strapping Irishman, looked down on the little Spaniard with a benign smile, and said, with a drawl:

"Please don't be disturbed or troubled. This is all right; those boats are only taking off a few delicacies for the American admiral."

I was impressed with the strict execution of the letter of the governor's instructions, and walked away admiring how well the thing was done; but this is not the end of the story. Although I was not present at its conclusion, I heard on good authority that the Spanish consul, on learning what was going on, rushed up to Government House and violently protested. The governor, with characteristic tact and urbanity, immediately quieted this earnest servant of the Spanish Government by saying:

"Mr. Consul, do not be troubled. What you refer to are only a few delicacies for Admiral Dewey, and you certainly can not object, because it is altogether probable that he is taking along a small extra supply in order to send some to General Augustine and Admiral von Diederichs."

It appears that Admiral Dewey maintained most excellent relations with the newspaper correspondents. He often accomplished things by tactful firmness where drastic measures

would have aroused animosity against him without bringing about the desired end. Mr. Barrett says:

One incident, which I particularly remember, will illustrate his methods as well as his high motives. Something had happened which was fairly pregnant with sensational possibilities. It was assuredly teeming with news. It concerned, as such items usually did for a considerable period, the German squadron's movements. All the correspondents prepared vivid but even then accurate descriptions. Brumby referred so important a subject to the admiral. Quoting again from notes made at the moment, I find that the admiral said:

"If you gentlemen wish, you can send these telegrams, just as you have written them, but I hope you will not. If you forward your dispatches at this time, when our people are excited to the fever point, your news may have the influence that will inspire them to demand action on the part of the government that would not only seriously embarrass it at Washington, but me right here, and might lead to further complications and war. Now, if you will let the matter alone and leave it to me, I will settle it all right, we will save great excitement at home, and avoid all chances of war. Do just as you think best." It is needless to add that there was no further argument.

Here the admiral's one noble desire to serve his country to the best of his ability, even to the extent of removing causes of irritation that in their development might have brought him greater laurels, was uppermost in his mind, and impelled him to use arguments which in his accurate knowledge of human nature he recognized would keep every newspaper man from disregarding his wishes.

The admiral could have made a small fortune in writing articles for magazines and newspapers if he had accepted only a part of the offers made to him:

He steadfastly refused from the very first to consider any of them, and said in most pronounced terms that under no circumstances would he write any article for a magazine or newspaper. He collected the numerous letters and telegrams that came to him from the publishers all over the world, and, calling together one day a number of the newspaper correspondents, remarked jocosely in an off-hand way:

"Here is an opportunity for you enterprising journalists. With your array of brilliancy, I know that you will be preferred to me. I will distribute among you these different requests for articles, and when you get paid you can divide the profits with me. You can write much better than I can, and your names signed to the articles will carry more weight than mine, because everybody would say, if my name was signed, that I was blowing my own horn. Don't you think I am generous?"

If I remember correctly, there were orders in this bunch of letters and telegrams for articles whose value in payment would aggregate over twenty-five thousand dollars.

Admiral Dewey's love for his son George is profound.

It is a quality in him which everybody who came to know him well noticed and admired. "His heart is set on that hoy," says the writer, "and his thoughts were continually on him even during his greatest responsibilities. One of the first things that Admiral Dewey said when discussing the practical side of being made a full admiral, was that it would not only give him an ample competence on which to live during the remaining years of his life, but would enable him to leave a sum sufficient to be a substantial help to his son George, or to assist him in the event he needed the financial coöperation of his father in any enterprise or plan." Mr. Barrett continues:

He remarked that from his boyhood up he had never had any great longings for the possession of money as money, or any particular ambition to be a rich man, in the present acceptance of the term. All that he desired was sufficient to live comfortably, he able to take care of his family, return courtesies and hospitalities shown him, and not to be worried with the fear of being left without sufficient to enjoy his "later years." Lamerton and Brumby both told me that they thought the admiral's chief satisfaction in getting the large salary of full admiral was to be able to provide for his son; and, secondly, not to be limited in the expenses that would arise in his later years. This certainly is the way that the world likes to see a great man appreciate a good income. At the same time it should not be forgotten that the admiral has never been extravagant. He has not only lived well within his income, but he has made good investments. His father, Dr. Dewey, was a man of means, according to the Vermont standard, and did not stint his son. Therefore, the admiral was brought up as a boy in comparative comfort, although not in luxury.

Possibly the best story which illustrates the admiral's love of his son and his appreciation of his brightness and cleverness, is one connected with their correspondence on very serious subjects:

Some time before the admiral left Hong Kong, but after he knew that a fight was ahead of him with the Spaniards, he wrote a long four-page letter to his boy, in which he explained to him the responsibilities of the probable conflict and the chance that he might be killed in battle, advising him not to be broken-hearted over a military contingency, as that was the natural end of a naval officer who went to war. He further counseled him to grow up to be a good, strong man, and not to forget his father in the event of the latter's death. He discussed his financial status, and said that, although he was making no will, everything that he left went to him, and he hoped there was sufficient to assist him in his life's work. Nine-tenths of this four-page letter was devoted to consideration of very serious subjects. Just as the admiral was closing his letter, and there were a few lines of space left on the last page, he remembered that he was all out of shoe-dressing, and added: "Please go to —'s store and get a dozen boxes of their best leather shoe-polish, and send to me without delay, because I can not get it here. Your affectionate father," etc., etc.

In due time an answer came to this letter nearly three months after it was sent. One day, when calling on the admiral, I found him in a particularly happy mood, and I remarked that he seemed to be in very good spirits.

"Yes," he said, "I am. Some good letters have just come from my son, and among them is one which I must read to you. Before I read it, however, so that you may understand the point which I am going to show you, I must tell you about a letter that I wrote to my son on Hong Kong last April," and then the admiral related to me what has just gone before. Continuing, he said:

"Now here is a four-page letter from my boy. Nine-tenths of it is just as serious as it can be. He discusses all the points which I brought up in my letter, and says that while he is perfectly confident no untimely end will come to me, he is proud that he has a father who is ready to die for his country, etc., coming almost to a climax of seriousness very near the bottom of the fourth page."

Then indicating with his finger the place on the last page, as he held it before me, he said:

"But, you see, here is a dash, and then he says: 'I have been to the store you named and got the dozen boxes of shoe-polish which you desire, and have forwarded them by express to-day. Hope they reach you all right. Your affectionate son.'"

"Now," continued the admiral, "isn't that pretty good? When he received my letter, it struck him as rather odd and yet cool-headed to put on the end of a letter that talked about death, will, and finances, a reference to shoe-dressing—so he thought he would show to me that he could do the same thing with just as much ease and equanimity, and he has succeeded, hasn't he?"

Mr. Barrett's book is adequately illustrated, and is supplemented with five appendices, including a biographical notice in record of Norwich University graduates, a biographical extract from "Who's Who in America," a chapter on "Dr. Julius Yemans Dewey" (the admiral's father), "Dewey's Genealogy," and "Report of Battle by Admiral Montojo."

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25.

LITERARY NOTES.

Kailyard Fiction at Its Best.

S. R. Crockett's latest story, "Kit Kennedy," is a very long example of the Kailyard school of fiction, but it grips hold of the reader from the outset, and one follows the lad's growth with as keen an interest as does the vagabond father, who dares not reveal his identity to the boy. Kit Kennedy's is a rarely fine nature, and its development in adversity is like the unfolding of a beautiful flower.

His beginnings are most unpropitious. His father is a man of parts but cursed by the love of liquor, and he weakly deserts the young woman he has made his wife by a Scotch marriage before their child is born. Believing she is no wife, the young woman yields to the importunities of a wealthy young squire, and, to save her father's home, marries him. But the new husband is jealous of her past and develops a morbid dislike for the boy, who is to him a visible reminder of it. At first he is content to send the child away to its grandfather's home, but this does not mend matters, and his dislike grows to malignant hatred.

The boy is a manly little fellow and possessed of a great thirst for learning. In school he soon outstrips his fellows, and later, when he has become a drudge on a small farm, he spends his nights in taking surreptitious lessons in Latin and Greek from a mysterious hired man. The latter is really Kit's father, and the desire to instruct the boy and to give him the chance in life that he himself had thrown away keeps the older man straight through three long years. At the end of this period this unknown country lad distances all rivals in a competitive examination and wins a scholarship at the University of Edinburgh.

It would be unfair to anticipate the reader's pleasure by outlining the lad's adventures in the city—his romance with the young schoolmistress, his experience at a gay supper and gayer music-hall, the theft of his money and its restoration, and the final regeneration of his father with its happy results. These and many more incidents in Kit Kennedy's career may be learned from the book itself with pleasure and with profit. The boy himself is a creation worth knowing, and the community in which he moves, with its vivid presentation of canny Scotch characteristics, is full of interest and amusement.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50. jahart

The End of the Reign of Terror.

Whatever the cause, the past year has seen an awakened interest in the career of Robespierre, the shallow, fluent, and illy balanced Jacobin, who for a brief space was the Dictator of France, and with whose death the Reign of Terror went out on "a sea of blood." The latest contribution to the biographical studies of this strange figure in history is "Robespierre and the Red Terror," from the Dutch of Dr. Jan Ten Brink, a handsome volume, illustrated with ten portraits and a number of engravings of historic scenes.

Dr. Ten Brink pictures his hero as an honest man, an ardent patriot, and a greatly misjudged advocate of just measures. His work is not as laudatory as the life by Ernest Hamel, but it quotes with frequency from that celebrated history and from other writers where paragraphs can be gleaned that reflect even faint enthusiasm. His opening chapter describes the passage of the carts bearing among other prisoners Danton and Desmoulins to the Place de la Révolution, on the fifth of April, 1794, and the death of the Dantonists "for plotting continually against the chief men of the government—Robespierre, Saint-Just, and Couthon"; but he does not quote the prophetic and well-known words of Danton: "Robespierre will follow me. I drag down Robespierre!" The scenes of excitement and terror that followed, up to the fatal twenty-seventh of July, are sketched with force, and often with brilliancy, and the volume will be read with interest, even by those whose prejudices have been built on the writings of Carlyle and others who have judged more harshly.

There are some character-studies of the public accuser's contemporaries worthy of close examination, and many minor biographical details that have a value, particularly of the Duplays, Thérèse Cabarrus, and Lucile Desmoulins. The author is punctilious in giving credit for his quotations, and the foot-notes show that he has gone to the best sources for his facts.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$3.50. jahart

Five Italian Cameos.

There is something more than the finished expression of literary art in the works that Maurice Hewlett has given to the world. His "Forest Lovers" was a romance that compelled attention by the sustained interest of the story, as well as by the strength and harmony of the language in which the story was told. "Pan and the Young Shepherd," a pastoral, was as original in its plan and execution as it was melodious in its measures. His "Songs and Meditations" had already proved his pure and distinctive touch in poetic art, and his "Earthwork Out of Tuscany" was a delightful study, full of fancy and romantic glow. A new

volume, "Little Novels of Italy," will strengthen the regard of the public he has won, and gain him many new admirers.

There are five tales in the book. The one of greatest length is "The Duchess of Nona," the tragic story of a beautiful and innocent English girl, who is won by a lover in the guise of a young merchant-adventurer of Leghorn, and carried away to his home in Italy. Her beauty there entrances all beholders, and her husband, now the Duke of Nona, swayed by ambition, means to trade upon her charms, and invites as his guests the powerful nobles of neighboring cities. His secretary, mad with a passion for the lady, pretends to aid the schemer, but betrays his plans to the injured wife, and, through her indignation and terror, thinking himself favored, assassinates his master to gain the object of his love. There are few more touching pictures in romance than the scene at the end of this tale of love and sorrow.

"The Madonna of the Peach-Tree" is the history of the wooing of Vanna Scarpa, of Verona, by Baldassare, the old peddler, the sorrow of their home that was turned to joy at the end of two years, and the false judgment visited upon the innocent wife by the scandal-loving and piously cruel populace. The three apparitions that seemed to testify to Vanna's innocence give the name to the novel, and at the end the happy wife and mother is again in the doorway with her child, awaiting the return of her aged husband.

"Ippolita in the Hills," "The Judgment of Borso," and "Messer Cino and the Live Coal" are the other "novels" in the book. No sketch of their plan can suggest the charm of their telling, the vigor of their character-drawing. No short stories of greater merit have seen the glory of print in the past year.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50. jahart

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Anthony Hope's new novel, "The King's Mirror," which has been running as a serial in one of the Eastern magazines, has just been published in book-form by D. Appleton & Co.

The versatile author of "Tom Grogan" and "Caleb West, Master Diver," is soon to give another volume of fiction to the public. It is entitled "The Other Fellow," and consists of nine short stories, some of which have already appeared in the magazines.

"Young April" is the title of a new novel by Egerton Castle, who won his spurs as a story-teller last year with "The Pride of Jennico." It will be published this month.

The sequel to "Three Men in a Boat," for which Jerome K. Jerome's readers have been waiting so long, is now written. After appearing as a serial in England under the title of "Three Men in a Forest," it will be published in book-form.

G. A. Raper's translation of Jules Huret's biography of "Sarah Bernhardt"—from which copious extracts were printed in our issue of September 18th—has been published in the United States by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

"Sweetest Susan," "Buster John," "Big Sal," "Drusilla" and other characters familiar to readers of Joel Chandler Harris's "Thimblefinger Stories" again appear upon the scene in his new book, "Plantation Pageants," which has just been published.

Dr. Henry Van Dyke writes for the October number of *Bird-Lore*, published by the Macmillan Company, a poem wherein the rhythm and spirit of the songs of the robin, bluebird, Maryland yellow-throat, and thrasher are very happily expressed.

Two timely volumes which D. Appleton & Co. have just brought out are "The Hero of Manila," a new book in the Young Heroes of our Navy Series, by Rossiter Johnson, and "The Story of Magellan and the Discovery of the Philippines," by Ezekiah Butterworth.

The *Century Magazine's* three prizes, offered for best poem, essay, and story submitted in competition by American college graduates of 1898, have been announced. The poem was won by Miss Marion Warner Wildman, of the Western Reserve University; the prize essay by Henry Justin Smith, of the University of Chicago; and the prize story by John M. Oskison, of the Leland Stanford Junior University.

"Wabeno, the Magician," is the title of Mrs. Mabel Osgood Wright's sequel to "Tommy-Anne and the Three Hearts."

Among the notable books just published by J. B. Lippincott & Co. are "Intimate China," by Mrs. Archibald Little; "Jerusalem, the City of Herod and Saladin," by Walter Besant and E. H. Palmer; and "Pope Leo XIII.; His Life and Work," by Julien de Narfon.

Winston Churchill intends to carry down the traits of the early Carvels through their descendants in his later novels. His object, he says, is "to show the effect of those early days transmitted to the descendants of the Carvels. This effect, in most cases, would only be a hereditary tendency, yet very often it happens that such a tendency is of vast character,

which, excepting perhaps atmosphere, is the most essential part of a novel."

Maurice Maeterlinck has finished a new play, in three acts, entitled "Sister Beatrix," the incidents of which are founded on an old legend of the thirteenth century. Quite recently Maeterlinck was interviewed in his house in Ghent, and repudiated the idea that because he writes in the French language, and because his books are published in Paris (the only way in which Belgian authors can hope to get read), he has necessarily an affinity with the Gallic mind. Though he owes his "discovery" to a Frenchman—Octave Mirbeau, who first drew attention to him as the "Belgian Shakespeare" in the columns of the *Figaro*—Maeterlinck maintains with pride that he belongs by temperament and sympathy, as well as by descent, to the great Germanic race. He is also reported to have stated that he has hung down the curtain on his "first period," admitting that symbolism can be positively harmful when overdone; and that the exigencies of modern art demand reality. jahart

OLD FAVORITES.

COLUMBUS, O., October 3, 1899.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: On April 29, 1899, a subscriber—P. C. Leadbeater, of New York—asked that you add to your column of "Old Favorites" a good Irish song commencing, "I'll sing you a good old song, made by a good old pate. Of a real old Irish gentleman, who had a fine estate." In response to Mr. Leadbeater's request you published the words of the "Real Old Irish Gentleman." In a shilling song-book, published by Routledge, of London, in 1863, occurs the song, "A Real Old Irish Gentleman." I have not seen the book for twenty years, and I am very anxious to obtain a copy of it, if you or any of your readers can direct me where the same can be had. In the preface the editor stated that the work contained nothing but sterling old songs, good and wholesome—such as "Lord Lovel," "The Wedding of Ballyporeen," "The Three Jackdaws," "The Real Old Irish Gentleman," etc.—and drew particular attention to the fact that it contained no so-called "nigger" melodies from the "Dis United States." I give you the words of the song from memory. Sincerely yours, JOHN DONALDSON.

The Real Old Irish Gentleman.

I'll sing you a dacent song,
Made by a Paddy's pate,
Of a rare old Irish gentleman,
Who had a fine estate.
His mansion it was made of mud,
With a thatch and all complete,
With a hole in the top through which the smoke
So graceful did retrace,
This real old Irish gentleman
This lad of the olden time.

The walls were covered over
With devil of a thing for show,
Except an old shillalah
That had laid low many a foe;
And there old Barney sat at ease
Without his brogues or hose,
And quaffed his noggin of poteen
To warm his big red nose.
This real old Irish gentleman,
This lad of the olden time.

To Donnybrook his custom was
To go to every fair,
And though he'd seen a few score years
He still was young when there,
And though the rich had feasted him,
He still among the poor
Would laugh and dance and shout and sing,
And make the spalpeens roar.
This real old Irish gentleman,
This lad of the olden time.

They who make the glasses
we sell are skilled workmen
of the highest grade.

A lens that we produce is
perfect—you are invited to
visit our factory.

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THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

Publishes this Week:

EGERTON CASTLE'S

Young April.

Illustrated by WENZELL.

Owing to the very great demand in advance orders, exhausting even the large number printed for the first edition, the publication of "Young April" is postponed to Tuesday, October 10th.

A spirited young English lad knows that at his coming of age he must assume the responsibilities of his rank. But the one month before that time he resolves to have for his own—and this is the story of that April of frolic and folly, of love and discord, in which the Duke of Rochester became a man.

The author's literary style has that elusive quality known as "distinction," and the book is full of dash and color, fully equal in dramatic interest to its brilliant predecessor.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

The Pride of Jennico. Eleventh Edition. Cloth, \$1.50.

By Agnes and Egerton Castle.

"Exceptionally clever, . . . an artistic production and original."—*The Tribune*, New York.

"The most successful novel of its season."—*The Inter-Ocean*, Chicago.

"One of the most delightful love stories of the season."—*The Bookman*.

"Told with an intensity of style that almost takes away the breath."—*Evening Transcript*, Boston.

AND HAVE JUST PUBLISHED

MAURICE HEWLETT'S

Little Novels of Italy. Cloth, \$1.50.

By the author of "The Forest Lovers," "Songs and Meditations," etc.

From an extended notice in the *New York Tribune*:

"Among the younger writers of fiction there are two men whose works are of inspiration all compact. They are RUDYARD KIPLING and MAURICE HEWLETT. . . . Both go to the root of things, but in the writings of the former truth emerges in naked force; with the author of 'Little Novels of Italy' it comes forth adorned with the flowers of art and poetry, clad in the shimmering cloth-of-gold of the Italian Renaissance. . . . In his prose as in his verse Mr. Hewlett aims at an ideal of singular nobility, and renders the charm of it more appealing because he takes the dignity and beauty of rectitude as a matter of course."

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

The Forest Lovers.

Cloth, 12mo. \$1.50.

"There is a charm not so subtle as very distinct and persuasive, which soon seizes the imagination and carries the reader forward with ardor to the end."—*Boston Transcript*.

"Mr. Hewlett has produced the most strikingly poetical and original novel that has seen the light for a long time."—*The Review of Reviews*.

MARGARET SHERWOOD'S

Henry Worthington, Idealist. Cloth, \$1.50.

By the author of "An Experiment in Altruism," "A Puritan Bohemia," etc.

"The story is powerful in its presentation of views which have not been discussed in the studies of how the other half live, and it is told with a fine appreciation of justice and of the inhumanity of some who reap where others have sown. . . . It is an unusually interesting book and a strong one."—*Boston Herald*.

PUBLISHED BY

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66 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Universal Brotherhood. Theosophy.

New Century (weekly) \$1.50 yearly, Editor Katherine A. Tingley; *Universal Brotherhood Magazine* (monthly) \$2 yearly, Editors Katherine A. Tingley and E. A. Neresheimer. Publications devoted to teachings of Universal Brotherhood on the broadest lines, "Key to Theosophy," by H. P. Blavatsky, \$4.50; "Ocean of Theosophy," by W. O. Judge, 50c. For information of the work and book list, address E. A. Neresheimer, 144 Madison Avenue, New York; Pacific Coast Agency, 819 Market Street, Room 30.

"Pictures and Poems by Dante Gabriel Rossetti," compiled with an introduction by Fitz Roy Carrington, is to be brought out soon.

LITERARY NOTES.

An Idyl of San Francisco.

Frank Norris will not fail to write a great novel for lack of trying many fields. He led off with a sea story, followed that with his Zolaesque tragedy of Polk Street, and now he has written in "Blix" what his publishers term a "charming little California love idyl." But he does not seem to have hit it off yet. There is observation, and character study, and the story-teller's knack in his tales, but they are all marred by signs of immaturity.

This immaturity crops up in "Blix" in the attempt to ascribe a social status to the two young people about whom the story is written which they could not have occupied. Condé Rivers is described as a newspaper man, twenty-eight years of age, and a member of the Bohemian Club, but he is as coltish as a college boy in his freshman year. His besetting vice is poker, and he is youthful enough to be willing to borrow the necessary money to take a hand in a game. His newspaper work apparently fills in five or six hours a day, and the rest of his time is devoted to what he and Blix call "functions"—dances, dinners, teas, and theatre-parties. For a year and a half he has been taking Blix to the theatre on Monday nights and calling on her Wednesday and Sunday evenings, when her widowed father and younger brother and sister are promptly huddled away to remote corners of the flat, and Blix and her "company" are left alone in the "parlor," with its "drapes" and gilded catstails. They have been carrying on this species of flirtation, spiced with a mutual pretense of love, for eighteen months.

And Blix is only nineteen. She must have begun young. There are girls of sixteen in San Francisco, as elsewhere, who go to the theatre unchaperoned and receive young men alone in their homes regularly twice a week. But they do not go in the class of society in which Mr. Norris places Condé and Blix. She is not "out" yet, but she is a member of the "Saturday Fortnightly" club and has invitations for at least three other "functions" a week. One wonders how such a young woman would be "brought out" and what change it would make in her mode of life.

Thus much one must say in defense of the class of San Francisco society in which Mr. Norris assumes to place his hero and heroine. For the rest, "Blix" is a very "charming little California idyl." The young couple have been flirting with one another for a year and a half in the manner approved in "hall-party" circles. But the girl has unusual good sense, and when she demands that they drop the silly pretense, they fall into a delightful comradeship. He takes her down to the wharves on one of his newspaper "details"—to write up a whaleback ship—and on their return they take tea in a gorgeous Oriental restaurant in Chinatown. A few days later they go on a fishing-trip—these two alone—and, on their return to town, dine together in a little restaurant in the Mexican quarter. They make regular expeditions to a life-saving station near the ocean-beach, and from the old salt in charge Rivers derives material for a novel of adventure, which Blix hears read chapter by chapter as it is written, and criticises to its considerable benefit. Altogether, they enjoy an ideal companionship in their intellectual tastes as well as in their material life, and in the three months which the tale includes the old flirtatious pretense is replaced by a genuine love that strengthens and improves them both.

Published by the Doubleday & McClure Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

A Study of European Ethnology.

A course of lectures that originally comprehended a study of aboriginal societies and cultures, and an analysis of the relation of primitive man to his environment, has expanded into a patient and thorough investigation of human association and race relationship in the work "The Races of Europe," by Professor William Z. Ripley, lecturer on anthropology at Columbia University. Among sociological studies these volumes will remain a monument of painstaking research and enlightened observation. In their preparation Professor Ripley has had the advice and criticism of the most eminent anthropological authorities, and scientific societies of Europe have aided him with photographs and maps. The better part of six years has been given to the collection, arrangement, and verification of the data used, and the result, if not completely satisfactory to the author, is to be admired and commended.

In the introduction, the development of the story of heredity and physical and social environment is sketched, and the significance of geography from the standpoint of human interests pointed out. Language, nationality, and race are taken up in the second chapter, and the currents and counter-currents of population, the power of political divisions over languages, and the survival of traditions and folk customs are analyzed as factors in the study attempted. The shape of the human head, a simple test of practical application, and the constant peculiarities noted to detect racial affinities, make the third chapter a specially interesting one, in spite of its numerous marks of reference. The classification of blonde and brunette peoples, and the examination of statistics of stature and health, lead up to the central idea of Professor's Ripley's book, set forth in the chapter entitled "The Three

European Races." A single paragraph may be quoted to illustrate the author's position:

"Instead of a single European type there is indubitable evidence of at least three distinct races, each possessed of a history of its own, and each contributing something to the common product, population, as we see it to-day. If this be established it does away at one fell swoop with most of the current mouthings about Aryans and pre-Aryans; and especially with such appellations as the 'Caucasian' or the 'Indo-Germanic' race."

Professor Ripley may not have succeeded in his self-imposed task, but his investigations are far-reaching and in no instance superficial, and his conclusions merit the consideration of scholars. Original lines of thought are followed in tracing various social phenomena, and a rare faculty of concentration and analysis demonstrated in every division of the work. A chapter on the possible adaptation of Europeans to the climate of the tropics is of timely interest. The numerous portrait-type illustrations and maps are of special value. The second volume contains a bibliography of the anthropology and ethnology of Europe, with over two thousand titles.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$5.00.

A Fire-Eating Sea-Rover.

"The Yarn of a Bucko Mate," by Herbert Elliott Hamblen, is one of the class of nautical adventure-stories now popular. The book purports to be an autobiography, in which it is told how a boy ran away from home, became a sailor, studied prize-fighting, and rose by reason of his brutal accomplishments to be first mate of the cruellest ship on the seas. Then he wanders round the world with a companion, turns pirate, participates in South American revolutions, finds a treasure island, has his companions destroyed by a volcanic eruption, escapes with his life by a narrow margin, returns to New York, rediscovers great treasures that he had hidden years before, and reforms. There is abundance of bloodshed in the book, and no charge of tameness will be made against it.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

The Art of Raphael.

The first volume of the new Riverside Art Series is "Raphael," a collection of fifteen pictures and a portrait of the painter, with introduction and interpretation by Estelle M. Hurl. While no attempt is made to represent all sides of Raphael's genius, the pictures chosen offer a variety of subjects, and the painter's art as an illustrator and a composer is clearly shown. The text, for which is claimed only the modest aim of making the pictures intelligible, is admirable in quantity and quality, even if there is no great weight of critical explanation and historical reference. The book seems well suited to its purpose, and a worthy standard for the volumes to follow in quarterly issues.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, 75 cents.

New Publications.

"The Holy Family: A Christmas Meditation," by Amory H. Bradford, is a thin volume handsomely printed. Published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York; price, 50 cents.

In the Romans Choises Series the latest issue is "Madame Lambelle," by Gustavé Toudouze, in the original French. Published by William R. Jenkins, New York; price, 60 cents.

A new edition of the "San Francisco View Book" has been brought out. The work contains some fifty half-tone engravings of views in and about the city. Published by Edward H. Mitchell, San Francisco; price, \$1.00.

Hannah Lynch has written "The Autobiography of a Child." The record closes at the age of twelve, but there are some entertaining memories in the experiences given. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

A recent issue in the Cambridge Literature Series is Tennyson's "The Princess," with an introduction and notes by Lewis Worthington Smith. The series is a notable one, and this dainty volume an especially attractive number. Published by Benj. H. Sanborn & Co., Boston; price, 40 cents.

A volume of the sermons of Rev. Charles Reynolds Brown, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Oakland, has been published under the title, "The Main Points." The subjects treated embrace the vital points of many creeds, and are ten in number. Published by the Whitaker & Ray Company, San Francisco; price, \$1.00.

A text-book of peculiar value is "Topical Studies in American History," by John G. Allen. It is designed to aid pupils in classifying and arranging their ideas of the leading facts of history, and is rich in good suggestions, as well as in historical references. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 40 cents.

A thoroughly light-hearted and entertaining tale is "The Pedagogues: A Story of the Harvard Summer School," by Arthur Stanwood Pier. The characters are ordinary people, with one brilliant exception; and they do many stupid things in a natural way. The story is told with a straightforward movement much to be commended, and its conclusion is

as happy as its artfully artless style. Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

The third volume in the new edition of Edward Everett Hale's works contains "Ten Times One Is Ten," "Neither Scrip nor Money," "Stand and Wait," "Hezbollah's Turkeys," and "Our New Crusade." The first story was the cause of the organization of the Look-Up Legion and the widespread "Lend a Hand" societies. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

On the title-page of his work, "Economic Aspects of the Liquor Problem," John Koren states that the book presents the results of an investigation made for "The Committee of Fifty." The preface gives the names of the members of that committee and some of the acts of the body, but the authority which called the committee into existence and the location of the committee—farther than the address of the secretary—are not shown. The omissions are not vital, but they indicate a lack of care for exact statement hardly to be expected in a work of this kind. Numerous reports are presented and many pages of statistics, but summaries of value are not conspicuous. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

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Every American boy knows how Dewey destroyed the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay, but comparatively few have been made familiar with the true story of his early years and his training under Farragut. The author, after careful study, presents a vivid description of Dewey the schoolboy in Vermont, which is followed by a sketch of Dewey the midshipman, a picture of his part in Farragut's campaigns on the Mississippi, and finally a graphic account of Manila and the sequelae of the battle. The story of Dewey's share in these exploits is told with a verve and fire which will absorb the interest of readers young and old. The numerous illustrations include the medal and sword given by Congress, and the triumphal arch in New York.

AVERAGES.

A Novel of New York.

By ELEANOR STUART, author of "Stonepastures." 12mo. Cloth, \$1.50.

Novels of New York have sometimes failed through lack of knowledge of the theme, but the brilliant author of "Averages" and "Stonepastures" has had every opportunity to know her New York well. She has been able, therefore, to avoid the extremes of "high life" and "low life," which have seemed to many to constitute the only salient phases of New York, and she paints men and women of every day, and sketches the curious interdependence and association or impingement of differing circles in New York.

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Of the many dramatic chapters of the romantic decades of discovery in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, *The Story of Magellan* yields to none in picturesqueness and heroic quality. Mr. Butterworth's story of the conditions preceding Magellan's expedition, of the adventures of the voyage, the discovery of the Philippines, and the completion of the first circumnavigation of the globe, records the facts of history which are in themselves more wonderful and engrossing than any fiction. Older as well as younger readers will be fascinated by this vivid account of the first contact between white men and the natives of the Philippines. An appendix furnishes some modern information regarding those much-discussed islands and their inhabitants. In addition to the artist's illustrations, various maps, portraits, and pictures of places increase the historical value of this instructive book.

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY,
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Refreshing as the shadow of a rock in a weary land is the presence of Nance O'Neil in the present theatrical waste. Whether her playing is good, or bad, or indifferent, she is always interesting. She has the supreme attraction of never boring. I can imagine her lending a high-colored, flaring, florid interest to "Uncle Tom's Cabin," or reciting "Aux Italiens" so that we all listened in a state of melting sentimentality. I believe in Nance O'Neil; I went on believing in her after "The New East Lynne," and am going to continue believing in her after "Peg Woffington."

Truthfully speaking, I did not suppose she had any comedy in her. Tragic geniuses who riot in sombre miseries, who love to drop their voices down into their boot-heels, and stalk about the stage with the long, stiff-legged stride of dark despair, do not as a rule take kindly to the merry side of things. And Nance O'Neil does so love being tragic! The light of battle brightens in her eye when drama enters the situation. You can see her pumping up her energies and kindling her histrionic fires when the denunciatory or despairing moment looms up in the distance. Then does she forget herself and her audience, her critics and her clothes, and mounting her Pegasus, go galloping off in an aureole of the divine fire.

There is not much chance of being dramatic in "Peg Woffington," but whenever such does appear Miss O'Neil sniffs the battle from afar, and meets the clang and clamor of the combat with the roused zest of Winkelried running on the enemy's spears. In the smallness of the opportunity her faults of over-accentuation are more apparent than when she has room and excuse for a cyclonic outburst. In the scene of Mahel Vane's appearance, her speechless and pallid consternation were extremely effective. She could not escape from the tremulous intensity of the moment, and showed none of the proud brilliancy of Woffington in the famous introductions. The spell of a high-keyed situation was still upon her when she left. She swept through the room with the proud-fronting, death-pale magnificence of an avenging queen. Her imperious directions—"Order Mistress Woffington's coach"—were shouted to the waiting footmen in the tone of a flouted goddess, quivering for vengeance. And then—at a moment when she had gathered up the whole audience and held them in the hollow of her hand—she made an exit so absurdly theatrical, so full of a postured, silly affectation, that it came upon the warm enthusiasm of the house like a *douche* of cold water.

Where the scene is pure comedy—as in act third—she was better than I had supposed she could be. Here there were no dramatic situations rising up beguilingly before her, and she gave herself up to the milder joys of comedy with the blind, hurtling, bubbling exuberance that characterizes everything she does. It was Irish Peg, with a vengeance. She bounded about the stage like a very large and sportive kitten. She was all over the place, shouting, laughing, acting, dancing, slapping Triplet on the back and feeding the children, drinking the health of Mrs. Triplet, and eating the pie. She seemed to enter into the spirit of the scene with the eager gusto of a child having a rousing game of play. Her lack of *finesse* was astonishing as her superabundance of vitality. Point after point was lost in the wild, excited outpouring of words and the tempestuous passage and whirl of her satin petticoats and flapping, flowered sack. When her bit of jig-dancing was over, the audience felt more breathless than she did. The pace at which she carried the scene, the enormous output of vital force, seemed to leave no impression of fatigue upon her undimmed and radiant freshness.

As with the last piece I saw her in before her departure for the East, her "Peg Woffington" strengthens one in one's estimate of her absorbing theatrical passion, her superb physical endowment, and the extraordinary dullness of her artistic perceptions. There is no actress on the stage in this country with any thing comparable to her dramatic force, and also no actress in a similar position on the stage in this country who has not got twenty times her cleverness and keenness of intellectual comprehension. But she is working hard—working with the deadly seriousness, the utter absence of humorous appreciation or intention, that marks her temperament, and is working through her youthful extravagances. This deflection into comedy is a first-class thing in the way of training raw and misdirected powers. But she is not a comedienne, and never will be. The racy joy of humor is not her's by birth or training. The mellow richness of sympathy and understanding that is the dower of those

who "were born under a merry star" was not one of the gifts that her fairy godmother gave her. She is a tragic actress of great promise, whose future success rests with herself.

The company were remarkable mainly because they were not so wondrous as those we have seen here of late. Several people did not know their parts, and in many ways the performance was rough, but, on the whole, good. The artistic honors of the evening went to Barton Hill, who played Triplet with a humorous tenderness that was very fine and true. Miss O'Neil should be congratulated on having secured this dignified, capable actor for her company. Triplet is to me a very harrowing character; perhaps that is because I have known so many literary people. Barton Hill struck me as giving the right touch of pride, of buoyant hopes, of debonair bravery, and creeping despair that seem to be all part and parcel of the literary make-up. Poor devils all! But no one who has not tried it knows the fatal, unescapeable, consuming charm of being a writer, even of the Triplet kind.

The evening was one of small mishaps. Among others, the gentleman whose business it is to raise and drop the curtain was so zealous in the performance of his duties that he lowered the drop before the *finale*, and it had to be raised again and let several slighted players get in their last sentences. This is a mishap peculiar to the California. Some years ago I saw the curtain descend upon Louis James's dying agonies five minutes too soon. Mr. James did not at all approve of being cut off in the melancholy pleasures of bidding adieu to this mortal sphere, and the curtain was raised and he went on dying for some time in a sort of *post-mortem* anti-climax. The audience stood up and looked on—for we had all risen to go out—standing solemnly as if it was war-time and they were playing "The Star-Spangled Banner."

On Tuesday evening I took a simple, confiding English friend of mine to see "The Hotel Topsy-Turvy." I had uneasy suspicions of what we were going to, so, for the honor of my country, I told her, with much particularity and insistence, that it was a French farce, done over to suit the American taste. She was quite expectant, and we went to the theatre all smiling hopefully.

We entered upon a scene representing a square, with a circus and an inn opening upon it. Lined up in front of the footlights were two gentlemen in tights, trunks, and spangles, two more gentlemen in ordinary dress, and a lady in pale-gray, short and scant, and showing a great profusion of beautiful white shoulders and lovely white arms. They were all talking together, and now and then breaking into song, and generally making the most amazing clamor. The English lady settled herself to listen contentedly. Several more members of the company came on—an old gentleman, two young girls in clinging, serpentine clothes. The clamor increased. Everybody seemed to be talking at once, and when they were not talking they were falling over each other, or falling off the stage through doorways, or falling on to the stage down flights of stairs. As the curtain fell upon the first scene my companion, with a slight air of bewilderment, but with a resolute determination to see the best in all things, said:

"They seem to be having quite a jolly romp."

I agreed politely, and the curtain rose upon the stage set for a hotel interior. The jolly romp grew jollier. The participants continued to fall over everything they approached, and at intervals fell upon one other with fiercely playful blows. The air resounded with the thumps delivered on backs and heads. I stole a look at my silent companion. Her expression was one of concentrated attention—brow corrugated, lips tightly closed. Everybody on the stage was shrieking, a table fell over and threw several people into a fire-place, a man thrust his head through an opening in the wall and was pelted with the remains of a feast. The hysterical screams of laughter from a little boy behind us roused the English lady. She looked at me, and this time her expression was openly bewildered, but her amiable patience was still intact.

"I can see that it's a very funny play," she said; "but I think I'm missing a good many of the witticisms."

"It's an adapted French farce," I made haste to reply. "You must always remember that."

The next act opened with some quietude. Three people were represented in the stage of violent headache and general misery which is said to follow on a spree. After one had drained a large, white china water-pitcher to the dregs, a fourth was added by Eddie Foy being discovered on the dining-table, lying *perdu* under the remains of the feast. Then the little moment of peace was over, and once more tumultuous and pugnacious energies swept the stage. Everybody fell as before, but also ran in the moments not occupied in falling. Several new characters dashed on, were fallen upon, thumped, and thrown out. The hysterical laughter of the little boy behind us rose in shrill, delirious shrieks. The lady who in the first act had worn the low-necked, gray dress, came on in a pink-and-white muslin frock, with fluted frills, that looked like a dressing-table, and held a strange, incomprehensible conversation with a man who appeared to be a count. In the course of the scene she crossed her feet and negligently placed them on the count's knee. At this exhibition of bad manners, the little boy gave

one expiring scream of delight that was smothered in an alarming tendency to choke. I looked fearfully at the English lady, and was met by a glance of reproving amaze, in the depths of which lurked an irrepressible twinkle of amusement.

"What a very strange play!" she said quite solemnly.

"It's a French adaptation!" I could just murmur, and then we joined in the hysterical chorus of the little boy, and beat him in his own specialty.

Truth to tell the "Hotel Topsy-Turvy" is so amazingly idiotic that it makes one laugh by the sheer impudence of its pretensions to be even a burlesque. I thought Frank Daniels's productions were about as imbecile as such things could be, but compared to "Hotel Topsy-Turvy" they are works of grave and mature genius. There are none of the performers in the present piece who can do anything worth doing except Bertie Fowler, who, as the clumsy servant-girl, gives some clever imitations. There was a painfully realistic one of a drunken man—a most disgusting subject—and a really wonderfully bright one of a child. As an act in the Orpheum they would have been well placed, though what would happen to "Hotel Topsy-Turvy" without Miss Fowler is dismal to contemplate. Eddie Foy also did some clever work, especially in playing on the bits of china on the dining-table. But the fun of impossible costumes and crazily absurd make-ups is overdone, and the farce-comedy stars will have to invent some new tricks if they want to keep their particular brand of extravaganza on the boards.

GERALDINE BONNER.

"Let Us Now Praise Famous Men."

"Let us now praise famous men"

Men of little showing—

For their work continueth,

And their work continueth,

Greater than their knowing.

Western wind and open surge

Tore us from our mothers;

Flung us on a naked shore

(Twelve bleak houses by the shore!)

Seven summers by the shore!)

'Mid two hundred brothers.

There we met with famous men

Set in office o'er us.

And they heat on us with rods—

Faithfully with many rods—

Daily beat us on with rods—

For the love they bore us!

Out of Egypt unto Troy—

Over Himalaya—

Far and sure our hands have gone—

Hy—Brasil or Babylon,

Islands of the Southern Run,

And cities of Cathaia!

And we all praise famous men—

Ancients of the College;

For they taught us common-sense—

Tried to teach us common-sense—

Truth and God's Own Common-Sense

Which is more than knowledge!

Each degree of Latitude

Strung about Creation

Seeth one (or more) of us,

(Of one master all of us—

Of one master all of us—

Keen in his vocation.

This we learned from famous men

Knowing not its uses

When they showed in daily work

Man must finish off his work—

Right or wrong, his daily work—

And without excuses.

Servants of the staff and chain,

Mine and fuse and grapnel—

Some before the face of Kings,

Stand before the face of Kings;

Bearing gifts to divers Kings—

Gifts of Case and Shrapnel.

This we learned from famous men

Teaching in our borders,

Who declared it was best,

Safest, easiest, and best—

Expediency, wise and best—

To obey your orders.

Some beneath the further stars

Bear the greater burden.

Set to serve the lands they rule,

(Save he serve no man may rule)

Serve and love the lands they rule;

Seeking praise nor guerdon.

This we learned from famous men

Knowing not we learned it.

Only, as the years went by—

Lonely, as the years went by—

Far from help as years went by

Plainer we discerned it.

Wherefore praise we famous men

From whose ways we borrow—

They that put aside To-Day—

All the joys of their To-Day—

And with toil of their To-Day

Brought for us To-Morrow!

Bless and praise we famous men—

Men of little showing!

For their work continueth

And their work continueth

Broad and deep continueth

Great beyond their knowing!

—Rudyard Kipling in "Stalky & Co."

— "AA" MEANS A GREAT DEAL WHEN YOU SEE it on a bottle of Jesse Moore Whisky. It means the best and purest whisky sold.

Any Oculist Will Tell

You we are careful and competent to fit becoming glasses without slip, tilt, or waver, with the new clip; 50 cents. Oculists' prescriptions filled. Quick repairing. Factory on premises. Phone, Main 10.

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TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.

Grand and English Opera Season, To-Night and Sunday Evening "Ernani." For Next Week—Monday, Wednesday, Friday Evenings, and Saturday Matinee, "Fra Diavolo." By General Request, Repetition Performances of "Othello," Tuesday and Saturday Evenings. "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci," Thursday and Sunday Nights.
Popular Prices—25c and 50c. Telephone for seats, Bush 9.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.

Sunday Night Begins the Last Week of the Great Comedy Hit,
-- HOTEL TOPYSY TURVY --
Crowds Unable to Secure Seats. Register at Once And Secure Desirable Reservations. Last Performance Saturday Night, October 21st.
Sunday, October 22d. "A Milk White Flag."

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.

The Popular House. Phone Main 1731.
Limited Engagement of the Young American Tragedienne, NANCE O'NEIL.
Last Week, Commencing Sunday Night, October 15th. Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday Nights, and Saturday Matinee, "Magda." Friday Night—Only Time—"The School for Scandal." Saturday Night—By Special Request—"Oliver Twist."
October 22d. "A Breach of Promise."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Last Two Nights of "Giroffe-Giroffa."
Week of Monday, October 16th, Genée's Beautiful Comic Opera,
-- NANCY --
Popular Prices—10c, 15c, 25c, 35c, and 50c. Best Reserved Seat at Saturday Matinee 25c. Branch Ticket-Office Emporium.

Opheum

Lotty; J. W. Winton; Tom Brown; Florenz Troupe; Howard's Ponies; Le Page Sisters; Little Elsie; Mr. and Mrs. Harold Haskins; and Hawaiian Queens.
Reserved seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box seats, 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday.

SHERMAN, CLAY & CO.'S HALL

Monday Evening, October 16th, 1899.

CONCERT

—GIVEN BY—

Miss Lillian K. Slinkey
(SOPRANO LEGGIERO).

—ASSISTED BY—

Miss Marion Bear, Pianist, Hother Wismer, Violinist, Arthur T. Regensberger, Cellist, Fred Maurer, Pianist.

Reserved Seats, 50c. On sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

RACING.—CALIFORNIA JOCKEY CLUB.

Winter Meeting, 1899-1900, Beginning Saturday, September 23, 1899. Oakland Race Track. Racing Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, Rain or Shine. Five or more Races Each Day. Races Start at 2:15 p. m. sharp. Ferry-boats leave San Francisco at 12 m. and 12:30, 1:00, 1:30, 2:00, 2:30, and 3:00 p. m., connecting with trains stopping at the entrance to the track. Buy your ferry tickets to Shell Mound. All trains via Oakland Mole connect with San Pablo Avenue electric cars at Seventh and Broadway, Oakland; also all trains via Alameda Mole connect with San Pablo electric cars at 14th and Broadway, Oakland.
R. B. MEROY, Sec. THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, JR., Pres.

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SCENIC RAILWAY. (Via Sausalito Ferry.)

Leave San Francisco, commencing October 1, 1899.

WEEK DAYS—9:30 a. m. and 1:45 p. m.

SUNDAYS—8:00, 10:00 a. m., and 1:15 p. m.

No Night Trips.

ROUND TRIP from San Francisco, \$1.40



There is no virtue of galvanized iron, not found in Apollio; there is no fault, not found in the common makes.

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NEW YORK STAGE HUMOR.

George Osbourne's Role in "A Stranger in a Strange Land"—Lillian Russell's Departure into Burlesque.

For many years William Hoey in "A Parlor Match" amused audiences by stealing everything in sight. His most daring feats consisted of getting away with a red-hot stove and trying to steal a piano. In "A Stranger in a Strange Land" (says the New York Sun), the chief character is quite as comic a thief. An Indian taken to a country-house in England, as an advertisement of a quack medicine, is the culprit. He steals a fox-terrier puppy, and asks to have it cooked. All the silver and mantel ornaments he takes to his tepee in the garden. He hides a large clock under his blanket. The time-piece strikes, and the thief is surprised as well as annoyed. He grabs up a girl, locks her in the next room, comes out looking complacent and remarks, "One white squaw for high chief." He is always on the lookout for fire-water, and finds enough to keep drunk much of the time. Seeing a bowl of brown paint, he thinks it is a drink and swallows some of it. His thirst has an almost fatal effect. The principal Ananias of the farce has decided to end his life of deceitfulness. So he prepares some Paris-green in a glass and sets it down while he goes to write a farewell letter. The Indian thinks it is a green cocktail and swallows it. Soon severe pain comes on, and he wails, "Big chief got heap big belly-ache." This Indian is a poker-player, too. He goes up to an elderly English woman and grunts, "Big chief play old squaw for keeps." The woman's nephew explains to her that poker is an American game, something like golf, but played only by Indians. The traits of the degenerate red man are shown graphically by George Osbourne. He speaks slowly, and grunts frequently in a dissatisfied manner. His walk is slovenly, when not rolling from drunkenness. He looks greasy, and carries out the truthfulness of the remark, "If you washed him you'd kill him."

Audiences at Weber & Fields's and the Victoria always expect to see the dialect stars of these two houses "skinned" at some time in the evening. If this part of the show is omitted the spectators feel that the "skinning" is on them. It must be hard to devise new ways of being cheated so frequently. In "The Rogers Brothers in Wall Street" a new twist to the old idea is given. A huncu-steerer proposes to the Germans that they shall try a little game of dice with him. He has a large dice which numbers only six, a fact which the others do not see. The arrangement is, that if the number comes seven one of the Germans shall win the money; if over that figure the other wins, and if under, the dice-thrower himself gets the pot. This seems a fair plan to the foreigners. As one reason they have two chances to his one. Of course the sharper wins. One of the losers wants to take his place, and does so. He keeps his hand on the dice-box, and tells the man who introduced the game to guess what the number is. This fellow scratches his head, and says, "Let me see," and the German naively lifts the box. Scenes of this sort are not new, but they are what the public wants.

The people who go to the Victoria demand that their favorites shall do the familiar things. Ada Lewis, for instance, is still applauded for her tough-girl caricature, which is at least ten years old now. It is not that this comedienne is unable to impersonate a variety of characters, for she has shown herself to be fully versatile, but she is identified with the tough girl and she has to stick to it. Anna Held with "Won't you come and play with me?" and Maggie Cline, with "Throw him down, McClusky," are bound fast in the same way. Cissie Loftus may not be accepted, as an actress, but it is at least a commendable effort on her part to try something else than mimicry. She is yet young enough to gain a reputation in a higher field than she has worked in, if only she has the requisite ability.

The burlesque at Weber & Fields's on "The Girl from Maxim's" is one of those pieces that skates along the very thin ice of indecency and does not break through. The more sedate auditors hold their breath in anticipation of the fatal tumble. The Parisian creatures of the original farce are replaced by familiar figures from Tenderloin resorts. A play can be so much wickeder if its surroundings are only French. What is only risky when given with a foreign manner is apt to be simply vulgar when it depicts the toughness of New York. The first scene of "The Girl from Martin's" follows the Criterion farce closely. The dentist who has had a night out is unveiled on the mantel-piece instead of under a sofa. His friend in revelry enters, and they discuss the happenings of the night just passed. The sportive doctor could account for himself until he reached Martin's, but from there on his memory fails him. It gets a jolt, however, when "the girl" is heard yawning in the bedroom. They pull aside the curtains, and discover her. She holds the quilts well up around her, and her bare arms and neck give an at least suggestive aspect to her. This appearance may more readily be understood when it is said that the woman is Lillian Russell.

"Where am I?" she says; "I wake up and find myself in a strange bed, with a strange man—on the mantel-piece."

Even the rounders begin to wonder where the

scene will end. "I remember," she continues to the dentist; "I met you last night. I am a poor girl from the country, and I went to Martin's looking for work." Then she says she will get up, and both the men on the stage grab opera-glasses. One almost gasps at anticipation of the fair Lillian rising under these circumstances. But with one hold stroke the situation is saved, likewise the reputation of Weber & Fields's music-hall. Miss Russell throws the covers off and gets out—completely dressed in an evening-gown. The men on the stage cast aside their opera-glasses in disgust, but the audience sighs a sigh of relief, not unmingled, perhaps, with disappointment.

In this scene, as in others, Miss Russell is a revelation. Her exceptional beauty and her excellent voice are well known, but she has shown the merest particle of acting ability heretofore. In this skit she really acts. She is charmingly vivacious and very Frenchy. But it is in the second part of the travesty that the real surprise comes. Where in the original farce the dentist wishes "the girl," who is posing as his wife, to be sedate, the man in the Weberfields keeps at her to be frisky and shock the people. He tells her to sing wicked songs, and to dance and kick. "Kick over a chair," he says, and she puts her foot against one and pushes it over. "Not that way," he continues. "I meant to kick over it."

"Oh!" exclaims the fair Lillian, "you want me to be tough? All right." And the "Queen of Comic Opera" gives a graphic though brief imitation of a Bowerly girl. "Why, cer'nly, cer'nly, cer'nly, why, cer'nly!" she says, and swaggers off. This bit of characterization is done so well, and comes as such a surprise, that it gets a hearty round of applause. On the first night Marie Dressler laughed loudly from an upper box. Perhaps she knew how much practice that little bit of acting had required.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Clinton Stuart's Numerous Plays.

NEW YORK, October 6, 1899.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: In a review of Clinton Stuart's new play of "Marie Antoinette," recently acted by Mme. Modjeska and her company at the Columbia Theatre, San Francisco, your critic alludes to that author's possible "inexperience of stagecraft." I am therefore writing, as his representative, to supply a list of Mr. Stuart's plays produced during the past dozen years or so: 1. "Renée de Moray," produced by Clara Morris at the California Theatre early in 1887, and the feature of her repertoire for several years thereafter. This play is a dramatization of the French novel of "Martyre." 2. The comedy of "Our Society," produced in 1886 at the Madison Square Theatre, and acted throughout the country by Miss Annie Russell and her associates, and frequently revived. 3. "Will She Divorce Him?" produced by Miss Cora Tanner and company in 1891, acted for six months in succession, and frequently revived; an original comedy of Newport society.

Besides these I may mention a dramatization of "The Abbé Constantin," which ran for six weeks at Wallack's Theatre in 1888; "The Price of Silence," presented by the Madison Square Theatre Company in 1893-94; an original comedy entitled "Newport"; an adaptation called "The Keepsake"; a free version of Dumas père entitled "The Fairy Godmother," recently produced by Mr. Frawley at the California Theatre; and so many other works, either original or adapted, that I can not at this moment enumerate them.

Any lack of "experience" can, therefore, scarcely be laid at Mr. Stuart's door.

Very truly yours, CHARLES S. ALDEN.

Identifying an Author.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 10, 1899.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: In your issue of September 25th you publish a poem entitled "A Year's Courtship," signed Dr. A. M. L. The contributor who sends it to you states that he has taken it from an old scrap-book, that it was published in the *Alta California* of September 13, 1858, and that he can not recognize the initials of the author. In the way of conjecture I offer the following: About that time there was a young physician in San Francisco named A. M. Loryea. He was of Jewish birth and rearing, and his most intimate friend here at that period had the first name of Isaac. The circumstances that the author was evidently a Jew, indicated by the last verse; that the poem addresses itself to Isaac, and that the initials are those of the doctor I mention, seem to point strongly to the conclusion that he was the author. He was a man of education and talent, and from what I knew of him in after years, there is no violation of probability in supposing him to have written the verses.

Truly yours, D. E. J.

The Philippine War.

This contest is proving much more stubborn than we had anticipated. It needs a vigorous contest to straighten matters out. We should tackle the Philippines and overcome them as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters does dyspepsia, indigestion, malaria, fever and ague, and liver and kidney diseases. The battle is short and decisive, and for fifty years the Bitters have always won. If you are ill, and don't know what's wrong, try it.

Years Don't Count

In the face that is well cared for. Creme de Lis removes and prevents wrinkles by keeping the skin taut and smooth, and gives a youthful, glowing appearance to any complexion.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Second Week of Nance O'Neil.

For the second and last week of her engagement at the California Theatre, Nance O'Neil will be seen in three interesting plays. On Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, and Saturday matinee, Sudermann's "Magda," in which Miss O'Neil has scored one of her greatest successes, will be the bill; on Friday night she will again try comedy, appearing here for the first time as Lady Teazle in "The School for Scandal," while on Saturday night she will give us her vivid portrayal of Nancy Sikes in "Oliver Twist."

A farce-comedy, entitled "A Breach of Promise," in which Bert Haverley, the old-time popular minstrel, will appear, will follow Miss O'Neil.

Grand and Comic Opera at the Tivoli.

That the patrons of the Tivoli Opera House are pleased with the management's plan of presenting grand and comic opera on alternate nights is evident from the large audiences which have greeted "Ernani" and "Satanella" at each performance. Next week, "Fra Diavolo" will be sung on Monday, Wednesday, Friday nights, and Saturday matinee, with a cast including Ada Palmer Walker, Tom Greene, Alf. C. Wheelan, William Schuster, Phil Branson, Harry Richards, Arthur Mesmer, and Tillie Salingor, who makes her re-appearance at the theatre. Owing to the continued demand for "Othello" and "Cavalleria Rusticana," and "I Pagliacci," these operas will be repeated. "Othello" will be sung on Tuesday and Saturday nights, and the double bill will be heard on Thursday and Sunday nights. The cast will include Signors Avedano, Salassa, Wanrell, Schuster, Zani, Fonari, as well as Anna Lichter and Charlotte Beckwith.

Eddie Foy at the Columbia.

Dunne and Ryley's "Hotel Topsy-Turvy" has caught on at the Columbia Theatre, and will doubtless do an excellent business during its second week. Eddie Foy, than whom there is no more popular comedian, returns to San Francisco as droll as ever, with a make-up that is taking, and any amount of new jokes and stage business. Josie de Witt, Bertie Fowler, Amelia Glover, Burrell Baraberto, Phil H. Ryley, J. C. Marlow, William F. Carroll, George Romain, Gus Mortimer, Octavis Barbe, Pauline Duffield, and Louise Rosa are all excellent in their various ways, and the musical comedy goes with a dash and spirit which is refreshing.

On Sunday night, October 22d, Hoyt's farce, "A Milk White Flag," will begin a week's engagement.

A Revival of "Nanon."

At the Grand Opera House next week Gendé's comic opera "Nanon" will succeed "Giroflé. Girofla" and again Edith Mason will have an excellent opportunity to display her clear soprano voice to advantage in the many catchy and tuneful numbers which fall to the title rôle. The remainder of the cast is as follows: Marquis Marsillac, William Wolff; Hector, his nephew, Arthur Wooley; Marquis d'Aubigne, principal chamberlain to the king, Thomas H. Persse; Bombardine, his henchman, A. E. Arnold; Louis the Fourteenth, king of France, Charles Arling; notary, William Hawley; M. l'Abbe, Winfred Goff; Ninon de l'Enclos, a famous professional beauty, Hattie Belle Ladd; Mme. de Frontenac, Ida St. Aubin; Countess Honliers, Jeanette Fredericks; Gaston, Nanon's page, Ethel Strachan; Mme. de Maintenon, the king's favorite, Bessie Fairbairn; Cousin Pierre, Nace Bonville; Uncle Matthew, Hubert Sinclair; Papa Bertrand, Joseph Lister; Cousin Joe, Argyle Tully; Aunt Theresa, Katrina Witt; and Cousin Marion, Alice Gray.

At the Orpheum.

Among the new-comers at the Orpheum next week will be Lotty, whose act is said to be "spectacular, novel, and sensational to a degree"; J. W. Winton, the Australian ventriloquist; and Tom Brown, the monologue artist, who has a budget of new stories to relate in his inimitable manner. Those retained from this week's bill include the Florenz Troupe, Howard's ponies, La Page Sisters, Little Elsie, Mr. and Mrs. Haskins, and the Hawaiian Queens.

The Races.

Despite the threatening weather during the past week the Oakland track has been in excellent condition, and large crowds of spectators have been the rule. On Monday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday of next week there will be free handicaps for three-year-olds and over, and one for two-year-olds on Wednesday. The greatest interest naturally centres in the race for the Burlingame Club Cup on Saturday, October 21st, to be ridden by members of the Burlingame Club. It is a handicap for three-year-olds and over, the distance being one mile.

Off for Foreign Lands.

Among the passengers sailing by the Pacific Mail Co.'s S. S. China, November 9th, will be a small party of tourists en route round the world. Major J. O. Hutchinson, who has for fifteen years been chief of Thos. Cook & Son's staff of "Round the World" conductors, will accompany the party to superintend all details of the journey.

There are still vacancies for a few ladies or gentlemen. Full particulars can be obtained at Cook's Tourist Bureau, 621 Market Street, San Francisco.

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COPPER

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Greatest Property in America.

Millions of Tons of Copper

Boston & Texas Copper Co's
Great Showing.

The property of the Boston & Texas Copper Company has been largely developed in the last six months, showing up in excess of the most sanguine expectations of the company. Eleven mines have been opened and developed, exposing large bodies of rich ore and clay; and a territory of ten miles square has been opened and tested. The ore and clay is found so generally as to prove that copper exists in the entire tract, and evidencing millions of tons of copper mail, averaging five to fifteen per cent., and large bodies of ore, ranging from fifty to seventy per cent. It is apparent that this property will turn out millions of dollars.

A party of New England capitalists who have just returned from an examination of the mines, in conjunction with one of the ablest mining engineers in the country, report the property to be one of the largest and best in America, and to contain inexhaustible quantities of rich copper deposits.

The shares of the company are being fast taken. Over \$50,000 has been raised and put into the property in the last three months, and the shares which are now offered at \$5.00 (par value \$10.00) will soon be advanced, and there are those who believe that they will sell for \$10.00 before January 1st, and ultimately have a value many times their par.

Those who want shares should make immediate application to the Boston & Texas Copper Company, Tremont Building, Boston. The price is \$5.00 per share. There is no better investment than copper securities and there is no hotter or stronger new company in America than this.

It is offered by strong men, who have invested their own money in the enterprise, and it is managed by F. M. Spaulding, one of the ablest and most reliable executive officers in the country.

The company is about to establish a town site on the property, and the Wichita Valley Railroad Company, a branch of the Denver and Fort Worth R. R., have offered to build a spur into the property, nine miles, within thirty days upon request.

The company owns 12,000 acres in one tract, and it has large value for agricultural and town-site purposes, outside of its copper-bearing qualities. Copper is near the surface, and is easily and cheaply mined and converted into metal, and no expensive plant and machinery is required. The company can easily earn \$5,000 a day net, with a moderate cost plant.

As stated above, the price of shares is \$5.00 (par value \$10.00), and those who want a choice and safe investment should make their application at once to the company.

BOSTON & TEXAS COPPER CO.
TREMONT BUILDING
BOSTON, MASS.

VANITY FAIR.

In an entertaining article in the October *Century Magazine*, "In Fascinating Cairo," Frederick C. Penfield says that men of the wealthy Egyptian classes are becoming daily less and less Oriental in appearance and habits. He adds: "They wear clothes of Parisian make, pose before the photographer's camera, speak fluent French, dance with foreign ladies a little, and profess to think 'five-o'clock tea' an institution reflecting the highest civilization. Each has his stall at the opera, and applauds at the right time. Between acts he calls on friends of the *haut ton* in their boxes, and perhaps recruits a coaching or river party for the following day. If the visitors are from abroad, the courteous native most likely will explain that as a lad he witnessed the premier production of 'Aida' in that very theatre, Verdi's opera being an item in the programme arranged by Ismail for the edification of the Empress Eugénie and other distinguished guests attending the opening of the Suez Canal. If the visitors are from Alexandria only, the Cairo gentleman probably rings the changes on the contrasting temperature of the two cities, wondering how Alexandrians can stand the excessive humidity of the coast. The visitors retaliate by claiming that the great dryness of the capital affects their health, whereas in Alexandria they are always well. Thus the weather, in its humid aspect, is sadly overworked as a topic of small talk in the country having the best and driest climate in the world. If this accomplished Egyptian would remove his inevitable *tarboosh*, in shape and shade of red the latest thing from Stamboul, he might to all intents and purposes pass for a European. But he never will, for he is as devoted to the religion of Islam as the man praying five times a day in mosque or street. His Europeanizing is only superficial, and in his heart, perhaps, he abhors all infidels."

"The ladies of the rich man's household likewise know French, and affect gowns and ornaments from Paris and Vienna," continues Mr. Penfield. "Custom compels them to view the opera from screened boxes, and they are never included in coaching or river parties. They wear the gauziest of veils—exceedingly thin if their faces are beautiful—when driven from palace to palace in European-built carriages. If opportunity offers, they are not averse to peering from behind their carriage-curtains at passing Europeans, revealing glimpses of their faces, and possibly the fact that they are smoking dainty cigarettes. Europeans are inclined to believe that Egyptian ladies admire European customs, and perhaps wish to emerge from the veiled seclusion of the East. This is not the fact, for their adherence to the tenets of Mohammedanism is still rigid, and they look pityingly upon foreign women, so little valued by their lords as to be permitted to roam over the world with faces exposed to any man's admiration. . . . Woman's position in the Egyptian capital is materially benefited by the movement looking toward the education of native girls. Twenty years ago native ladies regarded education as the learning of sufficient French or Italian to read novels or follow the plot of the opera. The last few years have developed a desire among the upper-class women to have their daughters educated with as much care as boys are, and an important adjunct to the household, consequently, is the European governess—most often English. A sister of the Khedive, the Princess Kbadia, is an active agent in improving the educational status of poor girls."

"Most women visitors to Cairo are curious to see the interior of a harem. But this, as Europeans understand it, no longer exists in Egypt," says Mr. Penfield. "Every native house, however, has its harem division, set apart for women, as the *salamluk* is for men—nothing more. In this department reside the wife or wives and children of the master, with the addition, perhaps, of his mother. In this case her rule is probably absolute. It is she who chooses instructresses for the children, orders the affairs of the household, and even prescribes the fabrics, fashions, and ornaments of the women, who are simply the wives of his excellency the pasha. It is mother-in-law rule, literally. The windows of the harem usually overlook a courtyard or rear street, and are screened with *mushrabeah* lattices, penetrable only by the gaze of a person within. To minister to the wants of the women's division a small army of servants—shiny black 'slaves' from Nubia and Berber, and possibly a fair Circassian or two, imported from Constantinople—is essential. 'Slavery' of this sort is scarcely bondage. It is the law of Egypt that manumission can be had for the asking, with little circumspection or delay. These servants are kindly treated, value their home, and shrink from any movement toward legal freedom. Except to the master and sons of the house, the harem is closed to all men, but women friends come and go freely. The tall, high-check-boned black men guarding the entrance to the harem, in these progressive days in Egypt, possess no suggestion of the houri scene of the stage, are trained from childhood to keep unauthorized persons from intruding, and have a highly developed aversion to sight-seers."

Sir Robert Peel is at present regarded as a leader of fashion in matters sartorial in London. Indeed, Sir Robert is accredited with the ambition to ascend

to the head professorship of masculine fashion, a responsibility, it is said, the Prince of Wales is quite willing to resign. Sir Robert is eulogized as follows in a recent number of an English periodical devoted to men's fashions: "Few men dress with better taste than Sir Robert, because few men are better acquainted than he with the sartorial process by which distinctiveness can be aimed at and accomplished without the intrusion of the element of conspicuousness. Although ready enough to accept and understand any improvement in a garment, he will not rush after a new thing because it is the latest fashion. He is a preserver of a good and smart style, not a supporter of every 'new idea' that comes along. In a word, he is a leader of fashion in the true sense of the phrase. He is extremely particular and critical in the matter of his clothes, at once detecting the fault of a button out of its proper line by an eighth of an inch, or of a seam with the very slightest inclination to wander from the correct position. It is hard to say what get-up becomes Sir Robert best, as his fine figure, tall and well-proportioned, adapts itself to any form of sartorial art. It may be said, however, that he never looks better than when attired in a black frock-coat and double-breasted waistcoat with a white slip at the opening, and a pair of dark-striped cashmere trousers, cut to reveal one button of a particularly smart boot. Although Sir Robert keeps up a pretty extensive wardrobe, both at his town house and his beautiful country mansion at Drayton, there are many things in the way of tailors' productions that he does not care about, and among these are fancy waistcoats, and all things new in the overcoat line. A favorite sporting garment of his, in suitable weather, is the real Newmarket overcoat, of the style of which he will stand no variation, not even in a button, a seam, a pocket, or a stitching. In conclusion, it is Sir Robert's faithfulness to the best styles and fashions, and his dislike for anything liable to attract remark, that place him in the front rank of London's smartly dressed gentlemen of the day."

Samuel J. Tilden was the richest American who ever entered public life and remained single to the end of his days (remarks the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*). His persistent celibacy was remarkable, for Mr. Tilden was born with money, and thus from his youth was considered eligible by the mammas of many young women. Literature has furnished a long string of names to the list of eminent bachelors. Possibly the best-known unmarried man of letters to-day is Henry James, the novelist. He maintains stoutly that the artist, no matter what the medium of his expression, should remain single, on the ground that the petty cares and carplings of domestic life tend to wear on delicately adjusted nerves and exhaust the mental fibre of genius, whether its possessor be a painter of pictures, a worker in words, a modeler of statues, a composer of music, a singer, or one who amuses the people from the stage. The celibacy of Charles Lamb was full of pathos, for he remained single all his life that he might care for his sister. Venerable John Burroughs, naturalist as well as writer, and one of the most charming of men, never married. Mr. Burroughs was not even a woman-hater, neither has any one ever surmised that a romance caused his bachelorhood. The only literary bachelor who is acknowledged to be a hater of women is the English poet, Algernon Charles Swinburne. His sentiment appears to be based upon the fear that a woman of little culture would be dull beyond description as a life-partner, and the conviction that the clever, well-informed woman is the least attractive of her sex. The bachelorhood of Sir Isaac Newton was a puzzle to some of his contemporaries, but others knew he remained single solely on account of his mother. He thought the world of her, and her affection for him was unbounded; but her maternal love was marred by jealousy, and whenever her son thought on marriage or evinced a passing interest even in a pretty face she wept and wrung her hands, and managed somehow to check true love's course. He finally told her he would give up all notion of marriage as long as she lived. After her death he found himself too deeply absorbed in his scientific work and too mature to think of matrimony.

We are not surprised to learn that the revived game of croquet is quickly giving way in many parts of the country to the improved version known as golf-croquet (says the *London Globe*). The old game had the serious defect of being both tedious and irritating, besides demanding ample space and a perfect lawn. In golf-croquet, on the other hand, each game is soon finished, and the play contains nothing to annoy the inferior player, while any imperfections in the ground can be accepted in the cheerful golfing-spirit as bunkers or hazards. Besides this, the new game has the great advantage of allowing an equal number of strokes to all players, so that no one is condemned to look idly on while an expert plays with his ball all over the place. Added to these recommendations, golf-croquet is simplicity itself in the matter of rules, and has the sociable characteristic of keeping all the players together throughout the game, instead of scattering them in isolated couples at distant corners of the lawn. But perhaps the strongest reason of the new game's popularity lies in its similarity to golf, for, although the tools are different, and hoops take the place of holes, the animating spirit is the same. It is possible,

therefore, that golf-croquet will supply that great desideratum, a consolation for golf-players whom hard fate has placed in regions remote from links, and for those veterans whom cruel time has deprived of the ability to tramp for miles over rough country in pursuit of an erratic ball.

The young man at Newport who recently displayed a bangle around his ankle as the last word in smart dressing for men is not likely to find many imitators, even with the recommendation urged for this novelty that it is especially appropriate to wear in a hammock (remarks the *New York Sun*). This point in its favor might be extended to the occasions in winter on which men in evening-dress wear pumps. Opportunities to display the bangle might be just as frequent then in drawing-rooms, although the spectators would necessarily be limited to a much smaller number. Even by lengthening the season of this fashion it will probably be confined in the future to the pioneer brave enough to introduce it. Americans have never taken kindly to the fashion of wearing a bangle on the wrist, although it has been popular for years in Europe, and is quite as much affected in England as on the Continent. The Emperor of Germany is, of course, the most illustrious adherent to the style, and has for some time past worn a bangle presented by his wife, the person from whom under ordinary circumstances the husband's bracelet is supposed to come. Ankle bracelets are more likely to be imitated than another fashion introduced by the same young man. He was photographed once with a ribbon-bow in his hair. He was dressed up for private theatricals, or something of the kind, but it was thought that he might mean that style, also, to be taken seriously.

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions for the week ending Wednesday, October 11, 1899, on the Stock and Bond Exchange were as follows:

	BONDS.		Closed.	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
U. S. Coup. 3%.....	1,500	@ 108-108½	108½	
U. S. Coup. 4%.....	10,000	@ 117½		
Cal. St. Cable Co. 5%.....	1,000	@ 117	116	
Los An. & Pac. Ry. 5%.....	3,000	@ 103½	103	
Market St. Ry. 6%.....	10,000	@ 128½-128¾	128¾	129
Market St. Ry. 5%.....	13,000	@ 115½	115½	116
N. E. of Cal. 6%.....	25,000	@ 115½	114	
N. Pac. C. Ry. 5%.....	1,000	@ 107½	106½	
Oakland Gas ad 5%.....	5,000	@ 108½	108½	
S. F. & N. P. Ry. 5%.....	27,000	@ 113½-114½	114½	
S. F. & S. J. Ry. 5%.....	4,000	@ 114½-115½	115	
S. P. R. of Cal. 6%.....	2,000	@ 118	117½	118
(1912).....	1,000	@ 122½	122	123
S. P. Branch 6%.....	2,000	@ 114-114½	114	114½
S. V. Water 4%.....	1,000	@ 104	103½	104½
S. V. Water 4% 3d.....	31,000	@ 101½	101½	101½

	STOCKS.		Closed.	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Water.				
Contra Costa Water.....	825	@ 68½-70½	70½	71
Spring Valley Water.....	165	@ 100½-101½	101	

	Gas and Electric.		Closed.	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Equitable Gaslight.....	245	@ 5½-5¾	5¾	
Mutual Electric.....	100	@ 15	14½	15½
Pacific Gas Imp. Co.....	100	@ 65		66
Pacific Lighting Co.....	30	@ 41	41	
S. F. Gas & Electric.....	265	@ 64½-65	64½	65
S. F. Gas.....	1,090	@ 3½		3½

	Banks.		Closed.	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Anglo-Californian.....	10	@ 64	64	
Street R. R.....	50	@ 120	120	122
California St.....	150	@ 63½-64	62½	
Market St.....	25	@ 25	25	30
Presidio.....	25	@ 25	25	

	Powders.		Closed.	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Giant Con.....	1,950	@ 78-82	80½	80½
Vigorit.....	1,045	@ 2½-2½	2½	2½

	Sugars.		Closed.	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Hana P. Co.....	1,315	@ 13½-14½	13½	13½
Hawaiian.....	65	@ 96-96½	95½	97
Honokaa S. Co.....	1,425	@ 34½	34	35½
Hutchinson.....	475	@ 30-30½	30	30½
Makaweli S. Co.....	1,125	@ 48½-48¾	48¾	49½
Onomea S. Co.....	185	@ 37½-38½	38½	39½
Paauhau S. P. Co.....	1,175	@ 36½-36¾		

	Miscellaneous.		Closed.	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Alaska Packers.....	60	@ 118	118	119½
Oceanic Steam, Co.....	30	@ 88		88
Pac. C. Borax.....	20	@ 145		145

Giant Powder was very strong and sold up to 82½ ex-dividend, an advance of five points, but closed off at 80 bid, 80½ asked, on a bear rally. This company is in first-class condition, having a large balance in cash in bank (about \$80,000), also large quantities of raw material paid for at low prices, which have advanced since they were purchased, and are being rushed with orders for powder for future delivery. There are rumors on the street that the dividend will be increased in the near future, and that there has been buying by strong parties for control of the company, also that the Eastern powder companies will very shortly advance the price of powder one cent per pound on account of the large demand and advance in raw material.

The gas and electric stocks have been weak on small sales.

The sugar stocks have been quiet with fractional declines.

INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

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622 MARKET STREET (Upstairs),
Bicycle and Golf Suits. Opposite the Palace Hotel.

"McGorry"—"O'f' buy yez no new hat, d'yes moind that? Ye are vain enough ahriddy." Mrs. McGorry—"Me vain? O'f' not! Shure, O'f' don't t'ink me-silf half as good-lookin' as O'f' am."—Judge.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.
Guarantee Capital and Surplus..... \$ 2,187,617.90
Capital actually paid up in cash..... 1,000,000.00
Deposits June 30, 1899..... 27,656,513.03

OFFICERS—President, B. A. BECKER; First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNAI; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODFELLOW.
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SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

532 California Street.

Deposits, July 1, 1899..... \$24,920,395
Paid-Up Capital..... 1,000,000
Reserve Fund..... 205,215
Contingent Fund..... 442,763

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. F. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres.
LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH, Cashier.
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THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL..... \$3,000,000
SURPLUS..... 1,000,000
PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT..... 2,337,829
July 1, 1899.

WILLIAM ALVORD..... President
CHARLES R. BISHOP..... Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN..... Asst. Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH..... Assistant Cashier
IRVING F. MOULTON..... 2d Assistant Cashier
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WELLS FARGO & CO., BANK

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Cash Capital and Surplus..... \$6,250,000

JNO. J. VALENTINE, President; HOMER S. KING, Manager; H. WADSWORTH, Cashier; F. L. LIPMAN, Asst. Cashier; H. L. MILLER, Second Asst. Cashier.
Directors—John J. Valentine, Benj. P. Cheney, Oliver Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, Geo. E. Gray, John J. McCook, John Birmingham, Dudley Evans. Branches at New York, Salt Lake, and Portland.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$3,702,300; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$2,112,546.

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager,
COLIN M. ROYD, Agent for San Francisco,
411 California Street

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The Earl of Wemyss was on a Fife golf course not long ago, accompanied by an old caddie. His lordship got his ball on one occasion so near the hole that to play it was, as it appeared to him, superfluous. So he simply tipped it in off the toe of his boot. The caddie revolted instantly, threw down the clubs, and looked horrified. When he found words to speak it was to say: "Dammit, me lord, gowf's gowf."

John Hare once sent his coachman to a certain theatre to secure stalls, and the man, who knew more about stables than theatres, returned with what appeared to be a difficult verbal message. "Well, did you get the stalls?" inquired the actor. "Nn, sir," said the coachman; "the stalls were all taken up, but they told me they would be pleased to—to"—he scratched his head and then blurted out—"to put you in a loose box, sir!"

The late Judge Charles P. Daly, of New York, was a charming conversationalist as well as a model citizen and an accomplished jurist. He met the Duke of Wellington some fifty years ago, and the duke remarked to him that he seemed too young to be on the bench. "I owe my position," replied Judge Daly, "to one of those accidents of fortune to which your grace owes so little." "I recall my criticism," said the duke, grimly; "you are doubtless where you belong."

The recent death of Mme. Aubernon de Nerville in Paris recalls a reply once made to her by Dumas fils, who did not enjoy a certain kind of lionizing. At a dinner at Mme. Aubernon's one evening, he sat next to a certain general, who was disconcerted by Dumas's chilly manner. "Why do you not tell the general some of your witty stories?" asked the hostess, in a whisper. "Mon Dieu, madame," replied Dumas, in his most ingenuous tone, "every one to his trade—I was waiting for him to fire off a cannon."

When Thomas T. Crittenden was governor of Missouri he had a colored hostler who was much in awe of his employer. The man was apologetic over trifles, but when the governor's favorite horse died one night the case seemed to be beyond the man's power of palliation. He wandered about the stable-yard for a long time, lost in thought. Then going into Crittenden's presence he said: "Guv'nor, that yere black horse, Pluto, ain't a-guin' to live berry long." "What makes you say that, Ben?" asked the governor, in surprise. "Case he am dead."

An Iowa judge recently related an amusing incident that had occurred in his court when a colored man was brought up for some petty offense. The charge was read, and as the statement, "The State of Iowa against John Jones," was read in a loud voice, the colored man's eyes bulged nearly out of their sockets, and he seemed overcome with terror and astonishment. When he was asked if he had anything to say, or pleaded guilty or not guilty, he gasped out: "Well, yo' honab, ef de whole State o' Iowa is agin this one pore nigger, Ise gwine to give up right now."

The late Hall McAllister some years ago entertained a visiting scientist at the Union Club, before its amalgamation with the Pacific, and during the evening—a particularly foggy one—made some whimsical remark conveying the idea that fog was an excellent conductor of sound. The scientist took exception to this novel theory and asked Mr. McAllister on what it was based. "On phenomena which we have all observed," returned the ready jurist; "on an evening like this we hear the fog-horn quite distinctly, but when there is no fog we can not hear it at all."

A Mississippi farmer, while in Memphis recently, entered a well-known *café* and ordered a sirloin steak. A bottle of tabasco sauce was on the table, and, mistaking it for catsup, he spread it quite lavishly on the steak and settled down to enjoy the meal. He cut off a big piece, sopped it around in the tabasco, and stuck it into his mouth. Then he began to feel as if his tongue was on fire. He twisted and turned, and soon had the eyes of every one in the dining-hall fastened on him. The more he twisted his face, the hotter the steak in his mouth got. He could stand it no longer, and, reaching up his hand, he jerked out the burning bite, threw it on the floor, and exclaimed: "Now, d—n you, blaze!"

There is a handsome young woman in Washington who had the misfortune to fall down stairs a few years ago, so badly fracturing one of her knees that the limb had to be amputated. The young woman, who walks with the aid of crutches, is not in the least sensitive about the matter. One afternoon last week (says the *Post*), she got into an F Street car, bound for the Hill, and found herself in the same seat with a sharp-eyed woman, who seemed to take a whole lot of interest in her and her crutches. She scrutinized the young woman's face carefully for a couple of minutes, then turned her attention to the workmanship of the crutches, which she took the

liberty to handle curiously. Then she looked the young woman over again, and leaned over to her. "D'y'e mind tellin' me how you lost your leg?" she asked, rasply. "Not in the least," responded the young woman, amiably; "I lost it in the battle of Gettysburg."

"THE CRIME OF WHIST."

A Conversation.

"Yes, it is true," answered Laura, as she took the proffered seat and laid aside her wrap, "I have resigned from the club, and I never intend to play another game. I consider whist one of the curses of modern society."

"Holy St. Francis, what a change is here!" quoted Miss Meredith. "Is it a penance, a joke, or what?"

"It is dead earnest."

"Really? Why, Laura, it hasn't been a month since you won the championship and declared in all the enthusiasm of victory that there never was a more glorious game than whist."

"I know; but I have reformed, and, if I can, I shall persuade you to follow. Whist is spoiling too many fine women."

"Of course you are nothing if not extreme. What earthly harm can there be in quiet, respectable whist as we women play it? I think it is most satisfying, most intellectual. As the summer girl says, 'This is so sudden.'"

"Not at all; it is the result of days of serious reflection."

"And the reflection?"

"Comes from—but it is quite a story; have you an engagement?"

"This is league afternoon, but we don't play until half-past three. Tell me all about it."

"I will begin at the beginning. Though I had some twinges, I believe my first real misgiving was owing to a visit from Mrs. Moreland. She called to ask if I were ill—I hadn't been near her for six months. I excused my neglect by saying that I was president of the American Leads, champion of the Trophy, and hadn't an hour I could call my own. She said nothing to this, but soon took leave. I could see she was hurt; and, of course, that disturbed me. Then I thought: 'Here is my dead mother's best friend and mine; no one has ever been as good to me as Mrs. Moreland; yet I have left fifty-two pieces of pasteboard keep me from her for six months.'"

"But surely you were not playing all of the time?"

"I played at least one game a day, and when not playing I was studying. In whist, as in everything else, one has to keep up. And then I was obliged to rest; there is nothing so fatiguing."

"That is true. But go on."

"After thinking about Mrs. Moreland I began to notice lots of things. I was neglecting the house-keeping. At night I was too tired to read the news to my father—I tried to, but nodded over every paragraph. I had let the mending go, hadn't had a needle in my hands for months. In current literature I was a back number—except in the whist periodicals; I was well up in those. Then, at the games themselves there were little things that—well—were not nice."

"What sort of things?"

"Somehow all of us were different. Instead of being well-mannered, thoughtful, and considerate, we had become rude, intolerant, and uncharitable."

"Surely not!"

"I will give you an instance. You know Mrs. Hunt, what a dear little shy woman she is? Well, she caught the fever about a month ago, had lessons, and was completely fascinated. I was at several games where she took part; it mortifies me to recall them. Her dearest friends maneuvered to avoid playing with her; the expression of the unsuccessful was far from gay. On one occasion I played at the same table with her, though I wasn't her partner. If you could have seen the veiled impatience and ennui at that table! Mrs. Hunt did wonderfully well for a beginner; of course she didn't know the first thing about real whist. We prompted and advised her, with the result that she forgot the little she knew and made the most dreadful misplays. Her partner was quite sharp with her. Something pathetic in her innocent eyes brought me to my senses. I pressed her hand under the table. It was like ice. She was actually trembling with nervousness and mortification. Now, isn't that a pretty state of affairs—a lot of women giving their best efforts to a game of cards that makes them ill-mannered, unfeeling, almost brutal? Mrs. Hunt's is not an unusual case."

"I am forced to admit it is so common that I have never thought of looking at it in your way."

"Another point. Think, dear, of the time that you and I have wasted on whist."

"Don't call it wasted. You are a magnificent player, and no real perfection can be wasted."

"You are wrong there. I have spent years on whist. In the same time I could have learned several languages, and a new language means an introduction to what is best in a foreign country."

"But you have learned the king of games."

"I am not at all sure about that. The chances in whist run up to the hundreds of thousands. I see something new in every game I play. The

rules and methods and leads are continually changing. Unless you give your whole time to it you are left behind with nothing; for whist leads to nothing else."

"How can you say that? I can mention a dozen things that whist teaches—analysis, for instance; reasoning; the power to plan and execute."

"Analysis of what? Leads. Why my partner played so and so. Adversary was forced for such and such a purpose. Reasoning? If I play the queen will it draw my adversary's king? As for plans, they are all the same: to make the adversaries lose. A nice sort of training this for the human mind. It is imbecile, and the sad part is that all the women of the country are mad on the subject."

"Do be reasonable, Laura. How can whist really injure society?"

"In the first place, it kills conversation, and that's an old story. In France and England, when everybody became whist-crazy, it's a matter of history that conversation, before most brilliant, was overshadowed. Whist had taken its place, and the *salon* was swept away."

"A real calamity, I grant, but I do not believe whist caused it."

"Of course it did. People who play whist never talk, and that leads to unsociability—hinders the forming of new friendships. Whist-players not only cling to one little coterie, but, if possible, to one partner. With people you see every day there is little to talk about, none of the give and take of quick-witted strangers. A card-playing household is never an intellectual household. There is no doubt in my mind that the fall of the *salon* was owing to whist."

"Now that I think of it, I haven't made any new friends since I took up whist."

"I have not only failed to make new ones, but, as you see, have neglected the old—and not only friends, but kindred. My own sisters complain that they never see me except when I want something; which brings in another effect of whist—selfishness."

"What else? Don't you admit a single virtue? I suppose the memory is not strengthened by whist."

"Whist is no real exercise for the memory."

"Oh, Laura! Think of yourself; think of the players who can remember every one of the fifty-two cards and who played them, who can go back and recount the whole battle step by step!"

"Do you call that wonderful? Any child can do better. There are boys of eight in the spelling-class of the fifth-grade city school who can recite from two hundred to two hundred and fifty words in their printed order. Their teacher told me so and proved it."

"Really? It seems impossible. So then in your opinion whist is not only useless, but a social, moral, and mental blight."

"Undoubtedly. Also a physical blight, for it injures the health."

"My dear! Excuse my laughing, but you are too absurd. Now you are joking."

"Not a bit of it. At the first stage of my regeneration I noticed how old all of us were looking. Every proficient whist-player, even the youngest, had a deep furrow between the brows; it is one of the first penalties we pay. Then, all of us had the mewed-up expression that comes from lack of oxygen. Our complexions were ashy, or, worse still, yellow. Find me a rosy face constant at the card-table if you can. No one can sit over whist and keep well; the little lunches between games would ruin any digestion. I have a most promising case of dyspepsia, and it has taken the form of puffy flesh. You know, dear, my figure used to be thought beautiful—I can say so now that it's gone. There is nothing worse than the sitting habit, and whist gives it."

"I haven't a leg left. Let me see: whist makes one selfish, unsocial, taciturn, uncharitable. It hinders mental development, leaves no time for graces or graciousness, ruins the health, invites old age—anything else?"

"You might add that it ought to be treated as an epidemic and stamped out. Have I converted you?"

"You have impressed, but not converted. I can not admit that whist has no saving grace. I know you so well, Laura, and—excuse my saying it—you are prone to extravagance in everything. I don't think I shall give up whist; I shall need it when I am old."

"My dear, I can't bear to think of you as a card-playing old woman!"

"But I, with great satisfaction, can see myself seated in an extra large and comfortable arm-chair—puffy and fat and wheezy, barely able to hold my thirteen cards in my gouty, pin-cushion hands; all of my teeth, much of my hair, and most of my five senses gone, but for all that an agreeable and much-sought-for partner in the game of games."

"What a true picture! I shall write under it, 'The last stage of whist—be warned in time.' But don't let me keep you any longer. Good-by."

Evelyn Snead Barnett in the October Century.

That Little Book

"Babies," issued by Borden's Condensed Milk Co., New York, should be in the hands of all young mothers. The hints it contains are invaluable to the inexperienced. Sent free upon application.

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SOCIETY.

The Magee-Mhoon Wedding.

The marriage of Miss Martha Belle Mhoon, daughter of Major and Mrs. John B. Mhoon and granddaughter of the late Sam Bell McKee, of Oakland, to Mr. Frederick English Magee, son of Mr. Thomas Magee, of this city, took place in Oakland on Wednesday, October 11th. The ceremony was performed at Trinity Episcopal Church at four o'clock by the Rev. John Bakewell, assisted by the Rev. Robert Ritchie, of St. Paul's Church.

The church, which had been prettily decorated for the occasion, was filled to overflowing when the bridal party entered. First came the four ushers, Mr. Samuel McKee Mhoon, Mr. Sam Bell McKee, Mr. Thomas Vail Bakewell, Mr. Sheffield Shumway Sanborn, Mr. Frank B. King, and Mr. Horace Herbst Miller. Following them were the bridesmaids, Miss Helen Boss, Miss Juliet Garber, Miss Florence B. Selby, and Miss Florence E. Dunham. The maid of honor was Miss Amy Marguerite McKee, and after her came the bride, leaning on her father's arm. They were met at the altar by the groom and his best man, Mr. Walter Magee, and then the priests read the solemn marriage service of the Episcopal Church.

After the ceremony the bridal party was driven to the Mhoon residence, on Adeline Street, where a reception to some seventy relatives and intimates of the young couple was held and a wedding-supper was enjoyed. Those who sat at the bride's table were Mr. and Mrs. Frederick English Magee, Mrs. Norman Lang, Miss Amy McKee, Miss Florence Dunham, Miss Helen Boss, Miss Florence Selby, Miss Juliet Garber, Miss Carrie Haven, Miss Fanny Baldwin, Miss Julia Canavan, Mr. McKee Mhoon, Mr. Sam Bell McKee, Mr. James Caine McKee, Mr. Horace Miller, Mr. Sheffield Sanborn, Mr. Frank King, Mr. Vail Bakewell, Mr. Walter Magee, and Mr. Paul Miller.

Mr. and Mrs. Magee left on the evening train for the East on a wedding trip. On their return they will reside in Oakland.

Doctor's Daughters' Doll Show.

The Doctor's Daughters, a non-sectarian charitable organization founded thirteen years ago by Dr. Robert Mackenzie, will hold its third annual doll show in the Maple Room of the Palace Hotel on Friday and Saturday, November 17th and 18th. Among the ladies who are to be the patronesses of the show are Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, Mrs. George Crocker, Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin, Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Mrs. William G. Irwin, Mrs. Ira Pierce, and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, of New York.

The dolls will be entered in ten classes, in each of which a prize of twenty-five dollars will be awarded, and several milliners and modistes have signified their intention of entering models. All the dolls will be for sale at private sale during the afternoons and on Friday evening, and those remaining unsold on Saturday night will be offered at auction.

The committee having the model dolls in charge consists of Miss Jennie Blair, manager, Mrs. Cbauncey R. Winslow, Mrs. Alfred S. Tubbs, and Miss Susie McEwen; the committee on salable dolls comprises Mrs. J. Stow Ballard, Mrs. Frank D. Bates, and Miss Bruce; and the committee on refreshments includes Mrs. Samuel G. Buckbee, Mrs. Frederick W. Tallant, and Miss Bowman.

Chocolate and tea will be served in the afternoons and there will be music in the evenings. The charge for general admission has been placed at fifty cents; children, half-price.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Caroline V. Bosqui, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bosqui, to Mr. George W. Borrowe, son of Captain and Mrs. William Borrowe, of Sausalito, will take place at the home of the bride's parents in San Rafael on Wednesday next, October 18th.

The wedding of Miss Kate Thornton Salisbury, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Salisbury, to Alexander D. Keyes, son of the late General Keyes, will take place on Tuesday, November 7th.

The wedding of Miss Alice Thompson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Thompson, to Mr. Richard C. Minor, will take place at the home of the bride's parents, in Stockton, on Wednesday next, at noon.

The marriage of Miss Harriet Chalmers, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Chalmers, to Mr. Frank Pierce Adams, took place Thursday evening, October 5th, at the home of the bride's parents in Stockton. The bride was attended by Miss Estelle May Davis, of Ross Valley, and Mr. Bernard C. Carroll, of Stockton, was best man.

Miss Louisa A. Hofman, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Hofman, of this city, was mar-

ried in Providence, R. I., on the second inst., to Mr. James F. Mason, of New York, formerly of San Francisco. The future home of the young couple will be in East Orange, N. J.

Cards have been issued by General W. R. Shafter and his daughter, Mrs. W. A. McKittrick, for a tea which will be held at the headquarters at Fort Mason on Saturday, October 21st.

Mrs. Henry J. Crocker has issued cards for a tea at her home on Washington and Laguna Streets, on November 3d.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller has been brightened by the advent of a little son, who was born to them on Tuesday, October 10th.

A banquet will be held in the Maple Room of the Palace Hotel by the California Society of the Sons of the American Revolution next Thursday evening in celebration of the one hundred and eighteenth anniversary of the surrender of Cornwallis. President Benjamin Ide Wheeler, of the University of California, the Rev. David C. Garrett, D. D., the new rector of St. Luke's, and the Hon. W. H. Jordan will be the speakers of the occasion; and among the other noted guests will be General Fred Funston, U. S. V., and Mrs. Funston, and President David Starr Jordan, of Stanford. A musical programme also will be presented, and for the first time in the history of the organization, ladies will attend the banquet.

Golf Notes.

The San Francisco Golf Club gave a dinner at its pretty club-house adjoining the Presidio on Saturday evening, October 7th, in honor of Major-General W. R. Shafter, U. S. V., and his staff and the officers at the Presidio. Owing to a sudden attack of illness, General Shafter was unable to be present, but the army was well represented, and a very pleasant evening was passed. Among those present were:

Lieutenant-Colonel Wallace F. Randolph, Third Artillery, U. S. A., Colonel Leonard, U. S. V., Mr. E. J. McCutchen, Mr. Charles Page, Mr. S. L. Abbot, Mr. Chauncey R. Winslow, Mr. Peter McG. McBean, Mr. Horace Pillsbury, Mr. Harry B. Goodwin, Mr. Richard H. Gaylord, Mr. Edwards, Mr. T. P. Gowers, Mr. W. B. Storey, Mr. Andrew Carrigan, Mr. Worthington Ames, and Mr. Leonard Cheney.

The club will hold its initial tournament of the season at its Presidio links on October 14th, play beginning at two o'clock. It will be a handicap contest over eighteen holes, stroke play, and handsome silver-mounted cups will be given to the two making the lowest net scores. Among those who will compete are:

Mr. S. L. Abbot, Mr. Worthington Ames, Mr. Thomas Binney, Mr. W. F. Bowers, Mr. R. Gilman Brown, Mr. Leonard Cheney, Mr. Andrew Carrigan, Mr. Edwards, Mr. T. P. Gowers, Mr. Harry B. Goodwin, Mr. R. H. Gaylord, Mr. J. Downey Harvey, Mr. Lansing O. Kellogg, Mr. E. J. McCutchen, Mr. Peter McG. McBean, Mr. C. F. Mullins, Lieutenant Miller, Mr. Horace Pillsbury, Mr. Charles Page, Mr. W. B. Storey, Mr. J. F. Severance, Mr. Hugh Tevis, Mr. William Thomas, Mr. A. S. Tubbs, and Mr. Chauncey R. Winslow.

On Friday, October 22d, the club will hold a caddies' tournament, a handicap contest over nine holes, with suitable prizes for the little chaps.

Secretary H. M. A. Miller, of the Oakland Golf Club, has of late been busily negotiating with several good professionals in the East, and hopes by to-day to have secured the best available man as instructor for the club. In the handicap tournament over eighteen holes, medal play, which was begun on Saturday, October 7th, Mr. H. M. A. Miller and Mr. Fitzgerald tied on a net score of 86, and were to have played off the tie on Friday. The event scheduled for Saturday, October 14th, is a mixed foursome, handicap, match play, over eighteen holes, for handsome silver trophies.

The San Rafael Club's links are well patronized and the bi-weekly tournaments always call out a large number of contestants. On Saturday, October 7th, Miss Mary McCalla won first prize in the ladies' handicap, nine holes, with a handicap of 9 and a net score of 65, and Mrs. R. Gilman Brown (scratch) and Miss Frances Carroll (handicap 15) tied for the second with scores of 69. In the men's handicap, eighteen holes, Baron Alex von Schröder (handicap 17) and Mr. J. J. Crooks (handicap 17) tied with net scores of 109, and Baron von Schröder won in the play-off. Mr. R. Gilman Brown played scratch.

Mrs. R. A. Parker having presented handsome prizes to the club, to be competed for by the ladies, the competition took place on Wednesday, October 4th. The first prize was won by Miss Wagner (handicap 25), with a net score of 61, and the second prize by Mrs. J. T. Burke (handicap 12), with a net score of 66. The following ladies also entered the competition, which was over nine holes:

Mrs. J. J. Crooks, Miss Frances Carroll, Mrs. R. G. Brown, Mrs. Francis, Mrs. de Young, Mrs. Curtis, Mrs. D. Donohoe, Mrs. F. S. Johnson, Mrs. F. H. Green, Miss Mary McCalla, and Miss T. C. Morgan.

The recent fire on the slopes of Mt. Tamalpais has not interfered with the trains of the Scenic Railway. One should not lose the opportunity of a trip over this wonderful road, to see the ruin and devastation on every side as the train passes through the burned districts of Mill Valley, Blithedale, and Mt. Tamalpais.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Foster Concert.

Miss Jessie Foster, lyric soprano, gave a concert at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall on Tuesday evening last. She had the assistance of Mr. Arthur Weiss, cellist, Mr. Arthur Fickenscher, pianist, and Mrs. A. C. Lewis, accompanist, in presenting the following programme:

"Variations on Handel's theme," cello and piano, Beethoven, Mr. Weiss and Mr. Fickenscher; "Bell Song," ("Lakmé"), Delibes, Miss Foster; "(a) "Nina," Pergolesi, (b) "Tarantelle," Popper, Mr. Weiss; "(a) "Summer," Chaminade, (b) "Sweetheart," Lynnes, (c) "Zozo Mokeur," Creole song, Miss Foster; "(a) "Magic-Fire Music," Wagner-Brassin, (b) "Campanella," Liszt, Mr. Fickenscher; "Norwegian Shepherd Song," Sixteenth Century, Miss Foster; "Distance" (with cello obligato by Mr. Weiss), Henneman, Miss Foster.

Miss Lilian Slinkey, *soprano leggiero*, will make her first public appearance in San Francisco after several years' study in Europe, at a concert which she will give on Monday evening, October 17th, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall. Miss Slinkey will be assisted by Mr. Hother Wismer, violinist, Dr. Arthur Regensburger, cellist, and Mr. Fred Maurier, pianist, as a trio, and by Miss Marion Bear, pianist.

Reception to President Wheeler.

A reception to President Benjamin Ide Wheeler, of the University of California, and Mrs. Wheeler was tendered by the Associated Students of the University of California on Friday evening, October 6th, at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art. Addresses of welcome were delivered by General W. H. L. Barnes on behalf of the regents, and by Mr. W. M. Martin (U. C., '00) on behalf of the students, after which Professor C. M. Gayley introduced the new president. During the evening there were songs by members of the U. C. Glee Club, and an orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Henry Heyman, presented the following programme:

Overture, "Raymond," Thomas; waltz, "Thousand and One Nights," Strauss; selection, "Faust," Gounod; pavane, Louis XIV., Brissot; college songs, arranged by Jackson; romance, "Alla Stella Confidente," Robaudi; waltz, "Violets," Waldeufel; national airs, Gilmore; selection, "Carmen," Bizet; gavotte, Komzak; popular airs, Marion; march, "Stars and Stripes Forever," Sousa.

British census reports of family names give for England and Wales 253,666 Smiths, 242,100 Joneses, with Williams, Taylor, Davies, and Brown following in order. For Scotland, Smith leads, followed by McDonald, Brown, Thomson, Robertson, Stewart, and Campbell. Murphy is ahead in Ireland, there being 62,600 of them; then come Kelly, 55,900; Sullivan, 43,600; Walsh, 41,700; Smith, 37,000; O'Brien, 33,400; Byrne, 33,000; Ryan, 32,000; Connor, 31,200; O'Neil, 29,100; and Reilly, 29,000.

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Colonial Hotel.

The management wishes to inform its patrons of the completion of the new private bath-rooms in connection with suites of rooms. Reservation for the winter season should be made at once.

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What is bad soap? Imperfectly made; the fat and alkali not well balanced or not combined.

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All sorts of store-sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr. (né Fair), who are now in Europe, have arranged for an extended trip up the Nile this winter. It is possible that Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs may join them.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Sullivan came up from Phelan Park, Santa Cruz, early in the week, and are occupying their house on Van Ness Avenue for the winter. Mrs. James Phelan, who was visiting them, is now at San Mateo.

Mrs. Phebe A. Hearst has leased the Penroyer residence on Channing Way in Berkeley, and will reside there this winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Seward McNear have returned to their home in Oakland after passing the summer at San Anselmo, near San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope will close up their Burlingame home and return to their city residence this month.

Mr. Peter D. Martin and Mr. Walter S. Martin are in Portland, Or.

Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Wilson have returned from Burlingame to this city for the winter season.

Mr. E. M. Greenway is now in Portland and will return to San Francisco on or about October 23d.

Mrs. Margaret Irvine and her son, Mr. J. W. Byrne, are among the returning passengers on the American liner, *St. Paul*, which is expected to arrive in New York from Southampton on Saturday, October 14th. They will spend some weeks in the East before returning here.

Mr. and Mrs. George Davis Boyd, of San Rafael, enjoyed a trip to the Tavern of Tamalpais early in the week.

Mrs. Samuel Blair, Miss Jennie Blair, and Mr. William Blair have returned to town and taken an apartment at a down-town hotel for the winter.

Mrs. Henry Barroilhet and her niece, Miss Thompson, were recently at Kissingen, Germany.

Mr. Graham E. Babcock, of Coronado, arrived in town on Saturday, October 7th, and is a guest at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. S. J. Menzies was among the passengers of the White Star liner *Teutonic* which sailed from New York for Liverpool on October 4th.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Athearn Folger arrived in New York on Friday, October 6th.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry B. Ainsworth (né Mullins), of Redondo, were in town for a few days during the week, en route to Portland, Or.

Dr. and Mrs. F. L. Miner and Mr. A. Cleghorn, of Honolulu, are guests at the California Hotel.

Mrs. W. A. Wightman has returned from Bolinas, and is registered at the Hotel Pleasanton.

The Misses Morrison, of San José, were guests at the Palace Hotel during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Morrison Curtis were among last week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais.

Mr. and Mrs. James P. Holt, Jr., of Honolulu, are at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Adams, of Stockton, are at the California Hotel.

Mrs. R. H. Plummer and Mr. Melville Plummer are among the permanent guests at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mrs. Lucy May Hayes and Miss Viola Piercy were in San José early in the week.

Mr. George H. Higbee, of Philadelphia, is at the Hotel Pleasanton for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Alec B. Wilberforce have gone to Arizona to spend the winter. Mr. Wilberforce is recovering from his late serious illness.

Captain C. H. Williams has returned from his Southern trip, and will be at the Hotel Pleasanton this winter.

Judge and Mrs. James A. Cooper and Miss Cooper have returned from Sausalito, and have taken the Crittenden Thornton residence on Pacific Avenue, for the winter.

Dr. W. F. Southard has returned from Kansas City.

Mr. E. A. Hassan arrived last week from Philadelphia, and is registered at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. Addison C. Mizner is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Martin, at Palm Springs.

Mrs. J. W. Saunders, wife of Captain Saunders, of the transport *Newport*, will sail from New York on the American liner *St. Louis* on November 1st, accompanied by Miss Saunders.

Mrs. M. L. Nokes and Miss Nokes, who are now in New York, will sail for Antwerp next Wednesday on the Red Star liner *Westernland*.

Mrs. C. A. Spreckels and Miss Lillie Lawler were in Venice at latest accounts. Miss Lawler was soon to return to London to resume her musical studies.

Mrs. Kohl and Miss Mamie Kohl, of Menlo Park, came up to town on Thursday, and took an apartment at the Palace Hotel.

Judge V. W. Gilbert, of Portland, Or., is a guest at the Occidental Hotel with his son, who has just come back from Manila.

Mrs. Hélène Bauer will leave next week for Paris, sailing from New York on November 1st on the American liner *St. Louis*.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Cooke, who have been spending some time in Europe, will sail for New York from Southampton on October 14th on the American liner *New York*.

Mr. Ira C. Boss, who got back from Manila last Wednesday, is now at the Palace Hotel with his sister, Miss Helen Boss, and Miss Crockett.

Mrs. E. J. Huddart left last Wednesday for an extended visit to her daughter in New York.

Mr. Horace S. Sears and Mr. Morton F. Russell, of Boston, are in town and are stopping at the Palace Hotel.

The Rt. Rev. William H. Moreland, Episcopal bishop of the northern diocese of California, Mrs. Moreland, and Mrs. Russell are guests at the Occidental Hotel.

Among the San Franciscans who have been in

New York, watching the yacht-races, are Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Haggins, Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker, Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Vining, Colonel and Mrs. W. R. Smedberg and Miss Cora Smedberg, Mr. and Mrs. Valentine G. Hush, Mrs. Thomas Magee, Lady Bache-Cunard (formerly Miss Maud Burke), Mrs. Ernest C. La Montaigne, Mr. William Northrop Coles, Lieutenant-Commander Leonard Chenerly, U. S. N., Mr. H. T. Scott, Mr. A. P. Brayton, Mr. Clinton E. Worden, and Mr. A. Chesebrough.

Among the week's guests at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mrs. F. C. Peterson, Miss Jennie McFarland, Miss Bessie Cole, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Barry, Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Allenton, of this city, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Raymond, Miss H. P. Bettinger, and Mr. F. A. Judson, of New York, Mrs. R. A. Hind and Mrs. J. W. Robinson, of Honolulu, and Mr. and Mrs. H. Pope, of Chicago.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mrs. W. P. Coleman, of Sacramento, Mr. L. W. Burris, of Santa Rosa, Mr. Otto Wagner and Mr. R. F. Hill, Jr., of New York, Mr. F. C. Lathrop, of Catalina, Mrs. C. C. Cooper, of Santa Cruz, Mr. A. W. Barrett, of Los Angeles, Mrs. E. S. Stebbins and Miss Stebbins, of Spokane, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Richardson, of London, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Allen, of Haldsburg, Mr. T. S. C. Lowe, of Pasadena, and Mr. F. L. Berry, of Hartford.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

The retirement of Rear-Admiral Henry L. Howison, U. S. N., on October 10th, through operation of the age-limit, has resulted in the promotion of Captain A. S. Barker, U. S. N., commandant of the Norfolk Navy Yard, to be rear-admiral; Commander Edward P. Strong, U. S. N., to be captain; Lieutenant-Commander J. B. Briggs, U. S. N., to be commander; Lieutenant R. T. Mulligan, U. S. N., to be lieutenant-commander; and Lieutenant (junior grade) J. H. Bowen, U. S. N., to be lieutenant. Admiral Howison stood number 3 in the list of rear admirals. His retirement advances Rear-Admiral Schley from No. 9 to No. 8, and Rear-Admiral Sampson from No. 11 to No. 10, placing the latter at the head of the list of junior rear-admirals.

Lieutenant-Colonel Wallace E. Randolph, Third Artillery, U. S. A., and Mrs. Randolph, have gone to Oregon for a short stay.

Captain Charles S. Cotton, U. S. N., and Mrs. Cotton came down from Mare Island early in the week, and were guests at the California Hotel.

Major Springer, First Idaho, U. S. V., and Mrs. Springer, who have been spending the past month at the Lenox, have returned home.

Captain Dana R. Weller, Forty-Fourth Infantry, U. S. V., has been ordered from the Presidio to Fort Leavenworth, Kan.

Mrs. Kenion, wife of Colonel Kenion, Thirty-Second Infantry, U. S. V., who is now on his way to Manila, will spend the winter at the Lenox.

Captain Charles G. Sawtelle, assistant-quartermaster, U. S. A., has been assigned to duty in this department.

Captain Robert Woodson, acting assistant-surgeon, U. S. V., has been ordered to this city, relieving Lieutenant Stanley S. Warren, acting assistant-surgeon, U. S. A., who will go to the Hot Springs.

Captain S. W. Terry, U. S. N., Mrs. Terry, and Miss Eleanor Terry were the guests of Mr. J. W. Blabon in Seattle for several days while en route to Washington.

Lieutenant C. O. Huntington, U. S. N., and Mrs. Huntington are guests at the California Hotel.

The following-named officers have been released from recruiting duty and ordered to San Francisco: Major George W. Ruthers, commissary of subsistence, U. S. A., Captain John Newton, Sixteenth Infantry, U. S. A., Captain William C. Bennett, Sixteenth Infantry, U. S. A., and First-Lieutenant Benjamin M. Hartshorn, Jr., Ninth Infantry, U. S. A.

Mrs. George M. Pickrell, of Richmond, Va., Lieutenant James M. Pickrell, U. S. N., and Mrs. Pickrell, of Mare Island, are guests at the Occidental Hotel.

Mrs. Glass, wife of Captain Henry Glass, U. S. N., and Miss Glass are guests at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Pierce, wife of Lieutenant Palmer E. Pierce, Thirtieth Infantry, U. S. A., and Mrs. Evans, wife of Lieutenant Frederick D. Evans, Eighteenth Infantry, U. S. A., are at the Occidental Hotel on their way to join their husbands at Manila.

Mrs. Rethers, wife of Lieutenant H. F. Rethers, Ninth Infantry, U. S. A., and Mrs. Dalton, wife of Lieutenant Harry F. Dalton, Ninth Infantry, U. S. A., who have been at Angel Island since last March, are going to Manila by the Toyo Kisen Kaisha liner *America Maru*, which sails on Saturday, October 14th.

The naval hospital-ship *Solace* arrived in port on Saturday, October 7th, with the following officers on board: Lieutenant A. F. Fechteler, U. S. N., of the *Concord*, Lieutenant J. P. Parker, U. S. N., of the *Petrel*, Lieutenant A. A. Ackerman, U. S. N., of the *Oregon*, Lieutenant Solon Arnold, U. S. N., of the *Wheeling*, Lieutenant R. B. Higgins, U. S. N., of the *Castine*, Lieutenant J. M. Ellicott, U. S. N., of the *Baltimore*, Lieutenant H. W. Jones, U. S. N., of the *Helena*, Lieutenant Edward H. Durell, U. S. N., of the *Wheeling*, Lieutenant A. H. Robertson, U. S. N., of the *Castine*, Lieutenant William S. Montgomery, U. S. N., of the *Petrel*, Lieutenant Frank Lyon, U. S. N., of the *Oregon*, Lieutenant R. C. Bulmer, U. S. N., of the *Bennington*, Lieutenant W. M. Wheeler, passed assistant-surgeon, U. S. N., of the *Wheeling*, Lieutenant L. M. Atlee, surgeon, U. S. N., of the *Bennington*, Lieutenant William S. Whitted, U. S. N., of the *Bennington*, Commander William T. Swinburne, U. S. N., of the *Helena*, Commander E. H. West, U.

S. N., of the *Princeton*, Commander P. Belknap, U. S. N., of the *Aero*, Lieutenant Commander J. H. Perry, U. S. N., of the *Oregon*, Lieutenant-Commander H. Morrell, U. S. N., of the *Castine*, and Lieutenant F. W. Kellogg, U. S. N., of the *Baltimore*.

ART NOTES.

The Mark Hopkins Institute of Art.

At a recent meeting of the board of directors of the Art Association it was decided to change the day on which the public is admitted to the Mark Hopkins Institute free of charge from Sunday to Friday. This change was brought about as the result of experiments which proved that the attendance was very much greater on Friday than on Sunday.

The board of directors has also made arrangements for having the pupils of the sculpture class of the School of Design instructed in the practical methods of making casts. A competent instructor will be employed under the superintendence of Mr. Douglas Tilden, who has charge of this department of the school.

Mr. J. F. McComas, of Australia, who is soon going East and to Europe, is holding in Vickery's gallery an exhibition of his work in water-colors done recently in Monterey and Mill Valley. It opened last Thursday and will be continued through October 28th. Forty-five pieces are shown.

—ONE DOLLAR PER HUNDRED IS THE PRE-VALENT price for engraved cards amongst the leading Eastern houses. This is the very best card that is made. Messrs. Cooper & Co., the Art Stationers, is the only firm in the West which supplies the same high-grade stock at this price.

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—DR. W. F. SOUTHARD, 1220 SUTTER STREET, has returned from Kansas City, where he has been as a delegate to the Association of Military Surgeons.

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The long-continued dispute between Great Britain and the Transvaal has at length emerged from the diplomatic stage into that of open warfare.

It is natural that many people in this country should have regarded the controversy with merely passing concern, and vaguely wondered what it is all about. The absence of direct interest, the lack of intimate knowledge of the actual conditions, and the scrappy and often inaccurate information furnished by the daily dispatches have rendered the forming of any just opinion difficult if not impossible. It may be well, therefore, to present the two sides if the case, drawn from authoritative, though unofficial sources.

The discussion has turned mainly upon three points: the

franchise, the monopolies, and England's claim of suzerainty. As to the first subject the Boer claim is that the so-called pledge of President Krüger related to civil rights only, and not to political rights. This pledge, or statement as the Boers prefer to call it, was made during the examination in London leading up to the convention of 1881. Sir H. Robinson, in behalf of England, put the following question: "Before annexation had British subjects complete freedom of trade throughout the Transvaal—were they on the same footing as citizens?" To this Krüger replied that they were on the same footing, and in answer to further questions said that in the future there would be equal protection for everybody; that there would be no difference so far as burgher rights were concerned, except as to those who had lived less than one year in the country. In further support of the contention that this referred to civil rights only, the articles of the convention of 1881—which were not materially changed in that of 1884—are quoted, guaranteeing to all persons other than natives the rights of travel and residence, of carrying on business, of engaging houses and premises, and of equality with citizens in all taxes. As regards political rights it is pointed out that Uitlanders, or aliens, may be naturalized after two years' residence, and may then vote for the second Volksraad, or lower house. A further residence of twelve years was required to gain the status of the first-class burghers who vote for the upper house.

As to the claim that the taxes are unnecessarily heavy, the point is made that the Netherlands railroad pays nearly one-quarter of the entire income of the state. Furthermore, the gold mines pay enormous dividends—from 100 to 300 per cent.—which all goes out of the state. The revenue from the mines increased from \$24,500,000 in 1897 to \$85,000,000 in 1898, while the state's revenue from this source fell from \$8,325,965 to \$8,187,135, and the public expenditures for the gold districts increased. The dynamite monopoly is that against which the strongest protest is made, yet the price in Rhodesia, where there is no monopoly, is as high as it is in the Transvaal.

The British claim of suzerainty is the point that has been given most prominence recently. The convention of 1881, in its preamble, guarantees complete self-government to the inhabitants of the Transvaal, subject to the suzerainty of her majesty. Article II. reserved to the British Government the right to appoint a resident, to move troops through the state in time of war or in case of apprehension of war between the suzerain and any foreign state, and the right to control the external relations of the Transvaal. In response to the agitation of the Boers against these provisions the convention of 1884 was concluded. In it the word "suzerainty" disappeared from the preamble, the office of British resident was abolished, and it was provided that "if any British officer is to reside at Pretoria, he shall discharge functions analogous to those of a consular officer." England reserved to itself only the right to veto within six months any treaty concluded by the South African Republic with any foreign power. Sir Hercules Robinson, who drafted the convention of 1884, declared that the meaning "suzerainty" was withdrawn and the word left out purposely; the claim to suzerainty was meant to be withdrawn.

Such is the case of the Boers. On the other side, Thomas R. Dodd, secretary of the South African League, presents the case of the Uitlanders in a recent issue of a leading review. A statement of the demands of the league, presented by Mr. Dodd, shows that their programme includes far more than the points that have been most prominently to the front. Of the suzerainty of England they have nothing to say, though one of the league's main objects is "the maintenance of the existing British supremacy in South Africa." On the subject of the franchise they claim that it is practically not obtainable at all, for when a fourteen-years residence has qualified the applicant, the consent of two-thirds of the burghers and the approval of the government is still necessary. Moreover, the Uitlander incurs all the responsibilities of citizenship and none of its privileges during these fourteen years of probation. The privilege of voting for the

second Volksraad is valueless, since all actual power is in the upper house. In addition to the railway, dynamite, and liquor monopolies, those of cocoa, calcium-carbide, soap, candles, matches, and brushes are complained of. Moreover, the greater part of the benefits go to the monopoly holders and not to the general public through the government.

The most active complaint, however, is against abuses of administration, which must indeed be hard to hear. Representation is based upon the number of resident burghers—a proper provision in the abstract, yet, in view of the immense number of aliens who are denied the franchise under any conditions, it must work a hardship. The written constitution may be changed with no more formality than is required for ordinary Volksraad legislation. The civil service is utterly incompetent, and almost utterly corrupt. The high court is required, under pain of dismissal, to respect any resolution of the Volksraad, however unreasonable. The English language is employed in over ninety per cent. of the business transactions, and is the general language of conversation, yet the official language is High Dutch, which very few even of the burghers, who speak a local patois, understand. The public moneys are not expended for public purposes, and public education is in a most deplorable condition. These are all matters of administration and government, the reform of which would flow from a more liberal granting of the franchise. Even more difficult to hear are the arbitrary and tyrannical acts of the government, instances of which are given by Mr. Dodd, but space will not permit their recital here. It is sufficient to say that even petty peace officers lose no opportunity for acting on their prejudices.

The whole question seems to resolve itself to this: Has any people the right to act the dog in the manger, and retain for its own exclusive use the treasures that nature has stored up within its boundaries? Does the evident disability of a people to make the best use of the natural resources of its country justify interference by a stronger and more enlightened people? England, by its action, has answered the first question in the affirmative, the second in the negative. Is this country in a position to throw stones?

A prominent economist has declared that poverty might be banished from the world were the products wasted in the process of consumption utilized for benefit of the human race. In this he referred to the economic waste—the scraps and odds and ends that are daily thrown away as useless, or as not worth using. The statement is not an exaggeration, but, owing to the small quantity involved in each case, any general plan for the conservation of this waste is impossible of execution. Any material reduction must come through a general diffusion of knowledge of the importance of the subject and through the voluntary action of individuals. There is another branch of the subject, however, that is more easily handled, and that is the waste from natural causes. Nature is, in many ways, spasmodic in its action—prodigal at times, at others grudgingly yielding its stores to man. Periods of plenty are succeeded by years of famine, and, where forethought is not exercised, hardship and suffering are the penalty.

In this State an important source of natural waste results from the regular succession of wet and dry seasons. Throughout the great central valley the people are in yearly fear of disastrous floods when the warm weather melts the snow in the mountains and pours the water in torrents down into the valleys. Periodically, this fear is justified when the rivers overflow their banks, sweep over the cultivated fields, and in a few short hours obliterate the results of the work of years. The farmer sees the raging waters washing away all his worldly possessions and is powerless to stay the work of destruction. This is the visible effect of the flood waters, and, heretofore, efforts have been directed toward removing the danger in the simplest manner. Thousands of dollars have been spent in building levees and dredging out channels, without a thought of the fact that thereby human ex-

was assisting nature in the squandering of millions of dollars of potential wealth.

It is the indirect effect of all this—the effect that lies beneath the surface—that is beginning to be realized. During the long months of the arid summer the rivers dry up, the fields become parched, fruit-trees droop and wither, farm animals suffer from thirst, mining operations are suspended through lack of water to keep the machinery in operation. Manufacturing interests in this State have always been backward because of the lack of water or fuel for motive power. Of late years advancing knowledge concerning the transmission of electrical power has given the hope that extensive manufacturing interests may be built up, light and heat may be more cheaply furnished in every city and town, and local transportation may be greatly reduced in cost. Yet here again we must fall back upon the water power of the rivers. How much greater might the development be in every one of these directions were the immense force of water that human ingenuity and effort have striven to hurry on to the sea made available. During the winter months the force is too irresistible to be harnessed; during the summer months it is not available because it has been allowed to run to waste.

These considerations are so manifest that they must appeal to every one. The remedy is simple. Were the storm-waters stored in the mountains, the dangers of winter would be eliminated, while the surplus, now wasted, could be stored during the summer. A few broad-minded and public-spirited citizens have taken the preliminary steps toward accomplishing this object. A convention of representative citizens has been called to meet in this city on November 14th, to discuss methods and devise plans for the accomplishment of this important purpose. The question of cost must be considered; yet, whatever plan may be adopted, the cost will be infinitesimal compared with the benefits to be secured. Consider the interests that are directly involved. The grain farmer will be protected against floods, the viticulturist and horticulturist will obtain water for irrigation, thousands of acres of arid land will be brought under cultivation, drought will no longer have terrors for the stock-raiser, the production of precious metals will be increased by enabling the mines to be worked throughout the year. Manufactures, electric light and power, and local railway transportation will be promoted, the river channels will no longer be choked up with detritus, and river transportation will receive an immense impetus. Every citizen in the State is directly or indirectly interested. What better object can there be for the expenditure of public moneys? What more profitable investment is there for the State of California?

Had every foot of ground gained by American arms in the Philippines been retained, every captured town held, every defeat of the Tagalogs something more than the bootless rout of an enemy that quickly recovered, there would have been a substantial advance made by our army. There have been many opportunities to praise the valor of troops, but often the valorous effort has been idly expended, and the victory it won but an empty triumph. From the long list of towns taken, it would seem that the Stars and Stripes might be waving over an extended territory. But many of these towns were abandoned as soon as taken, and some of them recaptured twice, thrice, or even five times, and, after all, relinquished. That there may be good reason for all of this, none at this distance from the scene of action has a right to deny, yet it is confusing, and leaves the student of affairs in doubt as to the real American status in the islands.

In a recent article written for the *Review of Reviews*, John Barrett gave nine reasons why the blame for the opening of hostilities did not rest with the invading army, but with the Filipinos. They are reasons of such excellence that they will hardly be questioned, and still they fail to satisfy the curiosity for facts as at present existent. He cites many instances of heroism, proving our troops invincible. The people of this country know that the soldiers they sent forth are brave; there is no contention on this point. But they do not know what this bravery has wrought. Barrett tells of Wheaton's flying column, its advance to Pasig; of MacArthur marching to Malolos and later to Calumpit; of Lawton's brilliant raid across Laguna de Bay and the fall of Imus. He tells of almost daily fights, each crowned by victory, of towns wrested from the enemy. He does not tell that most of these towns were abandoned, and were soon swarming as before with armed Filipinos. Hence his interesting narrative lacks completeness.

From such details as are accessible, the conclusion is unavoidable that the Americans have done little more than secure a foothold from which, with an augmented force, operations of a more effective character can be pushed. General Otis has control of Manila, Iloilo, Cebu, Bacalod, Zamboanya, and Jolo, with some other places of less importance. Those named are all considered to be of com-

mercial and strategic value. In each instance the subjugation of a city has been supposed to carry with it the subjugation of surrounding territory, the Americanized circle of Manila being stated generally as twenty-five miles. Notwithstanding this, within a few days natives have attacked a regiment no more than four miles from the walls of the city, and for outposts to be fired upon is not uncommon. Therefore, the zone favored by foreign rule seems disinclined to accept the blessing without protest, but on the contrary takes frequent opportunity to announce that the conquest is not complete. As to other garrisoned posts the situation is as bad or worse. At Iloilo the natives are sullen, outbreaks have been narrowly averted, and only the presence of an efficient force prevents the inhabitants from openly espousing the cause of the insurgents.

There appears to be little to indicate an early cessation of hostilities, for the first year has accomplished next to nothing. To the taking of Luzon, the taking of Manila is only a beginning, and to the taking of the archipelago the absolute capture of Luzon would be only a fair start. Of course, the concession is freely made that a general may accomplish with sixty thousand men that which he failed with a third of the number to do. Nevertheless, if the Filipinos are beginning to feel discouraged they have the diplomacy to conceal it well. One of the most intelligent of Aguinaldo's men is Alejandrino, who was not long ago in Manila, conducting back some prisoners. He is a man of European education, wide travel, and a keen observer. He stated, in answer to a question as to the effect of sixty thousand American soldiers: "We can maintain a state of war and the necessity for a large army of occupation indefinitely. The Americans have a few miles around Manila, a narrow line of railroad to Angeles, and a circle about San Fernando. Our rich northern country, immense and productive, we hold, and it supports us."

He spoke of the small expense of the Filipinos, and the vast expense of the Americans; the danger of the climate to whites, the necessity for rations, whereas the Filipino was content with a handful of rice. Naturally, Alejandrino must be regarded as prejudiced, and yet his easy confidence, the picture he drew, and the circumstance that a year's fighting has been so nearly futile, give his words some weight that must be, however reluctantly, recognized.

The Democratic party made its latest fight for a principle in the national campaign of 1892. It won, and its pet revenue principle was put into practice, plunging the country into reverses of a magnitude unknown for a period "as long as Moses kept sheep for his father-in-law in Midian"—forty years. The disaster it had brought upon the country practically wrecked the organization. From the ruins sprang a faction which thought it saw a chance to grasp the reins of power by policy. It would work upon the passions of men made mad by its own actions, and turn their votes to its own account. The self-chosen leader of the policy faction was well fitted for the place; without depth, without breadth, without statesmanship, but with a genial presence and a trick of oratory to dazzle the multitude.

What were the motives behind the issues of 1896 if they were not dictated purely and simply by policy? Foremost was the insensate demand for the free coinage of silver at the "God-given ratio" of 16 to 1, framed to catch the vote of debtors, silver-producing localities, and all the gentry who are always seeking "cheap money." Close on its heels was the outcry against government by injunction—an issue which was an assault upon the supreme judiciary of the United States, timed to take advantage of the unrest in labor circles which developed in the great strikes of two summers before. If the Democratic party had been successful in the elections, and the Bryanites had had the audacity to carry out the tenets of their platform, the condition of the country which now revels in honor, in prosperity, and the respect of the whole world would have been dire indeed. We should have been a distracted people, with dwindling commerce, prostrated business, disordered finances, and ruined credit, culminating in anarchistic assaults upon established authority, legal, legislative, and executive.

That was the sure tendency of Democracy in 1896. If that tendency has changed in three years we are unable to distinguish the variation. We have, in 1899, presented for the suffrages of the people, the same party, the same methods, the same leaders, and the same issues with others added. The party is still acting on policy and not on principle. The free-silver issue, with every argument advanced for its support in 1896, has been completely overthrown by the logic of events and discarded at the polls, and yet it is thought to be strong enough to attract a few votes. In Kentucky, where the faction is subdivided, both of the sub-factions are in favor of free silver at 16 to 1. In Massachusetts the rules of party action have been reversed for the sole purpose of securing the ascendancy of George Fred Williams, because of his

adhesion to Bryan and his financial theories. In Ohio the party has nominated John R. McLean for governor on a silver platform—a candidate who has always openly catered to the worst elements of his party. In New York the Tammany party, whose power is rooted in evil and whose methods to gain success at the polls is always unscrupulous, is courting the Bryanites for the votes of the disaffected partisans.

Toward the new issues of this year, as toward the old, the attitude of Democracy is still one of policy. It howls for anti-trust legislation without any comprehension of the subject, and without any rational plan by which the evils of combination can be restrained. The whole country looked to the Chicago conference to see what Bryan knew about the matter, and was disappointed. If anything was made clear, it was the fact that he knew nothing about trusts, and had no rational plan to curb them. What the party has put forth in regard to militarism, imperialism, and expansion, lacks sincerity, lacks conviction, lacks promise. It is simply policy baited to catch votes by stirring up discontent with the acts of the administration. The State elections of 1899 are merely the forerunners of the important national campaign of 1900. If Bryanism gains this year in the various States it will leave the stronger hope of carrying the country next year.

The party still stands for the debasement of the coinage. It still stands for the debasement of social and of political life. It still stands for policy and not principle. If it should be placed in power its financial theories would shake the very centres of business confidence and enterprise, and hamper the growth of our expanding commerce. It would place in supreme power the elements opposed to constituted authority and determined to disenthroned it with the pretence of devotion to the constitution under which it acts. Its foreign policies would hopelessly entangle our relation toward other nations and make an inextricable mess of our future dealings with Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines, and would make of the United States the laughing-stock and by-word of the world. The ruin and distress which resulted from the mistake of placing the destiny of the country in Democratic hands in 1892 would not be a circumstance to the conditions which would result from the election of the Bryan Democracy. The party then had at least a vestige of principle, however mistaken. It has nothing now but policy. The elections of the various States in which the questions are at issue is less than a month in the future. It is time for self-respecting voters of both parties to weigh the question seriously and decide whether they are satisfied to cast in their lot with a deteriorated Democracy, whose campaign of policy has dominated the party in so many of the State conventions, and if they are not, to bestir themselves.

The day before war began between Great Britain and the Boers, Hiram Maxim, of Maxim-gun fame, was interviewed in London. He told of the number of Maxim guns in the Boer army, said their artillery was inadequate, and predicted the early and crushing defeat of the Boers. He also spoke with enthusiasm of the "armored trains" prepared by the British army in South Africa, and remarked that they would be highly effective against the Boers. He instanced their success with the Spaniards against the Cubans, and with our troops against the Filipinos.

Hindsight is better than foresight. Mr. Maxim should have waited one day before making predictions. The very first event in the war was the destruction of a British armored train by the Boers, who derailed the engine and cars and then shelled the wrecked train, killing fifteen British soldiers.

Mr. Maxim's views on armored trains seem peculiar to a civilian. The Spaniards may have operated them successfully against the Cubans, but the Cubans are timid, sheep-like creatures, as deficient in "savvy" as they are in bravery. Our troops have operated armored trains successfully in the Philippines, but most of the Filipinos are ignorant natives, knowing nothing of operating machinery or railways. How far could even an optimist expect an armored train to penetrate into an enemy's country where the enemy are strong-hearted, strong-handed white men? Did Mr. Maxim believe that the Boers would respect the rails as our American Indians did the telegraph wires because they were "bad medicine"? It has always seemed to us that troops in an armored train in an enemy's country are in more danger than troops on their own feet or on their horses' backs. In battle you can not derail a horse-soldier, while the worst you can do to a foot-soldier is to shoot him. In an armored train, however, both horse and foot can first be smashed, then broiled, then boiled, then grilled, and then killed. Even if the enemy were tender-hearted and did not wish to hurt the soldiers in an armored train, they could put up a red flag by day and a red lantern

PROGRESS
IN THE
PHILIPPINES.

POLICY,
NOT
PRINCIPLE.

ARMORED
TRAINS
IN WAR.

by night, steal a few rods of rails and hide them in the creek—and then where would the armored train be?

The *Argonaut's* War Editor has gone to attend a peace conference, but his assistant believes that there will be no more armored trains run through an enemy's country in this war until the enemy has either been won over or gone home.

The silence of the sectarian press on the subject of seven-day journalism has more than once been adverted to in these columns, naturally with some measure of respectful inquiry. Sectararian papers can not be expected to take the broadest view. Their ground of assault, if ever they shall be fully aroused, will be the desecration of the Christian Sabbath by the issue of a Sunday newspaper. They will say less about the character of the sheet than of the time of its publication; less of its intrinsic worthlessness than that it interferes with set forms of worship. Their expressed objection will not be to seven-day journalism but to the Sunday journal. Doubtless the American church can crush the Sunday papers if it will make the effort, and secular intelligence, regardless of creeds or tenets, can well afford to become the ally of the church in the good work; it can even profitably expend its endeavors to inciting the church to action. Every issue of the Sunday papers in San Francisco constitutes an added reason for administering rebuke. So trashy, sensational, misleading, and gross are they that they offend decency and common sense.

At least one sectarian paper has taken unequivocally the position it long ago ought to have assumed, and in which it merits the support of every sect and every intelligent person unaffiliated with any sect. This is the *Religious Telescope*. Perhaps, as others of its kind, it had been gazing afar until its attention was called to its visual overshoot of evils at its very door. "The Sunday paper," says the *Telescope*, "is a menace to Christian civilization, and sapping the foundation of the church." Such was the view taken in England, where seven-day journalism appeared only to be killed by popular sentiment, led by the English church, and by it crystallized into an overwhelming protest not to be withstood. Immediate success marked the onslaught there, just as it would here.

Continuing, the *Telescope* says: "Among all the forces that to-day assail the proper observance of the Christian Sabbath, the Sunday newspaper stands first. And why?" Thereupon it proceeds to answer its own question by showing how such papers divert the interest of church members to worldly affairs, to gossip and fiction. It could well have spoken at this point about the malign character of the paper in question, its thinly veiled prurience, its shallowness, its falsehoods; but possibly the dissenting editor has never experienced the pang of reading one of them, and has turned his eyes from the gaudy horror hawked about the street. He treats of the effect specifically, but of the cause only in general terms. He calls upon pastors to "speak out," but declares that they dare not for fear of offending deacons, elders, and wealthy members who are patrons, and fortifies his position by a lengthy quotation from the *Argonaut*. This quotation, while pointing out the duty of the American church, did not arraign it with the severity dealt by one of the church's accepted organs. It had ascribed to mere neglect that which the *Telescope* frankly ascribes to cowardice. The writer draws attention to the steady decrease in church membership, the paucity of conversions, closing by calling upon pastors to shoot at Sunday papers regardless of whom they may bit among those who buy, and read, and advertise.

This is a manly and just attitude, certain of the approval of conscientious pastor and flock, while the changes suggested would be welcomed by all thinking people, whether they be devout worshippers or choose never to enter the house of prayer. The desire for relief from a condition long almost unbearable is not confined to any particular class. The *Telescope* goes so far as to contend that the prosperity of the church depends upon a reform in the direction indicated. This gives to the plea a side so practical that all may recognize it. Let the lax and careless minister, seeing his congregation melt, understand that the vacant pew and the Sunday paper, the token of an abominable seven-day journalism, bear a distinct relation to each other, and his lethargy will disappear. Possibly, in the security of his study, he has not learned of the strength of the malign force working against his personal interests, as well as against morals and good citizenship. Or he may be one who prepares a Sunday-school lesson to be printed among the offal of letters. In either case, the necessity of reforming him is evident.

The great metropolitan dailies of the United States are fond of boasting of their enterprise. We have before remarked in these columns that they depend almost entirely on the London dailies for their foreign news. The "European correspondents" of the great American dailies live in lodgings

in London, spend their evenings at the theatre or the music-halls, the early morning hours at supper-clubs, so called, and then purchase early copies of the *Times*, the *Telegraph*, the *Standard*, the *News*, and other journals, scissor out their choice foreign news, and telegraph it to New York. Then they go to bed. It reaches New York in time for the morning papers. Thus our great American dailies get exclusive foreign telegrams for nothing because the world is round. It is not due to newspaper enterprise, but to meridians of longitude.

One of the chief drawbacks to this cheap-John journalism is the fact that we in America get all our foreign news with an English tinge. During the Samoan dispute with Germany all the American papers got their "special Berlin correspondence" via the London dailies. The result may easily be imagined.

A striking instance of this newspaper parsimony is afforded in the South African war. Not an American daily newspaper has a correspondent there. All of the news appearing in the American newspapers is from English sources. One New York daily, it is true, has secured an undivided one-sixteenth interest in the work of a correspondent of the London *Post*, but he is not yet on the ground, and when he is his first allegiance is to his London principal. A more melancholy comment on the boasted enterprise of the American daily press could not be afforded than the fact that not a single American daily's correspondent can be found in all of South Africa, although a war is raging there to-day.

There has been not a little surmise as to the reason why Admiral Dewey left Manila at the time he did. Had it been for his health, he could have left long before, for the army has furnished several governors-general, to whom is due the present masterly campaign in the Philippines. Yet no voice from Washington said "governor-general" to Dewey. The reason he left is now coming to light. Writing from the Philippines, W. Nephew King, late a lieutenant in the United States navy, says:

"Comparatively few people in the country are aware of the reason why Admiral Dewey returned to the United States with his flagship. After such a brilliant record in the waters of the empire that his guns had won for us, it was a surprise that he should have expressed a desire to leave before peace had been established. Those who were in the confidence of the only great man the Spanish-American War evolved, however, admit that the old sailor never became reconciled to the fact that he had been superseded by an officer two grades junior to him. Why the admiral should not have been selected as the governor-general of the Philippines, which his rank and deeds certainly merited, no one has yet ventured to explain. And yet when Major-General Ouls assumed supreme command ashore, though Admiral Dewey was not placed directly under his orders, instructions were issued by the Navy Department that he should 'cooperate and render all aid in his power to the major-general commanding the land forces.' This amounted to practically placing the admiral of the navy under the orders of a major-general of the army, and though Dewey was too good a disciplinarian himself to rebel openly at this apparent slight, he never quite forgot it, and the most dignified thing he could do was to ask to be ordered away from the scene of his triumphs. It is an easy matter for one to say now what might have been, but I am of the opinion that had Admiral Dewey remained the senior officer in the Philippines, the natives would never have fired the first shot. The hero of the Battle of Manila enjoyed the confidence and esteem of the Filipinos, from Aguinaldo to the humblest *peon*, and any promise or assurance from him as to our final policy, even without a Congressional guarantee, would have been given the respect it merited."

This explains why Admiral Dewey left Manila. But now that he has come back, we are convinced that the administration would gladly appoint him governor-general of the Philippines, make out his commission to-day, and start him back there to-morrow—if he would only go.

How best to conserve the welfare of American soldiers on duty in the tropics is of especial interest just now, when there is every prospect that this country must for many years maintain a strong military force under the vertical sun, where white men thrive ill at best. Already there has been sufficient experience to afford many lessons, and, fortunately, official intelligence has been keen and quick to observe and profit. The conclusions of Brigadier-General Ludlow, in command of the Department of Havana, embody several suggestions of value. They relate particularly to food, clothing, and shelter.

As to the first, General Ludlow recommends a lessened proportion of heat and flesh-producing rations. He would have the diet consist largely of fish, fowl, fruit, and cereals. Certainly no soldier with an abundance of these supplied him would complain, while a knowledge of dietetic principles makes these foods acceptable as healthful and sustaining. As to raiment, the general is not satisfied with any style yet adopted. The complex nature of this problem may be understood when the fact is considered that the soldier, called wherever needed, may be one month perspiring in the torrid zone and the next month shivering in the Arctic. It is a matter of record that troops in Arizona have done campaigning in their underwear because uniformed on a North Dakota basis. According to Ludlow, the effort to conform

to new conditions has not been successful. The kbaki suits be deems in all respects failures. The material is poor, the fit bad, and with every washing the color changes. It shrinks, soaks, and thickens, so that he deems it fit neither for garrison nor field. In its place he would have a blue-gray serge, white or gray duck, or linen drill, with helmets of the same. Campaign-suits and leggings should not be worn in garrison.

Shelter is also an important point. The men should sleep on floors raised some distance from the ground, while bathing facilities should be ample. From eleven to three every day there should be cessation of all work not absolutely necessary. For protection against the night air he would have the men early in barracks. Against the use of alcoholic liquors be protests in strong terms, his view resting not only on physical but moral grounds. If there has been a lesson from the war in Cuba and the Philippines, it is as to the deadly effect not simply of drunkenness but of moderate indulgence.

A final conclusion of General Ludlow favors the retention of a soldier not more than twelve consecutive months in the tropics. Owing to the three-battalion formation of regiments, he advises as easy and practicable the shipping home of one battalion, its home quarters to be a depot for drill and recruiting. At the end of six months it could relieve one of the other battalions, and be in excellent shape for active service. This scheme is essentially the same as that in vogue in the English army, where it has been found satisfactory. It has already been tried as to regiments in Cuba and Porto Rico, but the Philippines are so distant, and the necessity for men so urgent, that no troops save those whose time had expired, have been returned, although from each of two regiments a battalion has been detained here, possibly with a view of adopting the system later.

The British Parliament has been hastily convened and the queen has asked her Gentlemen of the House of Commons to provide money for killing Boers in order to get their gold mines. The queen has asked her Peers of the House of Lords to give her their "advice and aid." And in her speech from the throne the queen "hopes that my Lords and Gentlemen"—in giving her advice and aid, and in voting money to kill Boers—"may have the guidance and blessing of Almighty God."

Amen!

The amen is ours. The rest is the queen's. The *Argonaut's* amen is not approval exactly, but automatic, as it were. Whenever sovereigns offer up thanks to God for helping them to kill creatures made in His image, all pious people ought to say "Amen."

But considering the disparity between these two antagonists, the excitement in Great Britain seems almost ludicrous. The Boer Republic counts less than one hundred thousand people—men, women, and children. It has no regular army, and no navy at all. England has the greatest navy in the world, and a large army. Yet Sir Alexander Hood, in making the address in reply to the queen's speech, said: "The House had never met under graver circumstances," and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman remarked that, "Never had the House met under circumstances more serious." If this exigency is as serious as the queen and Parliament seem to think, when Great Britain is confronted by a pigmy republic, what sort of an exigency would it be if Great Britain were confronted by the forces of a mighty empire like her own?

A fortnight ago the *Argonaut* printed extracts from the report to the War Department of a special agent in the Philippines. In it the agent told of instances where American negro soldiers had been outraging Filipino women. We remarked that it is rather a bad plan to win over the inhabitants of the archipelago by first winning over their women—at least in that way. Since then we have observed that some of the negro soldiers garrisoned in Arizona have been treating the Indian squaws on an adjacent reservation in the same way. This being resented by the Indian bucks, the soldiers retaliated by beating the bucks to death. The *Argonaut* advocated sending the negro troops to the Philippines, and might be suspected now of regretting having advocated that plan. But if it is impossible to restrain our negro troops from committing outrages upon women, perhaps they had better commit them abroad rather than at home. It seems hard on the Filipinos, but we may assure them that this procedure is not the American but the negro idea of liberty.

The signature of the editor is appended to every article in this issue written, dictated, or inspired by him, in accordance with the "signature law," enacted during the last session of the legislature.

A CHAIN OF LOVE.

The Story of Lolita.

The air was dense with the scent of orange-blossoms, violets, and roses; music, languorous Mexican music, drifted through the vines and trees; over all was the blue-black starry sky of the Southern land, and in the heart of Lolita, as her great, pathetic eyes met the eyes of Manuel, awoke love and the short romance of her life.

Manuel was a great and rich *caballero*; he was privileged to walk upon the wide inner-pavement of the *plaza* where the *señoritas*, who wore beautiful gowns and hats, filed round and round in an unbroken stream, and where a *peon* dared not so much as set his sandaled foot. But Lolita was only a *moza*. In her veins there was Indian blood, enough to tinge her skin to a pale-bronze, to put the history of a mysterious and conquered people in her eyes, to give to her face a classic mold and to her step the dignity of a queen led into captivity. The *señoritas* shuffling by lacked Lolita's grace, for it came of carrying jars of water upon her head, and from being unfettered in every lithe Indian muscle, through fifteen toiling years.

Manuel observed it as he loitered upon a bench and watched the crowding toilers and their women moving by in the outer narrow walk allotted to them, an unending line of color under the shadows of the orange-trees. And waiting until the current brought her by him again, he fastened his eyes unwaveringly upon hers. Lolita returned the steady stare—for so begins the love-making of these people—each time that she passed the bench where he sat, a tall, fine figure of a man of indolence and plenty, so near that she could have put out her hand and touched him, so near that she could hear him whisper the words of the song that came from the band hidden among the trees: "Dulce es la caña, pero mas lo es su voz. La amargura quitas del corazón." How the soft voice dwelt on that last word, as though his own heart were breathed out to her in it. Her glance lingered upon him as she went by. Then she looked up to the white towers of the cathedral, gleaming against the night, and made a prayer to her name-saint, Nuestra Señora de Dolores.

And when the music had stopped and the *plaza* began to be deserted, she glided off down the narrow street, keeping in the light of the electric lamp, that she might not be lost to the sight of Manuel, who was following her, across on the opposite sidewalk, swinging along with the careless, leisurely grace of the men of his race, confident of his conquest when he should speak to her at the door of her house. And it was an easy conquest. How should it have been other with this child of servitude, and poverty, and instinct? He had but to make the sign, had but to murmur "I love thee," and she was his, forgetting earth and heaven.

He had loved before, had Manuel. The spice of novelty lacked for him in the desperate devotion of Lolita. Yet it was sweet at first, when they wandered at night through the wide, tree-arched paths of the dark *alameda* or sat upon the quaint stone benches, her head upon his breast and her firm little hand in his. When they met by day in the fields, he having ridden on his silver-trapped, Kentucky horse to the trysting-place, and she having come by the mule-cars and afterward afoot, pushing her way through the growth of flowers that met, a waving glory of color, over her head, until she saw him leaning against the trunk of some great oak or against some vine-grown fence of stones.

The world was paradise then; the short-lived paradise between the downpour of the rains and the withering beat of the dry season; when the valleys blossom to the base of the blue mountains, one rippling sea of pink and white and yellow and red and blue, when the very parasite upon the trees is orange and scarlet, when the sky is always fair, when the air is so clear that the gleaming spires of the churches show from miles away among the foot-hills, and when the land that its conquerors knew as Nueva Galicia is the most beautiful spot upon earth.

In those days when they met among the fields by the banks of the lily-grown river, he gave her a golden chain, long and thick. "It is like the golden chain of the love which binds us, Dolores *mia*, strong and without end," and she forgot, as, bending toward her, he threw it over her head, that the little medal which hung from it bore the picture of the Mother of Sorrows and was set round about with pearls, the jewels of tears. She was too happy then to know the meaning of the upturned, grieving face of the dainty bit of enamel, but the time came, ere long, when she understood.

It was upon a day when she waited by the river edge from noon until nightfall and Manuel did not come. She went back across the fields in the twilight, and then, for the first time, she saw that the season of the flowers had passed, that they were dry and brittle stalks, that far away to where the mountains faded into violet shadows the land was burned and brown, while the dust rose under her lagging feet and hung about her. She walked alone amidst a group of men who carried great loads of red pottery and coops full of chickens on their backs, and a herd of thin, red-haired hogs which were driven by a wizened old man and a beautiful boy. Lolita walked because she had no money to ride in the mule-cars which ran to the city. Manuel had forgotten to give her so much as a *quartillo*. Now and again she looked up longingly at the cars as they passed, and of a sudden she stood quite still, gazing with grief-strained eyes, for in one of them was Manuel, hending to talk to a stout old lady, and to cast soft glances at the brown-haired, fair-skinned *señorita* who sat beside her.

The car passed on, and the little Indian continued her weary way. That night she went to the *alameda* with only the faintest hope that Manuel would be there. But he came, and answered her reproaches and tears with kisses and explanations. "My father sent me, Lolita," he told her; "he sent me to the *finca* to sell grain to a Gringo." And Lolita did not know that the *finca*, the vast estate of the Cotillas, was far away in another direction from that in which Manuel

had been traveling. "I walked because I had not a *centavo*," she sobbed, "and when I came near the city I saw you talking to a beautiful *señorita* who wore a hat."

The hat caused Dolores bitter envy. Had she but a hat, perhaps Manuel would love her more. For she began to feel that his love was waning, though she would not admit it, even in her own heart, at first; not until he had failed many times to be at the meeting-places, not until she had waited night after night upon the bench in the *alameda* and had crept home, toward morning, all alone.

Then she began to reproach him fiercely. At first he defended himself, but finally he came to laugh, and at length he answered brutally. "Aie! I am weary of your tears," he said, showing his pointed, white teeth and turning away. "Take care that I do not cease to come altogether."

Lolita was frightened. She choked back her sobs and caressed him. She would not cry any more, never, never, if he would promise that he would not go away. He promised carelessly.

"I am wrong to think that you forget me, I know," she whispered, penitently, clinging about his neck, "for have you not told me that our love is strong as this chain?" She put the tiny face of Nuestra Señora de Dolores to her lips. But the look in her eyes was a despairing question, not undoubting trust.

He laughed. And when he went away he swore before the picture of Our Lady of Guadalupe that upon the next night he would come again, without fail. Dolores, forcing herself to believe, was almost bappy.

She went in the early morning to fill her big, earthen jar at the fountain, not at the fountain in the *paseo*, as was her wont, but at the one in the Garden of San Francisco, because it was near to the great house where Manuel lived. She passed, indeed, before the door of the house and saw into the *patio* where hundreds of azaleas and camellias blossomed, and where a peacock walked among the brilliantly colored pots and pedestals. When she came to the fountain she lingered by its edge, talking. Here among the trees and flowers, under the shadow of the ancient Franciscan churches and monasteries, the birds trilled, and the waters flashed, and the soft voices of the *peons* mingled musically.

Lolita filled her jar and poised it atop of her head. As she did so the *reboco* fell back from her bare, brown neck and breast and showed the chain gleaming against it. "Who gave you that?" cried a *moza*. Dolores looked down and did not answer.

"I know," laughed another; "I know. It was the Señor Manuel Cotilla."

"Aie! Manuel," came the reply, with a shrug; "he is the sweetheart of Pepita Nuño. My mother is house-keeper for the Señora Nuño; she knows. Every night he talks to Pepita at the window."

"It is not true! He is not her *novio*," gasped Lolita, and, turning, she walked off with the glide of a tragedy queen, the jar steadied upon her head by a round, upraised arm.

That night she waited in the doorway of her bouse for hours. She leaned against the *adobe* wall with all the impassive, indolent grace of her people, but her long eyes searched the street anxiously from under their curling lashes. Her mother, half drunk with *tequila*, stumbled in and disappeared into the further of the two rooms which were her home. One by one her eight small brothers and sisters straggled in, and throwing themselves upon their beds, fell asleep. But still Lolita stood waiting for Manuel, a horrible despair growing in the childish heart, which was too soon a woman's.

She saw a dark speck coming swiftly down the deserted street toward her. It proved to be a black dog, swinging along with its gleaming eyes fixed vacantly straight ahead. As it passed, Dolores shrank back into the doorway. The movement startled it, and it stopped short, looked at her, gave one long howl, and passed on. The girl was frightened beyond all endurance. She began to cry. "I will go and find him," she said, wrapping her *reboco* close about her head, and she hurried away. It was late, as much as one o'clock she guessed, but she went straight to the house of Pepita Nuño. She knew it, as she knew all the fine mansions of the little city.

From a distance she could see that there was the figure of a man at one of the barred lower windows. It was Manuel, *haciendo l'urso*, making love to some woman within. She knew that before she saw his face, before she glided swiftly behind him and heard the voice she knew so well saying: "I swear by all the saints, Pepita, that I have never loved before."

Then Lolita, fingering idly the *medallito* and twisting the chain about her hands, went back to her home, into the house, and climbing an unsteady ladder came out upon the flat roof. It was moonlight, and she stood looking with wide, dull eyes over the city, over the low roofs and the many domes and spires, and up at the shimmering sky. A whiff of the perfume of orange-blossoms came to her from a tree in the *patio* below. It brought back the night in the *plaza* when she had first seen Manuel, when he had whispered to the strains of the music that came out from amid the trees—"La amargura quitas del corazón." He had loved her then, he had, he had, though he should tell the *señorita* a thousand times that he had not. But he did not love her now. It was at an end, and for Lolita life too had ended. She moaned, and hending over she searched the sand of the roof until she found a bit of stick, a piece of the branch of an orange-tree. Then she threw off the *reboco* and it fell at her feet. Taking the chain she wound it again and again about her neck; but first she broke the *medallito* from it and kissed it, clasping it in her hand and whispering a prayer to Our Lady of Sorrows.

The chain was tight about her throat now, but she ran the piece of orange wood through a strand, and, with one last glance across the silent city toward Manuel's house, she began to twist it. "Strong as our love," she murmured; "but our love is broken. The chain must not break." She

was turning, turning, and a look of wild pain came upon her face, but her strong little hands never faltered, and she held fast to the *medallito*. She wavered and swayed. It was tight enough now. She could not breathe; her mouth was open and the blood was blinding her, surging in her ears with a fearful roar. She staggered as she made fast the stick, then, throwing up her arms, beat for an instant at the air; but one hand was tightly clenched and did not open, for it held the *medallito* set round with pearls. Then she fell forward upon her face; and after a time she was still, quite still.

The chain had held strong to the end—to the end which had surely to come, ah, Nuestra Señora de Dolores!

GWENDOLEN OVERTON.

SAN FRANCISCO, October, 1899.

PAN.

O'er this wide clearing, ringed by ancient trees,
The choir of many a wood-dove's haunting moan,
A rough wood figure gnarled and mossed as these,
The rustic god looked out, embowered alone—
The swaying hemlock flowered about his knees,
And on his head the scented cones were blown,
And many a spring-time called the violets sweet
Through autumn's moldered leaves around his feet.

Though many a spring on winter's heels had pressed,
And the white wood was warped and stained and split,
Still was such laughter on the face impressed
As shakes the dells, when the rough shepherds sit
And round the circle goes the rustic jest;
So he, the carver, who had harkened it
Rolling through many a lonely woodland place,
Stamped the gross mirth upon the wooden face.

Hither all wild things that the forest bred
Came with sweet honey and choice woodland roots,
And cloven hoof, goat's beard and horned head,
Danced with the white nymphs to the pastoral flutes,
And many a falling in its garlands bled,
And by the shrine lay ripe delicious fruits,
That fold and garden, herd and husbandman
Might rest in keeping of propitious Pan.

Hunter and fowler brought the beast and bird
Slain by the spear or the snare's cunning coil,
And from the bounteous sea, whose salt breath stirred
The grove, the fisher gave his silver spoil;
And when age spoke the sweet and bitter word
That bade those worn-out toilers cease from toil,
Snare, bow and arrow, float and fishing gear
Hung, as the votive were recorded, here.

And when from field and vineyard borne away
The yellow and purple wealth was gathered in,
The joyous villagers kept holiday
And feasted in Pan's grove with jovial din,
Until the white star sparkled in the gray;
And the grim god looked on with kindlier grin,
His shaggy head with laurel crowned, his breast
Enlaced with garlands of the autumn's best.

It might have chanced, when the moon's argent round
Shone low, far off between the ghostly trees,
And the wood thrilled with many a muttered sound
That told of night's deep hidden mysteries,
That some late revelers to the hamlet bound
Saw the great god himself stretched out at ease
In a dim leafy nook, and stopped to peer,
And passed on tiptoe with exultant fear.

Fear—for what wisest votary knew his mood
Even while the blood about his altar ran?
He who carved laughter on the rugged wood
Left, underneath, the authentic face of Pan,
Hints of a thing uncouth, inhuman, lewd,
God-like and beast-like, more and less than man—
A face where wrath and mirth, like night and day,
Sudden and savage, held alternate sway.

As the wood-dwellers feared and loved the wood
Where the green leaves hid many a monster's den,
The sailor the gray sea that gave him food
Smiling above forgotten bones of men,
Swift as its driving foam to change in mood,
The hind the Earth that smote and healed again,
Fostered, betrayed, fed, slew both beast and man—
So these, in awe and trembling, worshiped Pan.

—Literature.

The question has often been asked: Why did the admiral suggest to the Navy Department the imperative need of being reinforced by one or two battle-ships, such as the *Oregon* and *Iowa*? John Barrett offers this explanation in his biography of Admiral Dewey:

"Without violating any state secrets, I can say that the admiral wanted them for the plain and simple reason that he wished to be prepared in the event of Germany or any other European power becoming complicated with America in the settlement of the Philippine question. All those who were intimately associated with him heard him express many times the opinion that the government should send him at least one, and, if practicable, two, of our best battle-ships, because it was impossible to foretell what might happen. The attitude of the Germans in Manila Bay had been a surprise, he argued, and there might be still greater surprises in store. At that time the fleets of Great Britain, Russia, Germany, and Japan were stronger than ours. Considering the tremendous responsibilities that we had assumed in the Philippines, larger and better vessels were needed for our naval force. In the same way that the admiral prepared for every other contingency, he wished to be ready for this one. There was no doubt in his mind that if the *Monterey* and *Monadnock* had arrived at Manila when he most wanted them, there would never have been any German demonstration."

The rumor that appeared in the European press a few weeks ago that the Russian Government was taking measures to reform its calendar has been confirmed. It is expected the change from the "old style" will be watched with much interest by Central and Southern Europe and by America. Russia has at present the Julian Calendar, never having accepted the reform of Pope Gregory in 1582. Even the United Kingdom did not accept it until 1751, when eleven days were dropped, but Russia will now have to drop twelve, since the error, as nearly as possible, is one day in each century.

The hulk of domestic-made cigars is made from selected leaf grown in Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Wisconsin. The tobacco raised in the Southern States is worthless, except for pipes, cigarettes, and chewing. When it comes to making ten-cent cigars, a Havana filler, Sumatra wrapper, and Connecticut hinder are the requisites.

MANILA UNDER MARTIAL LAW.

Present Conditions in the Philippines—Plans for Local Self Government—Tribal Complications—Moro Fanaticism—Marching under a Tropical Sun.

A review of the latest letters from the seat of war in the Philippines finds the practical agreement of the newsgatherers the striking feature. There are advances of the troops in two or three directions, and a clearing out of the insurgents, then changes of base and a return of the Filipinos to the ground from which they had been driven. In the towns now invested by the United States troops there is no remarkable change of feeling. Of the present situation in Manila, Richard Henry Little, in a letter to the *Chicago Tribune*, has the following:

"Another thing which has to be considered in connection with the lives of the civilian residents in Manila is the continual fear of a native uprising. Alarms are frequent, and plots for an uprising of the natives and a general massacre of all Americans are continually being reported. The fact that the thing was really attempted on the night of the third of last January gives an air of probability to what would otherwise be regarded as idle talk. As a general officer in the palace said the other day, 'The Americans in Manila are living on the crust of a volcano.' It is the base of the American army, the great depot for all supplies, and the temptation to the insurgents to start an uprising in the town and destroy it can be appreciated. The houses in the Binondo and most of the other districts are largely of wood, and old and dry, and would burn like tinder. Any number of the *insurrectos* may enter the town as *amigos*, and be on hand when the signal is given. Many of the rebels belonging to armies whose operations are suspended during the rainy season are in Manila acting as servants for the Americans. One American discovered that his favorite *cochero* was a sergeant in Pierre Muscati's army, and always rode with a *bolita* knife under the carriage seat. It is impossible to tell how many of the natives in Manila are in sympathy with the insurrection, and are only waiting for a chance to kill and burn. The prospect of loot is before them, and they might figure that during the burning of the town and the excitement that would follow it would be easy to rob and hide their plunder, and either escape or pretend to be *amigos* and suffer no harm from the American soldiers.

"Whether or not the Filipinos will ever make another attempt to destroy the city, the Americans, at least, have a lively fear that such a thing may happen at any time, and so everybody sleeps on a revolver with one eye open, ready at the first alarm to fight. If the outbreak ever occurs it will not begin with firing on the outposts, and with an hour or two of time to bring up reinforcements. It will begin in each household, and each man will have to fight first with his own servants. Altogether, there are happier places than Manila in war-times."

With martial law compelling all residents to sequester themselves after eight o'clock in the evening, there is little opportunity for friendly visits:

"The social element counts for a good deal more when people are situated as are most of the foreigners in Manila than it does at home. There are enough of Europeans and Americans here to constitute a wholly pleasant social circle, with those dinners, calls, and other social functions which are relaxation and recreation after days of comparative isolation for the ladies and the occupations and trials of the gentlemen. Martial law denies their operation in Manila. Perhaps the administration is afraid that people would gossip and try to find out some of those things which are now hidden and others which can not be telegraphed to the people at home. In a rash and thoughtless social circle, people might even try to learn whether or not it is true that General Ous continues to pay the archbishop a salary of twenty thousand dollars per annum out of the public funds, and whether or not large sums, from the same source, are granted and paid for the maintenance of sectarian schools. These and other topics might come up in the free discussion of social life."

Concerning the plans for local self-government under the direction of the military, a correspondent speaks as follows:

"When the plan is laid down to them, when they are told that they are to elect their own town or municipal officers, regulate their own taxes, and spend the revenue so acquired for their own local benefit, the theory appeals to them, and there have been some manifestations of satisfaction and gratitude. But, in its practice, the plan has proved less satisfactory. The presence of American troops, and the effect of military laws and operations, as well as the immediate supervision of American authority, detract from the sense of independent operation, and tend to nullify the whole proceeding. The town of Balnag was cited as a model of what could be done. A civil government was established, and an alcalde elected. An American garrison occupied the place and gave force and direction to the civil administration. That all was comparatively quiet and orderly was probably due to the fact that the Filipinos are not normally a riotous or disorderly people, and also to their decided respect for the American soldier with his Krag. Within the last week it has developed that our prize alcalde at Balnag was in active relations with the insurgents, and at last accounts he was the occupant of a hunk in the calaboose. The gentleman chosen as their alcalde by the people of Imus was found to be in the seclusion of the Bilibid prison, in Manila, on suspicion of being an insurgent spy. The government of that town is, like all others, a form rather than a fact."

In an interview published recently, General Lawton said:

"The Tagals are what I would call a civilized race. They are good mechanics, imitative—they manufacture everything. They have arsenals, and cartridge factories, and powder-mills. They can manufacture everything they need. There is a rude arm they are getting into the knack of making. Taking everything into consideration, the few facilities they have, the many drawbacks, they are a very ingenious and artistic race. And taking into account the disadvantages they have to fight against in arms, equipment, and military discipline, without artillery, short of ammunition, powder inferior, shells reloaded until they are defective, inferior in every particular of equipment and supplies, they are the bravest men I have ever seen."

In a study of the various tribes in the islands, a correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* has the following:

"I have been unable to obtain anything which I could accept as a reliable statement of the number of the Tagal tribe. Estimates and calculations are at variance, ranging from one and a half to three millions, with a probability of the former figure being more nearly correct than the latter. This is the tribe which is incorrectly given as 'the only one in revolt.' The fact is that the insurgent army is not made up wholly of Tagals, and there are many Tagals who are not in revolt. Some of them are classed as *amigos*. But the *amigo* is, at best, an uncertain sort of creature, and it is wholly probable that the mass of Tagal people are in passive if not in active sympathy with their own kind."

"The Visayans, or rather those speaking Visayan, probably number not far from two million. The Ilocano probably comes third with a half million or more. These figures are not to be taken as even approximately accurate. Following these tongues, though not in the order given, are the Pangango, Pangasinan, Igorrote, Itanes, Idayan, Gaddan, Dadaya, Apayao, Malanang, Tinguan, Ibanag, Ifugao, Ibilao, Ilongote, Zambal, Aeta, Cebuano, Panayano, Manobo, Coyuro, Agutaino, Calamaino, and a few score of others. It is not to be understood that these are all distinct languages. Most of them are dialects, though sufficiently different to be practically unintelligible to those of other groups. There are certain common words which are much the same in many of them, and Spanish words have been adopted to some extent by many. In view of these racial and tribal complications, one thing becomes quite evident. In the event that the United States shall essay any complete jurisdiction here, the islands will become an admirable field for political exploitation. Consular agents, assistants, clerks, secretaries, interpreters, and stenographers, will be

needed in numbers which will require no little extension of Washington bureaus."

One particular species of religious fanaticism General Bates took especial pains to guard against in Sulu:

"In former days a Moro, when tired of life, would present himself to a Mohammedan priest, and, after some religious rites, would take an oath to die killing Christian dogs. He would then start for the nearest Spanish garrison, and run amuck until shot like a wild beast. Such a man was termed a 'juramentado.' Apropos of this class, General Bates told the story that practices of this nature must cease, and in case a Moro became a 'juramentado,' we would not only hang or otherwise kill him, but we should hang the priest who administered the oath. The sultan said that such practices formed no part of the true Mohammedan religion, and that he had already issued an edict forbidding them."

There is a strong similarity to all accounts of sorties into the insurgents' country. Here is the story of the advance on Antipolo along the San Mateo River from Manila, as told by the New York *Herald's* correspondent:

"The First Colorados had made a detour from the main line through the town of Mariguina, which had been taken, with loss of life and men wounded, and evacuated by our troops several times. This time the enemy was not there. From the northern forested margin of the plain a single sharpshooter was having fun all by himself in popping away at the troops resting in the fields. A single volley from the three troops of dismounted cavalry silenced him. The entire column was swung on itself, and marched back over the rough ground—the earth dikes and through slippery ditches several feet deep. The creek, which had already delayed us two hours, was bridged in fifteen minutes with poles, straw, and the ever-convenient interlaced walls of *nipa* huts, when it was finally determined that the deed must be done. The advance was taken up for three-quarters of a mile, the rice paddies becoming worse and worse, until every square was two inches deep in water. The men began dropping into single file, balancing along the top of the dikes, until ordered in columns of fours to prevent the interminable fall of closing them up again, after which they splashed and slipped on the slimy mud until wet to the waist."

Marching, working, and fighting are all one to the men pressing forward:

"It should be said in justice to the volunteers, who are now old and seasoned veterans, that nothing impedes their forward progress which it is possible to overcome. The advance will work all night building bridges and roads, and fight all day if necessary. It should not be necessary, however, as the fighting arm is supposed to have its advance assisted as much as possible by commands brought together for that sole purpose. A few scattering shots came from insurgents on the high hillsides, which were answered by volleys from the Fourth Cavalry and a few shells from Hawthorne's battery, which promptly silenced the enemy's demonstration. The road which led over the mountains to Antipolo, toward the south-east, rapidly became a mere trail, and the advance of the outflankers and skirmishers through the dense underbrush and jungle was slow and exhausting. The signal corps, which had kept always in front, cut in their line and established communication with General Lawton, who urged General Hall forward, and asked him to stop, as much as possible, the wanton burning of the *nipa* houses, which had been fired by our men, and were blazing over the mountain-side in one huge bonfire."

The two detachments of forces met at the point agreed upon, but they were not in time to cut off the retreat of General Pio del Pilar's army, as spies had carried the news of their coming on before the United States troops:

"In an hour, after winding through close-browed hills, up and up, where a dozen insurgents might have killed a hundred Americans by well-directed fire, we met the advance of Hall's command, a thousand feet above the lake. Such tired, hungry, exhausted men one seldom sees. They had had a hard fight with the enemy the night before, lay down upon the ground for a few hours' nerveless sleep, practically superfluous; marched at daylight again, breakfastless, against a pestering enemy, who took advantage of every steep hillside. The column had lost six hours needlessly in its advance from the water-works over the first three miles, but the eleven hours more they afterward added—which made them in all seventeen hours behind the schedule worked out by Lawton—could not be laid up against them, for they had persevered in their advance in the face of almost insurmountable difficulties. They build their camp-fires and cook their rations—which have been rushed up by wagon train—and after two hours' rest they are moving back to the town of Antipolo, which was deserted and soundless an hour before except for the weary tramp of our men."

There are terrors on the march more deadly than the bullets of the insurgents:

"Some three hundred men fell out of Hall's small brigade in three days, and this does not take into consideration a hundred or two who were temporarily disabled by the heat, but who recuperated sufficiently after an hour's rest to stagger along the road. Those who have not witnessed the terrible effects of the sun on moving troops in the torrid zone can hardly comprehend that it is practically impossible to march men more than a mile or two near the middle of the day without giving them periods of rest from twenty minutes to half an hour. If a commander disregards this rule he will find that every added mile means a progressively increasing rate of disabled men. Men can not be safely ordered to charge, for instance, over three hundred yards without the gravest danger of numbers falling unconscious from the excessive strain. Again, it has been discovered that chronic acceleration of the heart action is increasing alarmingly among troops who have been campaigning in the Philippines for a year."

Sometimes the sorrows of the men do not impress those who give orders:

"Many officers have learned to appreciate that to have an effective fighting force at the end of a march, they must husband the strength of the men by slow advances and repeated periods of rest. Unfortunately, there are a few who, mounted on good horses and incumbered with no luggage, forget the poor tired men, laboriously plodding along with two hundred rounds of ammunition, three days' rations in haversacks, canteens, shelter-tent halves, and *fanchoes*. Such an example was seen upon this particular march, when a ranking officer looked down with a curling lip on a poor fellow holding his splinting head in his hands, and remarked: 'You're a nice soldier, you are! What in h—l did you enlist for if you do not expect to march?' His rank protected him, and the soldier could only weakly salute and say: 'Yes, sir.'"

The correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* said in a recent letter:

"The war will end when the Filipino sees fit to stop. The United States may smash their central organizations, may disintegrate their army, and break it up into guerrilla bands scattered among the mountains, but the war is on just as long as even such bands are active, and just so long as it is necessary to maintain numerous garrisons for the suppression of revolt and the maintenance of order. A larger garrison will be required than Spain was ever obliged to keep here. Spain had the support of the church, whose weight was the equivalent of one hundred thousand men. Spain had the prestige of three hundred years. The United States has neither the favor nor the support of the church, nor the prestige of centuries of relation with the people. Again, the Filipinos may at any time realize the hopelessness and the cost of further resistance and lay down their arms. The forces of the United States may at any time move forward and encounter nothing but peaceful and industrious *amigos* at work in their rice-fields. Rumors of this sort are current here, as they have been at all times since the beginning. They are sent to the United States as evidence of an early surrender."

All this time Manila, where the people are said to have the advantage of all the example and some of the processes of the beneficent government of the United States, is kept on the alert in rooting out spies, agents of the insurgents, and inciters of revolt and rebellion.

DELMONICO'S CHEF.

Death of the Man Who Taught New York the Art of Feasting—The Gastronomical Adviser of Millionaires and Princes.

One effect of modern personal journalism was curiously illustrated last Tuesday. Among the obituaries in the papers was one of Charles Ranhofer. The name was unfamiliar to most readers, and few took the trouble to read enough to learn who Ranhofer was. If it had been Chef Joseph, two-thirds of the people who read the papers would have recognized him for the French cook imported by Millionaire Vanderbilt at a salary of ten thousand dollars a year. That Ranhofer's name is almost unknown is due to the fact that he came here before the days of personal journalism. Yet he was a greater *chef* than Joseph and commanded a larger professional salary. For thirty-four years he was chef cook at Delmonico's, and latterly his income has been fifteen thousand dollars a year.

Ranhofer came of a family of cooks. His grandfather was a famous *chef*, and his father kept the Café et Restaurant du Commerce at St. Denis. Born in 1836, Charles Ranhofer had the run of his father's place, and while still a child knew all the mysteries of the paternal wine-cellar and was allowed to perform some of the minor offices of the big kitchen. Indeed, he showed such aptitude that his father determined he should be trained in the family trade, and accordingly at the early age of twelve years he was sent to Paris to learn the art of pastry-making. Three years he served under Fleuret, acknowledged head of the pastry-cooks of Paris, and then he was made haker-in-chief to Mercier. But, though there were great restaurants in Paris, the highest honor and emolument for cooks in those days were to be won in the kitchens of the rich, and Ranhofer was glad to take service as a mere kitchen-boy under Mollard, chief cook to Prince Henin, at his *château* at Montgratan. Then came his chance. One day Mollard quarreled with his patron over some such weighty matter as the temperature at which an *ortolan pâté* should be served, and resigned his place. The prince had a big dinner on and there was no time to get a new *chef* from Paris. He thereupon called his entire kitchen force into his presence, catechized them on their knowledge of cooking, and finally selected Ranhofer to fill the place of the unhending Mollard. So successful was the dinner that the young fellow, though he was only sixteen at the time, was formally installed at the head of the prince's kitchen.

After several years' service at the prince's *château*, Ranhofer tired of country life and returned to Paris. At first he was with Benois, the famous caterer. Then he became *chef* to the Duc de Noailles. But Baron de Rothschild soon overbid the duke, and from the banker's service he went successively to the Baron de Roederer, and the Cercle Grammont, whose kitchens were famous in the annals of gastronomy. But Ranhofer caught the immigration fever, and in 1856 he came to this country, and took service with the Russian consul in Astor Place. There were only two men cooks in New York then, and Ranhofer was a revelation to the epicures of that day. But a wealthy Frenchman lured him to the national capital, and thence he went to New Orleans in the service of a wealthy Creole. Two years later Ranhofer returned to Paris, and assisted Benois with the feasts given at the Tuileries by Napoleon the Third. Something more than a year he remained there, and then he returned to New York, first to the Maison Dorée and then to Delmonico's, where he has since remained, except for two years following the Centennial.

Delmonico's was at the old place on Fifth Avenue and Fourteenth Street when Ranhofer went there, and many were the famous banquets given under his direction. Among them the Dickens dinner and those to the first Chinese minister, to Cyrus W. Field, and to Professor Morse are still recalled by old-timers. Such big affairs were generally left entirely to his discretion. He made out the menu, selected the wines, designed the decorations, and arranged everything except the list of toasts. Again he would spend hours in consultation with "Uncle Sam" Ward, "Larry" Jerome, W. R. Travers, or some such *bon vivant*, drawing up and revising the courses of a dinner that would cost hundreds of dollars. For these affairs he had often invented new dishes, one of the best-known of which is lobster à la Newburg. This was suggested to him in 1876 by Mr. Wenburg, and he acknowledged the obligation by naming the dish after the suggestor, at his request transposing the letters in the first syllable of his name.

At first Ranhofer used to spend the entire day in the kitchen at Delmonico's, ordering and inspecting the supplies, composing menus, devising new dishes, and determining the price to be charged for them, and supervising the work of his men. He had an assistant *chef* and a pantry *chef*, four men whose sole work was the preparation of soups and sauces, three for the roasts, three for *entremets*, and so on through all the branches of the art—a force of two score men in all. And so thoroughly had he organized his establishment that no order seemed impossible for him to fill. Lawrence Jerome, for example, would occasionally send word at eight o'clock that he wanted supper for a hundred guests two hours later, and promptly at ten Ranhofer would have the supper, perfect in every detail, ready for service at Mr. Jerome's house.

Since last July Ranhofer had been laid up with Bright's disease at his home in West End Avenue. On Monday he died, and with him ends the Ranhofer line of *chefs*. He leaves three sons, but none of them follows his father's profession. One tried it for a while, but soon abandoned it for a commercial life. Though we have some of the best kitchens in the world in New York, the atmosphere of the city seems to be against the development of native *chefs*, and we shall doubtless have to continue importing them from France.

FLANER

NEW YORK, October 12, 1899.

AMERICANS AND THE PARIS SEASON.

Tourists Bid Farewell as Social Leaders Return to the City—Effect of the Spanish-American War and the Affaire Dreyfus on the Salons.

Just now the Americans, who flocked over to Europe in such unwonted numbers in the early summer, are pouring out of Paris. The depots are filled with their heavy trunks, loaded with costumes, souvenirs, and presents. The handy American grip, unknown elsewhere in the world, is seen everywhere. Papa and mamma and the boys and girls, each and every one of them, astonish the railroad porters by the persistence with which they cling to their grip. The heavy baggage—and heaven knows there is plenty of it—the *facteurs* may dump about at their pleasure; but the sacred grip, never. The grip has become legendary. The porters, who belong very emphatically to the "gobemouche" class, swallowing with open mouth every wild invention, and ready to believe every fable anent the stranger, have come to the conclusion that those extraordinary valises, guarded so jealously, contain the millions of dollars which every American family is known to carry about. And the idea is strengthened by the generosity of the *pourboires* that the Americans give. Where the rich and titled French family bestows a ten-sou piece upon the *facteur*, the Americans in their free and easy way give their fifty cents, even their substantial dollar, the piece of one hundred sous, which in its glistening solidity represents to the porter the possibility of unlimited cigarettes and countless *petits verres*, a whole heaven of delight. The Americans naturally get the first and best service wherever they are recognized at the stations, but, curiously enough, they do not receive the obsequious, almost slavish, thanks that are lavished upon the every-day French family in return for the "little ten sous." It is hard to tell whether this is due to the fact that the Americans do not seem to expect or desire the boot-licking attitude, or to the idea in the *facteur's* head that, after all, these Americans, who are all millionaires, and twenty times millionaires, give really nothing in comparison with their means, whereas Mme. le Comtesse and little Mons. le Comte, *ah, ils sont gentils!* they have so little, and, *voilà*, they give you your little piece *si gentiment*. Hats off, and *bon voyage* to "m'sieu, m'dame."

The Americans are going; the narrow little streets groan in every cobble-stone beneath the *fiacres* that carry them and their mountainous baggage to the stations; the wide avenues and the Grands Boulevards are thrown into hopeless disorder by their passing; the distracted, white-wanded guardians of the peace, whose duty it seems to be to make themselves ridiculous by their vain efforts to grapple with the recalcitrant traffic, give up their task in despair in face of this new horror. It is to be feared that some of them simply abscond during the hours when the outgoing trains begin to get up steam. Probably they will be found at the sign of the "Rendezvous des Cochers," sipping their absinthe and trying to obscure in clouds of tobacco-smoke the awful scenes of confusion that are visible outside. Certain it is that the disorder and tumult that rage round the big stations are without parallel in any other civilized city; one would say a battle, a revolution. To watch it all from some safe coign is to be refreshed and excited as by a long draught of champagne. The Americans, then, are going. But they are making a mistake. That is to say, putting business, home, and fatherland on one side. If go they must, then they must go; but they are leaving behind them more than they found.

Paris, though always full of life and movement of one kind or another, has been for some time socially empty, dull, dead. Now the stream of carriages bringing the transient strangers away meets in full career—to the *obligato* of the cabby's fierce and frank blasphemy—another stream bringing the Parisians home. The mountains and the seaside and the country *château* are giving up their prey; the "high world," the world of society and diplomacy and letters, is returning; and if the open-air concerts are giving their last performances and the leaves are falling in the Bois, the *salons* are opening, the big theatres announce their old favorites and their new hopes, the round of Parisian amusement is resumed. And the season which in a fortnight will have well begun will certainly be much more brilliant and more agreeable than the one that closed with the early summer. And especially for the Americans, resident or transient, it will be more pleasant.

Both for Parisians and for a very large number of strangers the last season was spoiled, almost entirely, by two causes. The one was the Hispano-American War, the other the "affaire." It may seem a little strange that the echoes of the American guns in Cuba should have carried unrest and upheaval into the *salons* where the wit, and beauty, and prestige of Paris gather to speed the evening hours. But it is the fact that even the American, long resident in Paris, and much more the merely visiting American—bring he ever so many powerful letters of presentation, ever so many charming and lavishly be-dollared daughters—suffered from a sort of unavoidable boycott. It was not that there was prejudice against Americans; the Americans are far too firmly and favorably settled in society here for that. It was not that all French sympathy was for Spain; though, of course, there was a certain feeling of regret, a certain tenderness for the downcast Latin people. It was simply an inevitable result of the circumstance that large and influential as is the American colony here, still larger and very much more influential socially is the Spanish colony. At an ordinary society dinner, at any social function, it was inevitable that both Americans and Spaniards should be present. On general principles either would have been perfectly content to meet the other on terms of perfect friendliness as individuals, war or no war. But it was very soon found that vague general principles did not stand the strain. Every day brought fresh news of victory to the one and ruin imminent to the other; there was constant talk of

European intervention; there were prophecies of the future, hopes and fears, references to old-time history, fifty thousand inevitable sources of inevitable dispute and rancor. Every hostess made a point of announcing to every mixed assembly of her guests—and in Paris where all the world is represented in every grade of society, what assembly is not cosmopolitan in its types?—"Now you know we do not talk of the war, *n'est ce pas?*" And everybody said "Convenu," and began conscientiously on the weather and the gossip of Paris. In three minutes a couple of politicians would be whispering discreetly of the latest news from Cuba, or Washington, or Madrid; in five minutes nobody was talking of anything else; in twenty, Spaniards, and Americans, and French were arguing full blast, always with the result that there was, at the least, coldness, and constraint, and bitter politeness. Often with still more lamentable consequences—angry words, direct insult, hasty departures. Hostesses were in despair, the social gaiety disappeared, the Paris season was clouded over, its functions reduced to the irreducible minimum.

And after the partial settlement of the Hispano-American affair, when the question had become a *chose jugée*, matter for glorification or regret, as the case might be, but not of urgent controversy, just as the Parisian hostess began to breathe a sigh of relief, hoping to end up cheerfully and pleasantly a season that had been so spoiled, there woke to new life this hideous *affaire* Dreyfus.

And here there was no moderation, no pretense of politeness or friendliness. The lie direct was hurled across the table without any reserve, and the hostess turned pale as she saw her guests gesticulating fiercely at one another, eyes blazing with wrath, voices raised as in a fish-market. People stormed and shrieked and swore, exchanged the grossest insults, came to blows, to the sword even; the country was trembling, it seemed, on the brink of a civil war, and the *salons* became, as it were, meeting-halls where rival leaders harangued and incited their followers to deeds of derring-do. Conversation, the thing for which and by which Parisian society lives more than that of any other country, became a lost art, and the Parisian hostess, in wrathful despair, closed her doors to the mob of orators and, as soon as might be, fled to the peace of the country.

The season of 1898-99 was a dead failure; its memory will always be bitter. The coming season promises better. If the English go to war with the Boers, there will be no trouble over that; all Paris unites in condemning John Bull; there are not two opinions there. And the *affaire* Dreyfus is finished in a way which if it entirely satisfies neither party, yet promises to bring oblivion. Every one thinks of the exposition; the threat of boycottage, if ridiculous in itself, has had the good effect of forcing attention back to the great fair, which had been apparently forgotten by all but the officials. The new season will open with a new vigor and "go"; the Parisian hostess has vowed that it shall be a colossal success, that all the world shall be welcome, that her gentle arts shall heal all the wounds of society, that *enfin, on s'amusera*. And everything seems to point to that happy issue.

STEPHEN MACKENNA.

PARIS, September 27, 1899.

"OCTOBER NINTH, EIGHTEEN NINETY-NINE."

William Watson, who has been bitterly opposed to the policy of the British Government for several years, and who held it up to savage scorn in his series of sonnets entitled "The Purple East," for truckling to the Sultan, is one of the few in England who have raised their voices in protest against the war in the Transvaal. In a letter to the London *Daily Chronicle*, dated October 17th, he writes:

"Like several of your contemporaries, you appear to have been disappointed with the quality of a recent sonnet by Mr. Swinburne. In simple justice to that magnificent singer let us remember that the existence of a great theme, not less certainly than of a great poet, is one of the indispensable antecedent conditions of great poetry. The assassination of a state and the strangling of a people are not heretical themes, and never while this world endures shall they evoke one note of noble song. Moreover, in all combats between a giant and a stripling the muse must of necessity be at a certain moral disadvantage in the somewhat ludicrous task of enheartening the giant. It is the valor of David with his sling, and not the arrogant bulk of Goliath, that kindles the imagination of poets and captures forever the sympathies of man."

Swinburne's sonnet, entitled "October Ninth, Eighteen Ninety-Nine," runs as follows:

"Patience, long sick to death, is dead. Too long
Have sloth and doubt and treason bidden us be
What Cromwell's England was not when the sea to him
Bore witness, given of Blake, how strong
She stood; a commonwealth that brooked no wrong
From foes less vile than men, like wolves set free;
Whose war is wagger, where none may fight or flee
With women and with weanlings. Speech and song
Lack utterance now for loathing. Scarce we hear
Foul tongues that blacken God's dishonored name
With prayers turned curses and with praise found shame
Defy the truth, whose witness now draws near.
To scourge these dogs, agape with jaws afoam,
Down out of life, strike, England, and strike home."

The principal product of the Amazon is rubber in its various forms. Cocoa is produced in large quantities, and the Brazilian nut is shipped to considerable extent, but the two latter are but secondary in importance to the first mentioned. Agriculture on many farms has been abandoned. Valuable lands for growing sugar, tobacco, cotton, and farina have been deserted for the so-called rubber-fields. Many thousands from Ceara and Maranhão have moved into the valley of the Amazon, greatly affecting the prosperity of these two former states, for many former industries are now idle from a lack of labor. Every steamer from the south going toward the Amazon country is densely crowded with families moving to the States of Para and Amazonas. This emigration will continue so long as the present prosperity in the rubber trade continues with ruling high prices.

The spot where Dr. Livingstone died in Africa was marked at the time by a rude inscription cut on a great tree which stood near, and under which the great missionary's heart was buried. The tree has been falling to decay, and an English official of Northern Rhodesia has lately, at the request of the Royal Geographical Society, cut out the section bearing the inscription and has sent it to England. The spot is now marked by an iron telegraph-pole.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Prince Nicholas of Montenegro's youngest daughter, the Princess Xenia, has been betrothed to Prince Nicholas, the third son of the King of Greece.

It is said that the Prince of Wales got rid of thirty pounds of his too solid flesh at Marienbad this year. He weighed two hundred and thirty-seven pounds before taking the baths and two hundred and seven when he got through.

The Crown Prince of Germany is fast becoming an expert cyclist. At a *fête* held recently at the cadet school in which he is a student, at Plon, the young prince won two first prizes in bicycle races, in which he had pitted against him quite a number of clever young riders.

On September 24th Queen Victoria's reign exceeded by just three years the duration of that of King George the Third, her majesty having reigned sixty-two years and ninety-six days—from June 20, 1837—while her grandfather's occupancy of the throne lasted fifty-nine years and ninety-six days—from October 25, 1760, to January 29, 1820.

Hiram Maxim, the maker of machine-guns and other munitions of war, who has taken out a certificate of naturalization in England, has lived in that country since 1883, when he first went abroad as the foreign agent of a large American electric company. At that time he was widely known as an inventor of electrical devices, and by some he was regarded as a worthy rival to Edison. In 1884 he turned his attention to gun-making, and to-day his firm employs about fourteen thousand men.

President Patton announces that ex-President Cleveland is to be a lecturer at Princeton this year. He has agreed, it seems, to deliver the lectures called for by the Stafford Little Fund of \$100,000, which establishes a lectureship on themes connected with public life. There is a new chair of politics at Princeton, lately endowed with \$100,000 by an unknown donor. This chair is vacant as yet, for lack of a man fit to fill it. It may be that if Mr. Cleveland does well with his lectures this chair will be offered to him.

Lord Tennyson, the newly appointed governor of South Australia, appropriately made it one of his earliest official acts to give to the Adelaide Public Library the manuscript of the first poem his father wrote after his appointment as laureate—a poem that doubtless helped to win the new governor his appointment. The present Lord Tennyson is said to be a safe, substantial, conservative man; but it is not reasonable to suppose that he would have been governor of South Australia to-day if his father never had taken to writing poetry.

Prince Ranjitsinhji, or "Ranji," as he is called in England, who has brought with him to this country a cricket eleven of Englishmen, now playing in the East, was born at Saradar, province of Kathiawar, in 1872. He was educated at Rajkumar College, Raj Kote, India, and at Trinity College, Cambridge. He made his first appearance for Sussex, the county of his adoption, in 1895, and led the Sussex averages that same year. In 1896 he scored 2,780 runs, beating by 41 runs W. G. Grace's highest average, which had stood for a quarter of a century. This season he has made the unparalleled record of 3,036 runs, which is practically 65 runs in each of 55 innings.

Celeste Mogador, who, under Louis Philippe, was the reigning belle of the public dance-halls, has applied to the French Government for a pension. She married a ruined nobleman, the Comte de Chabrilan, whom his relatives, to get him out of the way, had appointed consul to Melbourne, where he died. The countess returned to France, where she tried to make her way by writing novels and plays and by managing theatres, but without much success. She is now seventy-five years old, and bases her claim on the diplomatic services of her husband nearly fifty years ago. She calls herself Mogador, from the Prince de Joinville's seizing the town of that name in Morocco, which was a famous exploit on the Paris boulevards in 1844.

The interesting announcement is made that J. A. Broshear has completed one of the pair of large astronomical camera doublets for the observatory of Heidelberg, Germany, which are notable as being next to the largest ever made, and, of course, of the most perfect workmanship. They are sixteen inches clear aperture and eighty inches focal length. Two of these doublets, each consisting of four lenses, are to be made, and are to be used almost exclusively for the photographic discovery of asteroids. The reason for making two cameras and objectives is to serve as a check. The track of an asteroid on an eight by ten plate is only about one-twentieth of an inch long for a three hours' exposure, and, as the curves of the lenses have necessarily to be very deep, the operation of casting such great disks is one involving much trouble and a high degree of skill.

Sir Redvers Henry Buller, who left England last week to assume command of all the British forces in South Africa, is an old campaigner, who has served his time in the country to which he is going, and who is regarded in London as the most capable man for the command. Sir Redvers has been a soldier since he was nineteen. At that youthful age he was a commissioned officer of the Thirtieth Rifles, and on pure merit, combined with dogged determination, hard service, and remarkable bravery, forged his way ahead to the high position he now holds. In the war in Zululand he won the rare Victoria Cross in the retreat of Inhloboane. On that occasion he saved the life of a brother officer who was retreating on foot hotly pursued by the Zulus. Since that time Buller has been a conspicuous figure in the fierce fighting of the British on land invaded by their forces. He took part in the actions of Tel-el-Keber and of Kassassin during the Egyptian War of 1882, and served with distinction under Wolseley in the Sudan expedition of 1884.

ELECTING A POPE.

How Leo the Thirteenth was Made Head of the Papacy—The Conclave of 1878—Electoral Intrigues—His Probable Successors—The Devotion of Dr. Lapponi.

Although Leo the Thirteenth has evinced an extraordinary strength of will and tenacity of life, despite his length of years and great physical weakness, and has not only recovered from the strain of the recent operation performed upon him, but seems to be restored once more to a state of comparatively good health, the fact is only too palpable that his days can not be prolonged to any very great extent in case of another attack of illness as severe as the recent one. At his death the impressive scenes which were enacted in Rome when Pius the Ninth passed away will be repeated, and another conclave will be called to elect a new Pope. In his volume on "Pope Leo XIII.: His Life and Work," which has just been translated by G. A. Raper, Julien de Narfon gives a graphic account of the Papal election of 1878. Extended extracts, therefore, will doubtless prove not only timely and instructive, but decidedly entertaining.

From the death of Pius the Ninth, on the seventh of February, to the end of the conclave on the twentieth of the same month, Leo the Thirteenth, then Cardinal Pecci, holding the office of *camerlengo*, the permanent head of the financial department of the Apostolic See, kept the management of every department in his own hands. Through his energy and ability, the plot of the Italian Government to assume the "prerogatives of the deceased dignitary, on the ground of the inclusion of the Apostolic Chamber within the domain of the state," was foiled, and he himself was seated on the Papal throne.

Concerning the arrangements for the conclave of 1878, De Narfon says:

The spacious halls of the Vatican were divided into sets of small apartments, each containing three or four rooms separated by mere partitions. In this way a set of rooms was provided for every member of the Sacred College, and every cardinal was able to have his "conclavist" and servant at hand. The consistory hall, on the second floor, was set apart for the meetings of the full conclave. The first-floor rooms in the Gregory Thirteenth wing, under the clock pavilion, were devoted to meetings of committees and various congregations. The kitchens were fitted up on the ground floor of the same wing, and the other subordinate officers were installed in the premises of the Palazzo Vecchio, in the vicinity of the Sistine Chapel. On previous occasions the cardinals' meals were prepared outside and brought in gala carriage. These culinary processions, with their "dapper" seneschal, flanked by a cup-bearer and an equerry, used to form one of the curiosities of old Rome. Notwithstanding all this display, the dishes were carefully examined by the guardians of the "rotas," who were instructed to see that no illicit missives were concealed in the food. At the 1878 conclave Cardinal von Hohenlohe was the only member of the Sacred College who had his meals brought from outside. It is needless to say that this solitary exception excited a good deal of comment. The work carried out under Signor Martinucci's plans cost exactly \$57,871 67 centesimi. To this sum should be added 20,000 lire paid to another architect, Signor Vespignani, for fitting up the Sistine Chapel for the ballots. The total cost of the vacancy in the Holy See amounted, in round figures, to \$30,000—a comparatively small sum. In former times the expenses usually exceeded \$100,000, and sometimes reached double that amount.

The conclave opened on the eighteenth of February, and the attending cardinals were much more numerous than at the previous one:

Among them were twenty-five foreigners, while the Romans alone took part in the election of Pius the Ninth. It is, too, probable that the international element will be more and more strongly represented in the future conclaves; first, because of the growing facility of communication between Rome and distant places; and, second, because the Sacred College is becoming more open to nations other than Italy. Pius the Ninth increased the number of cardinals not living in Rome, and during the Pontificate of Leo the Thirteenth their number has sometimes almost equaled that of the Roman cardinals. . . . Only five members of the conclave which elected Leo the Thirteenth now survive—Cardinals Oreglia di Santo-Stephano and Parocchi, of the order of bishops; Ledochowski and Canossa, of the order of priests; and Mertel, of the order of deacons.

At half-past four in the afternoon the members of the Sacred College met in the Pauline Chapel, whence they walked in procession to the Sistine Chapel. Here the apostolic regulations for the election of the Pope were again read to them, and they took the customary oath:

One prelate thought himself entitled to dispense with the formality of taking the oath. This prelate was Mgr. Ricci, the major-domo, who used to be called "the Pope's eye-ball" during the life-time of Pius the Ninth, in reference to the confidence and affection with which the Pontiff regarded him. Mgr. Ricci was prostrated by grief at the death of his master, and had fallen ill.

"The major-domo is extremely unwell, your eminence," Mgr. Pecci was told when he expressed surprise at Mgr. Ricci's absence. "Then let him get up and come! I want him!" was the imperious reply. Mgr. Ricci was obliged to obey and make his appearance, pale, wasted, and shivering with fever.

The superficial observer might conclude from this incident that Leo the Thirteenth is hard-hearted. The fact is that every man designated by Providence to command other men is naturally inclined to regard them first of all as instruments of his own will. So absorbed is he in his work that he often sacrifices his tools. This is neither just nor charitable, but the really great man always knows how to atone for whatever injury he may have inflicted in the interest of his own higher purposes. Immediately after his elevation to the chair of St. Peter, Leo the Thirteenth sent for Mgr. Ricci, and said to him: "I have hurt your feelings, monsignor, and I beg your pardon." He re-appointed Mgr. Ricci major-domo of the apostolic palaces, and soon afterward summoned him to the senate of the church.

At half-past five in the afternoon, the conclave was finally separated from the outer world:

The ringing of a small bell, and the repetition of the formula "Extra omnes!" by the master of ceremonies, was the signal for all outsiders to retire. All the outlets had already been walled up, with the exception of the great door of the Sala Regia, through which the last of the crowd passed at about seven o'clock. The *camerlengo*, accompanied by the three heads of the orders, then went through all the rooms by torchlight to make sure that communication between the two hundred and fifty persons shut up in the Vatican and the rest of the world was impossible, except through the four *rotas*, or small receptacles turning on pivots. These *rotas*, contrived for the admission of provisions and official correspondence, were placed under the watchful care of prelates of the apostolic chamber, the protonotaries, the bishops, and the prelates of the signature.

In the Sistine Chapel, where the balloting was to take place, an altar had been erected, on which was the silver-gilt chalice in which each cardinal was to deposit his voting-paper:

At the foot of the altar was a table for the examination of the papers. Close at hand were the cardinals' stalls, arranged in a semicircle and

surmounted by canopies, which emblems of sovereignty were to be taken down as soon as the new Pope's name was announced. In front of each stall was a small table for convenience in filling up, folding, and sealing the forms. Near the altar was the open grate for burning the papers after each ballot. To the right and left of the entrance were two dressing-rooms, one containing white vestments for the future Pontiff. Caskets of various sizes were, of course, kept here, so that whoever the new Pope might be he would find a garment to fit him.

In accordance with the regulation, all the cardinals were clad in an ample violet robe of woolen material, with a plaited, sleeveless cape lying flat on the shoulders. This robe, which has no sleeves, is fastened at the chest with a hook, and ends in a long train. When the cardinals—each preceded by his attendant carrying the portfolio and inkstand—had reached the chapel, the bishop sacristan recited the ritual prayers. The master of the ceremonies proclaimed the order "Extra omnes!" and the electors were left to themselves. A cardinal bolted the door, and the election began. The voting is described as follows:

Each cardinal, when his name is called, approaches the altar, kneels, rises, and before placing his voting-paper in the chalice, holds the paper above that vessel and utters the following words: "I call upon Christ, our Lord, Who shall judge me, to witness that I vote for him who, I believe before God, ought to be chosen, and that I will do the same at the accessory ballot."

The first ballot resulted in twenty-three votes being cast for Cardinal Pecci:

At the second, which took place in the evening of the nineteenth, he received twenty-six, and then thirty-eight, an accessory ballot being taken. He was still three votes short of the required majority, but his election on the following day appeared to be a certainty, in spite of the opposition of Cardinals Randi, Bilio, and Oreglia, who acted as faction leaders against him. Cardinal Randi made persistent but unavailing efforts in favor of Cardinal Chigi, while Cardinal Bilio supported the candidature of Cardinal Martinelli, who he declared was "a saint." "If Martinelli is a saint," replied Mgr. Bartolini, "let him pray for us; but a saint is not what we want at the head of the church just now." And Cardinal Bartolini went from group to group, expatiating on Mgr. Pecci's qualifications. "He has been a delegate, and he knows the temporal government; he has been a *nuncio*, and he knows diplomacy; he has been a bishop, thirty-two years, and he knows the government of the church." More than one encounter occurred between Cardinals Randi and Bartolini, the former accusing the latter of caballing, which Cardinal Bartolini stoutly denied. Cardinal Oreglia, who was not in favor of Mgr. Pecci's candidature until after the election, at first supported Cardinal Bilio; but the latter had no prospect of success when the third ballot opened on the morning of the twentieth of February, the opponents of Mgr. Pecci having decided, though without much confidence in the result, to support Cardinal Franchi. Cardinal Pecci was elected at the third ballot by forty-four votes, or three more than the required majority. When the papers were counted it was seen that one of them bore the words, "I choose no one." This paper was of course annulled amid general laughter. The identity of the cardinal who had the bad taste to perpetrate this pleasantry is not known.

When the sub-dean prostrated himself at his feet and asked him: "Dost thou accept thy due and regular election to the sovereign pontificate?" Cardinal Pecci replied: "Such being God's will I can not gainsay it." Then he was asked: "Under what name wilt thou be known?" and he answered: "As Leo the Thirteenth, in remembrance of Leo the Twelfth, whom I have always venerated."

All the canopies save his were thrown down. They clad him, dazed and barely conscious, in white. . . . On being led back to the altar on which the voting had taken place, Leo the Thirteenth received the homage of the cardinals, and accomplished the first act of his Papacy by appointing, as *pro-camerlengo*, Mgr. Schwartzberg, archbishop of Prague, who placed the Fisherman's ring on the Pope's finger. The election was announced at a quarter-past one by Cardinal Caterini from the balcony of St. Peter's. The bells of every church in Rome immediately rang out to announce the "tidings of great joy." Leo the Thirteenth gave the benediction *urbis et orbis* from the inner loggia of St. Peter's. He received, for the second time, the homage of the cardinals and of the representatives of the Roman patricians, and finally retired to his apartments at six o'clock.

"Every convict, as the saying is, is allowed twenty-four hours to curse the judge who sentenced him," remarks De Narfon; "the cardinals who had been foremost in opposition to Cardinal Pecci did not wait so long to express their joy at the judgment the conclave had given against them":

"This is not an election, but a divine inspiration," proclaimed Cardinal Ferrieri, who had boasted only a few hours before of lowering young Pecci's pride by getting the better of him in debate at the Academy of Theology. Another opponent, Cardinal Pietro, found a pithy phrase to express his devotion to Leo the Thirteenth: "We desire to be thy mouth and thy flesh," he said in his address as sub-dean of the Sacred College at the coronation of the new Pope.

Despite all rumors to the contrary, the health of the Pope is excellent when one considers his age. During the recent crisis which he passed through when he had to submit to a surgical operation, every one at the Vatican seemed uneasy, except himself:

He insisted on being shown the bulletins signed every morning and evening by Drs. Mazzoni and Lapponi, and he expressed surprise at so much alarm having been caused by these *bagatelles*! Sometimes he greeted the astonished doctors by reciting from memory a canto of the "Divine Comedy," or some poetry he had composed during the night, in spite of his medical attendants' order that he was not to do any kind of work. On several occasions he expressed an intention of composing satires at the expense of those who believed him to be half dead, and were indulging, rather too early in the day, in prognostications as to his successor in the Holy See.

Dr. Lapponi tends his illustrious patient not only with very great skill, but with boundless devotion:

This devotion is all the more meritorious when it is remembered that Leo the Thirteenth is not exactly an easy patient to deal with. Dr. Lapponi has the utmost trouble to get the Pope to follow his orders, and often the Pope takes delight in showing that he can ignore them. For instance, last year, when the Pope was suffering from hoarseness, Dr. Lapponi prescribed a powder, and advised his patient to considerably curtail a discourse he was to deliver during the day. Leo the Thirteenth pocketed the powder and thought no more about it. As to the discourse, he did not omit a word of it. In vain did the doctor, who was present, repeatedly clear his throat with much emphasis as a reminder to the Pope to economize his strength. His Holiness kept on, and even purposely raised his voice. After finishing his address, he sent for Dr. Lapponi, handed him the powder, and said, laughing: "Here, my dear doctor, take your powder yourself; you evidently need it more than I."

A few years ago Dr. Lapponi narrowly escaped being supplanted by Father Kneipp, the Bavarian priest, since deceased, who prescribed pure water as the sole remedy for all the ills of poor humanity. This was in 1894:

Father Kneipp had been summoned to Rome by Cardinal Monaco la Valetta, whom he had successfully treated. At this time the Pope experienced pain in the knee, and complained of intestinal trouble. Cardinal Monaco la Valetta mentioned Father Kneipp to the Pope, and the latter agreed to receive the Bavarian priest, who was reported to have effected some marvelous cures. The Pope even consented to undress before Father Kneipp, and take a bath under his superintendence. The news of this caused considerable stir in the court and city.

The French ambassador, M. de Béhaine, interviewed the secretary of state, and Cardinal Rampolla did not hesitate to respectfully but firmly reproach the Pope in the name of the Sacred College and the general interest of the church. I have no intention of saying anything derogatory to Father Kneipp and his method, but although the Pope was only eighty-four years old in 1894, there was undoubtedly some imprudence in endeavoring to accustom a man of his age to an entirely new system of hygiene, and especially one that was in direct opposition to the treatment he had followed for many years. In any case, Father Kneipp was soon got rid of. He was given the title of prelate instead of a fee. "I could have made him live to a hundred," said Father Kneipp, when he was told that his services were no longer required, "but I believe he will live as long as possible in spite of the mistake he has made. His infirmities free his brain. He is a fortunate man; he has no body. When I undressed him for his bath, I first took off his white cassock, which was stained with snuff, and then sundry skins and tunics. Besides these I found little more than a sort of spectre. Such a man can not die like others."

The Pope, M. de Narfon says, is a trifle superstitious about the number of years he will still live:

His grandfather died at ninety-six, and he firmly believes that he will die at the same age. This confidence, or superstition, as some may call it, does not prevent him from preparing for death every morning, as if the visitor who will not be denied were sure to knock at his door before the evening. "Yes," he once said to a French cardinal, "you are right; my health is very good. People say in Rome that every year I live makes me a year younger, and I am almost persuaded to believe it. The Peccis are long-lived, but they almost invariably die suddenly, and that is why I always take the precaution of receiving the viaticum at morning mass."

Leo the Thirteenth has outlived nearly all the cardinals who were regarded as *papabili* for the future conclave, so that the prophets are constantly finding themselves obliged to prophesy anew, and seem to be condemned to something like the labor of Penelope:

At present Cardinal Oreglia seems to be the favorite. He is a *camerlengo* and senior member of the Sacred College. In this double capacity he would at once exercise considerable power on the Holy See becoming vacant. It is said that Cardinal Gotti, of the Carmelite order, will be the candidate of the Triple Alliance, failing Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli, whose candidature was previously too pronounced to leave him much prospect of success, and Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli, who will wisely confine himself to "making the running" for his brother. Neither Cardinal Parocchi nor Cardinal Rampolla can hope to wear the tiara; the one because his duties as cardinal-vicar have necessarily created a good deal of dissatisfaction against him among the Italian prelates, who form the majority in the Sacred College, and the other because, as secretary of state to Leo the Thirteenth, he is closely identified with the present order of things, and would therefore not be able to undertake the government of the church with entire freedom of action or mind. France is awaiting until the opportunity arises for her to take an active interest in the question, but I believe the government and the French cardinals would not object to the election of Cardinal Capedatolo, who is supposed to have liberal ideas, and that they would hail with pleasure the election of Cardinal Svampa, Archbishop of Bologna, who has a great love for France, and would adhere, it may at least be hoped, to the traditions of Leo the Thirteenth. One objection to Cardinal Svampa is his age. Born in 1851, he is the youngest member of the Sacred College, and his accession would be likely to mean too long a reign to please the electors, who are themselves eligible.

Among the other striking chapters in M. de Narfon's excellent work may be mentioned "The Vatican," "The Pope's Daily Life," "A Political Pope," "The Pope and the Press," and "The Pope and the American Movement." In addition to an elaborate index, there are over sixty well-chosen illustrations.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Co., New York; price, \$2.00.

JAHAET

The reason why another reign of terror has not been inaugurated in France is thus stated by the *Chicago Times-Herald*: "One hundred—fifty—twenty-five years ago these things would have set the mobs going. They would be throwing paving-stones at one another!—paving-stones? Ah, there is the secret of the whole matter. The mobs have been robbed of their ammunition. The people stand ready to hoist the red flag and run riot, but what are bare hands against maces and muskets? The rioter stoops to pick up a paving-stone and his fingers scratch vainly along the smooth surface of the asphalt with which most of the streets of Paris are now paved. *Ciel!* He is helpless! He straightens up and stares vaguely about him for a moment, and then some commissary of police runs him in. Men and women follow, shouting and shaking their fists, but there are no paving-stones for them to hurl. So the republic continues to stand. It is wonderful! A little bit of asphalt prevents the killing of people by the score, and history is robbed of whole chapters of bloody details. *Vive le tar barrel!*"

British enthusiasm in support of the government since the beginning of the war in the Transvaal is notable. Sir Thomas Lipton has cabled over that all employees of Lipton's (Limited) who are on the reserve list and join their colors, shall receive half-pay during their absence, and be reinstated in their situations on their return. The directors of Lipton's (Limited) have approved Sir Thomas's proposition. The British railway companies have decided that any of their employees who are called on to join the army reserves shall be reemployed on the cessation of hostilities. The time while they are absent will count as service. A free pension will be given by the companies. In the cases of married men, half-pay will be allowed to their wives and families during their absence. Baron de Rothschild and Alfred Beit, the South African millionaire, have each contributed twenty-five thousand dollars to the Red Cross Society.

JAHAET

Every now and then the egg of that extinct bird, the great auk, turns up, and then naturalists are excited. There are probably sixty authentic auk eggs so far known. The egg is somewhat smaller than that of the ostrich. Mr. Stevens sold an auk's egg recently in London. It was one of the three formerly in the collection of the Comte Raoul de Berance. This specimen, which is slightly cracked, was figured in the memoirs of the Société Zoologique de France in 1888, and, with additional notes on its history, it also appeared in the bulletin of the society in 1891. Bidding started at one hundred guineas, and at three hundred guineas it became the property of Mr. Middlebrook of Regent's Park. This is the same price which Sir Vanecey Cresswell paid for his specimen in 1894.

LITERARY NOTES.

Kipling's School-Boys Three.

"Stalky & Co." is not so bad as its reputation. It may be that English readers liked it from the start, but on this side it has been almost universally condemned as unworthy of Rudyard Kipling. People read one or other of the chapters as they appeared serially in the magazines and found them forced and uninteresting. The three school-boys whose scrapes the tales set forth were voted self-conceited little imps, whose cleverness made them only the more irritating, and who possessed none of the frank, boyish traits that made Tom Brown a school-boy's hero the world over.

Mr. Kipling's school-boy trio are Stalky, Mc-Turk, and Beetle—the latter confessedly an autobiographical sketch. They are at an English boarding-school—not one of the great public schools like Rugby, Eton, or Harrow, but organized on much the same lines—where lads are prepared for Sandhurst, the English West Point, Stalky and Mc-Turk aspiring to the army, a career from which Beetle is deterred by his spectacles. The other pupils are of the usual English type, wholesome, honest lads, but these three are drawn together by similarity of tastes and form a tripartite alliance which in time rules the entire school except the headmaster. He, fortunately, understands them and chastises them accordingly.

These boys have a devilish ingenuity and fertility of resource in digging pitfalls for their enemies that make them feared and hated by their fellow-pupils and house-masters alike, and when taken to task for their misdoings, their effrontery and glib sophistries invariably cover their enemies with confusion. At first the chapters are taken up with their successful defiance of ordained power and their hundred-fold vengeance on all who thwart their wishes. But later—when, for example, they give the school bullies a taste of their own medicine—Stalky & Co. develop new and more attractive traits.

But the true inwardness of these lads is not shown until we reach "The Flag of Their Country." In this chapter a pompous and demagogic M. P. presents the school's newly formed cadet corps with an English flag. The ordinary Briton does not wear his heart upon his sleeve, and, as Kipling says in this story, "the reserve of a boy is tenfold deeper than the reserve of a maid, she being made for one end only by blind nature, but man for several. . . little matters, like the hope of Honor and the dream of Glory, boys do not discuss even with their most intimate friends." It is not only Honor and Glory, but almost all the finer feelings that they consider too sacred for public recognition, and so they appear a selfish, cunning, and merciless trio of school freebooters, taking what they wish under penalty of shame that is almost as bad as death to either school-boy or school-master. But after reading "The Flag of Their Country" one can better understand their nature and is better prepared to accept the glimpse of their extraordinary after-life which forms a fitting epilogue to the tale.

Published by the Doubleday & McClure Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

Jahart

The Latest Volume on Porto Rico.

To those of our readers who are interested in Porto Rico in a commercial or industrial way, or to those who may desire to travel across the tropical island, Mr. William Dinwiddie's volume, "Porto Rico: Its Conditions and Possibilities," will be found invaluable. It is a comprehensive presentation of the industrial, commercial, political, and social conditions existing in the island to-day, with a mass of facts, figures, and comparisons of past institutions with present. Mr. Dinwiddie sets forth in an admirably clear manner the present state of the coffee, sugar, and fruit culture, with valuable statements as to the expense and best methods of conducting such plantations; discusses the opportunities offered to American capitalists in railroads, tramways, ice-plants, cattle-raising, dairy-farming, and manufacturing, and gives some interesting details of the cost of living, and the price of labor in all branches of industry.

The writer devotes considerable space to the island's physical features, vegetable and mineral wealth, climate, prevalent diseases, and hygienic precautions for preventing them, and describes entertainingly the life and customs of the natives. According to Mr. Dinwiddie, Porto Rico will prove a gold-mine to the American who has plenty of money to invest, but it is no place for the man of small capital, for the opportunities for such are extremely few.

The volume is elaborately indexed, contains copious illustrations, and is supplemented with an appendix extracted from Frank H. Hitchcock's "Trade of Porto Rico."

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$2.50.

Jahart

A Madcap Rebel Maid.

Rarely has an author done well in telling his story in the first person. The plan is a favorite one, but its difficulties are numerous and to be avoided only by sacrifices that weaken the structure. In "Lady Bampton," by J. C. Snaith, the record of an eighteenth-century maid's wooing and mad adventures is set down by the heroine; and it shows some omissions, through necessity, that one could wish a

friendly observer had filled out; but it is a good story, nevertheless, spirited, diverting, with little of moralizing or padding, and with a pleasant-hitter savor from the first page to the last.

Lady Barbara Gossiter, the only daughter of an earl, and a beautiful, saucy, spoiled pet of society, returns to her home in the north from a season in London, vowing there are no men to please her in the court of the king, but her wayward fancy lights on a young rebel brought in irons to her father's house, and a long train of romantic episodes follows. There is a well-planned but lamely executed escape, a return to the camp of the enemy, a marvelous masquerade in hoopskirt, laces, patches, and powder, a duel that snuffs out the life of a brave but weak-willed soldier, a second capture, and the clanging of the doors of Newgate, with the certain promise of Tyburn Tree in the near future. The final pageant and surprise, and the happy if mysterious epilogue, are even more unique inventions.

The men and women of this tale are a hundred and fifty years away, and their language is of that time, but their impulses and moods are no more ancient than modern. The portraits are skillfully drawn and worth the time they ask. There are lapses in the style, and sometimes phrases fall from the lips of the speakers that do not accord with their character, but these faults are neither common nor glaring. The novel is much above the average, and in no way less delightful than the earlier works of the author.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

Jahart

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

"A Man: His Mark," a new novel by W. C. Morrow, the author of "The Ape, the Idiot, and Other People," is to be brought out soon by the J. B. Lippincott Company. It is said to be "one of the most powerful and absorbing romances of recent years."

Charles Dana Gibson's travels on the Nile have found expression in a book of "Sketches in Egypt," which shows the artist in somewhat of a new light—as a writer as well as an illustrator.

Dr. Seir Mitchell's new story, which will appear in serial form, is called "The Autobiography of a Quack."

Justin McCarthy, the historian and novelist, has just undergone the last of a series of operations for the relief of his eyes, and it is now expected that his sight will be completely restored.

"The Heiress of the Season," by Sir William Magnay, Bart., will be published immediately by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., as will also "The Insect World," by C. M. Weed. Frank T. Bullen's new hook, "The Log of a Sea Waif," will not be ready for two weeks at least.

A new play by Ibsen will be published about Christmas. Its name has not yet been divulged.

A volume entitled "Unidentified Contributions of Thackeray," by M. H. Spielmann, which has the approval of Mrs. Ritchie, Thackeray's daughter, is announced for early publication.

Two new literary and political reviews have made their appearance in Washington. One is designated as the *Sphinx* and the other the *Conservative*.

Miss Braddon still ranks Marie Corelli—and most other novelists, perhaps—in the estimation of the British reader. It is reported that over three million copies of her books have been sold in the cheap edition alone, and that she usually gets twenty thousand dollars for the English book rights of her novels and another large sum for serial rights.

"A Widower and Some Spinsters," a story of New England, by Maria Louisa Pool, will shortly be published.

November 1st is the date set by the Macmillan Company for the publication of Marion Crawford's "Via Crucis," which has been running as a serial.

Clara Barton is understood to be engaged in arranging a mass of autobiographic material which can not but be of great value.

A new edition of "Jerusalem," by Walter Besant and E. H. Palmer, is announced by the J. B. Lippincott Company.

Rudyard Kipling has been elected a vice-president of the New Vagabonds' Club. His old friend, Lord Roberts, the hero of "Bobs," is the president of this organization.

The Macmillan Company have secured a new novel, to be entitled "The Favor of Princes," by Mark Lee Luther, which will appear next month.

"Ouida" seems to have permanently retired from exploiting the peccadillos of high life, and to have confined herself to extracting the essence of art from the more lowly spheres of life. A new story from her pen is to be entitled "The Waters of Edera," and is a tale of Italian village life.

"Rag Tags," a collection of over forty pictures, size 14 x 10½, drawn by Arthur M. Lewis, is to be published soon by A. M. Robertson.

Charlotte, sister of Heinrich Heine, the German poet, died at Hamburg on October 14th, aged

ninety-nine. The fact that Heine's sister lived almost to the end of the century, when her famous brother died nearly fifty years ago, will come upon one with the same surprise as the news, a couple of years ago, of the death of Thackeray's insane wife, almost forty years after he passed away. Charlotte von Heine was the only sister of the poet and was about three years his junior. She married in early life a Hamburg merchant named Moritz Eimhden, and had a daughter who afterward became the Princess Della Rocca. Heine died in 1856, the last twelve years of his life being spent in bed, a martyr to spinal paralysis.

Jahart

OLD FAVORITES.

Murillo and His Slave.

A LEGEND OF SPAIN.

"Whose work is this?" Murillo said,
The while he bent his eager gaze
Upon a sketch (a Virgin's head)
That filled the painter with amaze.

Of all his pupils, not a few,—
Marveling, 'twould seem no less than he;
Each answered that he nothing knew
As touching whose the sketch might be.

This much appeared, and nothing more:
The piece was painted in the night;
"And yet, by Jove!" Murillo swore,
"He has no cause to fear the light."

"'Tis something crude, and lacks, I own,
That finer finish time will teach;
But genius here is plainly shown,
And art beyond the common reach."

"Sebastian!" (turning to his slave,)
"Who keeps this room when I'm in bed?"
"Tis I, Señor." "Now mark you, knave!
Keep better watch," the master said.

"For if this painter comes again,
And you, while dozing, let him slip,
Excuses will be all in vain,—
Remember, you shall feel the whip!"
Now while Sebastian slept, he dreamed
That to his dazzled vision came
The Blessed Lady—so she seemed—
And crowned him with a wreath of Fame.

Whereat the startled slave awoke,
And at his picture wrought away
So rapt that ere the spell was broke
The dark was fading into day.
"My beautiful!" the artist cried;
"Thank God, I have not lived in vain!"
Hark! "Tis Murillo at his side;
The man has grown a slave again."

"Who is your master?—answer me!"
"Tis you," replied the faltering lad;
"Nay, 'tis not that I mean," said he,
"Tell me, what teacher have you had?"

"Yourself, Señor. When you taught
These gentlemen, I too have heard
The daily lesson, and have sought
To treasure every golden word."

"What say you, boys?" Murillo cried,
Smiling in sign of fond regard.
"Is this a case—pray you decide—
For punishment, or for reward?"

"Reward, Señor!" they all exclaimed,
And each proposed some costly toy;
But still, whatever gift was named,
Sebastian showed no sign of joy.

Whereat one said: "He's kind to-day;
Ask him your Freedom." With a groan
The boy fell on his knees: "Nay, nay!
My father's freedom, not my own."
"Take both!" the painter said. "Henceforth
A slave no more,—be thou my son;
Thy Art had failed, with all its worth,
Of what thy Heart this day has won!"

L'ENVOI.

The traveler, loitering in Seville
And gazing on each pictured saint
May see Murillo's genius still,
And learn how well his son could paint.

—John G. Saxe.

A cable report from London states that a mild sensation has been caused by Mrs. de Bathe's (Mrs. Langtry's) sudden decision to suppress the publication of her reminiscences, which were expected to be issued about Christmas. The same cable report further says that one publisher had offered her one hundred and sixty thousand dollars for the book, and also one hundred and ten thousand dollars for the American rights, and intimates that her decision to suppress the book is due to the desire of a certain royal personage that it should not appear.

Jahart

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LITERARY NOTES.

The Story of a Coward.

There is a freshness and simplicity about "On Trial," by "Zack," that faintly suggests "The Choir Invisible." The people of whom the story is told are as primitive as James Lane Allen's Kentucky pioneers, and it teaches the same lesson of truth and uprightness, not by showing the happiness of victory but the bitterness of defeat.

The scene is laid in a little Devon village to which Dan Piggott returns after a year's service as an enlisted man. Terrified at the prospect of service in India, whither his regiment has been ordered, he has bought his discharge with fifteen pounds sent him by his sweetheart, and when he reaches his home he learns that she has been denounced as a thief, the stolen money being the sum she had sent to him. His first impulse is to defend the girl, but the fear of being disinherited by his stern old uncle keeps him silent. Then a thievish hostler—who "always walks within the law," however—learns his secret and puts the screws on him. From lying he is driven to theft in order to silence the black-mailer. The girl still loves him and thinks herself the cause of all his troubles. She tries to instill courage into him, but it is like blowing into a tube. Again and again he fiercely determines to confess all to his uncle and defy the hostler, but his rage always gives way to abject fear in presence of either of these strong men. But one end is possible to the story of such a man, and that is tragic.

The chief personages of the tale are all strongly drawn characters, and even the subsidiary ones are distinct and life-like. In addition to the central theme, too, there are many minor episodes full of quaint humor and wisdom.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25. jabart

Two Friends of Yesterday.

When the public first made Katharine Lauderdale's acquaintance, five years ago, there were various opinions concerning her quality of attraction, but the public has not forgotten her, in spite of the host of new candidates for favor. "The Ralstons" is not Mr. Crawford's best novel, yet in it there are many moving pictures, and hits of the philosophy of life that harmonize well, and the central figure is a fine portrait. The reader who followed Katharine's fortunes to the beginning of her married life—and none ever laid down the tale else, after the first chapter—studied with appreciation the modest epilogue, and treasured the implied promise of the author. The re-appearance of the story in a new form will renew the interest taken in earlier days, and attract the attention of many who will not regret a closer knowledge. The single-volume form is pleasing in every way.

Mr. Vachell's story, "A Drama in Sunshine," brought out last year, gained favorable consideration and deserves the praise given it. The publishers have reprinted it in new form, and many new friends should be gained for the book through the fame of the author's more recent successes. Few have written of California life with keener perceptions or surer power of description, and this novel has some distinctive qualities.

"The Ralstons," by F. Marion Crawford; price, \$1.00. "A Drama in Sunshine," by Horace Annesley Vachell; price, \$1.50. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York. jabart

Building the Constitution.

"The Growth of the Constitution in the Federal Convention of 1787," by William M. Meigs, is a work of value to every student of American history. The facts collated in this volume can be found elsewhere, but scattered through records of addresses and debates from which only patient and painstaking effort can separate them. The author has traced the history and development of each clause in the constitution through the labors of that gathering of statesmen, and the exposition is concise, orderly, and authoritative. Gladstone said, "the American Constitution is the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man," and the light shed upon that work by this volume brings out even more impressively the wisdom and care that marked the deliberations of its makers.

As an aid to those who would understand the intended bearing and scope of the several sections of the constitution, Mr. Meigs's work can be commended without reservation, and for ready reference it is especially valuable. A comparatively recent discovery, and a document of particular interest, is a rough draft of the constitution in the hand-writing of Edmund Randolph, of Virginia, which is reproduced in fac-simile. It illustrates in a striking way the gradual growth of the separate clauses, and shows how they were evolved step by step. A complete index is added, and any point of importance can be found without difficulty.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$2.50. jabart

A California Girl in Mexico.

There is a strong family resemblance in Nora Archibald Smith's "Under the Cactus Flag" to some of the stories her sister, Mrs. Wiggins, has written, notably to "Penelope's Progress." The theme is similar—a young American girl's adventures

and impressions in a strange land—and it is treated with much the same sprightly humor.

Miss Smith's heroine, however, does not hark back to the Old World for her novel sights and customs. She goes down to Mexico. When financial disaster overtakes the aunt with whom she had lived since infancy, Mary Annersly accepts an offer to be mistress of the one private school at Ceritas, in the State of Sinaloa. The bravery of this nineteen-year-old girl in making the long journey alone from Southern California across the Arizona desert astonishes the Mexican gentry whose children she is to teach, and her blonde beauty and pleasant ways soon make the entire population her slaves.

Being thus made one of themselves, the little American school-mistress sees much of home life among the best class of rural Mexicans. She acquaints herself with all the ins and outs of their domestic machinery, learns to go to sleep in spite of the possibility of a scorpion falling on her bed from the roof, and even to feel pity when she finds an over-thirsty bat drowned in her water-pitcher in the morning, attends the religious festivals that are so frequent and so picturesque, goes to Mexican dances and picnics, hears thrilling tales of fighting with Yaquis and Apaches, is serenaded by an admiring *caballero*, and even endures a siege during a typical revolutionlet.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25. jabart

The Gibson Girl in Love.

There is a typical American girl who is always traveling, and there is a typical Englishman who is always making love to her. And where these two are, there is always a typical writer of novels to make them up into a story. "Ione March," by S. R. Crockett, is the latest combination of author, Gibson girl, and sturdy Briton.

The story is primarily a love-story. Ione March, the heroine, is the daughter of a great American statesman and politician. She has a burning desire to earn her own living, although her father is rich. The hero, Keith Harford, is a struggling genius. Miss March, a few days after meeting Harford in Switzerland, leaves her friends for London, where she engages to do type-writing for a livelihood. Her experiences in London form a large portion of the book. She has trouble with "mashers," she receives proposals of marriage from the wrong people, she finds difficulty in keeping up her purse. Keith Harford also comes to London, renews his acquaintance with Miss March, falls ill, is nursed by her, and eventually marries her. She, however, is no longer rich, her father having lost his fortune and then died. Other complicators in the story include the usual millionaire pork-packer, his son (the villain), revengeful clerks, faddists, and so on.

Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.50. jabart

The Ghost That Walked.

"The Strange Story of Hester Wynne," by G. Colmore, is the latest addition to the Town and Country Library Series. The story is the study of a sensitive girl whose superstitious fears are worked upon by a designing villain for his own ends. She is made to see ghosts that are no ghosts at all, and is persecuted in various other subtle ways, all in order that she may be induced to sign away her fortune. At the last she is imprisoned, but manages to escape, with the assistance of her lover, and the plot is brought to naught. The book has considerable action in it, and much attention has been paid to the psychology of the situations.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00. jabart

New Publications.

A. Eric Bayly has written a detective story entitled "The House of Strange Secrets," which is full of mysteries. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

An attempt to develop in detail the applications of psychology in the work of teaching is "Method in Education," by Ruric N. Roark. Teachers will find many practical suggestions in the volume. Published by the American Book Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

"Sense and Satire," by William L. Breyfogle, is a volume containing some six hundred four-line stanzas of rhyme on some six hundred subjects. The industry of the author is more notable than his poetic ability or his wit. Published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago.

Four essays of kindred interest, by John Rankin Rogers, are presented in a volume entitled "Life." The closing sentence in the book is a key: "Industrial freedom is the question of questions—the riddle of the Sphinx of Time which our society will answer or die." Published by the Whitaker & Ray Company, San Francisco.

Continuing the series that has been so popular, "The Golliwogg in War" presents a new and amusing collection of Florence K. Upton's whimsical pictures in bright colors, accompanied by happy descriptive verses by Bertha Upton. The book is a realm of delight for little folks. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$2.00.

From philosophical reviews and educational journals Professor Walter Smith has collected a number of his essays, and to this material added largely

to form a volume entitled "Methods of Knowledge: An Essay in Epistemology." The author's style is clear, and his book will commend itself to those who are attracted by metaphysics. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

The amusing pictures and the amazing verses on animal life, by Oliver Herford, which have appeared in the *Century Magazine* during the past year, have been collected in a volume entitled "A Child's Primer of Natural History." The pictures have been enlarged for the book, and a number of new designs included. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

In the Temple Classics two recent issues are "The Sonnets of William Wordsworth," and *Steupe's* "A Sentimental Journey." The sonnets are given in the order arranged by Wordsworth for the edition of 1838, and have his original preface; an index of first lines is added. The dainty volume of *Sterne's* fancies in France and Italy is one of the choicest of the series, and will win familiar acquaintance. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 50 cents each.

The unquestioned leader of the House of Representatives from 1861 to 1868—the most momentous period of the nation's existence—Thaddeus Stevens was one of the great figures of the generation just passed. No extended biography of the great lawyer and parliamentary leader had appeared, and the volume, "Thaddeus Stevens," by Samuel W. McCall, is welcome. The author has done his work in an admirable spirit, and the part of Stevens in the great events of the time is described in a graphic way. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25. jabart

David Harum in England.

According to the New York *Saturday Times* a second edition of "David Harum" has been called for in London. The British public, after a couple of months of supreme indifference, has at length awakened to an appreciation of the book. The evolution of this appreciation has been a very curious study. The early reviews dismissed the novel with few words, which tended toward a dispassionate depreciation by announcing that the novel was having a large sale in America, where it was considered a "truthful portrayal of a certain type." Now quite serious consideration is being given the book by the London reviewers, and to make up for what they evidently deem their former oversight they dip into dignified generalizations that are nothing if not droll. The most curious expositions, however, are those that attempt to account for the lack of popularity of the book in England—it is not always admitted that popularity is being won. Says the *Academy* at the close of a painfully serious review that extends nearly through three columns: "Had Noyes Westcott been fortunately 'discovered' in the right quarters, had his book been nicely heralded, had it been backed by a sufficient moral force, had fifty little things happened—then the fame of 'David Harum' might have filled the country." Just now Londoners are seriously discussing the question as to whether the book owes its popularity to its horse-trade stories or to its "religious import." W. P. James, in criticizing the work in an article in the *St. James's Gazette*, says that the novel is being read because of "its religious interest," while the *Academy* reiterates its former dictum that "the book's fascination lay largely in its pictures of horse-dealing," and facetiously adds that "the report comes from a large circulating library that more than one request has been made in the past few days for 'David's Harem.'"

"The Speaker."

The special features of this, the only English Liberal review, are worthy of the attention of the reading public in the United States. It contains certain features hitherto only accidentally present in the English literary papers: (1) Signed weekly articles on special subjects by prominent men and expert authorities. (2) Foreign correspondence, the authors of which have been carefully chosen not so much for their sympathy with home opinions as for their knowledge of the society from which they write. (3) Prompt reviews in which special insistence is laid upon giving a thorough examination of the more important works—a type of review which in recent years has suffered from the pressure of the increase of minor publications.

The staff is for the most part composed of men who, on leaving the University of Oxford, have attached themselves to the Liberal side of English politics, and this side, in its domestic and still more in its international aspect, has not been otherwise represented on the London literary press. The *Speaker* takes for its guide that Liberal opinion which still represents the energy of political thought in England.

The *Speaker* is on sale at all news-dealers and the International News Company (Limited), 83 and 85 Duane Street, New York; the Toronto News Company (Limited), Toronto, and the Montreal News Company (Limited), Montreal, Canada, where single copies can be obtained and subscriptions are received.

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The last impression that Nance O'Neil left in many minds when she was here in January was that of intense relief at having her shut away from sight. It was in the play of "Oliver Twist," and people were actually obliged to screen from their view the grisly sight of the battered and dying Nancy until Bill Sikes relieved the horrified tension, by covering the grewsome, gory heap with a sheet. People came away from the play in a state of horror and revolt. It was as if they had gone cheerfully off to a picnic, and stumbled by chance on a lynching. Such plays are entirely too strong meat for the healthy-minded, normal theatre-goer, and they are a dangerous incentive to the moral pervers. Such a creature, who had the instinctive love of bloodshed within him, could come away after seeing the unrelieved and brutal realism of that last awful scene, and know the thirst of the wild beast who had tasted blood, and longed for more. The story of Oliver Twist, regarded from a purely moral standpoint, is a strong, sensational, thrillingly interesting and intensely effective sermon against a life of crime. The play is by turns dull, prosy, and mystifying, except to those who have read the book, and luridly, coarsely melodramatic, and the end is like a horrible, haunting nightmare that one dreads to recall. There are but few glimpses of Dickens in his golden moments, and the rôle of Nancy does not call upon an actress's higher powers.

How Nance O'Neil can bring herself to play the barbarous part is a problem. A woman who can at a moment's notice overwhelm her audience with a perfect flood of emotional feeling which carries them off their feet and sweeps them far out on a tide of self-forgetfulness, should not coarsen and degrade her natural powers by allying them with such cheap, ghastly effects. It is a debasement of the art of acting to appeal to the coarsely animal, morbid love of the horrible, and only a lower order of mind can call it pleasure to have enacted on the stage a crime with such adjuncts as crimson splashes of painted gore and blood-curdling shrieks dying away under a rain of dull, horribly suggestive blows. People who have stumbled on this play by chance, unknowing of its hideous climax, have come away with a feeling of dislike and prejudice against Miss O'Neil. Yet they but share in the injustice she does herself, for she is made for better things than depicting its crudely repulsive horrors. Even to allow the recollection of herself to be associated with that of the stage Nancy Sikes seems to sully and spatter her healthy, wholesome, dazzling image with some of the dreadful stains and bruises of the wretched, murdered London drab. Her natural gift for the expression of tragic suffering forces her, however, to play parts that are not generally associated with unalloyed enjoyment. Hence it is not surprising that she has added to her repertoire the rôle of Camille.

"Camille" is an uncomfortable play, and our growing knowledge of sanitary science, and of the ubiquity of the nimble disease germ, makes it more so. It has come to be regarded as one of the dramatic chestnuts of the century, but Nance O'Neil never fails to lay a spell upon her hearers, no matter what she plays. She may be an impracticable, Mrs. Siddons kind of a creature, off the stage, but on it she is a round peg in a round hole. She is a player by birthright, and is indebted to no one for her methods. This, say the students of the times, is the age of imitation, assimilation, and one in which the individual is swallowed up in the typical. But I never saw an actress as young as Nance O'Neil so intensely individual and original in her acting. Instead of imitating, and assimilating, and standing in line with the rest of her kind, she boldly works out her own conception by the light of sheer inspiration. She is worth fifty of the Blanche Bates and the Maude Adams so dear to New York, in spite of the faults which frequently mar her work, and it is a lasting marvel that the Frohmans have allowed her to escape their clutches.

Physically, she is less suited to play Camille than she was during her last visit, for she has gained in weight, and lost her girlish slowness of figure in consequence. She is so glowingly alive, too, so charged with a warm, rich vitality that the consumptive cough seemed a mere perfunctory concession to the exigencies of the part, and utterly out of place coming from that full, milk-white throat. In appearance she was less handsome than usual. She wore her hair parted and brought plainly down over her cheeks without a ripple to relieve the severity of the style, partly as a touch of old-time mode and partly, perhaps, to narrow her face and thus approach more nearly to the appearance of a consumptive. But no one thought of such a thing as disease in connection

with her during the progress of the first act, except momentarily, when the cough and faintness came. She seemed a handsome, healthy, heart-whole and lung-whole young goddess of men's hearts, magnificently snubbing her admirers because their multiplicity made it perfectly safe. In the revelry at the supper-table, none of her peculiar and unusual power was evident, because it was not called on. The scene was clumsily rendered, for the dialogue—which is alive with that happy quality of Dumas's by which he hits off with conciseness, mingled gaiety, and wit, the characteristics of his people—fell like lead from the lips of the heavily respectable ladies and young-eyed cherubim not far from the "knee-pants" stage of youth, who represented the baleful brilliancy of the half-world of Paris.

The very contrast of it forced one to recall the lightness, the happy ease, the gay insouciance with which Bernhardt and her company rendered the same scene—so that it seemed a phase of real Parisian life passing under one's eyes. And in the midst sat Bernhardt, the queen of the revels, diffusing an extreme though subtle fascination by her mere presence, and intensifying it by every soft, slow syllable that fell indolently from her lips. Even Nance O'Neil seemed to share somewhat in the heaviness and *gaucherie* of her company during the swift cross-fire of raillery at the supper; but she began to give us a hint or so as to what she could do when she debated within herself as to whether she should open the gates of her heart to this new, disturbing influence.

However, it was not until the third act, when her Nemesis overtakes her, that the flood-gates of her emotion were raised, and then she carried us along with her like so many chips. It is marvelous, the utter abandonment with which she throws herself into this fictitious agony of suffering. The physical manifestations of her poignant despair are so life-like that one feels sometimes as if she were losing her self-control. She flings out her arms and throws back her head with a spasmodic energy, as if the muscular movements helped her to fight down and control the rising tide of utter woe that seems mounting to her throat and threatening to break forth in an outburst of hysterical frenzy. Her voice wails, and swells, and thrills, and breaks. She flings herself to the floor, with not a thought of poetry of motion or beauty of pose. She weeps pools of soaking tears. Her handkerchief becomes a wet wad, with which she recklessly mops back her hair; her face swells, her eyes swell, and I can not swear it, for the light was dim, but I think her nose swells. Her beauty is nearly gone, all but swamped in the lachrymose flood at the end of this scene, but her audience is with her as one man, and for the time her fears, her hopes, her suspense, her suffering are our very own. There is something wrong, viewed from the artistic standpoint, in thus putting æsthetic consideration so thoroughly aside, for the sorrow of tragedy should be bauntingly beautiful, like a sad strain of music or poetry, but even so, her supreme and thrilling power no one can gainsay. She is a rare creature, and with her youth, her splendid physique, and her exceptional gifts, that future which we are all prophecying for her, should soon become a present filled with honors.

Circus managers must view with much dissatisfaction the spread and popularity of vaudeville. It can not rob them of their power for spectacular effect, nor render within the circumscribed area of a theatrical stage the chariot-races, the equestrian processions and thrilling equestrian feats so dear to the heart of boys young and boys old, but it is beginning to lessen the novelty of the occasional circus by making common acrobatic feats, human freaks of the Chiquita and Major Mite sort, the clown act, and other attractions hitherto sacred to the circus. And now it is beginning to amuse us with the clever capers of trained animals. At first it was dogs, cats, goats, monkeys, and birds, but now they have calmly introduced on the Orpheum stage a set of trained ponies. Fascinating little beasts they are too, in their clean-limbed, satin-coated, equine babyhood. They have a pretty little willful air, too, with nothing of the resigned meekness which trained dogs display. Each species of trained animal has his way of protesting at being forced to put his comfort and his freedom aside and play his little part before the public. The cats lash their tails viciously, like their cousins, the tigers; the parquets ruffle their feathers, and the ponies put back their ears. Only the dog—bunble and subservient slave of man—refrains from showing temper, and becomes a four-legged exponent of wretched endurance.

The ponies go through their paces very well—I almost think they do not mind it, save when they all stand solemnly in a ring with their forefeet on an elevated platform, then every ear goes back protectingly, as if they knew that this was all foolery and but a prelude to the brighter things they can do. They are very much more taking than some of their human compeers; the Le Page Sisters, for example, who, if they stationed themselves before your front windows and went through their shrieking, quarreling act, would be bribed to move on with much speed and urgency. The Hawaiian Queens are three young women who have discovered that a vaudeville audience can be lulled into a state of sleepy content by constant movement and noise on the stage. Hence they present an act the mean-

ing of which is known to no man. But they are shapely, agile, and make a fairly agreeable noise in their musical programme, although their presumably Hawaiian costumes are of a savage ugliness.

Talking of shapeliness reminds one of the hair-lifting candor of Lotty's costume, and the intense joy of the masculine part of her audience in this "turn" found quite an enthusiastic echo at the Tivoli in the second act of "Fra Diavolo." There was a row of grizzled old Odd Fellows there on Monday night who were renewing old times in gossip and retrospect. Their talk ranged from San Diego to Siskiyou, and they paid but scant attention to the performance, until they made the joyful discovery that Zerlina was going to undress and go to bed. Then how the old fellows brightened up. They felt that they were sad, wild boys, and quite hugged themselves over their wickedness—when the pink skirt slipped deftly off. "What would mamma say?" queried one patriarch. "Does your mother know you're out?" responded another, playfully. "Oh, papa!" exclaimed a third abandoned case, with a pepper-and-salt fringe of the goat-beard order on his chin. When Zerlina stirred in her slumber as the brigand leaned over to stab her, and sleepily renewed her prayer to the Virgin, the fourth old grayhead exclaimed, giddily: "Baby's crying in her sleep!" They were as exhilarated over Zerlina's pretty, unconscious little bit of indecorum as though she had been a second Phryne. Yet, like most Zerlinas in the undressing act, she showed not an extra inch of the shape she commends with such charming, innocent vanity. The little Palmer-Walker (why does not she reject half of that mouthful of name?) did the scene very well, with just the pretty unconsciousness, the girlish abandon of a young creature who believes herself to be entirely alone with her mirror. She has a voice, too, and so has Tom Green, but she needs a few lessons in make-up, and the baritone has not yet learned to speak his lines without tripping himself up with vocal somersaults.

JOSEFITA.

John Blair's Unique Venture.

John Blair, formerly Julia Marlowe's leading man, whose successful appearance in Ibsen's "Ghosts" gave distinction to the close of the last New York dramatic season, has arranged to give a course of five plays during the present season. The plays to be presented will be selected from the work of Echegaray, Hauptmann, Sudermann, and other representative modern dramatists of Europe. The preference is to be given to those plays which, while of extrinsic interest and value, appeal necessarily to a rather limited audience, and which serve their purpose in an indirect rather than a direct manner; stimulating the critic and the dramatist to higher comprehension and effort, and through them seeking to arouse an ultimate response on the part of the general public. Mr. Blair's first performance will be given at a New York theatre in November. The opening play is not definitely settled upon, but it is thought that Hauptmann's "Lonely Lives" will be selected. The subsequent performances will be given in December, January, February, and March, after which Mr. Blair may make a short tour through some of the larger cities, repeating the performances given in New York.

In choosing the plays (says the October *Bookman*), care has been taken to select those most practicable with regard to the expense of presentation, as it is desirable to make the course of plays self-supporting, and yet to present each play adequately. Subscriptions for the course will be ten dollars, making the price of a single seat for each performance the same that would be paid for an orchestra chair in any first-class theatre. There is no intention or desire to compete with the regular theatres, but it is believed that there will be found a sufficient number of persons interested in the more permanent forms of the drama and in its healthful development to give Mr. Blair the hearty support his undertaking deserves. The course of plays is to be given under the patronage of such men as William Dean Howells, Bronson Howard, Messrs. Charles and Daniel Frohman, David Belasco, Charles Scribner, George Vanderbilt, Evert Jansen Wendell, and Henry Miller. Mr. Blair's scheme is the most practicable that has yet been presented in this country. Mr. Blair expects, by the way, to include one American play in his course.

Johari

Mr. Howard Malcolm Ticknor, M. A., of Boston, delivered a lecture on "Authors, Artists, and Celebrities Whom I Have Known at Home and Abroad," under the auspices of the Channing Auxiliary, last Thursday in the parlors of the First Unitarian Church. He will lecture again next Thursday at the same place, at 3:30 o'clock, on "Edmond Rostand and his Writings."

A vaudeville entertainment and dance were given by Stanford Parlor, No. 76, N. S. G. W., at Native Sons' Hall on Friday evening, October 20th.

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THEATRE DEADHEADS.

A New York Manager Comments on the Evil—
Critics, Actors, and Politicians Must
Be Cared For.

"All managers are worked regularly, persistently, and continuously for 'deadhead' tickets," said a Broadway theatre proprietor recently to a reporter of the New York Herald, "and if a manager could cash in the amount represented by these passes, he'd be willing to take it for his season's profits and say 'Thank you.' You have no idea what an awful amount of 'paper' there is in the house at every performance, even when a big hit is made and the signs 'Free list absolutely suspended' and 'Standing room only' are displayed.

"The deadhead is always there; there's no getting rid of him. And even when seats are at a premium and the public can't find tickets at the box-office this side of a week ahead, and speculators are coining money on the sidewalk, Mr. Deadhead has the best seat in the house gratis, all the same. We can't get rid of him, and I don't know that we want to—at least, the right sort of a deadhead. He's a necessary sort of evil, I suppose. Anyhow, he's been a regular attendant ever since theatres first started, and always will be in the line as long as a box-office is open for business.

"First among the deadheads is the newspaper critic. The number of tickets sent out to the newspapers on the production of a new play makes a big hole in the receipts. But there is a *quid pro quo*, for we get notices in return—sometimes a most ungodly 'roast,' to be sure, but a good many favorable notices, or anyhow a notice that was intended for a 'roast,' but which we can twist into commendation when we come to quote a line or two from it on the bill-boards.

"All the papers get complimentary tickets for the first night, two to each paper, sometimes more. Not only regular dailies, afternoon and evening, are included in the list, but some that you wouldn't think of in running over the names of the New York papers. You would be surprised to find out how many papers there are in New York. But you can bet the manager knows them all. They'll be along at the box-office, never fear. Some of them, the least important, or I should say, the unimportant ones, we stave off till the second or third night, but each of the leading papers get two of the best aisle seats for the first night. The first-night deadheads make a good hole in the bunch of tickets—about sixty go in this way.

"But we are not through with the newspaper deadheads when we've placed sixty of the best aisle seats in the house at their disposal. In some newspapers there are many men besides the paper's dramatic representative who are regularly on the deadhead list. Aside from the regular tickets issued for the critic's official use, a pair are often given for some member of his family or friends. And others in the office are similarly favored. Some of them don't ask for them and won't take them, but others drum us up promptly if we don't send them.

"The list is long enough, I can tell you, for the first night, but that only answers what I term the 'hurry calls.' The second and third nights, when if the play is a big success we can sell every seat in the house for cash, witness the presence of more deadheads, chief of which are the out-of-town papers. We've staved most of them off the first night, but they're right 'in it' on the second, third, or fourth night, according to their importance. You see, we're probably going to play their cities later in the season, and have to bear them in mind. The best of them have resident New York correspondents, and these gentlemen have to be carefully banded and delicately considered with a pair of tickets each. Put them down for a total of sixty tickets on the second night to start with, and perhaps more later.

"And even this does not get rid of the out-of-town newspaper men, for papers here, there, and everywhere ask for tickets and get them, too, from the leading papers of the smaller near-by cities—from which we draw Mr. and Mrs. Commuter and the little Commuters, to the Bungtown Bugle and Crossroads Chronicle. The better known out-of-town papers can be put into seats in the balcony, while the Bungtown Bugle goes into the gallery and the Crossroads Chronicle stands up at the back, b'gosh. And now we are pretty well through with the newspaper man for a while, though after a little he'll come back now and then for another pair for his maiden aunt and his grandmother, who have come to town to see the play that Willie's paper said every one ought to witness. Give 'em a pair and pass 'em in.

"This is not the end of the deadheads, as you will notice presently, but only the beginning of them; we're only done with the newspaper contingent. There are lots of others coming—the profession, for instance. Every actor or actress who is 'at liberty' expects 'the courtesy of the house,' and smilingly approaches the box-office with a request for seats—'Good ones, please.' Many of these people are turned down, but more get in.

"As a rule, professionals in the audience are a most undesirable lot. Though they are guests of the house they keep up a running criticism on the play and the players in by no means inaudible tones. They manage to let everybody in their neighborhood

know that the play is 'rot,' or at least is rubbish the way it is played; that they refused the leading rôles themselves; and that if they had known how badly it was going to be done they would certainly have taken pity on 'Jim' or 'Harry'—the manager is always Jim or Harry in these conversations to show how intimate they are—they would have taken pity on Jim or Harry and helped him by accepting the engagement. Four or five professionals in an audience make twenty well-pleased people in the house think the play is had before the evening is over, and twenty in the house can pretty nearly queer the show—if they get a chance.

"But we are not through with the deadheads yet. I can see them coming, in my mind's eye—see them coming in droves, sometimes. They are the special friends of the manager, and he never knows how wide his circle of acquaintances is till he hits it off with a good play. There are others, business friends of the house, whom it won't do to refuse, and business friends' friends, eight out of every ten of whom are politely refused, 'as the house is sold out' (nit). And then there are the friends of our business friends' friends, who are turned down on sight.

"Then there are the politicians, some of whom are connected with the municipal departments that might give trouble through the building, police, fire, or other department laws, that they might twist into a weapon for personal use, and who have to be considered and provided for. They get a lot of free seats in the course of a year.

"It's a pity, perhaps, you think, that we don't wipe out the whole system, and sell our goods for cash, just as the merchant does his over the counter; but it can't be done. Deadheadism is an evil that has grown up with the theatre, and its roots are too deep to be pulled up now. We can stamp it down in a measure, and lop off the growth when it becomes too rank, but the deadhead is a theatrical weed that we can't eliminate. At least, no manager has yet succeeded in doing it."

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Ballad of the Breeze.
Sir Thomas sat on the quarterdeck,
And he thought full thoughtfully;
And he said to his crew:
"This will never do,
We must have more wind, d'ye see?"

"I appeal to your honest British hearts,
I appeal to your Irish souls,
I appeal to the Dutch,
And the Scotch, as much
As I do to the two young Poles.

"I appeal to the Hindoo members, too,
I appeal to the Chinese cook,
That ye get together
And raise some weather—
Some wind around Sandy Hook."

Sir Thomas paced by the galley fire,
And he spake with a saddened face:
"To think, od-sounds,
With my million pounds,
I can't raise the wind for a race!"

The Scotchman got him a bicycle pump,
The Hindoo a hewlows great,
The Chinese cook
A big fan took,
And the air tried to agitate.

The Irishman stood on the main's'l yard,
And coaxed with his whiskers fine,
But the needed breeze
He couldn't tease,
Or bring from off the brine.

Then over the rail came a cheery hail,
And it said: "Ob, cease your cryin',
No need for sorrow,
There'll be wind to-morrow—
We've sent for Billy Bryan!"

—Baltimore American.

An Unhappy Realization.
It's over now, and Dewey's back.
We've cheered until our throats did crack;
We've yelled our faces fairly black.
We've flung our bunting here and there,
We've worn gay ribbons in our hair,
And put inscriptions everywhere.
We've set off guns, and set up food
For an enormous multitude—
The rich, the poor, polite, and rude.

We've beaten drums and squeaked the fife,
We've filled our trumpets full of life,
And joy has driven out all strife.

We've whooped and howled upon the mart,
Stuck up an arch chock-full of art
That filled with awe each swelling heart.

We've made the Hero feel that he
Was welcome from the distant sea
In all his glorious majesty.

But now it's over! Dewey's back!
We've had our flare, we've had our whack.
And now what next? Alas! Alack!

How flat our days! How flat and stale,
With nothing more that we can hail
With glad acclaim on splendid scale!

The curtain's down. The play is through.
There's nothing more that we can do.
There's nothing to look forward to.

—Bazar.

Banks (to the waiter)—"I believe I'll have a rum-olet." Tanks (with a sleepy shiver)—"Bring me the same—without the eggs."—Life.

STAGE GOSSIP.

First Production of "The Conspirators."

Monday night will doubtless be a gala occasion at the Grand Opera House, when "The Conspirators," an original comic opera, is to be produced for the first time on any stage. The music is by H. J. Stewart, who already has two successful operas—"Bluff King Hal" and "His Majesty"—to his credit, and the libretto is by Clay M. Greene, the well-known playwright. Both have a host of friends in San Francisco who wish them success in their collaboration, and, according to those who have witnessed the rehearsals, they need have no fear of being disappointed. The scene of the opera is laid in Spain during the middle sixteenth century, and the plot is romantic as well as comic. One striking feature is the introduction of a number of pretty and catching songs, running the gamut from solo to sextet.

The cast will be as follows: Don Juanito Alverado, Edith Mason; Don Umberto Alverado, his stern parent, Arthur Wooley; Friar Santal, his tutor, Nance Bonville; Don Castanetto, a court fop, Thomas H. Persse; Don Filippo Cassanova, chief of the conspirators, William Wolff; the King of Spain, Winfred Goff; the Queen of Spain, Bessie Fairbairn; Isabella Cassanova, Don Filippo's daughter, Hattie Belle Ladd; Chona Malarin, Georgie Cooper; Mariana, Jeanette Fredericks; Serphina, Ida St. Aubin; Sister Alicia, mother superior of the convent, Alice Gray; Ferdinand, a page, Mabel Hilliard.

"A Breach of Promise" at the California.

Nance O'Neil will close her most successful engagement at the California Theatre to-night (Saturday) with her strong portrayal of Nancy Sikes in "Oliver Twist," and on Sunday evening "A Breach of Promise" will be presented. It is a three-act musical farce-comedy, with an interesting plot, and abounds in laughable situations and sparkling dialogue. Not a little of the success of the production is due to the clever, high-class specialties which are introduced. Most prominent in the company are Joseph Harrington, a capital stage comedian; Burt Haverly, the old-time negro minstrel, who is well-known in San Francisco; Fred Seville, Nellie Sennett, and Rosa Crouch.

After "A Breach of Promise," which is to be given for one week only, comes "Brown's in Town," with Maud Knowlton, a former San Franciscan, in the leading rôle.

Hoyt's "A Milk White Flag."

Eddie Foy in "Hotel Topsy-Turvy" gives way on Sunday night to Charles Hoyt's farce-comedy, "A Milk White Flag," which, while it has been given here a number of times before, is based on a sufficiently unique idea to keep it alive and popular for some time to come. The action hinges on the sad predicament in which the Ransome Guards find themselves, when a rival club is about to bury one of its members with much pomp and ostentation. They can't outdo the other organization in the way of a funeral, because none of their members die opportunely. How they manage to overcome the difficulty and sustain their reputation is told in the play, and the complications which ensue when one of their number is forced to act the part of a corpse, are extremely amusing and ludicrous, although it must be admitted that the jokes and repartee at times jar on one's sensibilities. The company is said to be an excellent one and includes the usual bevy of *chic*, short-skirted girls, who always figure in Hoyt farces. Matbews and Bulger will follow in a new version of "By the Sad Sea Waves."

A Revival of "La Belle Hélène."

"Othello" will be the bill at the Tivoli Opera House this (Saturday) evening, and for Sunday evening "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci" will be sung for the last time. On account of the rehearsals of Meyerbeer's tragic opera, "L'Africaine," next week will be devoted to comic opera, the bill being Offenbach's mythological creation, "La Belle Hélène," with Ada Palmer Walker, Julie Cotte, Tom Greene, Alfred C. Wheelan, Phil Branson, and William Schuster in the cast. In addition two new-comers make their debut—Katherine Knowles, a prominent character actress from New York, and Cora Harris, who was the leader of Frank Daniels's bevy of *coryphées* when the little comedian was in San Francisco last season.

"L'Africaine," which will follow "La Belle Hélène," will alternate with "The Black Cloaks." In the grand opera, Signors Avedano, Salassa, Wanrell, Fonari, Zani, and Anna Lichter and Charlotte Beckwith will make their re-appearance after their well-earned rest.

The Orpheum's Excellent Bill.

With the exception of Loty, Tom Brown, and the Florenz Troupe, the bill at the Orpheum next week will be entirely new. Wright Huntington, who was last seen here in the legitimate, will make his debut on the vaudeville stage in San Francisco in his own charming little one-act play entitled "A Stolen Kiss." It is founded on a story related to Mr. Huntington by Lieutenant Gardner, of the Third Artillery, at the Presidio Club some years ago. Mr. Huntington is supported by George Farren and Adele Francis. The latter is noted for

her beauty and will wear some striking gowns. Among the other new-comers are Laura Burt, the former leading lady, who will appear in monologue; Sada, until recently violin soloist in Sousa's Band; Vinie de Witt, the cornetist; Walton's Acrobatic Simians; and Mile. Erna's Musical Canines.

Off for Foreign Lands.

Among the passengers sailing by the Pacific Mail Co.'s S. S. *China*, November 9th, will be a small party of tourists en route round the world. Major J. O. Hutchinson, who has for fifteen years been chief of Thos. Cook & Son's staff of "Round the World" conductors, will accompany the party to superintend all details of the journey.

There are still vacancies for a few ladies or gentlemen. Full particulars can be obtained at Cook's Tourist Bureau, 621 Market Street, San Francisco.

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VANITY FAIR.

Preparations for the winter campaign are going on apace at all the smart dressmakers' and milliners' establishments (writes Anne Morton Lane, the Chicago *Times-Herald's* London correspondent). It is evident that the general disapproval that is everywhere evinced in regard to French matters generally will have a good deal of effect upon London trade. The most fashionable women, who until the last few months have invariably bought their smartest frocks in the Rue de la Paix, have now come to the conclusion that they will give Bond Street and Wigmore Street a chance, and this result is in every way gratifying to English dressmakers. The decided negative that is being given to most things that are French is specially shown in the coloring of the newest English day and evening-gowns. In Paris there is a furor for all things that are black. Frenchwomen, whether in day-time or the evening, drape themselves in heavy, unrelieved sable garments, while hats of the same funeral hue are preeminently in favor. To heighten the dismal darkness of their appearance the Parisienne *à la mode* colors her face a dead, chalky white, blackens her eyebrows and under her eyes heavily, and stains her lips a dazzling scarlet. With red hair and dead-black hat and gown the effect is weird in the extreme. Sometimes it is rather becoming, in a theatrical, *bizarre* fashion, but for the most part the Frenchwoman thus turned out is not thoroughly successful as a work of art. In direct contradiction to this black fad of the Parisians, Englishwomen this winter will revel in all colors that are most brilliant and bright. Shades of red, warm tones of purple, gayly tinted cheeks and plaids, hats that boast discreet blendings of the gayest tones, will all be in favor, and it looks as if the dull London streets will blossom like the rose.

Continuing, the *Times-Herald's* correspondent says that it is to be doubted whether the royal princesses will adopt personally the brilliant colorings and styles that bid fair to be fashionable. It is well known that the Princess of Wales, for instance, never favors anything but the most sober or delicate of color schemes. Black, pure white, or gray, lightened only by delicate dashes of pale mauve or heliotrope, are her special fancies in regard to shades. The Princess of Wales and her daughters usually have the preliminary fittings of their bodices adjusted to dress-stands, which are precise and absolute models of their own figures. After a fairly satisfactory fit has been made on these dummies, a dressmaker brings her materials to Marlborough House, and the final trying on is made upon the royal ladies personally. The Duchess of Fife and Princess Victoria of Wales dress with almost dowdy simplicity. In fact, Princess Victoria seems to have "no mind of her own" in regard to the choice of her gowns, the Princess of Wales usually undertaking this onerous task for her. Princess Charles of Denmark appears to be the most "dressy" of all the royal ladies. She dearly loves chiffons, and frills, and laces, and is, in fact, occasionally apt to look just a little overdressed. The Duchess of Fife revels in the simplest tweed gowns, with short skirts and coat bodices. Most of her life she spends in the country, and she usually has all her rustic dresses bound and strapped with leather. Princess Henry of Battenberg (Princess Beatrice) is said to be the most dowdily dressed of all the queen's daughters. She used to have a very beautiful figure, but "too, too solid flesh" has encroached upon the grace of its outline, and nowadays the Battenberg widow is rather "bunchy." Princess Christian dresses very nicely, after a smart, matronly manner, while the Duchess of Connaught is sensible enough to know that she has very little taste in clothes herself, and therefore is always guided in the selection of her garments by her specially tried and trusted *modiste*. Particularly smart is the Marchioness of Lorne (Princess Louise) upon all occasions. She is seen to best advantage at night, in pure white, but in the daytime gray or black, touched with some brilliant relief in cherry-color or turquoise-blue, is her favorite wear. The Duchess of York is not by any manner of means distinguished in her manner of dressing. She likes "the latest styles," irrespective of the fact of their being either graceful or becoming to her. She also preserves her girlish fondness for shades of the most brilliant yet delicate blue, or mauve, and, as time is not dealing too gently with her complexion, the result is not apt to be all that one could desire. As a whole, however, the women of the English court, considering that they are not any of them, except the Princess of Wales, overpoweringly good-looking, are worthy of some admiration. They are fresh and healthy-looking, and manage to be both dignified and gracious in demeanor and carriage.

According to the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, a handsomely and appropriately equipped four-in-hand coach is not now a strange sight in the fashionable thoroughfares. The expensive pleasure of tooting a coach-and-four is becoming more common, especially among young men whose inclinations are not hampered by a want of ample funds. But a few years ago a four-in-hand coach was generally regarded, except by members of the Coaching Club, as the medium for a rollicking good time at so much per head, and the chief recommendation

of the coachman was that he had been an expert driver of a heavy truck. The guard was, as a rule, a stable boy. Ten years have witnessed a change in this regard. The ambition of the moneyed "horsey" man of to-day is to have a typical road or mail coach, which he tools with all the traditional requirements of outfit and dress. The expansion of the sport from an exclusive organization of clubmen to the general public has made the professional whip and coaching instructor of general importance, and the sport has not, therefore, deteriorated in the matter of the observance of details. The fear of criticism prompts the ambitious "gentleman whip" to wear the proper sort of hat, to hold his reins and whip correctly, and to have his "apron" properly adjusted. The guard must necessarily resemble a figure from an ancient coaching print, and the atmosphere of the period when the coach was a necessity, not a fad, must be adopted as closely as possible. As a result of the growing popularity of the "king of all sports" the fashionable drives are daily rendered picturesque by the gay pictures of handsomely mounted four-in-hand coaches and to the din of the avenue has been added the blare of "the yard of tin."

The question so often asked as to whether women will not soon tire of the serious studies of the clubs, seems to be answered in the negative by the enthusiasm with which club work is being taken up all over the country. The subjects for study or discussion are more diversified each year. India and Assyria are among the countries to be studied this winter by clubs devoted to history. Art in all its phases retains its popularity, and economic problems appear with greater frequency on programmes. The clubs in large cities no longer expect the programmes to be entirely rendered by the members. Instead, eminent men and women are engaged for addresses on special topics of which they can speak with authority. The Chicago Woman's Club of eight hundred members will consider the following subjects this season: "The Outlook for Social Unity," "The Elizabethan Drama," "The Evolution of Music During the First Half of the Nineteenth Century," "Psychology Applied to Ethics," "The Criterion of the Good or the Right," "The Analysis of the Ideal," "The General Purposes of Ethical Theory," "The Responsibility of Wealth," "The Ethics of War," "The Mediæval Spirit," "The Effect of the Industrial Occupation of Women," "Women in Economics," "The Drama of To-Day."

The discouraging news that hostesses can now properly receive their guests only on the staircase comes to New York from London (says the New York *Sun*). The average stairway in a New York house does not lend itself to any other purpose than that for which it is originally intended, and two persons who can pass without collision on one are accounted fortunate. The difficulties that would beset the hostess who tried to receive her guests in the fashion demanded now by the London mode are enough to put an end to entertaining. But London fashions are frequently modified for New York use, and this style, even by those most respectful of English habits, will undoubtedly be confined to the New York homes in which the staircase is something more than merely useful. The number of such houses is increasing rapidly, and they are not always among the most expensive. Some New York architects are accomplishing their best work by the skillful use of space with which it was at one time thought possible only to accomplish the most conventional results. But these are not yet numerous enough to make the new style popular. Another social habit which is said to have gained new vogue in London awaits acceptance here. Some years ago the decree went forth that it was not good form to say good-bye to a hostess after an afternoon reception, and that custom was rigidly obeyed. Guests stared ostentatiously at their hostesses in parting, and walked stonily by as if to show that they were familiar with the last nod in modest manners. The origin of the style was, of course, the presumption that the crowded condition of the rooms would make such a thing impossible. That style has been maintained whatever the number of guests might be, and a generation has been taught to follow it. Now the fashion has been changed. According to London reports for the coming season, warm and gushing farewells to the hostess are to be the rule of persons who keep up with details in such matters. What with this change, and the necessity of receiving on the stairway, the winter fashions in manners are fuller of difficulties than usual.

Sunday golf is still agitating several suburban communities. In several golf clubs a rule has been laid down that on Sundays no caddies shall be employed, and that the wearing of conspicuous clothing must be avoided. In some instances the area of play has been restricted, so that teeing-grounds and putting-grounds that are near the public highways are barred to those playing the game on Sunday. In fact, a wide-spread effort has been made on the part of those responsible for the conduct of golfing links not to offend the religious feelings of their neighbors, and for this reason everything calculated to make the game a conspicuous feature, or to lead others in it, has been rigorously excluded. Notwithstanding all these efforts, those who believe in a strict enforcement of Sunday laws, especially in New England, think the time has come for finding out if there is

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any value in the statutes regulating Sunday observance (comments the New York *Times*), and it is reported that a number of golfing clubs have received notice from public authorities to the effect that complaint has been made against Sunday playing, and hence, if this is continued, arrests and prosecutions must follow. A Boston paper editorially remarks that if the Sunday-observance law is to be strictly enforced, then golf, as well as many other admitted Sunday amusements, must go down before it, or, what is more likely, the law as it now stands will go down before them. The article continues: "If, however, the law is to be discriminatingly enforced, and exceptions made where there is obviously nothing offensive, then we can imagine no play which can advance a better claim to be thus favorably considered. There are few out-of-doors sports that middle-aged persons can indulge in which are more salutary and health-giving. If the Sunday playing of golf was prohibited, there are many who now play the game, and who derive great mental and physical benefit from it, who would rarely, if ever, be able to take part in it. For this reason we believe it is exceedingly unwise to start any agitation along these lines. Certainly, with the great popular interest that now exists in the game, if such an effort is made, it will lead to a strong, and, in all probability, successful effort to radically amend the Lord's Day statutes."

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THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

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	Shares.	BONDS.		Closed.	
				Bid.	Asked.
Cal. St. Cable Co. 5%	5,000	@ 118½		117	
Los An. & Pac. Ry.					
5%	5,000	@ 103½		103½	
Market St. Ry. 5½%	7,000	@ 116- 116½		115½	116½
N. R. of Cal. 6%	20,000	@ 115		114	
N. R. of Cal. 5½%	4,000	@ 113		112½	113½
Oakland Transit 6%	1,000	@ 111½		111½	112
Powell St. Ry. 6%	5,000	@ 120		119	122
S. F. & N. P. Ry. 5%	11,000	@ 114½		114½	
S. F. & S. J. Ry. 5½%	27,000	@ 115- 115½		115	
Sierra Ry. of Cal. 6%	5,000	@ 108½		108½	109½
S. P. Branch 6½%	2,000	@ 122½		122	123
S. V. Water 6½%	1,000	@ 114		114	
S. V. Water 4%	5,000	@ 104		103½	104½
S. V. Water 4½ 3d	25,000	@ 101½-101¾		101½	
	Shares.	STOCKS.		Closed.	
				Bid.	Asked.
Contra Costa Water.	365	@ 68½- 70%		69½	
Spring Valley Water.	155	@ 101½-101¾		101½	101¾
		Gas and Electric.			
Equitable Gaslight	1,845	@ 5- 5½		5	5½
Mutual Electric	90	@ 15- 15½		14½	15
Oakland G. L. & H. S.	35	@ 49- 49½		48½	49½
S. F. Gas & Electric.	810	@ 60- 63¾		61	61½
		Banks.			
Bank of Cal.	24	@ 390		390	397½
		Street R. R.			
California St.	10	@ 122		121	
Market St.	190	@ 62½		62	62½
		Powders.			
Giant Con.	1,015	@ 80½- 84¾		84¾	85¾
Vigorit	800	@ 2½- 3		2½	3
		Sugars.			
Hana P. Co.	1,345	@ 11- 13¾		12½	13
Hawaiian	145	@ 95- 95½		95	95½
Honokaa S. Co.	1,600	@ 34¾		34¾	35
Hutchinson	275	@ 29¾- 30		29¾	29¾
Makaweli S. Co.	730	@ 48¾- 49½		49	49½
Onomea S. Co.	180	@ 38¾		38¾	39
Pauahau S. P. Co.	415	@ 36- 36½		36	36½
		Miscellaneous.			
Alaska Packers	20	@ 118		117½	119
Oceanic Steam Co.	55	@ 87		86	87

The lighting stocks have been weak and sold down from five points to one-quarter of a point on sales of 800 shares. San Francisco Gas and Electric sold from 65 to 60, but closed at 61 bid, 61½ asked. Ninety shares of Mutual Electric sold at 15, and 2,000 shares of Equitable Gas were thrown on the market, only lowering the price 25 cents per share, the stock closing at 5 bid, 5½ asked. This company is doing a great deal of work and is now laying pipe up Sutter and Ellis Streets, and claims to have more orders for gas than they can fill at the present time. Pacific Gas Improvement Company was offered down to 63 without any transactions being made.

The powder stocks have been strong, and Giant

Consolidated advanced four and one-half points on good buying, and closed at 84½ bid, with little stock offering. There are rumors on the street that this stock will be selling above the 90 mark in the near future, as the market has been over-sold and the prosperous condition of the company warrants that price.

The sugar stocks have been steady on sales of about 5,000 shares, with narrow fluctuations, with the exception of Hana, which sold down three points to 11, but reacted to 13½, but closed easy at 12½ bid, 13 asked. This company has declared a 50 cent quarterly dividend, payable November 1st.

INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

SIG B. SCHLOSS.

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Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

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Member Stock and Bond Exchange, Broker in Bonds and Stocks and Municipal Securities.

324 Montgomery St., San Francisco

TELEPHONE MAIN 1381.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,187,617.90
Capital actually paid up in cash..... 1,000,000.00
Deposits June 30, 1899..... 27,656,513.03

OFFICERS—President, B. A. BECKER; First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNEY; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MILLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODFELLOW.
Board of Directors—Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohde, D. N. Walter, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, and John Lloyd.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

532 California Street.

Deposits, July 1, 1899.....\$24,920,395
Paid-Up Capital..... 1,000,000
Reserve Fund..... 205,215
Contingent Fund..... 442,763

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres.
LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH,
Cashier. Asst. Cashier.
Directors—George W. Beaver, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, Albert Miller, Geo. Tasheira, E. B. Pond.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL.....\$3,000,000
SURPLUS..... 1,000,000
PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT. 2,337,829
July 1, 1899.

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier
IRVING F. MOULTON.....2d Assistant Cashier
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary

CORRESPONDENTS:

New York.....Messrs. Laidlaw & Co.
The Bank of New York, N. B. A.
Baltimore.....The National Exchange Bank
Boston.....The National Shawmut Bank
Chicago.....Illinois Trust and Savings Bank
Union National Bank
Philadelphia.....The Philadelphia National Bank
St. Louis.....Boatmen's Bank
Virginia City, Nev.....Agency of the Bank of California
London.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons
Paris.....Messrs. de Rothschild Frères
Berlin.....Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft
China, Japan, and East Indies. Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China
Australia and New Zealand.....The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

WELLS FARGO & CO., BANK

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$6,250,000
Jno. J. VALENTINE, President; HOMER S. KING, Manager;
H. WADSWORTH, Cashier; F. L. LIFMAN, Asst.-Cashier;
H. L. MILLER, Second Asst.-Cashier.

Directors—John J. Valentine, Benj. P. Cheney, Oliver Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, Geo. E. Gray, John J. McCook, John Berningham, Dudley Evans.
Branches at New York, Salt Lake, and Portland.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.

OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$3,702,300; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$2,112,546.

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.

COLIN M. BOYD, Agent for San Francisco,
411 California Street.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

An English farmer, though severely cross-examined on the matter, remained very positive as to the identity of some ducks which he alleged had been stolen from him. "How can you be so certain?" asked the counsel for the prisoner; "I have some ducks of the same kind in my own possession." "Very likely," was the cool answer of the farmer; "those are not the only ducks I've had stolen."

An ex-judge is cashier of a certain bank. One day recently he refused to cash a check offered by a stranger. "The check is all right," he said, "but the evidence you offer in identifying yourself as the person to whose order it is drawn is scarcely sufficient." "I've known you to hang a man on less evidence, judge," was the stranger's response. "Quite likely," replied the ex-judge; "but when it comes to letting go of cold cash, we have to be careful."

A young lady, who had greatly enjoyed John Kendrick Bangs's "Houseboat on the Styx," thought it only just to write a few lines expressing her delight. She ended her letter with: "I did so much enjoy your 'Houseboat on the Styx.'" Mr. Bangs politely answered: "DEAR MISS: If you have studied mythology, and without doubt you have, you will realize that considering the ungodly heat where those Styx are supposed to be located, it would be impossible for them to support the houseboat until my lines were finished. Yours truly, J. K. B."

A Scotch farmer who was a bachelor, and a little past his prime, decided that the best thing he could do was to marry a certain middle-aged neighbor of his who did not lack for money. He went, wooed, and won, and his estate soon took on an air of greater prosperity. One of the first purchases he made with his wife's money was a horse. When he brought it home he called his wife out to see it. After admiring the animal she said: "Well, Sandy, if it hadna been for my siller it hadna been here." "Jenny," replied Sandy, "if it hadna been for yer siller, ye hadna been here yersel!"

Henry Keyes, of Vermont, was a life-long Democrat. Governor Mattacks—or Judge Mattacks—was for a brief period a Democrat also. After he got to be a judge he soon became a Whig. While holding court at St. Johnsbury he occupied a room at the leading hotel, which, as was usual during court time, was full. Late at night Mr. Keyes arrived and wanted a bed. The landlord informed him that every bed in the house had two in it except the one that was occupied by Judge Mattacks. "Go up and tell him that Henry Keyes wants to sleep with him." The landlord went up, rapped at the judge's door, and told him his errand. "Henry Keyes," said the judge, half asleep; "Henry Keyes, of Newbury? Democrat? Oh, yes, I've had it once; let him in."

Disraeli, it is said, laughed only once in the House of Commons. Gladstone had made an impassioned speech in favor of the union of Wallachia and Moldavia. Disraeli pointed out that the result would be the extinction of the independence of these people, and the only thing left would be the renorse "which would be painted with admirable eloquence by the rhetorician of the day." In reply, Mr. Gladstone said that he would not be guilty of the affected modesty of pretending to be ignorant that that designation, "the rhetorician of the day," was intended for himself. Mr. Disraeli interrupted with the remark: "I beg your pardon; I really did not mean that." Gladstone's face expressed amazement and indignation, and Disraeli sat down with a satisfied smile that told of his enjoyment.

In "Passages from the Diaries of Mrs. Philip Lybbe Porys" there are some amusing chronicles of eighteenth-century small beer. For example: "Princess Amelia asked a remarkably tall young man what he was intended for. 'The church,' said he. 'Oh, sir, you must mistake,' said the princess; 'it was certainly for the steeple.' Hitherto this report has been attributed to Curran. Mrs. Porys also notes a new Pope pun. One day Sir Walter Blunt's father was in Pope's company, and talking of punning. Pope said that was a species of wit so triflingly easy that he would answer to make one on any proposed subject off hand, when a lady in the company said: 'Well, Mr. Pope, make one on keel-hauling.' He instantly replied: 'That, madam, is indeed putting a man under a hardship!'"

Professor Bunsen, the great German chemist who died recently, was the recipient of numberless orders and decorations, which he held in the smallest esteem. Whenever any sovereign or noble of high degree stopped over in Heidelberg, Professor Bunsen was always invited to state banquets, but he never failed to arrive late, generally forgetting to array himself in his decorations. To obviate this the governors in the professor's family adopted the plan of sticking all his orders and decorations into his evening trousers pockets, so that he could put them on his breast while he was being driven to his entertainments. One day he appeared at a function in

honor of a grand duke of Baden with all his crosses and medals still in his pockets. One of his colleagues took him to one side and called his attention to his neglect. Bunsen thereupon coolly pulled out a handful of decorations and, stepping up to a mirror, began pinning them to his breast, while the other guests standing about looked at him in amazement. But Bunsen, quite unembarrassed and without noticing their astonishment, remarked, genially: "Oh, I have as many more in the other pocket!" And, calm and dignified in the midst of the hush, he proceeded to complete his adornment.

HIS COUP D'ÉTAT.

The Victory of the Morning after the Club Dinner.

"How will she take it?"

The deep silence which in domestic atmospheres often foretells a coming storm, brooded over the Dimpleton household. It was eleven o'clock in the morning, and the head of the house, with a towel wound feebly around his head, lay back on the pillow and reflected aloud, as much as it is possible for a man to reflect who, the evening before, has unwound several miles of a club dinner. The bibulous leave-taking, and the long, dark space between this and his arrival home, lighted up like a comet heaven, with flashing and wobbly electric lights, his interminable effort to find himself and get away from his clothes, his boundless good nature that seemed to reach up and envelop the very universe, and, through all, the tattered memory of his wife's pale and terrified face—all these rose up like ghosts. And now he must explain.

Now he must summon all his energies, use his utmost eloquence, be resourceful, complaisant, watchful for the advantage, cunning, and strong, with a head that split like a thunder-cloud when lightning goes through it, with a conscience that seethed from one emotion to the other, and with a wife not unable to cope with him when in the full possession of his normal faculties. He could not do it. How could he make her see the really fine instincts that had led him to this height of intellectual abandon? He knew why he had taken too much, but to explain it to a woman! Bah! Impossible! What should he do? There was no escape. He must take his punishment. Besides he needed water. His throat lay before him like an interminable desert, with every grain of sand a sponge, and every sponge quivering with thirst. He must have it. He called—a dry and husky call. There was the swish of a woman's skirt; his wife appeared, and the mock courage that Dimpleton had summoned up but a moment before vanished like snow before the noonday sun. He smiled up at her the white and craven smile of unconditional surrender, and said, with an idiotic attempt at brightness:

"Well—my—dear—why—don't—you—ask—me—how—I—feel?"

Between the fourth and fifth years of married life there is a look that attains its full growth in a woman's eyes, and the deadly poison of it is only gathered by many engravings of experience. Reproach, restrained anger, fine contempt, repugnance, some slight pity, and a sense of immeasurable distance from the object, are its chief constituents. It was this look that Mrs. Dimpleton now fixed upon her husband. Then, moving slowly toward the window, she raised the curtain, and ignoring his question, said with the glacial accents which somehow conveyed instantly that she was now a wife in name only, but still dignified, still bound to do her duty to the base partner of her wretched existence:

"Is there anything you want?"

"Water," said Dimpleton, instantly; "ice-water—a barrellful," he added, facetiously and feebly.

Mrs. Dimpleton displayed no haste. She moved again slowly across the room, touched the bell, and whispered a moment to the maid outside the door to bring the longed-for relief. Dimpleton went on another propitiatory tack.

"I thought you would prefer to order the water for me, my dear," he said, "as the servants—might—not—know."

"They know," said his wife, coldly; "they—assisted you last night. You will understand," she said, "that I can never forgive you for this. NEVER! I am glad that you have revealed yourself in your true light. Of course I can not love you again as I have done. That is all past—dead. I thought that you were at least a man. You will try to excuse yourself, but it is utterly useless for you to do so. Nothing can wipe out the dark stain of last night. To see you as I have seen you is not to be forgotten. You might have had the decency—"

There was a knock at the door and the ice-water came.

Dimpleton drank.

"—You might have had the decency to go to a hotel and not obtrude yourself on me. You have not only killed my love for you, but every atom of respect is also gone."

Dimpleton drank again—deeply.

"It is not only gone, but can never return. I never could have the slightest feeling for any man who has made a—"

Mrs. Dimpleton was a refined and sensitive soul, and the word jarred on her, but it was the only one that exactly fitted the situation,—"a beast of himself."

In the meantime Dimpleton had gotten what he most needed. The cringing, coward creature of a moment before was now no more. The water and his wife's words had done the work. Tearing the towel from his head, he rose up in bed, pointed to the door, and, with a voice like a lion, said:

"Leave the room!"

And Mrs. Dimpleton swept out.

The hard substratum of character in Dimpleton's nature had been hit, and rang out.

Twenty minutes later a carefully groomed man, still with a half-quenched thirst—for that is a matter of hours—and still with a cerebral saw-mill working at diminished speed, walked into his wife's apartment, outwardly calm and imperturbable.

"Eleanor," he said, quietly and sternly, "we may as well understand each other now as at any other time. Last night I went to my annual club dinner. It is of no consequence why I drank or what I drank. I drank what I wanted to and I came home in the manner that best pleased me. This house is mine, and this is a privilege that I propose to exert whenever I see fit. The servants assisted me up the stairs, and I am glad they knew their business. If they hadn't, it would now be my pleasure to discharge every last one of them."

Dimpleton paused, lighted a cigarette, and blew the smoke through his wife's pet lace curtains.

"I hope," he said, distinctly, "that I have made myself plain, as I shall not permit the subject to be referred to again. If I choose, as you somewhat coarsely remarked, to make a beast of myself, I shall do it morning, noon, and night, when and where I please. If necessary, I will hire a hall for the purpose. As for you, you can do as you please. But remember, I will have no more of this. I am now going to the club. When I get home you will know I am here," and Dimpleton turned toward the door. But Mrs. Dimpleton was before him.

"Dear," she said, wistfully, as she flung her arms around his neck, "will you forgive me?"

"This time," said Dimpleton, half sternly, "but don't let it occur again."—Tom Masson in Life.

A West Indian Hurricane

Recently traveled up and down the coast at will, upset all calculations, and acted in an entirely different manner from any other storm. Sometimes dyspepsia acts in the same way. It refuses to yield to treatment which has cured similar cases. Then Hostetter's Stomach Bitters should be taken. It will affect a cure speedily and naturally. It has cured stomach troubles for half a century. Try it.

An order has been issued by Superintendent Potter to the employees of the Long Island Railroad worthy of note. It is to the effect that all employees in addressing a woman "must use the term 'madam,' avoiding the term 'lady.'" Employees are also instructed not to take hold of a passenger, except where it is necessary to avoid accident or to care for small children or an elderly person in need of assistance.

Jahns

Armour's
Extract
of
Beef
for
Soups, Gravies
and
Beef Tea
Armour & Company
Chicago.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:
For Alaskan ports, 10 A. M., October 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, November 2, change to company's steamers at Seattle.
For E. C. and Puget Sound ports, 10 A. M., October 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, November 2, and every fifth day thereafter.
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 2 P. M., October 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, November 5, and every fifth day thereafter.
For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports, 9 A. M., October 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, 31, November 4, and every fourth day thereafter.
For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 A. M., October 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, November 2, and every 4th day thereafter. For further information see folder.
For Mexican ports, 10 A. M., seventh of each month.
The company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates and hours of sailing.
Ticket Office 4 New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel).
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., 10 Market St. S. F.



It's easily and quickly done, without scratching or wearing the most delicate surface. The proof is in the trying; that costs nothing.

We supply the material for that simply for the asking. Box, postpaid, 15 cts. in stamps.

Grocers and druggists sell it.

The Electro Silicon Company,
30 Cliff Street, New York.

Redington & Co., San Francisco, Wholesale Agents for the Pacific Coast.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING!
Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for
YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,
Calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
Steamer, From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1899.
Gaelic. (Via Honolulu).....Tuesday, October 24
Doric. (Via Honolulu).....Friday, November 17
Coptic. (Via Honolulu).....Wednesday, Dec. 13
Gaelic. (Via Honolulu).....Saturday, January 6
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

Toyo Kisen Kaisha (ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)

IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG, calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
Hongkong Maru.....Wednesday, November 1
Nippon Maru.....Saturday, November 25
America Maru.....Thursday, December 21
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market Street, corner First Street.
W. H. AVERY, General Agent.



S. S. Mona sails via Honolulu and Auckland for Sydney, Wednesday, November 1, 1899, at 10 p. m.
S. S. Australia, for Honolulu only, Wednesday, Nov. 15, 2 p. m.
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agents, 114 Montgomery St. Freight Office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

International Navigation Co.'s Lines

AMERICAN LINE.

New York and Southampton (London, Paris), from New York every Wednesday, 10 A. M.
New York.....October 25 | St. Paul.....November 8
St. Louis.....November 1 | New York.....November 15

RED STAR LINE.

New York and Antwerp. From New York every Wednesday, 12 noon.
Kensington.....October 25 | Friesland.....November 8
Noordland.....November 1 | Southwark.....November 15

EMPIRE LINE.

To Alaska and Gold Fields.

For passage and freight apply to International Navigation Company, C. D. FAHNESTOCK, General Agent Pacific Coast, 30 Montgomery Street.

WHITE STAR LINE.

AMERICAN SERVICE.

The New Twin Screw Steamship

OCEANIC

The Largest Vessel in the World.
17,040 tons, length 704 ft., width 68 ft. 4 1/2 in.
First sailing from New York, Wednesday, September 20th, noon.

TEUTONIC and MAJESTIC

Twin Screw.

10,000 tons. 582 feet long.

CYMRIC

Twin Screw, 12,552 tons, 600 feet long, one of the largest steamships afloat.

GERMANIC and BRITANNIC

Wednesday sailings from New York.

S. TENNEY FRENCH, G. W. A.,

94-96 Dearborn Street, Chicago

For passage apply to G. W. FLETCHER, 613 Market Street, or to official railway and steamship office, Pacific Coast.

SOCIETY.

The Borrowe-Bosqui Wedding.

The marriage of Miss Caroline Virginia Bosqui, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bosqui, to Mr. George W. Borrowe, son of Captain Borrowe, of Sausalito, took place at the home of the bride's parents in Ross Valley on Wednesday afternoon, October 18th.

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Charles L. Miel in the presence of some hundred relatives and friends. The maid of honor was Miss Constance Borrowe, sister of the groom, and the bridesmaids were Miss Coralie Selby, Miss Martha Hutchinson, Miss Olive Hamilton, Miss Elizabeth Callendar, and Miss Caroline Haven. Two little girls, Miss Spinney and Miss Treat, acted as flower-bearers, and Mr. Robert Mein attended the groom as best man.

After the ceremony a wedding repast was enjoyed, and later Mr. and Mrs. Borrowe came over to this city, where they had an apartment at the Palace Hotel. They went East on Thursday, and will soon sail for London and Paris, and thence to South Africa, where Mr. Borrowe holds the position of consulting engineer to the Bechuanaland Exploration Company.

The Thompson-Huie Wedding.

A pretty wedding took place at the home of Mrs. S. E. Huie in San Rafael last Wednesday, when her daughter, Miss Salie Huie, was united in marriage to Mr. William Roots Thompson, a prominent attorney in West Virginia. The ceremony was performed at noon by the Rev. William Ingraham Kip, Jr., of the Good Samaritan Mission in this city, the bride was given into the groom's keeping by her brother, Mr. William H. Huie, and another brother, Mr. Robert E. Huie, acted as best man.

A reception was held after the ceremony and a wedding breakfast followed, and later in the day the young couple left for Del Monte. In a few days they will return, and then go East to their future home in West Virginia.

The Francis-Paffenberger Wedding.

Mr. George Horton Francis and Miss Madge Elizabeth Paffenberger were married Thursday afternoon at St. Paul's Church, in the presence of their respective families and a number of intimate friends. Rev. W. M. Reilly officiated.

The bride is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Paffenberger, of Sutter County, and has a wide circle of friends in this city. She attended school at Castelleja in Palo Alto, and later was a student at Miss Head's in Berkeley.

The groom is associated with his father, Mr. George M. Francis, in publishing the Napa Daily Register. He was graduated from Stanford with the class of '98, and was a member of Delta Tau Delta Fraternity. He also belonged to the class societies, Sigma Sigma, Snake and Key, Theta Nu Epsilon, Phi Upsilon, and the dramatic club, Sword and Sandals.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis will reside in Napa.

Oakland's Fortnightly Club.

The first notable dance of the season in Oakland was given by the Fortnightly Club at Reed Hall on Friday evening, October 20th. The patronesses this year are Mrs. George W. Baker, Mrs. A. W. Gorrell, Mrs. A. W. Havens, Mrs. W. E. Sharon, Mrs. H. C. Taft, and Mrs. George H. Wheaton.

Among the members of the club are Miss Gertrude Allan, Miss Martha Alexander, Miss Carrie Coit, Miss Annie Clay, the Misses Josie and Kate Chabot, the Misses Crellin, the Misses Fore, Miss Emma Grimwood, Miss Gertrude Gould, Miss Helen Garthwaite, Miss Marietta Havens, the Misses Jean and Florence Hush, Miss Sadie Hale, Miss Jean Howard, Miss Augusta Kent, the Misses Pauline and Anita Lohse, Miss Carmen Moore, Miss Merle Morrison, Miss Flora McDermott, Miss Margaret Sinclair, Miss Ella Sterritt, Miss Grace Sanborn, and Miss May Young.

Lace and Needle-Work Show.

Very general interest is being expressed in the exhibition and sale of laces and needle-work which is to be held in the Maple Room of the Palace Hotel in the second week of November. Both professional and amateur needlewomen have been invited to contribute, and articles intended for sale will be plainly marked with their prices. The patronesses of the affair are Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe, Mrs. Beverly MacMonagle, Mrs. Hall McAllister, Mrs. William H. Taylor, Mrs. Austin C. Tubbs, and Mrs. Robert J. Woods, and they announce that contributions will be received at the Maple Room between the hours of

ten and four on Monday and Tuesday, November 6th and 7th, a day being allowed for the arrangement of the show before it opens on Thursday.

The Doll Show.

The Doll Show to be held under the auspices of the Doctor's Daughters in the Maple Room of the Palace Hotel on Friday and Saturday, November 17th and 18th, promises to be as great a success as it has been in previous years. Ten prizes in as many classes are to be offered, and the dolls will all be for sale at private sale during the show, and those remaining unsold will be offered at auction on Saturday evening.

The patronesses of the affair are Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mrs. George Crocker, Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin, Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Mrs. William G. Irwin, and Mrs. Ira Pierce, and on the various committees are Miss Jennie Blair, manager, Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow, Mrs. Alfred S. Tubbs, Miss Susie McEwin, Mrs. J. Stow Ballard, Mrs. Frank D. Bates, Miss Bruce, Mrs. Samuel G. Buckbee, Mrs. Frederick W. Tallant, and Miss Bowman.

Notes and Gossip.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Maie Tucker, daughter of the late Dr. J. C. Tucker and Mrs. Tucker, of Oakland, to Mr. Augustin S. Macdonald. Miss Tucker is a sister of Mrs. George W. McNear, Jr., Mrs. Edington Detrick, and Mrs. Philip Williams. Mr. Macdonald is a member of the Bohemian Club and of the Athenian Club in Oakland and the Oakland Golf Club. The date of the wedding has not yet been set, but it will probably be before Christmas, and will take place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George W. McNear, Jr.

The wedding of Miss Elsie S. Hecht and Mr. Irving J. Wiel will take place at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Isaac Hecht, 1998 Jackson Street, at noon on Wednesday, November 15th.

The wedding of Miss Mary McLean, only daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. J. K. McLean, of Oakland, and Mr. Warren Olney, Jr., will take place on Tuesday evening, October 24th, in the parlors of the Theological Seminary in Oakland.

The first notable tea of the winter season will be given on Saturday afternoon, October 21st, by Mrs. W. A. McKittrick, daughter of General W. R. Shafter, at Fort Mason. Mrs. McKittrick will be assisted in receiving by Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow, Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mrs. Clinton E. Worden, Mrs. Shafter Howard, Miss Pratt, and Miss Minnie Houghton.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Morgan have invited a number of guests to an elaborate dinner which they will give at their home at 2211 Clay Street on Monday evening, October 23d.

Mr. E. S. Pillsbury and Miss Pillsbury entertained a party of friends at dinner at the Palace Hotel on Monday evening, October 16th.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles K. McIntosh has been brightened by the advent of a little daughter, who was born to them on Monday, October 16th.

The Misses Morrison, of San José, entertained a number of friends during the week at their home on the corner of Fifth and Julian Streets. Among the number were Judge C. B. Bellinger, Miss Bellinger, and Mrs. Lawrence Knapp, of Portland, Or., Judge W. B. Gilbert, Mr. S. C. Boughton, Judge C. H. Sanford, and Mr. Ned C. Sanford, of Seattle, Wash. The dates for the meeting of the new cotillion club, "La Jeunesse," are October 27th, December 1st, December 29th, January 26th, 1900, and February 23d.

Ex-United States Senator James Harlan, who died at his home in Mount Pleasant, Ia., October 5th, was born in Clarke County, Ill., August 25, 1820. He graduated at Indiana Asbury University in 1845 and became a lawyer. He was elected the first superintendent of public instruction of Iowa in 1847; was president of Iowa Wesleyan University at Mount Pleasant in 1853. He was United States senator from Iowa from 1855 to 1865; was Secretary of the Interior in Lincoln's second cabinet, 1865-66; and was the sole surviving member of the martyr's official family. He was again United States senator from Iowa from 1866 to 1873. In 1882 Mr. Harlan was appointed chief-justice of the court of commissions of Alabama claims, which position he held four years. In 1893 he was called from retirement to act as temporary chairman of the Republican State Convention. His daughter is the wife of Hon. Robert T. Lincoln, of Chicago.

Word came from Paris last Monday of the death in that city of Mrs. Crittenden Thornton. The daughter of the late David D. Colton, she was a prominent belle before her marriage to Mr. Thornton and an important factor in social life here since that event. Of late years she has been in poor health, and last April she went to Europe, with her mother and her daughter, hoping to benefit by the change. But such improvement as she made was only temporary, and she passed away on Sunday. Her mother, Mrs. D. D. Colton, her sister, Mrs. Henry McLane Martin, and her daughter, who a few months ago became Mrs. Siegfried Schacher, were at her death-bed. The remains will be brought to this city for interment.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Slinkey Concert.

Miss Lilian Slinkey, *soprano leggiero*, made her first appearance in this city since her return from study in Europe, at a concert which she gave at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall, on Monday evening, October 16th. She had the assistance of Miss Marion Bear, pianist, and a trio comprising Mr. Hother Wismer, violinist, Dr. Arthur T. Regensburger, cellist, and Mr. Fred Maurer, pianist, in presenting the following programme:

Trio in F, op. 42, (1) allegro animato, (2) molto vivace, (3) andantino, Niels W. Gade, Mr. Hother Wismer, Dr. Arthur T. Regensburger, Mr. Fred Maurer; arietta, "Romeo e Giulietta," "Nella calma d'un bel sogno," Gounod, Miss Lilian K. Slinkey; sonata, op. 5, andante e scherzo, Brahms, Miss Marion Bear; violin, two Hungarian dances, Joachim-Brahms; "Invocation to the Muse," R. Leoncavallo, Miss Lilian K. Slinkey; (a) "On the Wings of Song," Mendelssohn-Heller, (b) staccato, caprice, Vogrich, Miss Marion Bear; "Arlequin," D. Popper, Dr. Arthur T. Regensburger; recit. polonaise, "Mignon," "Si per sta sera," "Io son Titania," Ambrose Thomas, Miss Lilian K. Slinkey.

A Successful Newspaper Woman.

An interesting change in local journalistic circles is the accession to an executive position of Miss Mabel Clare Craft. Miss Craft, who began as a reporter on the Oakland Tribune, has worked her way up until she has reached the position of leading special writer on the San Francisco Chronicle. She has now been made editor of the Sunday Chronicle—a high compliment, considering the conservatism of that paper and the fact that it is one of the best-edited daily newspapers in the United States.

Miss Craft is well equipped for her new position as, in addition to her journalistic training, she has both an academic degree from the State University and her sheepskin as Bachelor of Laws. At the time of the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands she wrote some striking letters from Honolulu to the Chronicle which were subsequently incorporated into a book which is quite successful.

Miss Craft's assumption of her new and important position will be followed with much interest in the newspaper world. She succeeds to the post vacated by Taliesin Evans, who now becomes chief editorial writer on the Chronicle. He, in turn, succeeds Walter Gifford Smith, who leaves for Honolulu to become editor-in-chief of the Commercial-Advertiser.

The Sutro street-railway was sold in Judge Coffey's court on Tuesday, the seventeenth inst., to Robert F. Morrow. The first bid was \$180,000, by Morrow, and J. B. Stetson offered \$185,000. There were no other bidders, and the price secured, after a few minutes passed in competition by the two would-be purchasers, was \$215,000. Immediate possession of the property was given on the payment of the amount offered.

There is a *café* in Venice which has never been closed night or day for one hundred and fifty years.

Colonial Hotel.

The management wishes to inform its patrons of the completion of the new private bath-rooms in connection with suites of rooms. Reservation for the winter season should be made at once.

Moët & Chandon.

(The Largest and Oldest Champagne House in the World.)

White Seal (Grande Cuvée), of exceptional bouquet and dryness.—*Court Journal*.

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As THE SOLDIER-BOY
Game for Sport and Discipline,
Perfectly Harmless. Intensely Amu-
ing. 65c Bronze. 90c Nickel.
Pacific Coast Trade supplied by
Goodyear Rubber Co., San Francisco and Portland, Or.

Pears'

To keep the skin clean is to wash the excretions from it off; the skin takes care of itself inside, if not blocked outside.

To wash it often and clean, without doing any sort of violence to it, requires a most gentle soap, a soap with no free alkali in it.

Pears', the soap that clears but not excoriates.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

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WHILE words tell, statistics prove. The importation of G. H. MUMM & Co.'s EXTRA DRY in 1898 aggregating 86,855 cases, or 52,649 cases more than of any other brand, is certainly the most striking evidence of the great popularity of this famous brand of champagne, and particular attention is called to the fine quality, purity, and natural dryness of the wine now coming to this market.

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ROYAL Baking Powder
Absolutely Pure.
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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. John W. Mackay and Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Duer, the parents of Mrs. Clarence W. Mackay, came over from Liverpool on the Red Star liner *Oceanic* on her second trip to this side. Mr. Mackay and Mr. and Mrs. Clarence W. Mackay met them in New York. Mrs. Mackay purposes remaining about six weeks as the guest of her son, at Westbury, Long Island.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Athearn Folger and Mrs. Folger's children, the Misses Cunningham, and Master Cunningham, sailed from New York for Europe on October 10th.

Mrs. I. Lawrence Pool was in New York in the early part of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop Elwyn Zester are in New York, after a stay of some months in Europe, and are expected to return here shortly.

Mrs. L. S. Wilson has returned from her trip to Montreal, and is at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. Alfred Holman left on Saturday, October 14th, on a brief business trip to Portland, Or.

Mr. and Mrs. William Babcock were among the returning travelers who arrived in New York on the last trip of the White Star liner *Oceanic*.

Mrs. B. F. Gillman and Miss Gillman are in town from Marysville, and are at the California Hotel.

Judge and Mrs. H. G. Bond returned during the week to their home in San José after an extended stay at Seattle. Mr. Louis Bond returned with them.

Dr. and Mrs. C. G. Strong have returned from Santa Barbara, and are at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Colonel Alexander G. Hawes was among the passengers on the Japanese liner *America Maru*, which sailed for Honolulu on Saturday, October 14th.

Mrs. Albertson is among the permanent guests at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mrs. Beers, widow of the late Rev. Hiram W. Beers, D. D., formerly rector of Trinity Episcopal Church, arrived here on Sunday, October 15th, from Japan, where she has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Jeffries.

Miss C. C. Jackson is at the Hotel Pleasanton for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Wolfe, of Portland, Or., are guests at the California Hotel.

Miss W. B. Brittan will return shortly from the East and reside at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mrs. Edward H. Kittredge and the Misses Ethel and Harriet Kittredge have returned to Oakland, after passing several months at their country home near Los Gatos.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Carolan left last Thursday for New York, where they will join Mrs. James Carolan and Miss Carolan. They will probably remain there through the winter.

Mrs. H. M. Newhall and Mr. George Almer Newhall will come up from Burlingame and occupy the family residence on Van Ness Avenue about the first of November.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney B. Cushing were among the visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Mr. and Mrs. I. H. Covode, accompanied by Miss Charlotte Moulder, left on Saturday, October 14th, for New York.

Mr. E. D. Beylard came up from San Mateo last Thursday, and was a guest at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and Mr. Selah Chamberlain, of Santa Barbara, will leave next week for Europe. They will spend a year at the Paris Exposition and another on the Continent.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel C. Buckbee enjoyed a visit to the Tavern of Tamalpais in the early part of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope will close their Burlingame place on Monday, October 23d, and come to town for the winter.

Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin and Mrs. Paul Jarboe arrived in New York on Saturday, October 14th.

Mrs. A. J. Pope and Mrs. Florence Frank, who have been spending the summer at Burlingame, will return to town for the winter about the first of next month.

Mr. and Mrs. Fane Sewell have returned to the Occidental Hotel for the winter.

Mr. G. H. Mendel, Jr., arrived in town from Salt Lake on Tuesday.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Summers, of Santa Barbara, Mr. F. Crowther, of Chicago, Mr. H. Dickerman, of New York, Mr. G. A. Davis, of Honolulu, Mr. H. A. Kidder, of Sacramento, Mr. F. W. Griffin, of Oroville, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lamb, of Stockton.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. George W. Spencer, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Montague, Mr. R. H. Harrison, Mr. Charles Stone, Mr. Lovell White, Mr. and Mrs. Niles Searls, of Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Armstrong and Mr. J. H. Parson, of Philadelphia, and Mr. E. Renner, of Honolulu.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Brigadier-General William Rufus Shafter, U. S. A., was retired as an officer of the regular army on Monday, October 16th, through having reached the age limit, but he still retains command at the Presidio by virtue of his rank as major-general in the volunteers. Brigadier-General Shafter's retirement results in the elevation to that rank of Colonel A. C. M. Pennington, Second Artillery, U. S. A., Colonel Royal T. Frank, First Artillery, U. S. A., Colonel Lewis H. Carpenter, Fifth Cavalry, U. S. A., Colonel Samuel Overshine, Twenty-Third Infantry, U. S. A., and Colonel Daniel W. Burke, Seventeenth

Infantry, U. S. A. These officers are to be placed on the retired list at intervals of one day each, and it is said that the resulting vacant brigadier-generalship will be given to either General Lawton or General McArthur.

Major J. N. Morrison, judge advocate, U. S. A., arrived in town on Thursday, and will go to Manila on the *City of Peking* on October 25th, to be chief judge advocate-general of the Department of the Pacific. Mrs. Morrison is going to Europe, and thence around the world, intending to meet the major in Hong Kong in the spring.

Commander E. D. Tausig, U. S. N., recently in command of the *Bennington* on the Asiatic Station, is in town on waiting orders.

Captain Yates Stirling, U. S. N., is a guest at the California Hotel.

Captain Joseph B. Coghlan, U. S. N., former commander of the United States cruiser *Raleigh*, has been ordered to Sitka, Alaska, to take charge of the government light-house district in that Territory.

Captain Charles S. Cotton, U. S. N., was in town from Mare Island early in the week, and registered at the California Hotel.

Lieutenant Victor Blue, U. S. N., was married at Morristown, N. J., on Tuesday last, to Miss Ellen Foote Stewart, niece of Captain P. H. Cooper, U. S. N.

Major Blair D. Taylor, surgeon, U. S. A., Major H. D. Thomason, surgeon, U. S. A., and First-Lieutenant Benjamin Stark, Thirty-First Infantry, U. S. V., will sail for the Philippines on the *City of Peking* next Thursday.

Mrs. Moale, wife of Colonel Edward Moale, Fifteenth Infantry, U. S. A., sailed for Yokohama on the Japanese liner *America Maru*, on Saturday, October 14th.

Mrs. Watson, widow of the late Commodore Watson, U. S. N., is visiting friends at Mare Island.

Miss Mabel Bostwick, daughter of Lieutenant F. M. Bostwick, U. S. N., of the *Bennington*, has gone to Washington, D. C., to spend the winter with her sister, Mrs. R. E. Carney. Mrs. Bostwick expects to sail for Manila on the *China* on November 9th.

Mrs. Crosby, wife of Captain William D. Crosby, assistant-surgeon, U. S. V., and Mrs. Potter, wife of Major Samuel O. L. Potter, brigade surgeon, U. S. V., sailed for Hong Kong on the Japanese liner *America Maru* on Saturday, October 14th.

Mrs. O. C. Berryman and Master Olney Berryman have joined Major Berryman in Washington, D. C.

Lieutenant John E. Page, passed assistant-surgeon, U. S. N., and Mrs. Page are at the Occidental Hotel.

Lieutenant-Commander Thomas S. Phelps, Jr., U. S. N., is a guest at the Palace Hotel.

Lieutenant A. F. Fechteler, U. S. N., who returned from the Asiatic Squadron last week as an officer on the United States naval transport *Solace*, went out to Manila in June of last year as one of the officers of the monitor *Monterey*. The voyage was one of the conspicuous achievements of the Spanish War, which Lord Charles Beresford said might be equaled by the British navy, but had not been, up to the present time. The *Monterey* arrived at Manila promptly on time, and took part in its capture from the Spaniards in August. Lieutenant Fechteler was afterward detailed as navigator of the United States gunboat *Concord*, and took part in all the naval operations in the Philippines, under Admiral Dewey, against the insurgents during the past year. He has been assigned to duty at Mare Island Navy Yard as aid to the admiral commanding the yard.

The German emperor is said to contemplate increasing his grant to the Berlin opera-house from \$45,000 to \$50,000 a year. It is rather unkind of a correspondent immediately to add the information that the emperor has completed two new operatic works of his own, at a critical appreciation of which Berliners who know what is and what is not *Reine majesté* will no doubt have an opportunity of arriving. When he has paid over his \$50,000 the German emperor will share with his brother of Austria the honor of being the most munificent of royal patrons. The Emperor Francis Joseph has for many years contributed \$50,000 to the opera-house and Burg Theatre in Vienna. The Czar is erratic in his favors. The Regent of Bavaria gives \$30,000 a year, and the King of Saxony slightly less. In Paris there is a subvention of \$32,000.

Miss Beatrix Hoyt, the woman golf champion of three seasons, was defeated in the first match-play round of the woman's championship at the Philadelphia Country Club, October 11th, by Mrs. Caleb F. Fox, of the Huntingdon Valley Club, by 3 up and 2 to play.

No married man in Vienna is allowed to go up in a balloon without the formal consent of his wife and children.

Stamping as an Art.

The beautiful combinations of colors in monogram stamping as executed by Messrs. Cooper & Co., the Art Stationers, show the very great superiority of their ability in this particular line.

—A PLACE OF INTEREST FOR VISITORS IS THE Gump Art Gallery of Paintings, by European masters. No. 113 Geary Street.

—THE BEST ARGUMENT AGAINST TOTAL abstinence is the Old Government Whisky. Pure, aged, mellow—a wholesome stimulant, a promoter of digestion, a nerve tonic.

LATE VERSE.

The March of Men.

If you could cast away the pain,
The sorrows, and the tears,
And let the joys alone remain,
From all departed years;
If you could quite forget the sighs
And recollect the song—
What think you: would you be as wise,
As helpful, or as strong?

If you could lay the burden down
That bows your head at whiles,
Shun everything that wears a frown
And live a life of smiles;
Be happy as a child again,
As free from thoughts of care—
Would you appear to other men
More noble or more fair?

Ah no! a man should do his part
And carry all his load,
Rejoiced to share with every heart
The roughness of the road:
Not given to thinking overmuch
Of pains and griefs behind,
But glad to be in fullest touch
With all his human kind.

—Charles Buxton Going in Harper's Weekly.

A Fairy Fancy.

Listen to the elfin bell
Down the cañon call;
Calling down the red-wood cañon
By the waterfall—
Is there aught of Druid blood
In your heart and brain?
Come with me and kneel at vespers
In a forest fane.

Quickly down the purple path
O'er the willow stile,
Softly, softly through these arches,
Down this mossy aisle;
Now the bell has ceased its call
From the red-wood spire,
Twin-set silver stars for candles,
Woodland dove for choir.

Organ tone from wind and bough,
Font with dew-drops wet,
Incense from the wild azalea
On the altar set;
Down the nave night breezes pass
Late from starry lands,
And the prayers are wafted shrineward
On their lifted hands.

Slowly down the mossy aisle,
Out the vine-clad gate,
List the fairies tripping homeward,
For the hour is late;
Let us hasten, too, for dark
Follows dusk so soon—
Hush! The dove calls *pax vobiscum*
To the rising moon!

—Clarence Umy in the Bazar.

A Plea for the Birds.

I heard the skylark's heavenward note,
The thrush greet the day,
And watched the white gulls wheel and float
About the bright blue bay;
The kinglet flicker round the rose,
The woodpecker alight
A moment where the woodbine blows,
Then ripple out of sight.

And then another sight I saw,
Tossed plumage, crimson streak,
The shattered wing, the crippled claw,
Mute breast and drooping beak;
And round this havoc, creatures fair,
Not sad, but eager now
With the dead spoil to deck their hair,
And ornament their brow.

O, tender maiden, trustful wife,
Nurtured in bliss and ease,
The self-same Heaven that lent you life,
Gave life no less to these.
And when, 'mid wintry frost and rime
To Yule-log hearth you cling,
Remember, in the sweet spring-time,
The birds again will sing.

They with their lays your love will thank,
If you will only spare,
And once again to willow bank
The kingfisher repair.
O, let the tern complete the nest
Its tenderness begun,
And oriole plume and egret crest,
Gleam, sacred, in the sun!

—Alfred Austin in the Independent.

By taking a trip on the Scenic Railway up Mt. Tamalpais one gets an excellent view of the whole bay region. For time-table see "ad" on page 10.

A Thoroughly Reliable Establishment

To buy precious stones, pearls, fine jewelry, and silverware. A. Hirschman, 10 Post Street (Masonic Temple).

The Palace and Grand Hotels

The covered passageway connecting these two immense structures places under one management 1,400 rooms, more than half of which have bath attachment.

Those who appreciate exclusive clientele, perfection in cooking, efficient service, and close proximity to business and amusement centres, can obtain these requirements here. Correspondence solicited.

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The Southern Pacific has recently published some very attractive and instructive guide-books and maps that will prove of great service to travelers.

Wayside Notes Along the Sunset Route is a complete guide to this popular winter route between San Francisco and New Orleans, with all its prominent features finely illustrated and described.

California South of Tehachapi is a guide to Southern California. The story of thrift, progress, and attractions in that naturally charming region reads like a romance.

Map of California, compiled from the latest and most reliable data, comprehensively indexed and handsomely printed. Readers will find it instructive and useful whether traveling or not.

Other Publications, too numerous to mention, all valuable for the information they contain, and the great help they afford travelers may be obtained from Southern Pacific Agents simply for the asking; likewise information about ticket rates to all parts of the world, routes of travel, movements of trains and through cars.

Go and see the nearest S. P. Co. Agent.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY,
(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)
Trains leave and are due to arrive at
SAN FRANCISCO.

(Main Line, Foot of Market Street.)

LEAVE	From October 15, 1899.	ARRIVE
7:00 A.	Benicia, Suisun, and Sacramento.....	7:45 P.
7:00 A.	Marysville, Oroville, via Woodland, Elmira, Vacaville, and Runney.....	7:45 P.
7:00 A.	Shasta Express—Davis, Willows, Red Bluff, Portland.....	7:45 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	6:15 P.
8:00 A.	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Omaha, Chicago.....	5:15 P.
8:30 A.	San José, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Placerville, Marys- ville, Chico, and Red Bluff.....	4:15 P.
8:30 A.	Milton, Oakdale, and Sonoma.....	4:15 P.
9:00 A.	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	11:45 A.
9:00 A.	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.....	9:45 A.
9:00 A.	Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.....	12:15 P.
9:00 A.	Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Bar- bara, Los Angeles, and Denning.....	4:15 P.
10:00 A.	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations.....	7:15 P.
11:00 A.	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	2:45 P.
12:00 M.	Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Sacra- mento, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville.....	4:15 P.
1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.....	18:00 P.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	5:45 P.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	9:15 A.
4:00 P.	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Oroville.....	10:45 A.
4:30 P.	Niles, San José, and Stockton.....	7:15 P.
5:00 P.	The Owl Limited, Tracy, Fresno, Bakersfield, Saugus for Santa Bar- bara, and Los Angeles.....	9:45 A.
5:30 P.	Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.....	12:15 P.
5:30 P.	Martinez, Tracy, Mendota, Fresno, Mojave, and Los Angeles.....	8:45 A.
5:30 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	6:45 P.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	7:45 A.
6:30 P.	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations.....	12:15 P.
6:30 P.	Oriental Mail—Ogden and East.....	8:50 P.
7:00 P.	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Sta- tions.....	19:55 P.
8:05 P.	Oregon and California Express, Sacra- mento, Marysville, Redding, Port- land, Puget Sound, and East.....	8:15 A.

COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).
(Foot of Market Street.)

8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Fel- ton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	5:50 P.
12:15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations.....	10:50 A.
4:15 P.	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....	9:20 A.
6:11-45 P.	Hunters' Excursion, San José and Way Stations.....	17:20 P.

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—	
7:15	9:00 11:00 A. M. 12:00 2:00 13:00
4:00	15:00 6:00 P. M.
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—	6:00 8:00
10:00 A. M. 12:00 2:00 12:00 3:00 14:00 5:00 P. M.	

COAST DIVISION (Broad Gauge).
(Third and Townsend Streets.)

16:10 A.	Ocean View, South San Francisco.....	16:30 P.
7:00 A.	San José and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only).....	1:30 P.
9:00 A.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Surf, Lompoc, and Principal Way Stations.....	4:10 P.
10:40 A.	San José and Way Stations.....	6:35 A.
11:30 A.	San José and Way Stations.....	5:30 P.
12:45 P.	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.....	10:36 A.
13:30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	7:30 P.
14:15 P.	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	9:45 A.
15:00 P.	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	19:00 A.
15:30 P.	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	8:35 A.
6:30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	18:00 A.
6:11-45 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	7:30 P.

A for Morning. P for Afternoon.
* Daily. † Sunday excepted. ‡ Sunday only.
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"You can't keep a secret, Marie." "Yes, I can, but I always happen to tell things to other girls who can't."—*Chicago Record*.

"Goodness, John! How queer the baby looks. I believe he is going to have a fit!" "By George! I believe you are right. Where is my camera?" *Tit-Bits*.

First country sport—"Where do you put up when you go to New York?" *Second country sport*—"Oh, I'm not a bit particular; all pawnbrokers look alike to me."—*Ex*.

Mrs. Van Swamp—"William, dear, as you have another chill coming on, will you kindly hold the baby's rattle in your hand? It amuses the sweet precious so much!"—*Bazar*.

Physician (giving advice)—"Lastly, McGorry, don't go to sleep on an empty stomach." McGorry (who is ailing)—"No danger av thot, docthor; Oi always slape on me back."—*Bazar*.

Election inspector (severely)—"Sir, have you ever read the Constitution of the United States?" *Naturalized citizen*—"No. Have you?" *Election inspector*—"N-o."—*New York Weekly*.

"Don't be afraid, Willie! Tigers always roar when it's time for them to be fed." "Oh, I ain't afraid, grandpa. Papa makes a worse row than that when dinner's late at home."—*Jugend*.

The missionary—"My erring brother, have you been Christianized?" *The native*—"Not completely. They have gobbled all my land, but I still have my few clothes."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Lady of the house (to applicant for a place)—"Why did you leave your last place?" *Servant*—"Once I was caught listening at the door." *Lady*—"Oh, what did you hear?"—*Fliegende Blätter*.

Mrs. Wilby—"I am afraid baby isn't well, dear." *Wilby*—"What makes you think so?" *Mrs. Wilby*—"He hasn't had anything the matter with him so long that I'm getting real worried."—*Puck*.

An evasive answer: *Banker*—"Before I accept you as a suitor for my daughter, I should like to know how you stand politically. Now, I am for gold." *Suitor*—"That's what I'm after, sir!"—*Town Topics*.

Bill—"When Dewey's men were at sea they used to say, 'Let's go and sink a couple of battle-ships.'" *Jill*—"And now they're ashore I suppose it is, 'Let's go out and bury a couple of schooners.'"—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Naggus—"I have read your speech, Borus, and, to tell the truth, I don't like its physiognomy." *Borus*—"Its physiognomy? What do you mean?" *Naggus*—"Its 'I's' are too close together."—*Chicago Tribune*.

The height of oratory: "And is Rockford so much of an orator?" "Man, he could describe a boarding-house dried-beef supper in such language that your mouth would water with desire."—*Rochester Herald*.

Tired Tootstrong—"Madam, will you please help a poor, homeless man out of his troubles?" *Madam* (who was raised in the backwoods)—"Certainly? Would you rather be shot or hit on the head with an axe?"—*Norristown Herald*.

Playwright—"I haven't dared to ask yet whether my tragedy is a success or not, but I've just glanced at an account which says there wasn't a dry eye in the audience." *Manager* (grimly)—"Yes; here is another account that says they laughed till they cried."—*Life*.

Nailed: Runner-In—"That kind of coat, sir, we have sold up to date for fifteen dollars; we are now offering them for five." *The desired customer*—"And you've got the gall to openly admit that you've been gouging people to that extent!"—*Leslie's Weekly*.

"How long is it going to take to get through with this case?" asked the client, who was under suspicion of housebreaking. "Well," replied the young lawyer, thoughtfully, "it'll take me about two weeks to get through with it, but I'm afraid it's going to take you about four years."—*Green Bag*.

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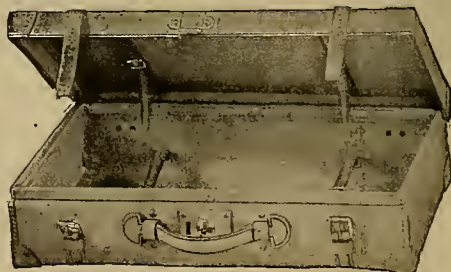
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The Argonaut.

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The municipal election will occur within two weeks, and the voters of the city will be called upon to decide whether the new charter shall go into effect under a Republican or a Democratic administration. It is generally admitted by both sides that the contest is to be decided by Republican votes. The so-called Democratic candidates have dubbed their ticket a Democratic ticket, yet they have not dared to indorse the platform of their national party, and they are nightly appealing at their meetings in the several districts of the city for the support of Republican voters. Straight-line Democrats are asserting that the members of their party are absolved from supporting the municipal nominees who claim to be Democratic, and there is no question that the breach between the two factions of that party, of which so much was heard before the primary election and the conventions, is far from being healed.

There is nothing new in the tactics of the Democratic

candidates; it has ever been their policy to appeal for Republican votes, trusting to the traditional partisanship of the rank and file of the Democracy to give them the necessary additional support. Sometimes it has been behind the mask of a non-partisan movement; sometimes, as in the present case, under the plea that partisan issues are not involved, but always the object has been the same—to take the Republicans off their guard and to divide up their vote in order that Democratic candidates may be elected.

The Democrats are not to be blamed for adopting these tactics. They are rather to be admired for the shrewdness of their strategy, provided the Republicans are simple enough to allow such scheming to be successful. But why should the Republicans permit themselves to be made the victims of such tricks? What reason is there for any Republican to vote a Democratic ticket, or to support a Democratic nominee—municipal, State, or national?

The recent primary election placed the control of the Republican party in the hands of the best men of that party. It resulted in bringing together a convention composed of conservative business and professional men who were inspired by the single purpose of securing an honest, economical government based upon strictly business principles. They selected a list of nominees than which there has never been a better submitted to the voters of San Francisco. The election of these men will guarantee to the people of this city all of the benefits that are to flow from the new charter.

At the head of the ticket is Horace Davis, a conservative man, a man of years and honors. He has grown up in this city; here he laid the foundation of his fortune, and here he has built that fortune up. He has not had the questionable good fortune of inheriting his wealth, but the position he now holds in the community he has won through his own business capacity and unaided efforts. He has served the people with honor in the halls of Congress, and he has always been foremost in every movement to advance the prosperity of San Francisco. Moreover, he has ever been a loyal Republican, giving his best efforts to advance the principles which that party represents. Can any man, who claims to be a Republican and who claims devotion to the principles that that party was founded to perpetuate, refuse to give his loyal support to Horace Davis and those who are associated with him on the ticket?

The Argonaut has no desire to deny to Mayor Phelan the credit that is due him. He has undoubtedly served the city to the best of his ability, and he has done well. But it must be remembered that he is a young man, with all of the enthusiasm and some of the thoughtlessness of youth. Under the new charter the mayor will have far more power than he has had under the consolidation act. A conservative man will have immense power for good; a radical man immense power to lead the municipality into dangerous paths, the evil results of which may last for years. Mayor Phelan is a young man, and he is an ambitious man. He aspires to the governorship, and he aspires to represent the State of California in the United States Senate. Political ambition is praiseworthy, but it has led many a young man into courses that the judicious can but regret. Mayor Phelan's ambition may be praiseworthy; his methods may be absolutely above criticism; but why should Republicans assist in building up a boom that may place a Democrat in the governor's chair, or elect him to the United States Senate? Have national politics nothing to do with questions such as these?

The Democrats in this campaign are making strenuous efforts to convince the voters that national politics cut no figure. It is utterly impossible to divorce municipal politics from the issues in State and national elections. So long as one ticket calls itself the Democratic and the other the Republican, the result of the election must be a Republican or a Democratic victory. The result of the election on the seventh of next November will have an influence almost decisive upon the result of the election in this State next year. If the Republicans in this city can not support such a ticket as the convention has submitted to them this year,

with such a man as Horace Davis at the head, and with such a list of candidates as is associated with him, it is time for them to cease calling themselves Republicans. JABART

The enemies of the charter have made their last stand, and have been utterly routed. The three opinions handed down by the supreme court on Monday mark the end of a long struggle between the friends of good government and the professional politicians whose only interest in the city has been to secure their own personal profit. The struggle has been a long one and the victory is decisive, yet it is not to be supposed that that victory is final. The enemies of good government, who have fought the charter, will continue in the same lines. If the victory is not to prove a barren one, the people must see to it that those who have sought to nullify the efforts of the people to secure good government shall never again be placed in a position where they may work evil.

In the first of the two cases decided by the supreme court, the main point in issue was the constitutionality of the charter act of 1897. This law provided for the method of conducting elections for freeholders and for the adoption or rejection of the charters prepared by such boards of freeholders. Against this law it was urged: first, that it was general legislation, which was repugnant to Section 6 of Article XI of the constitution, providing that city charters shall be subject to general laws, except in municipal affairs. It was contended that freeholders' and charter elections are municipal affairs, and so not to be governed by general laws. For a second point it was contended that the act of 1897 was special legislation, and for that reason unconstitutional.

Justice Harrison, in an opinion concurred in by Chief-Justice Beatty and Justice Henshaw, avoids the question of the constitutionality of this law. In a lengthy review of the law on this subject, he points out that the law of 1878 regulating elections was a special law relating to San Francisco alone, and, at the time of the adoption of the constitution in 1879, forming a part of the charter of the city. The constitution made city charters subject to general laws, and elections in San Francisco were, from that time, controlled by the provisions of the political code. The law of 1878 was abrogated in so far as it was inconsistent with these provisions.

As amended in 1889 the political code gave to boards of election commissioners power to change the boundaries of, create new, or consolidate precincts from time to time, "provided that there shall always be as many precincts as shall be sufficient to make the number of votes polled at any one precinct to be not more than two hundred, as nearly as can be ascertained." This power of consolidation was not taken away by the enactment of the charter act of 1897, and the fact that the board of election commissioners purported to be acting under this latter law does not affect the fact that they had power to do everything that they did under the political code amendment of 1889. The provision requiring each precinct to be limited to two hundred votes is not jurisdictional, but merely directory. In the absence of any showing that by reason of a failure to observe this direction the fairness of the election or the completeness of the vote was affected, the action of the board in consolidating the precincts must be upheld.

The power of the board being thus upheld under a general law, the question remains as to the effect of the qualifying clause "except in municipal affairs," introduced into Section 6, Article XI, by the amendment of 1896. If freeholders' and charter elections are municipal affairs, they could no longer be governed by general laws. As to this point, Justice Harrison holds that those affairs provided for by the charter of a particular city are the municipal affairs of that city. As to matters not provided for in the charter—even though they might properly be made the subject of municipal control—the city is still subject to general laws.

Justice Garoutte, in a concurring opinion, attacks

question of constitutionality directly. He gives a broader interpretation to the expression "municipal affairs" than that given by Justice Harrison, basing it upon the intention of the legislature in proposing the amendment, and of the people in adopting it. This amendment was intended to give municipalities the sole right to regulate, control, and govern their internal conduct independent of general laws; and this internal control and regulation by municipalities form those "municipal affairs" spoken of in the constitution.

Freeholders' and charter elections are not municipal affairs, however. They are matters with which the municipality, as such, has nothing to do. As a municipality it has no voice in saying whether or not there shall be a new charter. The creation of a new charter is a matter placed in the hands of the people of the city with the consent of the legislature. Under this interpretation such elections would clearly come under the control of general laws.

Furthermore, the legislature necessarily has power to enact such general laws. As it alone has power to approve the charter, it inherently, in the absence of constitutional prohibition, must have power to prescribe the terms, conditions, and mode upon which it will give its approval. The legislature has power to prescribe how the election shall be conducted, including the right to say how many election precincts shall be used, and what shall be the manner and time for registration. The legislature has power to provide for such elections by general laws; the charter act of 1897 is not special legislation. The title of the act itself stamps it as general legislation. It purports upon its face to deal with a class of municipalities created by the constitution itself. The law of this State holds that legislation bearing upon a constitutional class of municipalities is not special legislation. It applies to all municipalities coming within that class, and its operation is uniform upon all of them. This is the recognized rule for determining general legislation.

jabart

The suit brought by the county officers to enable them to hold on to their positions and salaries for four years instead of for the one year for which they were nominated and elected had even less excuse than the other. The contention was that the provisions of the charter concerning the county officers of the City and County of San Francisco are in conflict with the constitution, and are a violation of the law enacted to establish a uniform system of county and township government.

The opinion of the supreme court reviews the history of this city's government up to the enactment of the consolidation act in 1856. That act repealed the several charters of the city, and consolidated the city and county governments. "Since the passage of the consolidation act the county of San Francisco has ceased to exist as a body politic or corporate, independently of and separate from the municipal corporation created by that act." All funds and property belonging to either were vested in the consolidated government. The contention, therefore, that the two governments were not merged within the meaning of the constitution is untenable.

The main point at issue in this case is the amendment known as Section 8½ of Article XI., providing that where a city and county government has been merged into one municipal government, it shall be competent in a freeholders' charter to provide for the manner in which, the times at which, and the terms for which the several county officers shall be elected or appointed. This would seem to be conclusive, but the county officials contended that the amendment was invalid because it was submitted under the general law of 1883, and not specially by the legislature proposing the amendment. In answer to this the opinion points out that there is no constitutional objection to the passage of such an act as that of 1883; that it is perfectly proper for the legislature to provide by general instead of special legislation for submitting constitutional amendments to the people.

A further contention was that the provisions of this amendment can not be carried out for the reason that it would conflict with the general law of the State providing for a uniform system of county and township government. In reply to this the court cites the rule of construction that the more specific provision controls the general where they conflict, without regard to their comparative dates. Under this rule of construction it would be immaterial whether the general county government act applies to the County of San Francisco or not, for although Section 8½ may conflict with some other section of the same article, it would still be valid in the particular case for which it is intended.

As a matter of fact, however, the act establishing a uniform system of county and township government does not and never has applied to the county of San Francisco in the sense claimed. Since the passage of the consolidation act the County of San Francisco has never exercised the powers conferred upon counties as enumerated in the first section of

that act; it has never had a board of five supervisors as therein provided; it has never had township justices of the peace or constables; in fact, it has never been divided into townships.

These are the points upon which the judgment of the lower court is affirmed. They leave no ground for the contestants to stand upon; in fact, they make it difficult to understand how they ever thought that they had any ground to stand upon.

jabart

Vice-President Hobart's trip to Georgia ended in an attack of *grippe*, which has developed consequences to many people besides the gentleman himself. While not reported to be alarmingly ill, it is known that even after six months of comparative rest and quiet he is still unable to make any sustained effort, and it is questionable whether he will be able to preside over the Senate this winter. What is considered most certain is that he must forego all thought of being a Vice-Presidential candidate next year. If he could stand a campaign, and wanted the nomination, it is probable that his chances of receiving it would not be less than those of McKinley in the higher office. Things being as they are, however, the Republican party will be forced to look over the field and select a candidate for running-mate for the President next fall.

The field is large and blessed with a large crop of candidates, most of whom are doubtless ready and willing to be sacrificed on the altar of public duty. It is said that Senator Lodge has already started a movement looking to the nomination of Governor Roosevelt, of New York, for the place. There is no doubt about the excellence of the choice, but Mr. Roosevelt has taken pains to make it known that he would prefer two years more of the governorship to the Vice-Presidency, and Senator Platt, of New York, has suggested for him that by the selection of Roosevelt a good Vice-President might be gained in 1900 at the loss of a winning candidate for the Presidency in 1904. Elihu Root, the present Secretary of War, has also been prominently mentioned in political circles. With a Western man at the head of the ticket it would be natural to fill the second place from New York, since it is a doubtful State, and its electoral vote is so large that it has frequently proved to be a determining factor in national campaigns. It is therefore politic to have the State represented on the ticket to increase the chances of success. New York could present several other names perhaps equally desirable, and possibly as available. The names of Benjamin F. Tracy and Stewart L. Woodford would suggest themselves easily to Republicans, and McKinley and Prosperity might be synonymous with McKinley and Bliss, if ex-Secretary Bliss would consent to the use of his name.

Neither is New York the only field worthy to be scanned. Any of the New England, Middle, or Southern States might naturally have claims on the ticket, and most of them have favorite sons whose names would be a power in the campaign. Massachusetts might well suggest John D. Long, the Secretary of the Navy, or Governor Wolcott, whom she has honored so frequently. Senator Hawley, of Connecticut, has the experience for a good presiding officer, and New Jersey might suggest her new senator, John Kean, as a substitute for Mr. Hobart. Pennsylvania has strong if not politic claims on a Presidential or a Vice-Presidential nomination. The State has always stood solidly for the party with her powerful electoral contingent, but has never had a candidate named by the party. No Pennsylvanian has ever been President, except James Buchanan, in 1856, and none has ever been Vice-President, except George M. Dallas, in 1845. If Pennsylvania should name Daniel H. Hastings, her ex-governor, it would seem that her record had earned a respectful hearing, and the name would add strength in many States, and would be acceptable to this coast and more than usually popular with the Republican voters of California.

There are also a number of States south of Mason and Dixon's line in which Republicanism needs to be encouraged, and one of which might be brought surely into line by taking a Vice-Presidential candidate from within its borders. Such a candidate might be found in Maryland in the person of Governor Lowndes, who is well known and strong in his own State. Kentucky has recently been trembling on the verge of Republicanism, and might be won over by the nomination of ex-Governor Bradley. Tennessee has also manifested a disposition to enter the fold. She could offer the name of Henry Clay Evans, and it is not improbable that his nomination would have a good effect in several other Southern States beside his own. If Admiral Dewey had only developed an ambition for civil office it is probable that the Republican party would have been as pleased to nominate him as Vermont would have been to present him as a candidate; but Dewey has said that he is not fitted for such service, and it looks as though the country would be obliged to take him at his word.

There are many good men from whom an excellent can-

didate might be chosen in the Middle West, but they are all debarred from consideration by the probability that the Presidential candidate will come from Ohio. In the extreme South, where Democracy is next to godliness, there is naturally a woeful dearth of material. Some day, when the Far West is as densely populated as the average East, when the cities rival those of the Atlantic in importance, and when the commerce of the Pacific begins to outrun the trade of the Western ocean, a national candidate will be sought on the Pacific slope, but the time for that is not yet ripe. We have the men, but we lack the necessary political strength which comes with population.

It is yet too early to make even an intelligent guess who the fortunate man will be; but the custom of the party in the past is a practically sure indication that if President McKinley is renominated, the second place on the ticket will be filled from one of the important Eastern States, or from one of the doubtful Southern border States. It may also be a fair deduction that the chances, all things being considered, are largely in favor of the State of New York.

jabart

Mr. H. H. Kohlsaat, editor of the Chicago *Times-Herald*, has been visiting San Francisco, and was last week the guest of honor at a reception given him by the Union League Club. Mr. Kohlsaat is very close to the administration. He is a personal friend of Mr. McKinley, and his paper is looked upon as a personal organ of the President. Therefore his utterances may be considered as reflecting the views of the administration. Mr. Kohlsaat is reported in the *Chronicle* as saying:

"The Eastern idea of expansion is not the same exactly as you have here. We believe the revolution in the Philippines must be crushed, but we expect that as soon as the islands are subdued the inhabitants will be allowed to govern themselves."

Now the *Chronicle* is the most heated local advocate of the utter extinction of Philippine nationality. It denounces all Americans who believe differently as "traitors." Yet the *Chronicle* is forced to report Mr. Kohlsaat—who voices President McKinley's views—as saying that the Eastern idea of expansion differs from the Pacific Coast idea, and that the Eastern idea involves the ultimate government of the Philippine people by themselves. The utterances of this gentleman, who is so close to President McKinley, we commend to those local politicians who assume to know the President's views better than his inner circle, or better than he does himself. Of a truth it may be said of California's Republican politicians that they are denouncing other Republicans for "disloyalty to the party and the President," when they, these self-constituted leaders, do not know what the President's policy is; when the national Republican party has not yet formally declared its policy; and when the State Republican platforms on this Philippine question sound like so many vague and uncertain voices.

The *Argonaut*, a fortnight ago, remarked that President Jacob G. Schurman of the Philippine Commission, after his return from the Philippines, held a number of conferences with President McKinley; that since these conferences President Schurman has been expressing himself publicly in favor of declaring to the Filipinos what political and civil rights we are going to bestow upon them, with the assumption that they are to have self-government. We have already quoted some of these semi-official utterances of President Schurman, and we here give his latest remarks. In New York, on October 20th, at a dinner given him by the Aldine Association, President Schurman said:

"It would seem both just and politic for Congress to declare authoritatively what rights and privileges the Filipinos are to enjoy under American sovereignty. I plead alike on the ground of justice and expediency for an authoritative announcement to the peaceful Filipinos—the great majority of all the islands of this archipelago—of the political and civil rights, privileges, and immunities which the President and Congress of the United States undoubtedly have ready to bestow upon them."

"My advice is this: Increase your military forces, but at the same time tell the pacific Filipinos what you are going to do with them, and while your grant will undoubtedly satisfy the non-belligerents, it will also weaken among the belligerent Tagalos the power now exercised by Aguinaldo. This is Lincoln's border-State policy, applied to the Philippines, where the neutrals far outnumber the belligerents."

This language does not sound much like the ravings of the imperialistic press, both on this coast and elsewhere. They demand that the Filipinos shall be shot down mercilessly without telling them why. They demand that no dealings be had with them except at the cannon's mouth. They demand that no conferences shall be held with their envoys. They demand that no knowledge of this country's intentions concerning them shall be disclosed to that unfortunate people. They demand that the islands be laid waste with fire and sword "until they are pacified." In short, they advocate treating the insurgents in Luzon exactly as General Weyler treated the insurgents in Cuba. And when patriotic Americans ask that the Filipinos be informed why we are fighting them; that they be told what we intend to do with them; that they be offered amnesty if they lay

down their arms and submit peacefully—then such patriotic Americans are denounced as "Copperheads."

Yet President Schurman of the Philippine Commission advises this wise and far-sighted policy. He says that it is the policy which was applied to the border States in our Civil War by President Lincoln. Perhaps the imperialistic press will call Abraham Lincoln a "Copperhead"?

President Jacob G. Schurman, Professor Dean C. Worcester, and ex-Minister Charles Denby, the civilian members of the Philippine commission, and Admiral George Dewey, its naval member, are all in favor of announcing to the Philippine people our intentions, of offering them amnesty if they lay down their arms, and of giving them local self-government when they shall have done so.

The *Argonaut* is content to range itself, on this vexed Philippine question, with such patriotic Americans as Jacob G. Schurman, Dean C. Worcester, Charles Denby, and Admiral George Dewey.

Jahart

Daily papers in San Francisco, not content with a field purely local, are striving for an increased rural circulation. Special trains are employed to secure as far as San José so early a delivery that the resident of the Santa Clara Valley may have, almost as soon as the resident of San Francisco, his copy of a paper printed here. To maintain special trains requires large expenditure, and, perhaps not unnaturally, there is some inclination to boast and to advertise the feat. The plan is similar to that practiced in New York City, where the effect has been to centralize journalism. There are no papers published in the suburbs of New York, save in Brooklyn, that reach the dignity of being known much beyond the sound of their own presses. They appear in great enough number, but their influence is overshadowed and business normally belonging to them absorbed by the gigantic sheets of the metropolis. So many trains run out of New York, and mail facilities there are so nearly perfect, that a paper leaving the publication house at 1 A. M.—not an unusual hour for out-of-town editions—can be at the breakfast-table of subscribers at least two hundred miles away. With the price kept at a reasonable figure, this constitutes a rivalry the smaller concerns of villages, or even of cities, can not overcome. They still have a certain utility in the giving of home news, but for the news of the world people look to the invading daily. The *World*, *Herald*, or *Journal* think nothing of chartering a train or a boat at any time the regular accommodations do not seem equal to an emergency, and this outlay they will bear cheerfully for an indefinite period. Evidently they find the investment remunerative, but that it must be so at the expense of papers printed in outlying districts is clear. That in some respects the conditions here are different will be admitted.

While San Francisco is the commercial centre of California, there are many towns in which municipal pride is so strong that acknowledgment of this truth is grudgingly made, and not made at all unless some peculiar necessity arises for doing so. It is common for citizens to counsel each other to patronize home industries, and the obligation to do so is regarded as almost imperative. Assuredly a paper is a home industry, and being an index to prosperity, has behind it this municipal pride. There is no love among the country papers for those published here. Any exchange editor knows that a search for commendatory notices, even for some journalistic enterprise really meritorious, is often futile. The tendency is to condemn and to hotly resent any assumption of superiority. This is the case even among interior publications so remote that the city contemporary can in no sense be a competitor. San José has its own papers, conducted on metropolitan lines. They are, from a literary standard, fully as good as the dailies of San Francisco. They present full telegraphic reports of all important events. Where they differ from the city papers is in size, in the absence of an inartistic profusion of pictures, in devoting less space to self-exaltation, and in leaving out as superfluous all accounts of such personal bickering as may engage the minds of the several editors.

The future of the special-train system will depend upon its support in San José, and against it will be arrayed all the power of the press there, no inconsiderable force. Perhaps San Francisco papers will do as New York and Chicago papers are doing, but there population is dense and towns close together.

Jahart

An important book on "Sea Power" has been written by Rear-Admiral Valois, of the German navy, and yet it is important to Americans less for the suggestions it contains than for the fact that such suggestions should have been considered opportune. In these is tacit acknowledgment of the changed status of the American navy and nation, and declaration that an alliance not embracing the United States would be ineffective. That Valois proposes a German-American alliance, demonstrating reasonably its potency, may be ac-

cepted as gratifying. There does not follow the conclusion either that such an alliance would be wise, or desirable, even granting that France and Holland might stand ready to join should emergency arise. There is no occasion for the United States Government to form an alliance with any other. Its glory and its strength is that it is independent, and can remain so. Such battles as it may wage in the field of commerce, or mayhap in war, it can wage unaided, nor is there excuse for entangling itself with European interests. That foreign students of events, men heretofore inclined to maintain toward the United States an air of contempt, should turn to this country with proffers of friendly and intimate relations is a circumstance of deep significance. Of still deeper significance is the confidence with which the proffer can be waved aside.

At Cavite and off Santiago American ships and guns taught Germany and the world how valuable might be a naval alliance with America. Such an idea had not been entertained at the time a German admiral accepted indignantly a warning from Dewey, but it was of sudden growth. The same conditions that wrought the change in the German mind showed to America the quality of her own men, her ships, and her guns. The recognition of her prowess was to America the gratifying of that which had been a hope. To Europeans it was a shattering of misconceptions, a rebuke to sneers. Now Germany, at least, has recovered from the surprise, and would be glad to engage for the furthering of purposes in which America has no interest it is not capable of defending, the vitality of the Western continent, the young giant, so lusty, so valiant in war, so great in resource. We can thank Germany, and, thanking, decline.

One reason urged by Valois is that England is destined to be in China a chief commercial competitor; but a purely commercial contest to be waged at the mouth of cannon is not in consonance with the American spirit. If there were to be an alliance with any country it would be with England rather than with Germany. At least there is the tie of a common language and the sympathy of kinship and similar aim. To such sphere of influence as England may acquire in the far East, the trade of the United States can expect free access. There are no grounds for thinking it would be as well treated by Germany, France, or Russia. Hence to combine with Germany and against England would be a fallacious and short-sighted policy, contrary to sound business judgment, and repellent to an existent sentiment of fraternity.

Germany fears the navy of England. Germany, France, and Russia together could muster fleets outnumbering the ships of Great Britain, but, in respect of seamanship and gunnery, they are conscious of inferiority, and how fatal inferiority may be as to these particulars the achievements of our own navy has made impressively plain. Germany would be glad of the backing of a navy which in essentials of skill admits no superior afloat. This is not a case in which alliance not being made with Germany must needs be made with England. The ground for declination in the latter instance would have no color of hostility; simply the letting of well enough alone. The possibility of war with England is so remote as hardly to deserve recognition. Should the future produce war, the United States could bring England to terms more quickly through starvation than by ships. Stop the wheat shipped to England from Atlantic and Pacific ports, and England would cease to eat. Thus in the event of such a conflict the United States could take care of its welfare unassisted, asking no aid and giving no pledges to participate in the broils of another continent.

Jahart

This journal has had nothing to say concerning the government censorship over news from Manila. We have often gone on record as sympathizing with war offices rather than newspaper offices, commanders rather than correspondents. We have never condemned General Sherman for saying that all newspaper correspondents were nuisances in time of war, and that the lying ones ought to be put to work digging camp-drains. So believing, we would have been estopped from criticising General Otis's censorship.

But the secret reasons for the sudden cessation of that censorship are not unamusing. The "kicking" of the Manila correspondents, their famous "round-robin" of protest, the private letter of Correspondent Collins to the managers of the Associated Press which was published by them—all of these incidents had nothing to do with the cessation of the censorship. It arose from the justifiable indignation of the Navy Department. All through the Philippine fighting the work of the navy has been minimized, and navy men say that the work of the army has been magnified. In fact, there has been a bitter jest going around navy circles to the effect that "Whenever the navy did anything in the Philippines it was followed by numerous promotions there—in the army." The Otis censorship, whether it did

or did not magnify the exploits of the army, certainly said very little about those of the navy.

The climax was reached when an engagement took place at a port called Novaleta, in which both the army and navy forces participated. General Otis's dispatches barely mentioned the coöperation of the navy. This incited such justifiable wrath in the navy that Secretary Long, official head of the Navy Department, demanded of the President that the navy side of the story should also be given. So Admiral Watson's dispatch concerning the Novaleta engagement was published. No attack by any correspondent upon the administration censorship has been so severe as this publication by the chief of one of its own departments. The absurdity, as well as the injustice of depriving our fine navy of its just meed of praise in order to bolster up General Otis's triumphant bulletins, became at once apparent. So this American successor to the Spanish spying Holy Office—to wit, General Otis's censorship over intelligence—perished in a day. If it is regretted by any Americans it will not be by the gallant officers and brave jack tars of our American squadron in the Philippines.

Jahart

It was the unanimous prediction of all English military critics that the Boers would fall back before the British, owing to their lack of commissariat, lack of transportation, and lack of artillery; therefore, that the war would be an affair of only a few weeks. But these prophets, like many others, now are without honor. The British have apparently met with disaster from the first. Yet, as we have before pointed out, all our information from the theatre of war comes through British channels. Therefore, it is not probable that the full extent of the British disasters has been admitted. It is not in human nature for the general of a defeated army to tell the exact truth. But even from British sources it is admitted that the queen's troops have been forced to abandon successively Dundee and Glencoe, and that General Yule—the successor to General Symonds, who fell on the field—is in full retreat.

This will give heart of grace to the Boers. They need it, for before the mighty empire of Great Britain they are doomed to fall. Their country will be wiped from the map and their nationality will be only a remembrance. But they will fall fighting, and fighting hard.

Yet these initial successes of the Boers must be deadly wounds to British pride. Probably one of the most exasperating incidents is the proclamation of President Steyn annexing some British territory north of the Vaal River, a part of Cape Colony. Instead of the victorious British troops occupying Johannesburg, and thundering at the gates of Pretoria, driving the affrighted burghers before them, the British are in retreat, with the Boers hot-foot after them.

It is true that these movements are shrouded in euphuisms by the British War Office, which delicately says, "General Yule has fallen back to effect a junction with Sir George White." The *Daily Mail*, the yellow newspaper of London, puts it better when it says: "General Yule has performed a brilliant strategical movement by a swift march to the south, leaving Glencoe empty."

These dispatches recall the dark days of our Civil War, when General McClellan, after falling back before the Confederate forces, would announce to an anxious nation that he had "effected a change of base."

If the British go on "effecting junctions" toward the south in this manner, they will soon arrive at the Cape of Good Hope and triumphantly take Cape Town. The Dutch once took Holland.

Jahart

Bishop Potter's recent presence in San Francisco gives a personal interest to some widely quoted remarks of his delivered at the Episcopal Diocesan Convention at New York not long ago. On that occasion the bishop expressed a feeling of sorrow and fear at a propensity to ride bicycles, play golf, and give dinner parties on the Lord's Day. In his position the bishop was abundantly sustained by the listening brethren. For some reason he made no mention of the Sunday newspaper. In promoting the desecration which he deplored, the Sunday paper is the most potent factor. It not only causes men to toil on the day which should be to labor a time of rest, but it marks that time with a torrent of trash. The Sunday paper as it is, but published on any day of the week, would be a distinct and debasing iniquity. There is, even from a worldly standpoint, no element of good in it. It degrades the calling that produces it. It earns for the writer the scorn of intelligence. It litters the world of letters with the offal of morbidity. It appeals to no intelligence, elevates no morals, in the healthy mind creates no feeling but disgust. That it is an active agency in the promotion of crime, which it exalts, no observer will deny. Why did the bishop fail to mention the Sunday newspaper? It is infinitely worse than any or

things he did mention, even granting they are as bad as he thinks they are.

Perhaps the American church and the better element of the community hesitate to attack this noisome abuse because of fear that assault upon it would be ineffectual. Yet the English church did not hesitate, and that its onslaught was crowned with immediate and final victory. There is no reason for supposing that the English church is any stronger than the American. There appears no reason for supposing its moral sense is any more acute. Papers that degrade American youth and waste the time of maturity are permitted to flourish here, yet in London the publications which popular indignation crushed were in themselves decent—not attempting imitation of the monstrous, distorted, and discolored style that disgraces almost every large city in the United States.

It is worth noting that the London opponents of seven-day journalism did not confine their efforts to verbal protests. They threatened to strike through the business-office, the solitary avenue to the heart of that newspaper type. Not only did they decline to purchase the papers, but in every way discouraged their circulation, threatened the withdrawal of advertisements, and refused to patronize tradesmen who did advertise. There was only one outcome possible. The Sunday newspaper was forced to go out of business, confessing failure. While the fight was on a practical basis, engaging men active in all walks of life, it originated in the church, and from that source derived most of its strength. The American church could, if it would, more than duplicate this achievement, for seven-day journalism here is a wide-spread evil. To eliminate it would be a splendid triumph.

If the church has failed to appreciate the opportunity, it is strangely blind. If it is merely afraid, its cowardice is beyond defense. If it is indifferent, it needs an awakening. Lastly, if it knows all there is to know about the Sunday paper and its members calmly accept the visitation as inevitable, or give to it their patronage, they participate in the crime against society. It would be cheering if Bishop Potter were to amend the list over which he sorrows by adding to it the Sunday paper, which ought to make his grief actually poignant, and thus more availing.

THE WISDOM AND COURAGE OF A LEADER.

No test of truth or actual need of the hour finds Horace Davis lacking, and it is the pride of his party and his friends that his fight can be made without idle boasting of public virtues, false claims of past service, or the evasion of real issues. In the choice of Mr. Davis as the head of the Republican ticket for the coming city election, an honor was bestowed that had been fairly won, and the wisdom of the convention was made evident without delay. His first words on the platform, after accepting the nomination, proved his sure grasp of the conditions of the time and his determination to follow without deviation the plain course marked out by honor and devotion to principle. The struggle at hand has much to do with events soon to follow, of State and national importance. This fact, which all the sophistries and confused denials of his opponents can not sweep away, he recognized and pointed out at once. The issue is an open one, let it be met fairly; the lines are drawn, let none be deceived by a pretense of common interests.

In the fight for the charter Mr. Davis did his part. The charter is secure, now comes the stress of practical use. A man of judgment, of trained readiness, of moral courage, is demanded to enforce the provisions yet untried; to check any attempt to set up abuses that would weaken or destroy the power for good given by that code of laws. That Horace Davis is such a man even the most reckless of his political enemies will not deny. His long and busy life in San Francisco has raised above question his ability to discern the essential details of any plan; his career as a representative of the people proved his trustworthiness in the care of great interests; his unstudied expressions before the gathered strength of his party evidence his readiness, his courage, and his loyalty. There is no trust within the gift of the citizens that is not safe in his hands. There is no aim of higher good for all the people of the city that is not in line with his past course.

In the years gone by he has given freely of his best to promote the material interests of his fellows, and his willingness to serve them at this time is a demonstration of his public spirit that is worthy of the highest praise. He has built up by his own energy and thorough methods a business that reaches across the western ocean and brings into touch with the commerce of our city an older world—a field that holds promises of a wonderful future for this port. His plans are practical and of his own contriving. The career that he has shaped is all his own design; the means for its fulfillment were in no part a gift from any man. The honors that have come to him were farthest from his seeking. He served his State as a congressman with such attention that he was returned for a second term. He was chosen president of the State university, and in that position gave signal proof of his care for the highest educational interests. In selecting him as its standard-bearer in the struggle before it, his party could not have done better. He will lead the cause to victory, in spite of the opposing factions, whose battle-cry is but an echo of a contest long ago decided and now a matter of history. And as the head of the new city government he will add lustre to an unsullied record.

THE EVE OF WAR IN LONDON.

"Cockaigne" Describes the Jaunty Air with Which the Crushing of the Boers Is Regarded—Yacht-Race Illusions—English People Americanizing.

You would never believe from the look of London streets and the people in them that the country was on the eve of war. It is not much of a war, of course, from an English point of view. Just one of those little, foregone-conclusion, armed "crushes out" in which England for years has delighted to play the leading part. Were it otherwise, the idea of war would never have got beyond the point of suggestion in the columns of the sensational press's evening editions. England never goes to war in these days unless she can feel assured of a walk-over. And, after all, she is right. At all events, her men at the helm are. Lord Salisbury and Mr. Joe Chamberlain know just how far to go, or rather, who the people are against whom they can safely go. Now if the Boers were France, or Germany, or Russia, naturally the cause of the poor ill-used Uitlanders would fall about on a par with the massacred Armenians, whose part it did not seem right to take if the doing of it caused a European war. Besides, the Armenians are not Englishmen, like the Uitlanders—just Christians, no more. That makes a lot of difference, of course. England is the great Christian nation of the globe. At all events, that is what she delights in thinking herself. Yet she had not a hand to hold out to her Christian brethren, such as she is holding out to-day to the Transvaal Uitlanders. You see there is a wide difference between the Boers and Russia, and Armenia has not the gold and diamonds of South Africa.

At the railway stations, it is true, you do see signs of impending strife in the arrival and departure of khaki-clad warriors, "horse, foot, and dragoons," and artillery as well. But unless you knew a war was on hand, the brown-holland clad hordes might be assembling for some military manoeuvres, or sham fight, or royal review at Aldershot, so often do these bloodless campaigns and actions take place among the British army. The recruiting sergeants who patrol Trafalgar Square, tapping with their canes the shoulders of likely young men for the army, tell a creditable story of a boom that has steadily increased during the past month. At the same time the quality of recruits has improved. It is not merely the dishanded militiamen, after having "got their chests up," who are crowding into the army, but, said an officer, "young men like city clerks, wearing collars and ties, who write a good fist, are spitting fire all over them to fight the Boers." Another said he had enlisted some "top-hatted gents, who produced Cambridge University certificates." He conjectured that many joined with the intention of buying their discharge after the Transvaal trouble was over. It was a taste of active service they wanted. Love of their country and a detestation of the Boer appeared to be the impelling motives. I saw two young artillery officers at Waterloo (the station) the other day, waiting for the train that was to land them at Southampton, for embarkation to the Cape. Fine, fresh-faced, typical young Englishmen, as you see them at the public-schools in their last year, or at the universities—just fresh out of Woolwich, no doubt, and off to their first campaign of real war. You would think, to look at them as they chaffed and laughed together and smoked cigarettes, while they swung up and down the platform with clanking scabbards and spurs, that they felt themselves on the eve of no more dangerous an expedition than a field-day in the Long Valley or on Salisbury Plain. But young soldiers are pretty much the same the world over, and no doubt the Spanish War provided many such sights to American eyes among their own soldier boys.

Then you would hardly believe there was a big international yacht-race going on—a series of races, in fact. During the day there is no indication of it. You never hear it mentioned. Perhaps the fact that Lipton is not a swell and is rather a green and unknown yachtsman, may have something to do with the apathy which reigns in the West End, from the clubs in Piccadilly to the mansions in Park Lane. It is true that the nights of the races—two have gone already—crowds have gathered to watch for the flash of a green or red light from the Harmsworth roof, which was to tell if the *Shamrock* or *Columbia* had won. But a London street crowd at night is—well, most people who have been in London at all know what it is composed of. Its component parts are hardly of a character to give much support to yachting, so far as opinions go, or cash, either, or to be indicative of genuine national taste. But, unluckily, even this small bit of enthusiasm is likely to grow dim. Twice have the crowd watched in vain, and, in keeping with the traditions of a London crowd when disgusted, the "boos!" and "yahs!" which rent the air on the news each night that there was no race were not exactly in favor of a continuance of interest. The fact that the *Shamrock* was in front on the occasion of each finish was, however, a ray of light from that side.

It is surprising how much you see and hear every day that shows (what I call) the gradual Americanizing of the English people. How gradually and surely are the old, smoky, fog-begrimed, small-windowed, prison-looking buildings and houses disappearing from London streets—the houses that Dickens used to describe. And in their place are fine sky-scrapers with lofty ceilings and wide windows, imposing entrances, and brightly painted decorations—in fact the buildings and houses in the architecture and erection of which New York has long set the fashion. Then look at the double-leaded display lines in the papers! It is true the *Times* will not give in, but sticks to the old plan which compels the reader to wade through a column to get the pith of a paragraph. But the *Telegraph* and *Daily News* long since began the innovation, while the *Daily Mail* might be the yellowest New York sheet you ever saw. Again: you see "saloon" instead of "bar"—not very often, it is true, but enough to show the thin edge has already been applied and the fissure is widening. The use of "catch on," and

"tumble," "guess," and "Great Scott!" both in speech and type seems to increase daily. And look at the trains. Any one who remembers them twenty years ago, and had not seen them since, would not believe he was in England, did he see them to-day. As for clothes; well, I am afraid in the main, it is the other way. It is true that this summer the swells in the Park wore straw hats and yellow hoots with their frock-coats—a sort of compromise with Newport and Long Branch. But then, you would think Mr. Choate was an Englishman, to look at his attire. COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, October 6, 1899.

THE WORLD-PLAY.

"And all the men and women merely players."

The entrance-price you willy-nilly pay, Sit with your kind, take pleasure, if you may, Or puzzle at the meaning of the play.

COMEDY.

The humors of the Time, the painted show Of character, the Attic salt of wit; Now, laughter lifts its high, now, tender woe For a pale moment o'er the stage must flit, To make the main plot merrier; maids and men Teach life is sweet and love may come again.

MELODRAMA.

Se how the Swashbucklers swagger, Hark to the villain's dark cry! Much is a-doing and many are ruing! Innocents, destined to die, Haply, with thrust of a dagger, Evil frustrate and virtue tried and true, Romance, adventure, sleight, and derring-do, The earth's wide passions served up hot for you!

FAUCE.

See the buffoon's fat cheeks ballooning out! Thwack! the lath sword descends, guffaws are rife, Midst gallery gods, with many a boonish shout Of approbation. Yet, 'tis part of life, And honest, too—the grammarless crude heart Of one's own kinsmen, and this stir-about Is wholesome, though it lack the soul of art.

TRAGEDY.

Slow evolution to a fateful close; Deepest of dramas, knocking at our soul; Glints of the gay, but gloom that spreads and grows Towards some sardonic end, the greswome goal Of all the light, the motion, and the glee Pranked out high-heartedly; Behind man's quest and woman's sacrifice, Bravery and risk and lure of ardent eyes, Quieting the stir, Mingling mold-odors with love's sweetest myrrh, Forever looms and glooms the sepulchre!

EPILOGUE.

Great Watcher of the whole, the motley shift Of play and counter-play, sole Critic, who Must understand, because Creator too; Prompter and Playwright both: the curtains lift And fall, while joy and sorrow interweave; We know full well what time to smile or grieve, No more: the ultimate meaning's shut from view. The world-play, act by act, moves on and we Are shaken by its moods—mirth, anguish, mystery!

—Richard Burton in East and West.

Rear-Admiral Sampson's recent assertion that Captain Chadwick wrote the letter which induced General Toral to surrender Santiago has awakened much interest in army and navy circles. According to the New York correspondent of the *San Francisco Call*, Captain Chadwick when seen on board the cruiser *New York* said: "I deeply regret that any controversy has arisen. No remark can be construed into an attempt to detract from credit General Shafter gained during the Santiago campaign, so far as I can see. I am positive that Rear-Admiral Sampson had no such intention. Naturally, I am sorry the letter to General Toral was ever mentioned, but since a question of fact has arisen I feel obliged to assert that what Rear-Admiral Sampson said was wholly true, and a reputed interview from General Shafter which I have noticed shows a lack of recollection on his part. The letter was draughted on July 6th on my own motion, after I had asked General Shafter if he were open to suggestions. He said he would be glad to hear any suggestions from me, and, after reading the letter, said he would sign it without any change. Now, I wish it to be distinctly understood that I regard all this as trivial, and my only object in speaking of the matter is to sustain Rear-Admiral Sampson. What he said concerning the letter is strictly accurate. It should be clearly understood, however, that the letter which I wrote and General Shafter signed was technically his letter. He simply adopted its phraseology and sent it as his own." General Shafter, when told of Captain Chadwick's statement (according to a *Call* reporter), refused absolutely to say anything on the subject. His manner indicated intense indignation, and he intimated that he might dispose of the matter "in another way," but declined emphatically to speak at present.

In his volume on "Admiral George Dewey," John Barrett touches on a point about which probably all Americans will have felt a little curiosity. That is that the knowledge that he had become America's great hero did not spoil him. He adds:

"He remained the same simple, modest, strong, dignified, matter-of-fact man that he always was, except, possibly, he grew even gentler in nature and manner. Many of his officers remarked to me that after he became fully aware where he stood in the opinion of the American people he lost nearly his whole severity, and gave way less to occasional exhibitions of temper. Both in giving orders and in conversation he showed a mildness which earlier in the year had been lacking. The love of the American people seemed to touch the springs of his emotion and to develop a side of his character which had not before been brought out fully. In making up these observations on the admiral's appreciation of the love of his countrymen for him, I can best sum up its effects on him by saying that he is coming home to America with his heart, not his head, swelled."

Filippo Polizzi, who next to Domenico Morelli was regarded by the Italians as their best living painter, died recently at Naples, aged eighty-one years.

MME. DELPHIN'S GARTER.

The Judgment of the Ball-Room.

The fête was at its height. The dowagers had long since abandoned the field, followed by the senators, the academicians, and the other bald-heads. The mothers, by force or by persuasion, had led away their innocent lambs; grumbling husbands had made off with their wives; model spouses had cleared the way for those who are not models. There were no kill-joys left and the dance went on madly, up and down, across and through the ball-room. No more decorum, the *convenances* relegated to the cloak-room. Propriety had taken flight at the first battery of popping champagne corks. Speeches grew bolder, scruples weakened, harsh virtue softened, resistance ceased. Every one was enjoying himself prodigiously.

At the close of supper, several men having mysteriously vanished, a suspicion arose that they had deserted the company in a cowardly manner. Little Baroness Bob proposed to organize a search party. She led the way in the exploration, and a great many madcaps of both sexes—specially of the other sex—responded to her cry: "Who loves me follows me!" For everybody loves Bob.

You must know the little *baronne*: as big as nothing at all, but making enough noise for four, more intrepid in pleasure than a hussar at the charge, always on the go, and never tired, her fluffly golden head crammed full of mischief, a chattering and teasing bird, hopping from branch to branch, and making the sternest unbend with her merry peals of laughter. You may have asked yourself how Bob came by the odd name by which her friends and enemies know her—but no, Bob has no enemies. Don't cudgel your brains about the question—no one ever knew, she herself no better than the rest. All that is certain is that her imprudent parents baptized her by the imperial name of Irene. With her saucy face, her witching eyes, her greedy red mouth, her turned-up nose, her tomboy ways, it was out of the question to apply it to her. You might as well put Mme. de Maintenon's caps on Lisette. Her parents could not foresee the turn she would take, and had added bad to worse by gratifying her, as a second name, with Zoe, in honor of an old aunt, a canoness with a fortune that must not be let slip. Fancy had to be invoked. That's why she is known as Bob.

So, little Baroness Bob, with her escort, reached the smoking-room, where she found the deserters settled down to a surreptitious game of poker. In an impulse of legitimate indignation she bounded upon a chair, whence she sprang upon the table. With a twist of her dainty, satin-shod foot she overturned the candelabra, that rolled with a crash to the floor. With her other foot she kicked the cards into the faces of the players, not without letting them catch a suggestive vista of filmy petticoats that reconciled them to the vivacity of her proceedings. Then, filling her hands with the gold heaped on the green cloth: "For my poor people!" she cried. And chaining the hands of the *lâcheurs* in the links of an irresistible *farandole*, the jocund band dragged them back into the drawing-rooms, where they were greeted by enthusiastic acclamations.

It was the match that touched off a new explosion of delirium. They were tired dancing, but they wanted to get up some new lark. So they took into their heads to place themselves in two rows, the women on one side, the men on the other, and to jump to order, with feet close together, as high as they could. They seemed to get an immense amount of enjoyment out of this sport, while in the antechambers, through the half-opened *portières*, the knowing-looking lackeys watched the marquises jumping.

Before long people began to be out of breath, and the most sinewy ankles commenced to call for a rest. Suddenly Gontran d'Argencourt, the maddest leader of the *sarabande*, stopped short after a tremendous leap. Stooping quickly, he picked up some object that no one could make out, and, raising it in his closed fist, he cried out in a voice that dominated the bacchanalia:

"Ladies, let any of you who have lost anything claim it of me!"

A sudden, startling silence fell—one of those treacherous silences where one catches indiscreet tails of phrases that one thought one was murmuring in a subdued voice, but that one was really shouting at the top of one's voice. The women's nervous hands rose mechanically, according to the nature of their inward preoccupations, to their necklaces or to their back hair. It would be false to assert that everything was in order, but nothing was lacking, at least, and no one breathed a word.

"Don't all speak at once," he went on. "Look everywhere. No? No one wants it? You're agreed? Once, twice, three times—I'll show you my treasure trove."

And opening his hand above his head, he waved a garter—what a garter! An old elastic of the nameless green that you know, sordid, soiled, raveled, lamentably puffy—about such as Macbeth's witches must have worn if, as is hardly likely, the old beldames made use of this article of dress. A cry of horror rose that soon changed into a peal of mad mirth. D'Argencourt was the only one who maintained his dignity. Abandoning all hope of making himself heard in the midst of the noise, he seized a pair of tongs that he found in a corner, and, by striking sounding blows on the andirons, he succeeded in obtaining silence.

"Really, mesdames, this is no laughing matter. Are you not aware of the fact that the darkest of suspicions are resting on one and all of you?"

An indignant clamor rose like a billow. He waited, as imperturbably as a minister in the tribune; and when the storm had subsided, he continued:

"It is not enough to protest your innocence. Vain words will not satisfy the outraged public conscience—what we want is the head of the guilty party. For, gentlemen—I appeal to you—there is a guilty party, is there not?"

A chorus of black and pink coats, to the classical rhythm of "Les Lampions":

"The—guil—ty! The—guil—ty!"

"Now I need hardly tell you, ladies—your barrister friend, Foljambe, whom I see over there in the corner, will instruct you if you are ignorant—that every accused person is reputed guilty unless he can furnish a proof of his innocence."

"I beg your pardon—it's the other way around."

"Nonsense! Well, you are all accused—and would to Themis that the accusations made by Foljambe were all as well founded as these—the gentlemen here present, together with myself, in the rôle of supreme judges—"

A voice: "No politics here!"

"Require you to make an ocular, if not a tangible proof."

The chorus of black and pink coats, who begin to see what he is driving at, cry: "Tangible! tangible!"

"No, gentlemen, no; be reasonable, the ocular demonstration will suffice. The ocular demonstration, I repeat, that you are all innocent of the crime of *lèse-moesté* committed in this drawing-room."

Once more he waved the appalling object above his head, while the chorus, in a state of great excitement, vociferated on the same air: "Give the proof! Give the proof!"

"It is not for me to inform you of the means of giving the required demonstration; you have, no doubt, guessed it already. Merely allow me to inform you that the gentlemen and I will not leave the house till we have received satisfaction. I may add that every refusal to assist justice will be considered a confession—we know what we will have to do in that case. I have spoken."

Thunders of masculine applause greeted these words. In the feminine clan there was a murmur of revolt, wild gestures and scandalized outcries, fainting fits, starts, murmurs of intimidated modesty, blushes concealed behind fans by the coquettish gesture that shows off the roundness of a bare arm; slim bodies thrown back in chairs in attitudes that brought out the modeling of fair shoulders—a whole arsenal of coquetties. A few assumed an innocent air, pretending not to understand what was up; others contented themselves with laughing heartily. Several began to defend themselves like veritable demons, and it was observed that these were the very ones who have the reputation of being easy of approach. Some seemed ill at ease and darted furtive glances toward the door, but the exit was guarded by thirty pairs of eyes as keen as basilisks. The women exchanged looks from under their lids, asking themselves whom they ought to suspect, for D'Argencourt was right: Some one was guilty.

By a common accord all eyes had converged on the three old ruins who seem to have assumed the mission of lighting and of putting out the candles at all festivities. To begin with monumental Countess de la Roche-Quiroule, there are reasons to believe—though assuredly no one has ever gone to look—that her dress of bottle-green velvet, legendary for the last quarter-century in all drawing-rooms where people sup, revived this winter by panels of prune moire, conceals neglected under-pinning. Others bet heavily on old Baronne de l'Escarbille; she is to be excused for exhibiting everywhere, from the earliest to the latest hour, her half-washed, coal-heaver's face, when one reflects that at home she would find herself *en tête-à-tête* with her mirror. Suspicion rested too on Marquise Ruinez de Fontencomblas; tall, bony, famished-looking, in her narrow dress of black satin, threadbare at the elbows, enlivened by a paste necklace; she doesn't dine the evenings that she goes out, and never beats a retreat till she has cleared the last plate of *petits fours*. Most of the malevolent hypotheses were directed against this trio; the men laid their wagers in loud tones, while the women whispered together, smothering shrill laughter behind their fans.

A discordant noise suddenly resounded in the midst of the uproar. Little Baronne Bob had borrowed the presidential tongs from Gontran. Clashing them with all her might, she demanded silence.

"My children, it's not as bad as he says—as he remarked just now, it's not a question of posing for the altogeth—"

"I beg your pardon—I said nothing of the kind."

"No matter—that's what you meant. The proprieties are a fine thing, but there are cases—a great many cases—where you have to sit on them. In fact, they have only been invented with this end in view—so a philosopher declares; I've forgotten his name."

A voice puts in: "Confucius."

"Thanks. After all, there is nothing to make such a fuss about. We are acting as if we had to catch the moon with our front teeth! The gentlemen only ask us to show them our garters? Don't they?"

The chorus of black and pink coats, more and more excited: "The—gar—ters! The—gar—ters!"

Bob, with great dignity: "Well, then, let us show them and put an end to it."

Whereupon, suiting the action to the word, she sank down upon a corner of the divan, hastily lifted her Bengal-rose tulle skirt, and, with the serenity inspired by a pure conscience, she stretched out a pair of slim, rounded legs, molded in stockings the tint of *cuisse de nymphe émue*, gold-clocked, held up by ruches of the same colored satin, clasped by an enameled serpent biting his tail. Something of a glimpse of all this had been caught a little earlier in the evening, in the midst of the clandestine game where the *baronne* had played the rôle of policeman as fantastically as energetically; but no one was sorry to have a closer view, and the black and pink coats pressed forward in a serried squadron.

"Eh bien? Ca y est?" she inquired, putting up her insolent little nose. "Yes? You are satisfied? Very well. Whose turn is it now?"

Bob's concise eloquence had conquered scruples and stimulated courage. Besides, was not every one's reputation seriously compromised? Without regarding the vehement protestations of husbands, and the mute ones of several masculine friends, the women went in for a display of limbs that would have damned St. Anthony himself. D'Argencourt had assumed the office of referee. With his

monocle well screwed into his eye, assisted by collaborators who were as thorough as they were competent, insisting with courteous firmness when there was any doubt or any perfidious intention of leading astray the judgment of the inspectors, pausing willingly when the examination of the *pièces à conviction* offered a true professional interest, passing rapidly by those that were of no real value.

Charming things were seen and envious discoveries made. It was observed that little Ninette de Saint-Florian, the pretty Dresden china *figurine*, with a strawberry for a mouth and two forget-me-nots for eyes, has most plebeian ankles, and that beautiful Mme. de Sottenville's statuesque shoulders accompany—the other side of the medal—calves that are like coat-sleeves; while divine Diana-like limbs—long, slim, of an exquisite design and of exquisite modeling—were recognized as belonging in all propriety to Princess Thécla Jemenfichska—tall, artistic, and *blagueur*, to whom not a man has thought of paying court for fear she should turn out to be a *garroche* dressed as a woman.

Legs flat and legs round, dumplings and pipe-stems, thin, well-filled and neatly turned; legs wise and legs foolish, *spirituel* and stupid, under-bred and thorough-bred; legs majestic and legs cordial, legs exciting and legs calming, legs deceiving and legs suggestive—what's in a leg! And in a stocking! Haughty, insolent red stockings; immodest, perverse black stockings; reserved, discreet gray stockings; capricious, madcap pink stockings; refined and subtle heliotrope stockings; timid and tender dove-colored stockings; envious, revengeful brown stockings; imaginative, decadent green stockings; blue stockings—fancy, there were actually a few blue stockings! sky-blue, to be sure—the color of constancy. There was even a pair of white stockings!—open-work, lisle thread. They belonged to the wife of a Radical *député*; she had strayed, no one knows how, into this *milieu* far livelier than that of politics; her young husband is so devoted to society that she would rather mother him till day-break than leave him alone to play the bachelor.

And all these stockings were able to exhibit their garters, about which many other peculiarities could be noted were there no fear of taxing your patience. One and all came out victors in their ordeal, and, as positively no trickery was possible, it was self-evident that the guilty one was among the guests who had left before the frolic began. But which one? "I've got it!" suddenly cried the hostess. "It is Mme. Delphin."

"—? ? ?"

"Yes, Mme. Delphin, my tenant. The widow of the first president of an Auvergne court; she has only three teeth left. I've let her the first floor on the court-yard, that bad times have forced me to fit up in the old stables. She left just as supper was announced. It's Mme. Delphin's garter."

The chorus of guests: "Long live Mme. Delphin!"

Somebody suggested making a neat parcel of the offending garter, that had been hung up by D'Argencourt on the chandelier, whence it looked on at its ignominy, resigned, hebetated, and lamentable; it would be sent by the next mail to Mme. la Présidente. But Mme. de Joyenlambray, who is considerate to her tenants, decided that that would be carrying the jest a little too far; she requested every one to let it go no farther. So they merely drank a glass of champagne to Mme. Delphin's health. After which, as everything must come to an end, the carriages drew up before the door in the wan, cold light of a dim dawn that cast a green mask over worn faces, a shiver over bare shoulders, an icy cloak over the suddenly checked mirth. And every one went his own way to bed, while the street-sweepers, already at their morning task, said to each other:

"*Matin!* there are some citizens who have paid for a rousing time, all the same!"

* * * * *

A week later, Mme. de Joyenlambray's friends received an autographed circular, worded as follows:

"Amends made to Mme. Delphin. An investigation carried on with the prudence and skill demanded by so delicate a matter has shown that the worthy lady, afflicted with gout in her knees, wears stocking-suspenders instead of garters. On the other hand, certain clues having pointed to a put-up job, the quest has been pursued and the certainty has been acquired that the garter was brought by Gontran d'Argencourt, who, with the perfidious object in view that is known to you all, had bought it for a round sum from his mother's old cook. With the pretext of grouse-shooting in Scotland, the criminal has fled from merited punishment. He will get it on his return; you are one and all invited to deliberate on the penalty that he should pay for such outrageous treachery."

He can fearlessly come back to make amends for his contumacy; no one will harm him, for Mme. Delphin never got wind of it, and everybody had a hearty laugh.—*Adapted for the Argonaut from the French of Marie Anne de Bovel.*

There has been a lot of talk in Montpellier about the Dewey Presidential boom (says a correspondent of the New York Herald). Every politician in the State, big and little, is enthusiastic over the notion of presenting Dewey's name to the next Republican National Convention. A majority of Vermonters vote the Republican ticket, and they say they don't want to see the Democrats appropriate their great man, if George Dewey will only say he will take the nomination. Senator Redfield Proctor and other prominent men are diplomatically reserved when questioned about the Dewey boom, but Mr. Proctor called upon the admiral soon after he reached his home, and the two had a long conference. When asked after this conference whether he thought the admiral could be induced to reconsider his expressed determination and accept a nomination, Senator Proctor said: "Well, if Admiral Dewey adheres to his determination, he will be unique in American history. No man has ever yet refused to accept the Presidency of the United States."

Melbourne, Australia, recently experienced the first fall of snow in its history. It came late in the Australian winter and was heavy enough for the children to make snow balls.

THE GHETTO DRAMA.

Scenes of Sordid Jewish Life in Two of New York's Theatres—
"The Ghetto" and "Children of the Ghetto"—
Zangwill's Egotism.

Though one swallow does not make a summer, two plays are enough to make a school of drama, for "The Ghetto" and "The Children of the Ghetto," both recently produced in this city, are now known as the Ghetto plays. They are remarkable as presenting the life of the Jews in the old European ghettos, which they do with the fidelity of the vitascope, but as dramas they are scarcely worthy of serious consideration. Heyermans's "Ghetto" is to be withdrawn on Saturday night after a very brief run at the Broadway Theatre, and Zangwill's "Children of the Ghetto" would not fill the Herald Square Theatre half a dozen times if it were not for the notably good acting of the company and the splendid stage-management of James A. Herne.

The theme on which both of these plays is founded is the conflict of human passion with religious dogma, and that the most tenaciously held dogma of any human faith, the Levitical law. In "The Ghetto," a young Jew loves a Christian maid, a fact which his father discovers when he is haggling over the proposed dowry with the parents of the girl he has selected to be his daughter-in-law. The young man, driven by a mob to the synagogue, is exhorted by the rabbi to remain true to the faith of his fathers, and in a spirit of high scorn, offers his hand to the highest bidder. Fathers in Israel offer various sums, but the girl offers love for his love and wins her husband. In "The Children of the Ghetto," it is the other way about, and religion triumphs over love. The daughter of a rabbi, in a jest, allows a young man to slip a ring on her finger and pronounce the marriage vow, and then discovers that the mock ceremony is binding in the Jewish law. She is at once divorced in due form, but later, when she loves another man, she learns that marriage with him is forbidden, for her lover is a descendant of Aaron, the priest, and such may not wed a divorced woman. The lover tries to persuade her to elope with him, but at the last her religion is too strong, and she remains true to the faith of her people.

Now, either of these themes, properly treated for stage presentation, could be made into a strong and interesting play. But neither the Belgian *littérateur* nor Zangwill has shown the proper dramatic insight. They have filled the stage with many types—the rabbi, the *schmorrer*, or marriage broker, the *snadchen*, or beggar, the Jew drummer, and a score of others—and the acts are crowded with incidents that fairly reek with local color. But, while characters and incidents would be well enough as episodes in plays, in these two dramas they merely cumber the action and cover up the thin thread of story as grapes cover the stem about which they cluster.

Zangwill's play, too, though written by a Jew, offends the sensibilities of any decent-minded person by its shameless exposure of the most sacred ceremonies of the Jewish faith. The second act takes place on the eve of Purim, the third on Friday evening of the great Sabbath, and the fourth on the eve of the Passover, and the rabbi in his sacred robes celebrates on the stage the mystic Feast of the Sedar. Such scenes must offend the average Christian as much as they do the orthodox Hebrew. And the rest is little better. One can laugh freely at the acknowledged caricatures of Jewish types put on the vaudeville stage by Frank Bush, and Lew Field, and Dave Warfield, but these Ghetto people are not caricatures but faithful pictures of ill-kempt, scraggy-bearded men and frowsy women. The situation was neatly summed up by Mr. Wormser, the well-known Jewish banker, as he was leaving the Herald Square Theatre last Monday night, when a friend asked him what he thought of Zangwill's play:

"Well," said he, "I'll tell you. I drove through Baxter Street this afternoon, and it took me just eight minutes. This thing to-night has kept me three hours and a half."

"The Children of the Ghetto" is booked to run some ten or twelve weeks longer at the Herald Square Theatre, I believe, and it may do this. Whoever has seen "Shore Acres"—and who has not?—knows that Mr. Herne has a wonderful faculty for realism. He has had the play mounted with the nicest regard to naturalness and effect, his actors and actresses play to each other in admirable harmony, and his mob is perfectly trained, even down to the small boy who scampers away in the van of the rabble. At the head of the company is Blanche Bates, as the Jewish maiden who renounces her lover for her faith, and a highly artistic impersonation does she give, a sweet womanliness replacing the dash that characterized her two tigerish rôles of last season. To her and to Frank Worthing, as her lover, and Wilton Lackaye, as her father, falls the only really dramatic scene in the play, that in the third act where the stern old rabbi forbids the marriage. The house rose to it on Monday night with a genuine enthusiasm that was very different from the evident *claque* that had called for Zangwill at the end of each of the preceding acts.

This applause at the end of the third act was a tribute to the actors more than to him, but he preferred to interpret it as a call for the author. He did not respond in person, however, but sent a man out to announce that if the audience desired to thank the author they could have an opportunity to do so after the play was over. The fourth act was in the nature of an anti-climax, and the audience might have filed out without hearing Mr. Zangwill speak. But the *claque* saved the day. It called loudly for Zangwill, and the spectators stopped curiously to see. Zangwill came forth, hoveled, and retired. The people prepared to go then, but again the *claque* hurst out. This time Zangwill came and stayed. For more than a quarter of an hour he chatted about himself and his play in a most egotistical way. An occasional epigram, good or bad, was scattered through his remarks, but the semblance of spontaneous brilliance was entirely dissipated by the fact that he frequently and ob-

viously referred to the written notes he carried in his hand. Evidently Mr. Zangwill's memory is not of the best, but he may thank his lucky stars he had not forgotten the *claque*.

The play-bills and posters, by the way, announced the production as "THE ZANGWILL PLAY, The Children of the Ghetto," the first three words occupying a full line in type twice as large as that in which the second line was printed. This may have been at the instigation of the managers, or it may have been to distinguish the piece from the similarly named "Ghetto." But, in either case, it puts Zangwill in an unpleasantly egotistical position, which was not improved by the distribution of his portrait to the ladies in the audience on the first night. It is not unusual to give out a star's picture in a theatre, but this is the first time that a dramatist has been so marked out for distinction.

NEW YORK, October 19, 1899.

FLANEUR.

TRANSVAAL WAR VERSE.

Boston to the Boers.

The Sword of Gideon, Sword of God
Be with ye, Boers. Brave men of peace
Ye hewed the path, ye brake the sod,
Ye fed white flocks of fat increase
Where Saxon foot had never trod;
Where Saxon foot unto this day
Had measured not, had never known
Had ye not bravely led the way
And made such happy home your own.

I think God's house must be such home.
The priestess mothers choristers
Who spin and weave nor care to roam
Beyond this white God's house of hers,
But spinning sing and spin again.
I think such silent shepherd men
Most like that few the prophet sings—
Most like that few stout Abram drew
Triumphant o'er the slaughtered Kings.

Defend God's house! Let fall the crook.
Draw forth the ploughshare from the sod
And trust, as in the Holy Book
The Sword of Gideon and of God:—
God and the right! enough to fight
A million regiments of wrong.
Defend! nor count what comes of it.
God's battle bides not with the strong:
Her pride must fall. Lo, it is writ!

Her gold, her grace, how stanch she fares!—
Fame's wine cup pressing her proud lips—
Her checker-board of battle squares
Rimmed round by steel-built battle-ships!
And yet meanwhiles ten thousand miles
She seeks ye out. Well, welcome her!
Give her such welcome with such will
As Boston gave in battle's whirl
That red, dread day at Bunker Hill.

—Joachim Miller in San Francisco Call.

The Old Issue.

All we have of freedom—all we use or know—
This our fathers bought for us, long and long ago.

Ancient Right unnoticed as the breath we draw—
Leave to live by no man's leave, underneath the Law.

Lance and torch and tumult, steel and gray-goose wing
Wrenched it, inch and ell and all, slowly from the King.

Till our fathers established, after bloody years,
How our King is one with us, first among his peers.

So they bought us freedom—not at little cost—
Wherefore must we watch the King, lest our gain be lost.

Over all things certain, this is sure indeed:
Suffer not the old King; for we know the breed!

Give no ear to bondsmen bidding us endure,
Whining "He is weak and far": crying "Time shall cure."

(Time himself is witness, till the battle joins
Deeper strikes the rottenness in the people's loins).

* * * * *
Howso' great their clamor, whatso'er their claim,
Suffer not the old King under any name!

Here is naught unproven—here is naught to learn,
It is written what shall fall, if the King return.

He shall mark our goings; question whence we came,
Set his guards about us, all in Freedom's name.

He shall take his tribute, toll of all our ware.
He shall change our gold for arms—arms we may not bear.

* * * * *

Cruel in the shadow, crafty in the sun,
Far beyond his borders shall his teaching run.

Sloven, sullen, savage, secret, uncontrolled—
Laying on a new land evil of the old;

Long-forgotten bondage, dwarfing heart and brain—
All our fathers died to loose he shall bind again.

Here is naught at venture, random nor untrue—
Swings the wheel full-circle, brims the cup anew.

Here is naught unproven, here is nothing hid:
Step for step and word for word—so the old Kings did!

Step by step and word by word; who is ruled may read,
Suffer not the old Kings—for we know the breed—

All the right they promise—all the wrong they bring.
Stewards of the Judgment, suffer not this King!
—Rudyard Kipling in London Times.

Senator Mallory, of Florida, is an opponent of expansion, "not on constitutional grounds," he says, "but merely upon the question of the best policy for the interests of the American people." He looks for a continuous guerilla war in the Philippines. This "will cost an immense amount of money. An immense amount of debt will be placed upon the country, which the people will have to pay." Cuban annexation he thinks inevitable, and he expects similar logical disposition of the Philippines. Then the cheap tobacco, cigars, rice, etc., from those islands will compete, without tariff restrictions, with the home-grown crop.

Theatre omnibuses have been started in Paris, which leave the chief theatres after the performances and go out to six residence quarters.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Miss, Ruth Underhill, this year's golf champion, is a granddaughter of the late Charles A. Dana.

Siam's crown prince having completed his education at Harrow, his brother, Prince Rangsit, has now been sent to England to school.

Alfred J. Newton, the new lord mayor of London, is one of the largest manufacturers of yeast in the world. He is also a heavy owner of steamships and interested in many other mercantile enterprises that go to make London famous. He is only fifty years old and was born at Hull.

Thomas Sidney Cooper, the English artist, entered upon his ninety-seventh year the other day. He has been an exhibitor at the Royal Academy since 1833—four years before the queen came to the throne—and he has not yet joined the ranks of the retired R. A.'s, for several of his works were to be seen in the recent exhibition at Burlington House.

The only son of a prize-fighter who ever amounted to anything, it is said, is the Rt. Hon. William Court Gully, speaker of the British House of Commons. His father, John Gully, a butcher and afterward a prize-fighter, grew rich and was a member of Parliament for Pontefract in 1835. Speaker Gully incidentally receives a salary of twenty-five thousand dollars a year.

Reginald d'Iberville, eighth Baron de Longueuil, in the Province of Quebec, is said to be the only living possessor of a Canadian title. It was granted by Louis the Fourteenth in 1700, when Canada was under French rule, and it was confirmed by Queen Victoria in 1880. The present baron is forty-three years of age. He succeeded to the title on the death of his brother, in 1898.

Alexander Agassiz, of Harvard University, who is at present conducting deep-sea explorations in the Southern Pacific for the university collections, has never received any salary for his services to the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy, though they have been most important. Between 1871 and 1897 he has expended from his private means \$750,000 without making any communication on the same to President Eliot.

Colonel J. L. Torrey, the author of the bankruptcy law, and later the commander of a regiment of Rough Riders, found among his troopers two young men in whom he has taken great interest. One of them, Charles Blake, of Sand Creek, Wyo., he has sent to the Kansas State University for the full collegiate course. To the other, Truman Fox, of Sundance, Wyo., he has given five thousand dollars for a course in art, to be begun in St. Louis and finished in London.

Arthur Krupp, a cousin of the great German iron-founder, erected a theatre a year ago in Berndorf, Austria, for the benefit of the workmen employed in his great steel works at that place. It was to have been dedicated by the Empress Elizabeth, but her assassination occurred just before the time set for the ceremonies. Ten days ago, Emperor Francis Joseph formally opened it in the presence of a great crowd. The theatre is small, seating but five hundred, but it is described as being very beautiful in its decorations and adornments, and most complete for the purposes to which it is to be devoted.

A writer in a New York daily paper having said that Whittier's heroine, Barbara Frietchie, seemed to be "a tradition," because search had failed to show that she "had a real existence," Mrs. Donald McLean, of New York, informs the newspaper in question that Barbara was not a fictitious personage. "She lived in Frederick, Md., for ninety-odd years," writes Mrs. McLean, "and lies buried there now. My grandfather was the executor of her husband's will, and my father came into possession of some of her household furniture after her death. A piece of that furniture is at this time in my own home here in New York."

In April, 1861, ten minutes after hearing the President's call to arms, Dr. Charles F. Rand gave in his name as a soldier, and this (says the Chicago *Tribune*) made him the first volunteer of the Civil War. He was also the first soldier to whom was granted the coveted Congressional medal of honor for valor on the field. The young soldier had enlisted because his mother told him to do so as soon as there should be a call for troops. He served in a New York regiment, winning a commission of captain before the war was over. After the rebellion had been suppressed he remained in the army until 1870, when he retired and studied medicine. Dr. Rand is now one of the most prominent physicians in Washington, where he was one of the organizers of the Metropolitan Club.

If the younger generation of our military men have anything to do with it, Miss Helen Gould will not follow the example of her sister by marrying a foreigner (says the *Bazar*). On the day of the Dewey parade Miss Gould was in front of her house, on a platform she had erected for the small children of certain asylums. Mayor Van Wyck told Admiral Dewey who she was, and the admiral stood up in his carriage and bowed to her three times. Then the word went down the line that Miss Gould was there, and every company saluted her as it passed. But it was when a body of young recruits stopped for a moment before her door that the real excitement began. "She sha'n't marry a foreign prince!" they cried, tossing their hats and stamping their feet; "she's Helen, our Helen, and she shall not marry a foreign prince," which undoubtedly was enough to make Miss Gould change any mind that she might by chance have made up on the subject. One touching tribute was paid her that same day. An old woman in deep mourning, having had her pointed out, made a slow way to Miss Gould's front steps, and, going up to the younger woman, kissed her hand repeatedly, and then moved away.

OOM PAUL AND THE BOERS.

Howard C. Hillegas's Narrative of the British-Boer Troubles in South Africa—An Interview with the President of the Transvaal—His Appearance and Views.

The beginning of hostilities between the Boers and British in the Transvaal, which is naturally engrossing public attention, makes particularly timely the publication of "Oom Paul's People," by Howard C. Hillegas, an American traveler, who has made an intelligent study of existing conditions in the Boer Republic, and whose views, despite the fact that he is an avowedly strong sympathizer with the burghers, are especially worthy of consideration at the present moment. In a chapter of the early history of the Boer race he condenses the well-known story of the Great Trek and the adventures of the founders of the Transvaal Republic. It was their misfortune to have put out their cattle to graze precisely where nature had stored her treasures—gold and diamonds:

This circumstance has been both fortunate and unfortunate for the Boer people. It has laid them open to the attacks of covetous nations, which have not been conducive to a restful existence, but it has made their country what it is to-day—the source from which all the other South African states draw their means of support. The Transvaal is the main wheel in the South African machinery. Whenever the Transvaal is disturbed, Cape Colony, Natal, and the Orange Free State are similarly affected, because they are dependent upon the Boer country for almost their breath of life. When the Transvaal flourishes, South Africa flourishes, and when the Transvaal suffers then the rest of the country is in dire straits.

Before the diamond and gold mines were discovered South Africa was practically a cipher in the commercial world. The country exported nothing, because it produced no more than was needed for home consumption, and it could import nothing because it was too poor to pay for imported goods. The discovery of the diamond mines twenty-five years ago caused the country to be in a flourishing condition for several years, but the formation of the De Beers syndicate ended it by monopolizing the industry, and consequently starving the individual miners.

Mr. Hillegas follows the early movements of the Boers from their first settlement at the Cape up to to-day. He gives all the wrangles between them and various English officials. One most important episode is recorded, which still remains as the crux of the situation. It happened when Burgers was president and Sir Theophilus Shepstone was what the author designates "as a minor officer at Natal, . . . with almost unlimited powers," but representing, all the same, the British Government. At that time the Boers had all they could do to hold their own against the natives. Secoceni had defeated the Boers. Then Sir Theophilus Shepstone came to the front:

He called upon President Burgers and stated to him that his mission was to annex the country to England, and gave as his reasons for such a proceeding the excuse that the unsettled condition of the native races demanded it. Burgers pointed out to Shepstone that the native races had not harmed the English colonies, and that a new constitution, modeled after that of America, with a standing police force of two hundred mounted men, would put an end to all the republic's troubles with the natives. Shepstone, however, had the moral support of a small party of Boers who were dissatisfied with Burgers's administration, and on April 12, 1877, declared the republic a possession of the British Empire. Burgers retired from the presidency under protest, and Shepstone established a form of government that for a short time proved acceptable to many of the Boers. He renamed the country Transvaal, and added a considerable military force.

But the Boers were not accustomed to foreign interference in their affairs, and twice sent deputations to England to have the government of the country returned to their own hands. Paul Kruger was a member of both deputations, which showed ample proof that the annexation was made without the consent of the majority of the Boers, but the English Colonial Office refused to withdraw the British flag from the Transvaal.

The first real struggle came in 1881, with the defeat and almost utter annihilation of the English forces at Majuba Hill and the death of the English commander, General Colley:

A short time after the fight at Majuba Hill an armistice was arranged between Sir Evelyn Wood, the successor of General Colley, and the Triumvirate, and this led to the partial restoration of the independence of the South African Republic. By the terms of peace concluded between the two governments, the suzerainty of Great Britain was imposed as one of the conditions, but this was afterward modified so that the Transvaal became absolutely independent in everything relating to its internal affairs. Great Britain, however, retained the right to veto treaties which the Transvaal Government might make with foreign countries.

It is this question of suzerainty which England still claims. Mr. Hillegas describes the Boer Government, civil and military, and one notes many queer enactments passed by the Raad. There was a law passed imposing a penalty for any one to sing "God Save the Queen" or "Rule Britannia." He adds:

Until the Boer Government came into the foreground the politicians and speculators used South Africa as a huge chess-board, wherein they could manipulate the political and commercial affairs of hundreds of thousands of persons to suit their own fancies and convenience. It was a *dilettante* politician who operated in South Africa and could not make a cat's-paw of the colonial secretary in Downing Street, and it was a stupid speculator who was unable to be the power behind the enthroned politician. And South Africa has been the victim. Hundreds of men have gone to South Africa and have become millionaires, but thousands remain in the country praying for money wherewith to return home. The former are the politicians and the speculators; the latter are the miners, the workmen, and the tradespeople.

It is a country where the man with a million becomes a multi-millionaire, and the man with hundreds becomes penniless. It is the wealthy man's footstool and the poor man's cemetery. Men go there to acquire riches; few go there to assist in making it tenable for white men. Thousands go there with the avowed intention of making their fortunes and then to return. Those who go there, as came the immigrants to America—to settle and develop the new country—can be counted only by the score. Of the million white people south of the Zambezi, probably one-half are mere fortune-seekers, who would leave the country the very instant they secured a moderate fortune.

These have the welfare of the country at heart only in so far as it interferes with or assists them in attaining their desired goal. They would ask that Portugal be allowed to rule all of South Africa, if they received the assurance that the much-sought-after fortune could be secured six months sooner. They have no conscience other than that which prevents them from stabbing a man to relieve him of his money. They go to the gold and diamond fields to secure wealth, and not to assist in developing law and order, good government, or good institutions.

The other half of the white population is composed of men and women who were born in the country—Afrikaners, Dutch, Boers, and other racial representatives, and others who have emigrated thither from the densely populated countries of Europe, with the intention of remaining in the country and taking part in its government and institutions. These classes comprise the South Africans, who love their

country and take a real interest in its development and progress. They know its needs and prospects, and are abundantly able to conduct its government so that it will benefit Boer, Englishman, Dutchman, Natalian, and native.

Here is the writer's description of Oom Paul:

A man of absolutely no education, as we understand the word, he has, during the long years of a notable career, so applied his inherent abilities, his natural astuteness, the cunning acquired by constant hatching with the wiles of native enemies, as to be able to acquit himself of his high office in a manner to be envied by many who have enjoyed a hundred times as many advantages. Although he is almost seventy-five years old, the president's mind has not become dimmed, but, if anything, has grown keener in perception and wider in its scope during the last ten years.

President Kruger's personality is most unique. He impresses one as being a king in the garb of a farmer, a genius in a dunce's cap. At first sight he would be mistaken for an awkward countryman, with "store clothes" and a silk hat intended for some one else. His frock-coat is far too small to reach around his corpulent body, and his trousers seem to have a natural antipathy for his shoes. He wears no cuffs, and the presence of a collar and tie may be determined only by drawing aside the natural curtain formed by his whiskers. He is un-outh in his manner, but he has great natural attractiveness, gained by a long life among hunters in the wilds. He is suspicious of everything and every one, but that quality is easily accounted for by his early dealings with negro chiefs whose treacherous habits caused him to become wary in all his transactions with them. In later days this has stood him in good stead. He is slow to make friends, but once he trusts a person, volunuous proof is necessary before he alters his opinion of the man. He never forgets a good deed, and never pardons the man who does a bad one.

President Kruger is short in stature, measuring less than five feet seven inches. His head and body are large and fat, but his legs are thin and short. His head is just a trifle longer than broad, and almost fits the English definition of "square head." The small eyes are surmounted by bushy, white eyebrows, which extend half an inch beyond his forehead. Mr. Hillegas continues:

When he is not sitting for a photograph, his hair is not so neatly arranged as it appears in the well-known pictures, but hangs loosely down over his wide forehead, except when, with a hasty swish of the hand, he brushes it aside. The hair is nearly white, and hangs over the sides of his head in long tresses, which cover both his ears. When he smiles the big fat circles above his cheeks are pushed upward and shut his small gray eyes from view. But when pleased the president generally laughs heartily, and then his eyes remain closed for the greater part of a minute. Mr. Kruger's nose and mouth are the chief features of his face. Both are more extensive than his large face demands, but they are such marvels in their own peculiar way as to be distinguishing marks. The bridge of the nose grows wide as it goes outward from the point between the eyes, and before it reaches the tip it has a gentle upheaval. Then it spreads out on either side, and covers fully two inches of area above his upper lip. It is not attractive, but in that it follows the general condition of his facial landscape. The mouth is wide and ungainly. The constant use of a heavy pipe has caused a deep depression on the left side of his lower lip, and this gives the whole mouth the appearance of being unbalanced. His chin is large and prominent, and his ears correspond relatively in size and symmetry with his face.

There is no love between the president and the English. Mr. Hillegas says:

The president's hatred of the English was bred in the bone, and it will never be eradicated. To see his country free from every English tie is the aim of his existence, and every act of his political career has been born with that thought.

On reaching Pretoria, Mr. Hillegas at once sought an audience with President Kruger, who had refused interviews to three representatives of London newspapers who had been in the town three months waiting for the opportunity. However, he expressed a desire to see an American. "The Americans won't lie about me," he said. "I want America to learn our side of the story from me. They have had only the English point of view." Accordingly he proceeded to the Kruger home, where "Oom Paul" awaited him:

The president crossed his short, thin legs and blew quick, spirited puffs of smoke, while an interpreter translated to him my expression of the admiration which the American people had for him, and how well known the title "Oom Paul" was in America. This delighted the old man immeasurably. His big, fat body seemed to resolve itself into waves which started in his shoes and gradually worked upward until the fat rings under his eyes hid the little black orbits from view. Then he slapped his knees with his hands, opened his large mouth, and roared with laughter.

The interpreter was repeating a question to him, when the president suddenly interrupted, as is frequently his custom during a conversation, and asked: "Do the American people know the history of our people? I will tell you truthfully and briefly: You have heard the English version always; now I will give you ours."

The president proceeded slowly, and, between puffs of his great pipe, spoke determinedly:

"When I was a child we were so maltreated by the English in Cape Colony that we could no longer hear the abuses to which we were subjected. In 1835 we migrated northward with our cattle and possessions and settled in Natal, just south of Zululand, where by unavoidable fighting we acquired territory from the Zulus. We had hardly settled that country and established ourselves and a local form of government when our old enemies followed, and by various high-handed methods made life so unendurable that we were again compelled to move our families and possessions. This time we traveled five hundred miles inland over the trackless veldt and across the Vaal River, and after many hardships and trials settled in the Transvaal. The country was so poor, so uninviting, that the English colonists did not think it worth their while to settle in the land which we had chosen for our abiding place.

"Our people increased in number, and, as the years passed, established a form of government such as yours in America. The British thought they were better able to govern us than we were ourselves, and once took our country from us. Their defeats at Laing's Nek and Majuba Hill taught them that we were fighters, and they gave us our independence and allowed us to live peacefully for a number of years. They did not think the country valuable enough to warrant the repetition of fighting for it. When it became known all over the world twelve years ago that the most extensive gold-fields on the globe had been discovered in our apparently worthless country, England became envious, and laid plans to annex such a valuable prize. Thousands of people were attracted hither by our wonderful gold mines at Johannesburg, and the English statesmen renewed their attacks on us. They made all sorts of pretenses to rob us of our country, and when they could not do it in a way that was honest and would be commended by other nations, they planned the Jameson raid, which was merely a bold attempt to steal our country."

At this point Kruger paused for a moment and then added: "You Americans know how well they succeeded." This sally amused him and his companions hugely, and they all joined in hearty laughter:

The president declared that England's attitude toward them had changed completely since the discovery of the gold-fields. "Up to that time we had been living in harmony with every one. We always tried to be peaceable and to prevent strife between our neighbors, but we have been continually harassed since the natural wealth of our land has been uncovered."

Here he relighted his pipe, which had grown cold while he was detailing the history of the Transvaal Boers, and then drew a parable, which is one of his distinguishing traits: "The gold-fields may be

compared to a pretty girl, who is young and wealthy. You all admire her and want her to be yours, but when she rejects you your anger rises and you want to destroy her." By implication England is the rejected suitor, and the Transvaal the rich young girl.

Comparing the Boers' conduct in South Africa with that of the English, the president said: "Ever since we left Cape Colony in 1835 we have not taken any territory from the natives by conquest except that of one chief, whose murderous maraudings compelled us to drive him away from his country. We hartered and bought every inch of land we now have. England has taken all the land she has in South Africa at the muzzles of repeating-rifles and machine-guns. That is the civilized method of extending the bounds of the empire they talk about so much."

For a long time, the author writes, the president had not been in so talkative a mood. Asking a direct question, Mr. Hillegas put in a very inquisitive one: What were the chances of success if the Boers and the English came to blows?

The president's reply was guarded: "The English say they can starve us out of our country by placing barriers of soldiers along the borders. Starve us they can, if it is the will of God that such should be our fate. If God is on our side, they can build a high wall around us and we can still live and flourish. We don't want war. My wish is to live in peace with everybody."

It was evident that Cecil Rhodes was Oom Paul's special *bête noire*, for he said:

"Mr. Rhodes is the cause of all the troubles between our country and England. He desires to form all the country south of the Zambezi River into a United States of South Africa, and before he can do this he must have possession of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. His aim in life is to be president of the United States of South Africa. He initiated the Jameson raid, and he has stirred up the spirit of discontent which is being shown by the Englishmen in the Transvaal. Our government endeavors to treat every one with like favor, but these Englishmen are never satisfied with anything we do. They want the English flag to wave over the Transvaal territory, and nothing less. Rhodes spent millions of pounds in efforts to steal our country, and will probably spend millions more. But we will never leave this land, which we found, settled, and protected."

Then rising from his chair and raising his voice, he continued, slowly and deliberately:

"We will fight until not one Boer remains to defend our flag and country; our women and children will fight for their liberties; and even I, an old man, will take the gun which I have used against them twice before and use it again to defend the country I love. But I hope there will be no war. I want none, and the Boers want none. If war comes, we shall not be to blame. I have done all in my power for peace, and have taken many insults from Englishmen merely that my people might not be plunged into war. I want no war. I hope that I may spend the rest of my days in peace."

Probably no inland country in the world is half so well prepared for war at any time as this little government, which can hoast of having less than thirty thousand voters:

The military preparation has been so enormous that Great Britain has been compelled, according to the colonial secretary's statement to the British Parliament, to expend two and one-half millions of dollars annually in South Africa in order to keep pace with the Boers. Four years ago, when the Transvaal Government learned that the Uitlanders of Johannesburg were planning a revolution, it commenced the military preparations which have ever since continued with unabating vigor. German experts were employed to formulate plans for the defense of the country, and European artillerymen were secured to teach the arts of modern warfare to the men at the head of the Boer army. Several Americans of military training became the instructors in the national military school at Pretoria; and even the women and children became imbued with the necessity of warlike preparation, and learned the use of arms. Several million pounds were annually spent in Europe in the purchase of the armament required by the plans formulated by the experts, and the whole country was placed on a war footing. Every important strategic position was made as impregnable as modern skill and arms could make it, and every farmer's cottage was supplied with arms and ammunition, so that the volunteer army might be mobilized in a day.

Pretoria, the capital, and naturally the chief point of attack, has been prepared to resist the onslaught of any number of men, and is, Mr. Hillegas believes, in a condition to withstand a siege of three years:

The city lies in the centre of a square, at each corner of which is a lofty hill surmounted by a strong fort, which commands the valleys and the surrounding country. Each of the four forts has four heavy cannon, four French guns of fifteen miles' range, and thirty heavy Gatling guns. Besides this extraordinary protection, the city has fifty light Gatling guns, which can be drawn by mules to any point on the hills where an attack may be made. Three large warehouses are filled with ammunition, and the large armory is packed to the rafters with Mauser, Martini-Henry, and Wesley-Richards rifles. Two extensive refrigerators, with a capacity of two thousand oxen each, are ample provision against a siege of many months.

In addition to the fact that the approaches to the mountain passes on the border have been fortified with vast quantities of German and French ordnance and equipped with garrisons of men horn or trained in Europe, a further element of difficulty in the way of an attacking force lies in the uncertainty as to the attitude of the native races. On this point, Mr. Hillegas says:

Neither England nor the Boers has the positive assurance of support from any of the tribes, which outnumber the whites as ten to one; but it will not be an unwarranted opinion to place the majority of the native tribes on the side of the Boers. The native races are always eager to be the friends of the paramount power, and England's many defeats in South Africa during recent years have not assisted in gaining for it that prestige. . . . The Zulus, still stinging under the defeat which they received from the British less than twenty years ago, might gather their war-parties and, with the thousands of guns they have been allowed to buy, attempt to secure revenge. The Basutos, east of the Orange Free State, now the most powerful and only undefeated nation in the country, would hardly allow a war to be fought unless they participated in it, even if only to demonstrate to the white man that they will retain their old-time courage and ability.

In conclusion Mr. Hillegas thus summarizes the present situation: "A coveted country will always be the object of attacks by a stronger power, and the aggressor generally succeeds in securing from the weaker victim whatever he desires. Whether the British soldiers will be obliged to fight the Boers alone in order to gratify the wishes of their government, or whether the enemy will be almost the entire white and black population of South Africa, will not be definitely known until the British troopers start for Cape Town and Durban. Whichever enemy it will be, the British Government will attack, and will pursue in no half-hearted or half-prepared manner, as it has done in previous campaigns in the country. The Boers will be able to resist and to prolong the campaign to perhaps eight months or a year, but they will finally be obliterated from among the nations of the earth. It will cost the British Empire much treasure and many lives. But it will satisfy those who caused it—the politicians and speculators."

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York: price \$1.50.

LITERARY NOTES.

A Young Duke's Thirty-Days' Fling.

The opening chapters of Egerton Castle's "Young April" almost make one think one has come upon a new "Prisoner of Zenda." The hero is a young Englishman—with a *chevalure* as fiery as that of the Rassendyls—who is traveling on the Continent in the early years of the century under the surveillance of a tutor, and who, awakening one morning to find that through the death of an uncle he is Duke of Richmond, determines to have his fling in the thirty April days that intervene before he shall attain his majority and must take up the duties and responsibilities of his rank.

His first move is to possess himself of the entire stock of money in his tutor's charge, and, provided with the sinews of war, he looks about for an adventure. And one lies ready to his hand. An imperious young beauty has driven up to the inn, and while she is indoors he bribes her postillion to exchange places. In a few minutes, clad in the postillion's green coat and top-boots, he cracks his whip and whirls the lady away, whether he knows not, but wherever it shall be it promises to bolder enough adventure to make his thirty days of freedom memorable throughout the remainder of his life.

And so it proves. Coming to a cross-roads, he knows not which way to take, and through his uncertainty the lady discovers his trick. She is an opera-singer, however, and unconventional, and her merriment at the sorry figure the young duke cuts in his ill-fitting livery ends in an invitation to join her at luncheon in the coach. He accepts, and the feast is a merry one until the young duke is unceremoniously dragged from the coach, kicked into the dust, and promptly knocked down again by a jealous and exceedingly stalwart young guardsman who has ridden forth from the capital—another Streslau—to meet the lady. On learning the postillion's quality, the guardsman offers the satisfaction due a gentleman, they have a desperate duel in a convenient inn, the duke is put *hors du combat*, and the lady and his late opponent, now his firm friend, nurse him until he is able to journey on with them to the capital.

The story drops from its high romantic plane after this, and is much taken up with a leonine philosopher who is inclined to be prosy. But it soon gets into the swing again, and the reader is held breathless from the time the duke and the guardsman start on their midnight ride to the king's bunting-box to save the fair singer from the royal libertine, until the three and their philosopher friend are safe across the border and the young duke's thirty days of romance are at an end.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

Letters of Lamb and His Friends.

Under the title "Charles Lamb and the Lloyds" is offered a volume rich in personal interest to those who desire to know more of some of the attractive literary figures of the last years of the eighteenth century. Charles Lloyd was a Quaker philanthropist and banker of Birmingham, and his sons, Charles and Robert, were the objects of the sympathetic interest of Lamb. In the papers of the banker were discovered, in 1894, a large number of letters, hitherto unpublished, from Lamb, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, Anna Seward, Catherine Hutton, and the younger Lloyds. Those bearing the signature of Lamb deserve to rank with the best from his pen, and those from the poets are entirely worthy of them. The Lloyds were gifted youths, and their intimate acquaintance with Coleridge—who was a tutor to Charles Lloyd—Wordsworth, and Southey, resulted in many communications of personal and literary value. Robert Lloyd had an imaginative and tender nature, and the record of his life, as given in these letters, displays the qualities which drew Lamb's sincere friendship.

The book contains fine portraits of Lamb, Coleridge, Charles Lloyd, and Sophia Lloyd and her child, all engraved from paintings by noted artists. There is a fac-simile reproduction of one of Lamb's letters, dated November 13, 1798, that contains some lines of cheerful reasoning written in answer to a despondent phrase in one of Robert Lloyd's effusions. In prose and verse alike the letters present many passages of permanent value, and literature is much the richer for this discovery and the labors of the editor and arranger of the correspondence, Mr. E. V. Lucas.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$2.00.

A Book for San Francisco Boys.

The first local holiday book to appear this year is "The Rag-Tags and Their Adventures," by Arthur M. Lewis. It is a collection of some three dozen humorous drawings, which were originally printed in the *San Francisco Chronicle*, and will prove a delight "to that prince of holy horrors, the American small boy," to whom it is dedicated. Mr. Lewis's "rag-tags" are somewhat of the same order as Palmer Cox's brownies, but they will appeal more strongly to San Francisco children because the scenes and incidents in which they figure are well-known and serve as a sort of index to the notable events which have occurred during the past year.

Probably the most popular of these droll conceptions will be the series showing the rag-tags imbued with the war fever. Their preparations for a

struggle, the storming and capture of Telegraph Hill, the ceremony of burying the hatchet, the physical examination preparatory to service in the Philippines, and their rousing farewell to the departing California Volunteers are all handled with skill and abound with childish fun. Other striking pictures are the first annual duck-shoot, a bicycle run through Golden Gate Park, kite-flying season, and the rag-tags awaiting the arrival of Santa Claus.

Published by A. M. Robertson, San Francisco; price, \$1.25.

Witching Tales of Ocean Wanderers.

Frank T. Bullen's second book, "Idylls of the Sea," is even better than his first—that vivid story of adventure, "The Cruise of the *Cachalot*." It is a collection of sketches, studies in marine natural history, and thrilling tales of incidents on the waste of waters and their lonely, mysterious isles. There is something here for all tastes—the marvelous, the grotesque, the fanciful, the romantic, and the scientific. Many who have gone down to the sea in ships have brought back rich stores of strange experiences, but none has told them with more artistic coloring and more sustained interest.

There are thirty stories in the book, and each one suggests picture after picture, fresh, vigorous, and impressive. The art of the story-teller is not obtrusive, yet the reader can not fail to note the strong, even flow of his words and the mastery that comes of thorough knowledge.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

An Idyl of the Maine Coast.

In the preface which Harriet Prescott Spofford has written for Edith A. Sawyer's book, "Mary Cameron," she calls it a "sweet, strong, fine story," and the adjectives are not misapplied. From first chapter to last the reader feels the healthful breeze from the sea, sees the bright and sombre hues of nature, and hears voices that ring true. The subtitle of the volume is "A Romance of Fisherman's Island," and to those who know the Maine coast the name will heighten the charm of the story. The central figure is a heroine fit to win the favor of all, and her romance ends happily, as it should. The pictures of home life on the island are well drawn, the Yankee humor of Captain Cameron and Aunt Hetty is not imagined, and the interest of the tale is not allowed to flag.

Published by Benjamin H. Sanborn & Co., Boston.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's forthcoming novel is to be entitled "The Great De Willoughby Claim." For the first time in several years Mrs. Burnett returns to an American field and to American types. The scenes of the story are laid in the South, in New England, and in Washington.

Clement Scott, best known of English dramatic critics, arrived in this country on the eleventh inst. He expects to lecture in New York, Boston, and elsewhere, and will very likely remain in the United States until Christmas.

F. Marion Crawford is writing a story entitled "In Old Madrid," which will be serialized, the first portion appearing in January, 1900. It is to be dramatized for Viola Allen's use next season.

In a few weeks Beulah Marie Dix's new book, "Soldier Rigdale," a story of the *Mayflower* and the settlement at New Plymouth, will be published by the Macmillan Company. It will be remembered that Miss Dix's first book, "Hugh Gwyeth," was written during her last year at Radcliffe, and has since run through five editions.

The real name of "Saul Smiff," under which pseudonym "The Pottle Papers" were published in England, is Tristram Coutts. This information is given on the title-page of the fourth edition, just issued.

"Rosamund, Queen of the Lombards," is the title finally decided upon by Swinburne for his new tragedy. It will be published late in the autumn.

Frank T. Bullen's forthcoming book will be entitled "The Log of a Sea-Waif." The publishers, D. Appleton & Co., announce that the book will be ready almost immediately.

W. C. Morrow's "Bohemian Paris of To-Day," from notes by Edouard Cucuel, has just been published by the J. B. Lippincott Company.

Elwyn Barron, whose novel of Paris life, "Manders," has been so favorably received, is now engaged upon another story, this time dealing with old New York.

Adelaide Ristori promises to finish soon her "Artistic Reminiscences and Studies," intended as supplementary to the volume of recollections she published twelve years ago.

"Mary Cameron: A Romance of Fisherman's Island," by Edith A. Sawyer, has been published by Benjamin H. Sanborn & Co.

Mrs. Burton Harrison's forthcoming book, "The Circle of a Century," will be ready from the press early in November.

"Contemporaries" is the title of a new work by Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, which is

shortly to be published. In it he gives reminiscences of Emerson, Theodore Parker, Whitman, Sidney Lanier, Mrs. Hawthorne, Lydia Maria Child, "H. H." Whittier, Garrison, Phillips, Sumner, and others whom he has met in this country and in England.

R. H. Barbour's new foot-ball story, "The Half-Back," has just been published by D. Appleton & Co.

The J. B. Lippincott Company will bring out next week "The Adventures of Louis de Rougemont," as told by himself.

Death of William H. Appleton.

William Henry Appleton, of the publishing house of D. Appleton & Co., died on Thursday of last week at his home in Riverdale, N. Y., aged eighty-five years. He had been ill for some time, and his death was not entirely unexpected. The marvelous success of the house that bears the name of Appleton has been credited for many years to the judgment and experience of the great publisher who has just passed away. From a small beginning Mr. Appleton achieved a position which few if any publishers have attained. This is realized the better when it is known that his firm ordinarily used \$1,000 worth of paper a day, and sometimes a great deal more; that it has been producing and distributing 1,000,000 copies of the Webster spelling-book each year; that \$8,000 a week is paid out in salaries; and that its total number of employees in Brooklyn and in the New York store is over 700. He was the active head of this concern for many years. He brought out the "American Encyclopedia," which cost \$25,000 a volume before a sheet was printed—this outlay being represented in the cash expended for editorial work, setting type, and the making of the plates from which to print it.

It has, therefore, become a saying in this connection that the history of William H. Appleton's life is the history of D. Appleton & Co. As a boy he was closely associated with his father, Daniel Appleton, in a small retail store which the latter opened in Exchange Place when he came to New York from Boston, in 1825. The young man was a clerk in his father's store when the founder of the house published his first book, "Crumbs from the Master's Table," in 1831. Concerning this venture William H. Appleton once said: "This book was about three inches square and half an inch thick, but its publication caused the firm of D. Appleton & Co. more anxiety than did the 'American Encyclopedia,' undertaken some thirty years later. We sold about a thousand 'Crumbs,' and were very well satisfied—so well, indeed, that we followed it by a similar book, which was equally successful.

In January, 1838, Mr. Appleton was taken into partnership with his father and the present firm name was assumed. The business, which had been growing rapidly, was in the same year removed to 200 Broadway. Ten years later, when the father retired from the then well-established and prosperous concern, his son and partner became its executive head. Almost immediately he began to formulate plans for his cyclopedia, Charles A. Dana and George Ripley were engaged as editors, and in 1857 the first of the sixteen volumes appeared. He also introduced Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, and Spencer to American readers. Mr. Appleton was convinced early in his career of the injustice done to authors and was the acknowledged pioneer of the movement that led to the organization of the American Publishers' Copyright League, of which he was made the first president.

Mr. Appleton was married April 16, 1844, to Mary Worthen, of Lowell, Mass. The children surviving him are Miss Mary Appleton, William Worthen Appleton, the president of D. Appleton & Co., and Henry C. Appleton.

San Francisco Mailing-Cards.

Owing to the great demand that has sprung up of late for colored mailing-cards similar to those which are so much in vogue abroad, Edward H. Mitchell has brought out a set which are characteristic of San Francisco and decidedly artistic in design. They are reproduced from photographs by making wash-drawings from the latter and then separate cuts for each tint, the whole producing a colored picture with more detail in it than can be had in any other manner. The cards, twelve in number, picture the City Hall, Palace Hotel, Lick Observatory, Fort Point, San Francisco street views, Golden Gate Park, Chinatown, Sutro Heights, and Cliff House. Price, 50 cents per set.

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LITERARY NOTES.

A Foolish Revolutionary Maid.

The American maid of Revolutionary times was but a poor creature, if we may accept as a faithful type the young woman who gives her name to Paul Leicester Ford's new novel, "Janice Meredith." We knew that she wore gowns open at the neck in all weathers, and that the proprieties as well debarred her from the outdoor life that gives a sane mind in a wholesome body. But it is not soothing to our pride of ancestry to think that she was such a silly, coquettish, unstable young person as this Janice Meredith.

Janice is the daughter of a wealthy Tory squire in New Jersey. Her pretty little head is full of romantic notions, and when a middle-aged stranger, dazzling her with tales of the brave life of London, begs her to elope, she is quite ready to desert her parents. The elopement is frustrated, however, by her father's bondman—a servant repaying his passage to the New World by a five-years' term of service. Still she holds herself not absolved from her promise to the stranger, her father has promised her hand to the loutish son of a neighboring landowner, and the bondman, who is handsome and has a mysterious past, evidently cherishes a passion which she is not averse to encouraging, though she would never think of marrying a servant.

In this state of affairs the Revolutionary War breaks out. To please her father, the neighbor's son enlists on the British side, the bondman becomes an aid on General Washington's staff, and the stranger comes back as a rascally commissary, making money out of the misfortunes of his country. In the course of events Squire Meredith and his fair daughter, being penniless, are forced to accept the commissary's hospitality, and the crafty scoundrel seeks to force a marriage. But Janice is still unwed when the British evacuate the city, and the former bondman, now a lieutenant-colonel, comes in with the victorious Americans. He rescues her from the mob, and restores her and her mother to their home—the squire having fled to New York—and will not press his suit after placing her under such obligations, whereat the girl, utterly failing to appreciate his delicacy, is piqued and angry. Later, she betrays him to the British—unconsciously, it is true—and asks of him an act which rightly withdraws from him the respect and confidence of General Washington, and yet her sorrow is not at the harm she has done him, but at his lack of trust in her. Truly, Janice Meredith is a very selfish young person.

Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Two Volumes of Reclaimed Verse.

To the four books of verse Louise Imogen Guiney had given the reading world, a fifth has been added, and it will be welcomed by the many who long ago perceived the beauties of her work. In purity of style, in higher inspiration, and in melody irregular and sustained, her poems are distinctive. The verses in "The Martyrs' Idyl, and Shorter Poems" have been published in magazines and literary reviews, and some of them will seem familiar friends as they appear in the pages of the volume, but they are well worthy of book form. The poem that gives the name to the collection is a story in blank verse, and dramatic in form, of the early years of Christianity. The descriptive passages, and many lines of the dialogue, are strong as well as beautiful. There are more than a score of the shorter poems, and they are in many measures and on widely varied themes, yet there is courage and rejoicing, or patience with hope in every one. From among them this is chosen as an example of her thought and art:

THE INNER FATE: A CHORUS.

Not weak with eld
The stars beheld
Proud Persia coming to her doom;
Not battle-broke, o'er tempest-tossed,
The long luxurious galleys lost
Their souls at Actium.

Not outer arts
Of hostile hearts
Persuaded him of France to be,
The wreckage of his wars at last,
The orphan of the kingdoms, cast
Upon the mothering sea.

Man evermore doth work his will,
And evermore the gods are still,
Applauding him alone who stands
Too just for heaven-accusing groans,
And in his house of havoc owns
The doing of his hands;

Transgressor, yet divinely taught
To suffer all, blaspheming naught,
When fair-begun must foul conclude:
Himself progenitor of death,
Who breeds, within, the only breath
Can kill beatitude.

Here is a living picture, and something more:

ORISONS.

Orange and olive and glossed bay-tree,
And air of the evening out at sea,
And out at sea, on the steep warm stone,
A little bare deer poising alone.

Flushed from the cool of Sicilian waves,
Finished as the coral in clean sea-caves,
"I am I!" he cries to his glorying heart,
And unto he knows not what: "Thou art,"

He leaps, he shines, he sinks, he is gone:
He will climb to the golden ledge anon.
Perfector rite can none employ,
When the god of the isle is good to a boy.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.00.

One of F. W. Bourdillon's lyrics is much better known than any other from his pen, and yet he has written many that deserve remembrance. The volume presented is named from that thought which has been reprinted far and wide, "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes," but it contains sixty selections from his work, each a poem of two stanzas. All are marked by sentiment and fancy, and in many there is a happy turn of phrase, a charm of cadence that lingers in the memory. Here is the first of them:

THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES.

The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

There is all of the music of the thrush and the robin in this:

AUTUMN SINGERS.

When woods are gold and hedges gay
With jeweled Autumn's brief array,
And diamonds sprinkle every spray,
The robin sings
His soft melodious well-a-day
For dying things.

Yet often, when a riotous night
Has ruined half the wood's delight,
There breaks a spring-day warm and bright:
And the thrush sings,
As if his April were in sight,
Of quickening things.

In the following, as in the first, is the note that recurs with greatest frequency in his songs:

IN A DISTANT LAND.

My heart has wandered far from me
On wings of love to-night,
Has passed a thousand leagues of sea
Swifter than swallow's flight.

What doth thy journey profit thee,
Thou idle wanderer,
Who canst not take my eyes to see
Nor tongue to talk with her!

Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.00.

Alexander Black's "Modern Daughters."

A companion volume to Alexander Black's artistic "Miss America," published last fall, has just been brought out under the title of "Conversations with Various Girls and One Man," and it is safe to predict that it will prove as successful as its predecessor. The conversations are with a *débutante*, a heroine, a left-over girl, a chaperon, a "gym" girl, a club woman, a nice man, a cynic, an engaged girl, and a bride. They are cleverly conceived, decidedly up-to-date, and in Mr. Black's best style. The volume is profusely illustrated with photographs taken by the author, and, while they occasionally show a curious indifference to the tune of the text, their artistic beauty and merit are a sufficient excuse for their reproduction.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$2.50.

New Publications.

"Juan Pico" is a story of California, with no lack of color, by Will R. Halpin. Published by the Robert Lewis Weed Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

In "Adventures of a Tenderfoot," by H. H. Sauber, are some realistic pictures of life on a California stock range. Published by the Whitaker & Ray Company, San Francisco.

"Contes de la Vie Rustique," containing four tales in the original French, with explanatory notes in English, has been published in paper covers by William R. Jenkins, New York; price, 45 cents.

The adventures of three city waifs on a farm during the holidays are well told in "Christmas at Deacon Hackett's," by James S. Otis. Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price, 50 cents.

Fifty years of practical housekeeping furnished the experience drawn upon in "Mrs. Gillette's Cook Book." The volume has a number of practical illustrations. Published by the Werner Company, Akron, O.; price, \$2.50.

Three novels of readable quality are "Balloon," by Le Roy Hooker; "The Bondwoman," by Marah Ellis Ryan; and "A Married Man," by Frances Aymer Mathews. Published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.25 each.

A helpful volume for young students is "Outlines of General History," by Frank Moore Colby. The topics are well selected and treated with care, and the index is complete. Published by the American Book Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

Among the stories of Mediaeval Towns that of "Toledo," by Hannah Lynch, will take a prominent place. The old Spanish capital is rich in legend, and its cathedrals and their decorations, and remains of Moorish architecture and ornament, furnish subjects without number for the descriptive pen. The

many illustrations in the volume by Helen M. James are noteworthy attractions. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

"Arizona," the latest play by Augustus Thomas, author of "Alabama," "In Mizzioura," etc., has been published, with several photo-engraved illustrations, by R. H. Russell, New York; price, \$1.25.

In "The House in the Hills," her latest novel, Florence Warden has told an interesting story, even if she has not equaled "The House on the Marsh." M. P. Shiel pictures what might happen if the division of China should set Europe by the ears, in his story "The Yellow Daoger." Published by R. F. Fenno & Co., New York; price, \$1.00 each.

The Chiswick Shakespeare is a reprint of the text of the well-known Globe Edition, in dainty volumes of vest-pocket size, with a brief introduction and carefully edited notes and glossary for each play. The recent issues are "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "As You Like It," and "Othello." Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 35 cents each.

Elia Isabel Harris has given in "Two Tragedies of Seneca" a good rendering in blank verse of "Medea" and "The Daughters of Troy." The introduction speaks of the influence exerted on the early English drama by Seneca, and points out several instances of borrowing from the Roman tragedies. The little volume is attractive and worthy. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, 75 cents.

In the Young of Heart Series two recent volumes are "Harum-Scarum Joe," by Will Allen Dromgoole, and "Little Tong's Mission," by Ethelred B. Barry; price, 50 cents each. Three books that will interest and instruct the boys are "Captain Tom, the Privateersman," by James Otis; "Two American Boys in Hawaii," by G. Waldo Browne; "The Minute-Boys of Bunker Hill," by Edward Stratemeyer; price, \$1.25 each. The latest issues in the Stories of American History Series are "When Dewey Came to Manila" and "Off Santiago with Sampson," both by James Otis; price, 75 cents each. "Chatterbox" for 1899 is as usual full of good stories and pictures; price, \$1.25. Published by Dana, Estes & Co., Boston.

General interest has been excited in literary circles in London by the appearance of the *Speaker* under new editorship. The paper, which is the only Liberal weekly review now published in England, has passed into the hands of a group of young Oxford men, who have already made themselves known to English readers as the authors of "Essays in Liberalism." Hilaire Belloc, the author of the "Modern Traveller," "The Bad Child's Book of Beasts," and "Danton"; G. M. Trevelyan, the author of "Wycliffe"; F. W. Hirst, the biographer of Mr. Gladstone and Cobden prize-man of the University of Oxford, are members of the new staff of the paper.

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Mr. Stewart ought certainly to have been gratified on Monday night when he looked out from the proscenium box in which he sat over the rows of earnestly listening faces. Except on a grand-opera night I have never seen the Opera House so full. It was what the newspapers call a "representative audience." There was a large sprinkling of society, and a discreet intermixture of the upper crust of Bohemia. There were literary people, and artistic people, and musical people. And in the stage boxes gentlemen in evening-dress lent a touch of worldly elegance to the scene. The house presented a really more striking appearance than it did at the opera. The audience as a whole was better-looking and representative of a better class.

We do not have many first performances to pass judgment on in San Francisco. And the most difficult of all performances to predict the future of is a comic opera. One week passes and they clip it down here and pad it out there, write in a bit of brighter dialogue in this scene, and take out a piece that drags from the other. A character that the audience likes is strengthened, some one they refuse to take to is suppressed. The plot is bolstered up at the end and fined down in the beginning. And so forth and so on, till the first-nighter does not recognize it as the work he had doubts of on Monday last.

There is a good deal of this sort of work to be done on "The Conspirators." Judiciously pruned, trimmed, and amplified it ought to have a fairly successful career. It has three serious defects: the plot is bad, disconnected, loosely constructed, and with no comprehensive thread of story holding it together; the first act is by far the best, both musically and dramatically; and there is no first-rate part or dominating personality to interest the spectator.

For the first of these defects it is possible to do a good deal. Such story as there is in "The Conspirators" should be strengthened, cleared, and made more prominent. Some ridiculously hazy episodes must be explained. Why does the queen claim Don Juanito as her son? I could not find that out, even after a conscientious perusal of the argument. And what an amateurish thing to have happen one act after the Sister Alicia had claimed him as her son! Another weakness is in the way the main interest shifts about from one group to another. In act one it centres in Don Juanito, his father, and Sister Alicia; in act two the king and queen appear, and it turns about and focuses itself on their domestic bickerings. They do not even appear in the first act, and are an entirely outside element. Neither does the conspiracy which gives the opera its name have any connection with the opening scenes. The most ludicrous of operettas has got to have some sustaining thread of story upon which songs and incidents are strung.

The superiority of the beginning of the piece is, I should fancy, a more difficult fault to rectify. In the first act Mr. Stewart has introduced some very beautiful and sonorous music, almost like church music in its austere gravity. The chorus of nuns, with the soprano and basso, is an ambitious and serious composition of much melodic charm. The unaccompanied song of the convent girls and their lovers is also very attractive. Mr. Stewart's muse reveals herself in this act as somewhat grave in tendency, and the tuneful dignity of the score made one feel as if one were listening to something much more impressive and pretentious than an ordinary light opera. In the succeeding acts he was not nearly so well inspired. The march in the second act, where his leaning to serious cadences and sedate measures should have found ample scope, was neither effective nor melodious. It was a lost opportunity. Of light and sparkling airs there was but one—the Spanish song. This was more in the true comic-opera spirit than anything else in the performance, and it was excellently given by Mr. Wolff, who is a real comedian. Some day an enterprising manager will carry off Mr. Wolff to the East, where every one will say he is a wonder, and then we will assure one another how immensely we appreciated him when he was here.

As to the absence of a leading figure, both Mr. Green and Mr. Stewart would probably say that Juanito filled that position. Juanito is undoubtedly supposed to, but does not. We had a fair opportunity of judging last night, for Edith Mason was a highly successful Juanito, both in voice and appearance. What she lacks in spirit and sparkle she makes up in the radiant prettiness of her appearance and the bird-like freshness of her voice. She is one of the few actresses I ever saw who was tolerable in boy's clothes. She looked a really adorable young

prince and sang with undiminished sweetness and ease. Her voice is wearing wonderfully well. But even she could not bring the character up to the star level. It neither does nor says anything that warrants a central place. As for the tenor, he has nothing to do at all. And only Mr. Wolff's humorous ability saved the figure of Don Filippo from being relegated to the same position as backgrounds, pillars, and mossy banks. Altogether, the libretto is in great need of an infusion of sparkle and wit. I remember only one joke, which I will faithfully report. "Hail!" cries an entering courtier to the king. "Don't hail while I reign!" retorts the witty monarch.

The piece has been given a surprisingly good setting—surprisingly good, even for Morosco's, where costume and scenery have always been taken seriously. The court scene in the second act is a very brilliant picture, and the white-clad dancing-girls' arches of flowers are grouped and bent with most successfully picturesque effect. Another surprise was the good looks of the chorus-girls. They were unusually good-looking, or else they were unusually well made up. Upon these esoteric questions I do not presume to judge. In fact, the management, the costumer, and the *perruquier* had done their best. The one blot upon the beauty of the whole was Edith Mason's striped suit in the third act. It was a combination of zebra and convict that was one of the most dazlingly successful triumphs of the unbecomingly even seen on the stage. She must stop wearing that suit. Blue and silver is the correct thing for comic-opera heroes, especially in last acts.

There is a personality vitalizing this week's production of "The Three Musketeers." It has put warmth and fire into the old play, and made it throb with new life. It has interested dreary people, and made glum people laugh, and sour people pleasant, and dull people bright. If you have not cloud-compelling genius, then the next best thing is to have a personality. The owner of the personality which is making "The Three Musketeers" go, as it has not gone since Alexander Salvini died, is Eugene Ormonde, who is a tall, well-set-up, deep-voiced actor, with a jolly, ringing laugh, a fine, stage-filling presence, and a large, aquiline nose. It may be that the nose is set of the costume. Since Cyrano de Bergerac set the fashion, noses have come up in the world's esteem, and one may have a nose as large in proportion as an African ant-eater's, and yet be a man of soul and spirit. Dumas was too true an artist not to know that his great hero should have a high-bridged, prominent nasal organ, and if I mistake not it is particularly mentioned when he is first introduced to us, riding on his orange-colored Bearnais pony.

To return to Mr. Ormonde—I have my doubts about his being an especially accurate D'Artagnan. But I have no doubts about his being a living, eye-holding, almost brilliant stage-figure as D'Artagnan. His performance, without the slightest attempt at delicacy of effect, fairly bubbles with youth and high spirits. It is conceived and executed from the Anglo-Saxon rather than the Gallic standpoint. D'Artagnan is described as of the lean, steel-nerved, hawk-eyed order of man—a youth of fiery impulse, yet shrewd and capable of keen calculation, generous but not soft, large-hearted but not tender, and with the wit of tongue and brain that takes the place in the French of humor of temperament.

Mr. Ormonde did not give the Gallic, or real Dumas, side at all. What he did give was a performance of glowing animation, of slightly stupid self-confidence, of broad, blundering dash, and immense *joie de vivre* and animal spirits. It was essentially boyish in idea and execution. In this—and in fact in most other particulars—it resembled Alexander Salvini's D'Artagnan. I should fancy that Mr. Ormonde had modeled his performance on that of the dead Italian's, which was a splendid exhibition of youthful exuberance, fire, and *verve*. I suppose twenty-four hours after the appearance of this article Mr. Ormonde will write to me in a vein of hurt protest and say that he never saw Alexander Salvini in "The Three Musketeers," is doubtful if he ever saw him on the stage in anything, and indeed is not quite sure whether, until he read my article, he ever heard of him. Such is the life of the dramatic critic.

The arrangement of the story is almost the same as that Salvini used to use. It is the diamond-stud version, which concerns itself only with D'Artagnan's ride to Calais, and the first crossing of swords between him and Lady de Winter. The Lady de Winter love-episode is left out—which is not to be regretted, as that and the taking of Bonacieux's money are the only two things D'Artagnan ever did that were unworthy of him as one of the greatest figures of romantic literature. But the French ideas of gallantry must always seem a little dark and devious to the American mind. Even the killing of Lady de Winter always gave me an uncomfortable sensation of disappointment. It was dreadful to picture D'Artagnan resisting the woman's appeal for life to him who had once been her lover.

The rest of the company were about what one might expect. The only one who rose above the average was Gertrude Foster as Lady de Winter. But to see this queen of adventuresses in her first wild efforts to serve the cardinal and frustrate the helpful combination of the musketeers, is to see her in her least interesting aspect. It is in the last half

of the book that she takes on the menacing splendor of an instrument of Fate. I should like to see this second stage of the embroglio done into a play by one who, beside a trick at stagecraft and an aptitude for dialogue, would also possess a sense of the dramatically terrible. That one scene in the deserted cottage, where the three avengers, looking through the window, see their prey sitting cloaked and hooded before the fire, would make it go. Miss Foster is a loud-talking and vociferous Lady de Winter, but she is not unhandsome and has a manner at once cajoling and gracious. Miss Crosby's Anne of Austria was too weakly pretty, and had an almost cringingly gentle mode of address that was most unbecomingly. Constance was girlish and attractive. American morals demand that she should be Bonacieux's ward instead of his wife, so that D'Artagnan may love and woo her without causing a blush to decorate the cheek of the most hardened divorcee in the audience. GERALDINE BONNER.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Another Version.

Many a family closet does
A skeleton contain;
Many a loss lurks beneath
Great prospective gain;
Many a bland smile covers
Hearts black as coal;
Many a gay bit of ribbon
Conceals an ugly mole;
Many a cheerful countenance
Adorns a man forlorn;
Many a patent-leather shoe
Hides an aching corn.

—Chicago News.

Sonnet and Bonnet.

Take golden haze
Of autumn days
And write some rhymes upon it;
Add "fading year"
And "twilight clear"—
You've an October sonnet.

Take piece of felt,
Give it a welt
And stick a feather on it.
A twenty dol.
Lar price-mark's all!
It's an October bonnet!

—Baltimore American.

From the Altar to the Courts.

A little miss,
A little kiss,
A little bliss,
A wedding—that is splendid;
A little jaw,
A little law,
Back home to ma,
And, lo, the trouble's ended.

—Chicago News.

A Suggestion to the Yachtsmen.

Next time we have a contest
For the Greatest of the Mugs,
Let's change about from sail-boats,
And compete for it with tugs.

A tug-boat built for Iselin,
And a launch from o'er the seas,
Could settle up the Royal Cup
Without a bit of breeze.

Or else extend the limit

That hath seemed exceeding short
With not a zephyr blowing
Anywhere about the port;

And in the drifting-matches
Of the future let each boat
Have a ninety-day allowance
Like a promissory note.

If then they can not finish

In the time that has been set,
Let both the racing Captains
In the glassy ocean get;

And give the cup to that one
Who shall make the better score
In swimming from his vessel
To the Coney Island shore.—Bazar.

The Bunko Man.

The bunko man has funny ways;
He lies in wait for foolish j's;
He takes their X's and their V's
With gentle grace and greatest E's.
—Indianapolis Journal.

What's in an English Name?

I once loved a maiden so comely,
Whose name was Alicia Cholmondeley;
But shortly my thoughts and my dreams
Were wandering to Wendolin Wemyss.
And soon my poor heart rose with leaps
To the bait of Delicia Pepps.
And next I was lying in pawn
To the charms of Felicia Strachan,
Who proved but a faithless deceiver,
And left me to Adelaide Belvoir.
Then ere long I implored as a boon
The hand of fair Margery Mohun;
Too soon to be laid on the coals
By love of Elizabeth Knollys,
Who caused me to swear like a trooper
Till I met with my Madeline Cowper.
She taught me her charms were a myth—
So I wedded a plain Mary Smith.
—October Overland Monthly.

Oculists' Eye Glasses

Are not an experiment. When made by us they fit. Nor do they tilt or waver with the new clip. 50 cents. Oculists' prescriptions filled. Quick repairing. Factory on premises. Phone, Main 10.

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OPTICIANS PHOTOGRAPHIC APPARATUS.
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UPPER CHURCH BUILDING

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.

To-Night and Sunday Evening "La Belle Helene."
Next Week—Monday, Wednesday, Saturday, Sunday
Nights, Meyerbeer's Grand Tragic Opera,
-- L'AFRICAIN --
Tuesday, Thursday, Friday, Evenings, and Saturday
Matinee, Balfe's Melodious Opera,
-- THE BOHEMIAN GIRL --
Popular Prices—25c and 50c.
Telephone for Seats, Bush 9.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.

Beginning Sunday Night, October 29th. Dunne &
Ryley Present Mathews & Bulger in the Latest
Revision of Their Big Vaudeville Operetta,
-- BY THE SAD SEA WAVES --
Everything new but the Title.
Special Farce Comedy Season. Prices—\$1, 75c, 50c, 25c.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.

The Popular House. Phone Main 1731.
Week Commencing Sunday Night, October 29th. A
Tornado of Meritment That Nothing Can Stop
but Time to go Home,
-- BROWN'S IN TOWN --
Management of Delcher & Hennessy.
Sunday Night, November 5th, Return Engagement,
Positively Limited to One Week, Nance O'Neill.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

TELEPHONE MAIN 532.
Week of Monday, October 30th. Second Week. The
Original Comic Opera. By H. J. Stewart and
Clay M. Greene, Entitled
-- THE CONSPIRATORS --
Usual Popular Prices—50c, 35c, 25c, 15c, and 10c. A
Good Reserved Seat at Saturday Matinee 25c.
Branch Ticket-Office Emporium.

Opheum

Jack Norworth; Hal Merritt and Miss Florence Murdock;
Louise Dresser; Wright Huntington & Co.; Laura
Burt; Walton's Acrobatic Simians; Mlle.
Erna's Musical Dogs; and Lotty.
Reserved seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and
Box seats, 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday, and
Sunday.

RACING—CALIFORNIA JOCKEY CLUB.
Winter Meeting, 1899-1900, Beginning Saturday,
September 23, 1899. Oakland Race Track. Racing Mon-
day, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Satur-
day, Rain or Shine. Five or more Races Each Day.
Races Start at 2:15 P. M. sharp. Ferry-boats leave San
Francisco at 12 M. and 12:30, 1:00, 1:30, 2:00, 2:30,
and 3:00 P. M., connecting with trains stopping at the
entrance to the track. Buy your ferry tickets to Shell
Mound. All trains via Oakland Mole connect with San
Pablo Avenue electric cars at Seventh and Broadway,
Oakland; also all trains via Alameda Mole connect with
San Pablo electric cars at 14th and Broadway, Oakland.
R. E. MILROV, Sec. THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, JR., Pres.

MT. TAMALPAIS

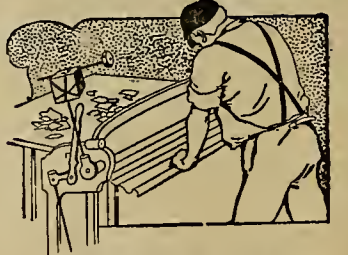
SCENIC RAILWAY. (Via Sausalito Ferry.)
Leave San Francisco, commencing October 1, 1899.
WEEK DAYS—9:30 a. m. and 1:45 p. m.
SUNDAYS—8:00, 10:00 a. m., and 1:15 p. m.
No Night Trips.

ROUND TRIP from San Francisco, \$1.40

"I never thought the time would ever come when
I should be delighted to hear that piano going," re-
marked Fogg, as the "instrument" in the next house
was being carried down-stairs to the furniture-wagon.
—Boston Transcript.

NOTHING SO GOOD.

For harmless amusement for
our boys, our girls, and every-
body of all ages as the
Harmless Rubber Projectile.
THE FAMILY GAME.
65c Bronze. 90c Nickel. Trade
supplied by Goodyear Rubber Co., S. F. and Portland, Or.



There is no demand for a
better galvanized iron—
Apollo is right. There is
no better than right.

Apollo Iron and Steel Company, Pittsburgh.

STAGE GOSSIP.

"Brown's in Town."

"A Breach of Promise" closes at the California theatre this (Saturday) evening, and on Sunday another new farce-comedy called "Brown's in Town" will be presented. Unlike its predecessor, it does not depend on noisy horseplay for its success, but abounds in genuinely laughable situations and sparkling dialogue. The plot is based on the trials and tribulations of a Mr. Brown, who visits the small village of Honeysuckle Lodge, with his young and pretty wife, to enjoy a quiet honeymoon. A host of friends and relatives come to the same place, and his attempt to keep his whereabouts and marriage a secret lead to many amusing complications. The cast is an excellent one, and includes, among others, Mark Swan, C. Horn, W. Cullisin, E. Ehner, Jessie Mae Hall, Monica Lee, and Maud Knowlton, a former San Franciscan.

"Brown's in Town" will be given for one week only, when Nance O'Neil returns for nine performances.

Grand and Comic Opera at the Tivoli.

"La Belle Hélène" will be given for the last time at the Tivoli Opera House to-night (Saturday) and Sunday evenings. An alternating bill of grand and comic opera is the offering for next week. Meyerbeer's greatest creation, "L'Africaine," will be sung on Monday, Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday nights, with Avedano, Salassa, Wanrell, Fonari, Zani, and Anna Lichter in the leading rôles. On Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings and Saturday matinée, Balfé's ever-popular comic opera, "The Bohemian Girl," will be produced, with Tom Greene, Alf Wheelan, Phil Branson, William Schuster, Ada Walker, and Caroline Knowles in the cast.

Return of Mathews and Bulger.

At the Columbia Theatre on Sunday night those clever comedians, Mathews and Bulger, will be seen in a new version of their nonsensical bodge-podge, "By the Sad Sea Waves." The action of what little plot there is takes place in a large sanitarium, where the inmates do all sorts of ludicrous things. A number of striking specialties have been introduced, as well as a score of catchy new songs, notably, "My Japanese Baby," which has made a big hit on the road. The company is a large one, and includes, besides the popular comedians, Mlle. la Sève, Jane Lennox, Bessie Challenger, Mina Hickman, Lizzie Sanger, Agnes Wayburn, Mabel Meredith, Eva Leslie, Marie Wood, Marie Dellafontaine, Lottie Ettenger, Ned Wayburn, W. J. Deming, W. H. McCart, Tony Hart, Thomas A. Kiernan, George Sinclair, and Fred Gregory.

Broadhurst's "Why Smith Left Home," with Maclyn Arbuckle in the leading rôle, follows "By the Sad Sea Waves."

At the Orpheum.

Jack Norworth, who calls himself "The Jail-Bird Coon," will head the bill at the Orpheum next week. His monologue "turn" is said to be very entertaining, for his jokes and songs are not only thoroughly up to date, but in an entirely original vein. Hal Merritt and Florence Murdoch will present a pantomime sketch, "Luncheon at Two," in the course of which Mr. Merritt will introduce a number of clever vocal imitations. Louise Dresser, the clever sister of Paul Dresser, the song-writer, supported by two pickaninnies, will be seen in an original sketch entitled "The Girls from the Wabash."

The hold-overs include Wright Huntington, who has scored a hit in his charming little play, "A Stolen Kiss," Laura Burt, Sada the violinist, Walton's Acrobatic Sinians, Mlle. Erna's Dogs, and Lotty.

Second Week of "The Conspirators."

Such has been the success of H. J. Stewart and Clay M. Greene's comic opera, "The Conspirators," that the management of the Grand Opera House have wisely decided to continue it another week. Among the many gems of the opera may be mentioned the solo, "An Avalanche of Petticoats"; song and ensemble, "The Inevitable Thing"; solo, "When I Am Free"; duet, "The Lady Killer"; solo, quartet, and chorus, "Loving's Quite the Thing to Do"; quartet, "Let Us One and All in Blissful Thrall"; "The Conspirators' Chorus," *bravura*; song, "El Castilino à la Mode"; solo, "Why Is This World Made Up of Sighing?"; songs, "I Do Devote My Life to You," "What a Distressing Quandary," "Indiscriminate Love," "The Kiss Duet"; sextet, "We Saw It with Our Eyes"; duet, "A Social Fad"; song, "Why Should Woman's Heart Go Begging?"; duet, "There Is No Life but Love"; recitative and ensemble, "Come to the Altar"; "Quarreling Duet"; "Chorus of Mad Maidens"; song, "The Savage and the Boomerang."

Alice Nielsen's Latest Success.

On Monday evening Alice Nielsen scored a decided hit at the New York Casino in Harry Smith and Victor Herbert's new comic opera, "The Singing Girl." The plot deals with an edict of the governor of Linz which compels flirtatious couples to marry or go to prison, and the music throughout is said to be light and catchy. The burden of the opera rests on the shoulders of Miss Nielsen, who

appears as Greta, the singing-girl, and her brother, but she comes through the ordeal with flying colors. Of her success, Alan Dale says:

"It was always pleasant to watch little Miss Nielsen. Her personal success was unequivocal. She is such a very earnest little lady—such a comic-opera novelty. There are no airs about her (she gave them all to her tenor) and she is very brave. Her bravery was shown by the chorus, which was young and pretty. If Miss Nielsen had been human she would have had a set of old crows to emphasize her own youth and *naïveté*. But she was inhuman and surrounded herself by young, pretty girls, who wore their pink tights with Amazonian fervor and flaunted their prettiness in the faces of all."

Sir Henry Irving on the Drama.

When Sir Henry Irving laid the memorial stone of a new theatre in Lower Broughton, a populous suburb of Manchester, the other day, he said:

"I have come here to-day with the keenest pleasure to take part in this ceremony, for whenever I hear of a foundation-stone of a new theatre I always want to lay it, and rejoice over it as a hen does over an egg. You will gather from this that I am a bit of an enthusiast on this subject. For many years now I have been preaching the theatre, not only from the standpoint of art, but also on sound social policy. I have always contended that a well-conducted play-house is a centre of rational recreation, and without rational recreation no community can pretend to have its faculties in proper order. I know that when we talk about the theatre in relation to general education some wise person is sure to start up and ask whether a particular piece of stage-work—always chosen in this connection for certain defects of matter or taste—is the kind of thing on which we base the educational pretensions of the drama. The answer is very simple. We take the drama broadly—just as we take the literature of fiction—and maintain that its influence tends to provide a fund of rational amusement which, making due allowance for the imperfections of human nature, is productive of social benefit."

"There is a class of people who tell you this is all very well, but there is too much human nature in the drama. If so, then there is too much of it in the novel, and a great deal too much of it in the newspaper. If you are going in for the suppression of all public manifestations of human nature, you had better shut up the circulating library, and make the publication of newspapers a penal offense. But really this branch of controversy is rather barren, and I am half-ashamed to mention it here. I don't apologize for this foundation-stone. I believe it is a real contribution to the spread of the humanities, of those artistic amenities of life which lighten the burden of daily toil with the play of sympathy and imagination. In a country like Germany this is taken for granted. Nobody there is called upon to justify the theatre, for it is intimately associated with the life and traditions of the people. In England we are not quite so rational, for I continue to receive letters from young men who tell me they are about to take part in a debate on the question 'Is play-going consistent with Christian morals?'—and ask me to supply them with arguments in support of the affirmative. Some day, I hope, play-going will cease to be a bone of contention in mutual improvement societies, or become a purely historical and academic topic of discussion, like the execution of Charles the First. I look to this foundation stone as a means to that desirable end. The multiplication of theatres, I am glad to say, goes on apace; and that you should desire a theatre here in Broughton, in spite of the counter attraction of Manchester, is a worthy tribute to your public spirit."

There has been scarcely a cabinet in Italy which has not tried to relieve the abnormal situation and immorality produced by the fact that a church marriage is not recognized by the state, while, on the other hand, "good clericals" will only be married by a priest, refusing to accept the new order of things. When parliament re-opens in November a new law will be submitted, as the state of affairs is really deplorable, and, perhaps, without precedent, as a dishonest man can have two wives, without the law being able to touch him, one taken at the church, the other at the city hall. From statistics, ordered by Minister Taiani in 1879, it appeared that from 1856 to that date, about four hundred thousand marriages had been celebrated in church only, thus leaving the woman, should she be deserted, without any redress, and the children illegitimate, if the father did not choose to acknowledge them.

Mr. Louis Feusier, the well-known commission merchant of San Francisco, has turned his steps from the conservative path of business to the political arena. The office of treasurer, which Mr. Feusier is seeking, is an office of great responsibility, and it is gratifying to see such business men of standing and integrity entering the political field. The *Argonaut* has always stood for good government, and no better method of attaining this end can be found than by injecting into the veins of our public offices the blood of business principles and mature judgment.

Convincing Argument.

One trial of our famous liquid cosmetic will convince the most skeptical ladies that the merits of Creme de Lis are not exaggerated when we say that it is the greatest beautifier and skin preserver on earth.

—MANY PEOPLE WISH A PURE ARTICLE OF whisky strictly for family use, but do not like to go to a saloon or grocery for it. The Jesse Moore "AA" Whisky—the purest and best—is now sold at all respectable drug stores.

Le Bargy to Leave the Comédie.

The determination of M. le Bargy to sever his connections with the Comédie-Française, after having been one of its pillars for about twenty years, has set all Paris a-talking, and many motives are given for his action. Some say that he is going to assume the directorship of his own theatre, others that he will devote himself to play-writing, for which he has, at any rate, one useful qualification—a well-stored memory. It is rumored that M. de Rostand has offered him an important rôle in "Aiglon," the new play in verse which he is writing for Sarah Bernhardt. It is hinted that he is resigning out of disgust because his button-hole was not graced with the red ribbon when the last basketful of orders of the Legion of Honor was distributed.

Others, again, say that as the receipts of the Comédie-Française have been decreasing at an alarming rate lately, the share received by a *sociétaire* is not worth considering, particularly when the *sociétaire* has the talent of Le Bargy, but this reason is surely hypothetical (says the New York Herald), for Le Bargy is rich, and made a rich marriage. No, it is the consensus of opinion that managerial ambition has led the young actor to send in his resignation. It is quite possible that after the experience of a few months or a few years he would be in a position to urge his claims to be the successor to M. Jules Claretie in the eventuality of M. Claretie's leaving the house of Molière. The *Gil Blas* says this eventuality is being discussed as possible in the near future. Le Bargy, in that case, would have two professional competitors for the post of administrator of the Théâtre Français—M. Albert Carré, at present the director of the Opéra Comique, and M. Antoine, the founder of the Théâtre Libre, now director of the Théâtre Antoine.

But Le Bargy is not only an actor. Indeed, some people think this is his least claim to distinction. He is not only an experienced stage-manager, whose dictum has to be obeyed; he is also the arbiter of fashion. He is so far above the vulgar herd that he even dared to be married in a frock-coat, as though he were merely an English gentleman. This little incident testifies to his originality, as well as to his indifference for public opinion. What will the Théâtre Français be without Le Bargy? Why, he is the Théâtre Français. To his little court of worshippers even the mere idea seems preposterous. When he is gone who will put the finishing touch to the staging of a new comedy? Who will give the decision from which no appeal is possible about the exact shade of gloves to wear? Whose voice will be authoritative enough to impose an iron law regulating the neck-ties that must be worn by those who would be really in the front rank of fashion's progress?

A Report on the Texas Copper Mines.

William S. Gage, member of the Canada Mining Institute, recently visited the property owned by the Boston & Texas Copper Company, of Boston, Mass., in Archer, Baylor, and Wichita Counties, Tex., and by request made a written report of his examination and conclusions. His study of the various mines and openings was thorough, as he spent a week in the work, and his findings confirm the assays and reports of the several engineers and geologists who had examined the properties. He says: "The tract owned by your company, I am informed, comprises some twelve thousand or more acres, and is situated in the undulating upland of the State. . . . The various deposits of loam, sandstone, marl, and clay are in blanket formation, the cupiferous clay-bearing copper ore (melaconite) wherever openings or mines occur. Of the more important mines are the Isbell, the Ball, and the Cummins; the others, including the Douglass, the Spinx, the Hollis, etc., giving less satisfactory showings, but are not fully opened up. . . . All of the clay and neighboring sandstone show impregnation of copper. In no place where openings have been made have I failed to find deposits of copper-bearing ore in blanket formation. . . . I was especially requested to examine the clay for the purpose of forming an opinion as to its treatment, and find that my previously expressed opinion is borne out by the investigations made at the mines. . . . These reports bear out the statement that the clays can be very cheaply treated, in fact by the cheapest methods known in mining. . . . Including the nodular and pseudomorph deposits, which are found imbedded in the clay, the average per cent. of copper would, in my opinion, run as high as ten or twelve per cent. to each cubic yard. . . . I find no reason to question or qualify the reports of other engineers and geologists, and shall be glad to serve the company in working the property."

William A. Deane.

Among the candidates whose names were submitted to the voters of this city by the recent Republican Municipal Convention is William A. Deane, nominated for reelection to the office of county clerk. Mr. Deane was one of the Republicans who were nominated and elected at the election of last year, and he has filled the office with honor to himself and to his party. His was one of the nominations that were in accordance with the principles of good government, since he had served as deputy for a number of years under his predecessor, Charles F. Curry, and he came to the performance of his duties with a full knowledge of the details of administering the office, and a full knowledge of what was required of him.

The recent grand jury, after investigating the affairs of the county clerk's office, filed a report giving the highest praise to Mr. Deane for his administration. Such praise offsets any amount of partisan abuse.

Asa R. Wells for Auditor.

The Republican candidate for city auditor is not an untried aspirant for public honors, but a present servant of the people, who has earned a new lease of his office. Auditor Wells has performed the feat of preparing the new tax-rolls in the time allowed by law—an unusual occurrence, on account of the magnitude of the work—and turned them over to the tax-collector on the date required. Good management is responsible for this achievement, and a public benefit is the result. Those who paid their taxes before July 1st, on the basis of last year's assessment, are entitled to a rebate of about ten per cent., and the lists made out show the amount due each taxpayer. Mr. Wells has had a long and successful business training as a member of the firm of Wells, Russell & Co., and the method he has acquired is used in the service of the public. He has been a resident of San Francisco since 1852, coming from New York, where his ancestors were Revolutionary patriots.

Republican Ticket

Progress and Prosperity.

Mayor.....	Horace Davis
Auditor.....	Asa R. Wells
Treasurer.....	Louis Feusier
Assessor.....	Albert Heyer
Tax Collector.....	Joseph H. Scott
Coroner.....	Dr. A. D. McLean
Recorder.....	W. Z. Tiffany
City Attorney.....	Charles H. Jackson
District Attorney.....	Alfred P. Black
Public Administrator.....	John Farnham
County Clerk.....	Wm. A. Deane
Sheriff.....	John Lackmann

Police Judges:

L. G. Carpenter	Henry L. Joachimsen
Charles A. Low	James L. Nagle

Supervisors:

Emmett B. Barrett	Charles Boston
Nathan Bibb	Victor D. Duboce
Charles Bliss	Samuel Foster
D. C. M. Goodsell	Thos. L. Henderson
Milo S. Jeffers	Wm. C. Johnson
Charles J. King	Thos. H. Morris
Geo. R. Sanderson	Geo. T. Shaw
E. N. Torello	I. J. Truman
Wm. Watson	Cyrus S. Wright

We stand for good government and honest improvements.

FOR MAYOR

JAMES D. PHELAN

INCUMBENT

Regular Democratic Nominee.



VANITY FAIR.

There is scarcely a great English family but has one or more of its offspring as cadets or officers in the regiments that are on their way or that have been ordered to proceed to South Africa (writes the New York World's English correspondent). This fact has had the effect of bringing society back to London much earlier than usual. However indifferent to sentiment these titled people may seem, there must be fitting partings when their sons and brothers and sweethearts set out on what may be their last mission. There is more than the tie of Anglo-Saxon kinship to interest Americans in this war. Many of the officers who will fight against the Boers are well known on this side of the Atlantic, and have danced and flirted in New York and Newport. Among the officers of the Tenth Hussars, of which the Prince of Wales is honorary colonel, the Duke of Buccleuch has a son and a son-in-law; the Duke and Duchess of Portland have each a brother, Earl Derby and Lord Ribblesdale have sons, and Lord Revelstoke a brother. Colonel Arthur Paget, who married the daughter of Paron Stevens, of New York city, commands the first battalion of that swaggar regiment, the Scots Guards; Cornwallis West, son of the beauty who once engaged the heart of the prince, the young man whose engagement to marry Lady Randolph Churchill was a two-months' wonder, is an officer in the Scots Guards. The eldest and the second sons of the Marquis of Lansdowne will be at the front, and there will be the two brothers of the Earl of Beauchamp, and the brother of the Earl of Durham, the famous steeple-chase rider. Lord Crichton, who has paid so much attention to the American heiress, Miss May Goelet, will also be exposed to the bullets of the Boers, and the queen herself will the more anxiously await the news from the scene of strife because Prince Francis of Teck, the brother of the Duchess of York, and Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein, her majesty's grandson, will be under his grandmother's colors. Many high-born women, the wives of officers, have been anxious to accompany their husbands to South Africa, but the War Office is discouraging them from going. Before this order was issued, however, Lady Sarah Wilson had gone to Mafeking with her husband, Captain Wilson, who is attached to Baden-Powell's forces.

Upon the favors, quite as much as upon the leader, the success of a cotillion depends. Many dances which would otherwise have gone down in the history of society events as dull have been redeemed by them. The popularity of a hostess rests largely upon her ability to provide surprises for her friends—a succession of them—continuing all through the german, thus holding her guests until the last figure has been danced. Although at some of the fashionable dances favors claim a large share of the expense, they need not necessarily be costly (remarks the *Bazar*). Novelty and daintiness are the only qualities they must possess. They should show the forethought of the hostess, to whom appropriateness should be the watchword, and they should also be well balanced—that is to say, the same style of favors should not be provided for the different figures. They should vary, those for one figure being large, those for the next small. Five-favor figures are generally considered sufficient for a cotillion. When there are many dancers, two leaders are necessary—one to distribute the gifts, the other to lead. For the first figure, favors of a highly decorative character should be selected, such as tinsel scarfs for the women and orders for the men. Then should follow surprise after surprise—the more surprising the favors, the more successful the dance, provided, of course, that all are in good taste. A rose garden would be charming for the second figure. This calls for staffs trimmed with roses and *boutonnieres* for the women, who hold these floral wands all at the same height, producing the effect of a flower-bed as they form in a double ring, one circle within another, while the leader lines up his men to capture their partners, and secure the *boutonnieres* which can easily be detached from the poles. Lucky pieces are appropriate for the third figure—sham-rockers for the men, silver flowers for the women. The flowers can be worn as charms on neck-chains or bangles, and have a birthday or some other date or else a pretty sentiment engraved on them. Under the bead of lucky pieces come horseshoes and little pigs. Louis the Fifteenth slippers of embroidered satin make pretty favors for women in the fourth figure, and tall canes may be used for their partners. Little candlesticks with tapers would be most appropriate for the women in the finishing figure, and long German pipes decorated with ribbons would be appreciated by the men. Small gifts do not promise to be popular as favors this season. Maids of honor (as little dolls fastened to sticks set up by ribbons and flowers are called), tambourines with roses, fish-nets, butterfly-nets, grace-loops or large tinsel rings trimmed with bells, Directoire and folly heads on sticks, distaffs, and such things will be much used.

One of Washington's most interesting landmarks is about to vanish with the destruction of Stewart Castle, which has been bought by Senator Clark, of Montana. Upon its site will be erected a palatial residence. When Senator Stewart built this man-

sion, which stands facing Dupont Circle, it was considered a very magnificent structure, though certainly nothing in the architectural way could well be uglier. In those days—twenty-five years ago—all that part of Washington was a wilderness of vacant lots, with here and there a sprinkling of negro shanties, and people said that the Nevada millionaire must be crazy to select so ineligible a site. To-day, of course, it is the very centre of the most fashionable district, and the senator has made about one thousand per cent. on his investment. During the epoch of low-ebb in his fortunes, Stewart leased the Castle to the Chinese legation, and it was there that the minister from the Middle Kingdom gave the famous ball, which was destined to go on record as a notable episode in Washington history (says the New York Herald). Being a hospitable man, and new to the ways of the American capital, he threw wide his doors and welcomed everybody. A well-dressed and hungry mob swarmed in, and, biding its time, made a rush as soon as refreshments were announced. The guests formed a solid phalanx six deep around the tables, and stayed there. What the waiters managed to secure was grabbed from them before they could deliver it; plates were thrown under the tables as fast as emptied, and many "gents" took away a quart bottle of champagne in each dress-coat pocket. It was a veritable orgy, and, despairing at length of getting rid in any other way of these harpies who came to pollute the feast, the host resorted to the ingenious expedient of ordering his servants to scatter red pepper in the supper-room. This drove them out.

Interesting details are found in the latest English papers concerning that weighty assemblage of new women who cast aside their skirts, donned knickers and bloomers, and rode on their wheels from London to Reading, thirty-nine miles away, in order to have a dinner where they might make speeches which would put to confusion the old-fogy justices, such as the one that upheld the right of a landlord to refuse admittance to his hotel of Lady Habberton, the head of the bloomer guild. Lady Habberton, it seems, wore bloomers trimmed with silver braid. The honorable secretary, Mrs. Heron Maxwell, wore tight black knickers and a white silk shirt. One of the ladies' costumes were remarkable in design and execution. It is described as being of black-flowered alpaca, which fell from the shoulders with no waist at all, and with sleeves trimmed elaborately with lace. The head-piece of this costume was a most ornate bonnet of feathers and flowers. At the dinner many of the ladies exchanged their blouses for bodices of conventional cut, but not one of them put on skirts. Sarah Grand was the chief speaker of the occasion, but she violated all the rules by wearing an ordinary evening-gown, her excuse being that she had come by train and not by bicycle. In an amusing little speech, which has since been held up as a strong argument in favor of bloomers, the distinguished authoress related how she was out riding one day, her cycling-skirt caught in the spokes of her wheel and was torn off of the waist, and, in her own words, she "was a most indecent spectacle." Had it not been for two nice old gentlemen, who were fortunately provided with pins, she would have remained "an indecent spectacle" for quite a long time; but, held together by pins, she went home a wiser and a sadder woman. She was not in a condition to bicycle for a year afterward. Now she naturally will wear nothing but bloomers.

According to the New York Sun, the rougher the goods the more admirable the suit is the advice tailors are giving now to their customers as they roll out the widths of the new Bliss and Bedford tweeds, pilot serges, and Witney mixtures. The surface of every one of these is as rough as wool can be compounded, and grays of every gradation, toned with half-invisible, broken plaids in mingled dark-blue and red and green are the fashionable fabrics for the fall and winter morning and business costume. The linen of the men who are wearing these gray suits is colored solidly. That is, in one uniform shade of dull-lilac, in dove-gray, in cadet-blue, and a pleasant tone of buff. The bosom and cuffs are colored, but the high turn-over collar is white. The tie to-day is almost anything that individual taste leans toward. Changeable silks that turn in the light from ruby to red to greenish-blue and reflect tones of rich purple command a large following. Rich white silk, with a dull surface finish and perhaps a few damasked white figures thereon, is esteemed for afternoon use by the gilded youth at this moment, while he utterly abhors a white satin tie, and most especially one that shows any color on its white surface. With the black frock-coat of 1899 and 1900, clear gray and white-checked, not gray-striped trousers, are the orthodox selection. The checks are one-fourth of an inch square, larger and more daring than any seen for many a day, and yet, because of the use of gray, instead of black, with the white squares, there is nothing extremely conspicuous in the new plaid. Exactly the same check overspreads the new box-shaped, deeply yoked Marlborough rain-coat that has been introduced from England. This is a pliable and not so heavy a waterproof as the regulation mackintosh, and with its Raglan sleeves and big, smoked-pearl buttons it is to all intents and purposes a becoming and com-



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fortable winter overcoat, serviceable in nearly all weathers.

The new winter soft hat has a somewhat taller crown and smaller, more closely rolled brim than ever before, and it is made of gray felt as dull in color as smoke, or a warm chocolate-brown. What has more than anything else served to freshen and enhance its appearance is its rather festive crown scarf. About the crown not a band of gros-grain ribbon is wound, but a softly folded width of twilled silk that is black with a satin dot in it, or brown with a red thread shining out at intervals, else a pigeon-gray fold with a dull-blue figure here and there damasked on its surface. Men who ride and drive a great deal affect Alpines with cheerful plain crown scarfs, and the new box-shaped buff-colored driving-coat has a strap-seamed yoke that, back and front, extends nearly to the waist line. Buff-colored gaiters with buttons of the same color ornament the feet. With well-polished, black-laced shoes the buff gaiter is omnipresent, both with morning as well as afternoon dress, where in the latter instance the buff spats are sometimes exchanged for those of a gray that matches the gray in the checked trousers.

Photographic views of actual war scenes are of great value to the kinesiologist people, and strenuous efforts are made to secure them. Artists run great risks in their quest. A number of *bona-fide* battle pictures were secured by one daring operator during the Santiago campaign, but just as he was leaving the field he was shot through the shoulder. When the soldiers carried him off he intrusted his precious packet of films to a Cuban boy, with instructions to mail them at Siboney. The boy ran into some heavy firing on the way back, and took refuge with four natives in an old sugar-shed. At the next moment the Spaniards dropped a shell through the roof and blew the shed, boy, films, and natives into a thousand fragments. It was a loss that caused much lamenting in New York. The pictures were absolutely unique and would have created a sensation.

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THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, October 25, 1899, were as follows:

	BONDS.	Shares.	Closed.	Bid.	Asked.
Contra C. Water 5%	1,000	@ 107 1/4			
Los An. & Pac. Ry.	2,000	@ 103 1/2	103 1/2		
Market St. Ry. 5%	7,000	@ 116	116		
N. R. of Cal. 5%	2,000	@ 113	112 1/2	113 1/2	
Oakland Transit 6%	2,000	@ 112 1/2-112 1/2	112	112 1/2	
Omnibus C. R. 6%	20,000	@ 126 1/2			
S. F. & N. P. Ry. 5%	4,000	@ 114 1/2	114 1/2		
S. F. & S. J. Ry. 5%	34,000	@ 115 1/2-115 1/2	115 1/2	115 1/2	
S. P. R. of Cal. 6%	1,000	@ 109 1/2			
(1912)	10,000	@ 118 1/2			
S. P. Branch 6%	13,000	@ 122 1/2	122	123	
S. V. Water 6%	4,000	@ 113 1/2	113 1/2	114	
S. V. Water 4%	5,000	@ 104			
S. V. Water 4% 3d	2,000	@ 103 1/2	103 1/2	104 1/2	
	STOCKS.	Shares.	Closed.	Bid.	Asked.
Contra Costa Water.	360	@ 68-70 1/4	70	70 1/2	
Spring Valley Water.	345	@ 101 1/4	101 1/4		
	Gas and Electric.	Shares.	Closed.	Bid.	Asked.
Equitable Gaslight	1,105	@ 5-6 1/2	6	6 1/2	
Pacific Lighting Co.	5	@ 41	41		
S. F. Gas & Electric.	665	@ 61-61 1/2	61 1/2	61 3/4	
S. F. Gas	25	@ 3 1/2		3 1/2	
	Banks.	Shares.	Closed.	Bid.	Asked.
Bank of Cal.	11	@ 395-405	405		
Cal. S. D. & T. Co.	20	@ 97			
	Street R. R.	Shares.	Closed.	Bid.	Asked.
Market St.	125	@ 61 1/2-62	62	62 1/2	
	Powders.	Shares.	Closed.	Bid.	Asked.
Giant Con.	1,580	@ 82 1/2-86 1/2	84 1/2	85	
Vigorit	100	@ 2 1/4	2 1/2	2 1/4	
	Sugars.	Shares.	Closed.	Bid.	Asked.
Hana P. Co.	2,490	@ 12-13 1/2	12 1/2	12 1/2	
Hawaiian	120	@ 95 1/2-96	95 1/2	96	
Honokaa S. Co.	845	@ 34 1/2	34 1/2	35	
Hutchinson	40	@ 29-29 1/2	29 1/2		
Makaweli S. Co.	605	@ 49-49 1/2	49 1/2	49 1/2	
Onomea S. Co.	100	@ 38 1/2	38	39	
Pauhanu S. P. Co.	180	@ 35 1/2-35 3/4	35	35 1/4	
	Miscellaneous.	Shares.	Closed.	Bid.	Asked.
Alaska Packers	215	@ 117 1/2-118 1/2	118 1/2	118 1/2	
Oceanic Steam Co.	145	@ 86 1/2-87			

Giant Powder was strong, and sold up to 86 1/2, an advance of two points, but sold back to 82 1/2 on sales to realized profits, but closed at 85 sales, with small offering.

The sugar stocks have been quiet and weak, with

very small transactions and a slight shading off. The Hana Plantation Company held its annual meeting on Monday, twenty-third inst., at which F. W. McCann was elected as a director of the company, representing an outside interest. This company shows net assets of about \$18 per share. Hana was raided by the bear interest to 11 on small sales, but reacted to 13 1/4, and closed off at 12 1/2 bid, 12 1/4 asked.

The gas stocks have been quiet and about held their own, with the exception of Equitable Gas, which advanced 1 1/2 points, to 6 1/2, on small sales.

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Capital actually paid up in cash.....1,000,000.00
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Paid-up Capital.....1,000,000
Reserve Fund.....205,215
Contingent Fund.....442,763

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SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL.....\$2,000,000
SURPLUS.....1,000,000
PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT, 2,365,968
October 1, 1899.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The late Lord Watson had a habit of interrupting counsel, and this often caused irritation. One distinguished advocate once reproached him on this account in private. "Eh, man," said Lord Watson, "you need not complain, for I never interrupt a fool!"

Ex-Governor Frank S. Black, of New York, is a staunch believer in State parks, and while in office he did much to aid legislation in that regard. On one occasion he said to a number of prominent men at Albany: "What we need now is to have a counsel for the forest commission." "A counsel?" inquired a country member; "what has the forest been committing that it should need a counsel?"

On one occasion the Prince of Wales visited a Hindoo school in Madras. The youngsters had been drilled into the propriety of saying "Your royal highness" should the prince speak to them, and when the heir-apparent accosted a bright-eyed lad, and, pointing to a prismatic compass, asked, "What is this?" the youngster, all in a flutter, replied: "It's a royal compass, your prismatic highness."

Robert Hilliard, the actor, brought a young Englishwoman to see "El Capitan." She was much impressed with De Wolf Hopper, and remarked: "What a charming man your Mr. Hopper is. Tell me, is he married?" "Been married three times," was the reply. "Three times!" she repeated; "and they are all three dead?" "No," was the answer; "divorced." "Ah!" she rejoined, "I see; he is a Grass-Hopper."

The skipper of a sailing-vessel had as passenger an estimable but not very courageous minister and two careless young men given to mischief. A severe storm came up, and although the young men were frightened enough, their terror was nothing to that of the poor minister, who was indeed a pitiable object. "See here, sir," said the skipper at last, with kindly severity, "do you want me to think you're more afraid of going to heaven than those young men are of going to hell?"

During the Congress of Vienna each of the several monarchs present was the guest of some nobleman. On one occasion Baron Rothschild was invited. He modestly went to take his place, not among the more exalted guests. When they discovered Rothschild, however, they all arose and saluted him, except the King of Prussia. Some one asked the king why he did not salute the great European banker. "Did I not?" he replied; "well, I suppose it was because I was the only one who did not owe him anything."

A colored man was before the United States Court, in Philadelphia, recently, charged with some infraction of the law. He had no counsel, and the judge assigned Hampton L. Carson to defend him. The government by the testimony of several witnesses established a strong case against the defendant. The learned counsel for the prisoner said: "Now, Sambo I please take the witness-stand and give your version of this affair." The "man and brother" looked wise and quizzical, and turning round for a moment said: "Boss! in these yeah circumstances, I guess it would be bettah for me to remain neutral."

The first appearance of the Waldeck-Rousseau ministry before the Chamber of Deputies in Paris was the occasion of an unusually stormy session. Most of the attacks were made against the war minister, Gallifet, who sat quietly on the ministerial bench. Every now and then he inquired of a colleague the names of the most violent speakers, which he at once jotted down. "What are you doing?" one of the ministers asked him. "Just what you see," answered Gallifet; "taking these fellows' names down." "What for? To have them shot, I suppose?" "No; to invite them to supper!" was Gallifet's reply.

Half a dozen back-country Boers once went to Pretoria, and during the day President Kruger showed them over the government buildings. In one of the rooms an electric lamp was burning, and as they passed out the president, with his hand on the switch, asked them to blow out the light from where they stood. One after another drew a deep breath, blew out his cheeks, and sent forth a tremendous puff, but all in vain. Then the president made them look, and, blowing out his cheeks, slyly turned the switch, blew, and out went the light. The Boers were amazed, and as they left the buildings one of them who had been more observant than the rest, remarked: "The president must have a wonderfully strong breath, for, did you notice, the light was entirely inclosed in glass."

An American army nurse, who does not understand Spanish and has recently returned from Cuba, relates that one day she was startled by the unexpected visit of her Cuban laundress. The woman was intensely excited. She gesticulated wildly, and seemed to speak of an attack upon the hospital—of

wounded men butchered and nurses cut to ribbons. The nurse was frantic. She must know the worst. In the hospital was an officer very ill with typhoid fever. She knew he understood Spanish. Only in a very serious matter would she disturb him, but this was obviously a matter of life and death. She led the Cuban woman to the bedside, and there the story was repeated. The officer listened intently. The nurse held her breath. The Cuban ceased. The sick man turned his head on the pillows. He whispered, feebly: "She says the stripes in your pink shirt-waist have run, and she doesn't know what to do with it."

Johart

MARK TWAIN ON CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

His Experiences with a Disciple of Mrs. Eddy.

This last summer, when I was on my way back to Vienna from the Appetite-Cure in the mountains, I fell over a cliff in the twilight and broke some arms, and legs, and one thing or another, and by good luck was found by some peasants who had lost an ass, and they carried me to the nearest habitation, which was one of those large, low, thatched-roofed farm-houses, with apartments in the garret for the family, and a cunning little porch under the deep gable decorated with boxes of bright-colored flowers and cats; on the ground floor a large and light sitting-room, separated from the milch-cattle apartment by a partition; and in the front yard rose stately and fine the wealth and pride of the house, the manure-pile.

There was a village a mile away, and a horse-doctor lived there, but there was no surgeon. It seemed a bad outlook; mine was distinctly a surgery case. Then it was remembered that a lady from Boston was summering in that village, and she was a Christian Science doctor, and could cure anything. So she was sent for. It was night by this time, and she could not conveniently come, but sent word that it was no matter, there was no hurry; she would give me "absent treatment" now, and come in the morning; meantime she begged me to make myself tranquil and comfortable, and remember that there was nothing the matter with me. . . .

It was a night of anguish, of course—at least, I supposed it was, for it had all the symptoms of it—but it passed at last, and the Christian Scientist came, and I was glad. She was middle-aged, and large and bony, and erect, and had an austere face and a resolute jaw and a Roman beak, and was a widow in the third degree, and her name was Fuller. I was eager to get to business and find relief, but she was distressingly deliberate. She unpinned, and unhooked, and uncoupled her upholsteries one by one, abolished the wrinkles with a flirt of her hand, and hung the articles up; peeled off her gloves and disposed of them, got a book out of her hand-bag, then drew a chair to the bedside, descended into it without hurry, and I hung out my tongue. She said, with pity but without passion:

"Return it to its receptacle. We deal with the mind only, not with its dumb servants."

I could not offer my pulse, because the connection was broken; but she detected the apology before I could word it, and indicated by a negative tilt of her head that the pulse was another dumb servant that she had no use for. Then I thought I would tell her my symptoms and how I felt, so that she would understand the case; but that was another inconsequence. She did not need to know those things; moreover, my remark about how I felt was an abuse of language, a misapplication of terms—

"One does not feel," she explained; "there is no such thing as feeling; therefore, to speak of a non-existent thing as existent is a contradiction. Matter has no existence; nothing exists but mind; the mind can not feel pain, it can only imagine it." . . . "I am full of imaginary tortures," I said; "but I do not think I could be any more uncomfortable if they were real ones. What must I do to get rid of them?"

"There is no occasion to get rid of them, since they do not exist. They are illusions propagated by matter, and matter has no existence; there is no such thing as matter." . . . In her compassion she almost smiled. She would have smiled if there were any such thing as a smile.

"It is quite simple," she said; "the fundamental propositions of Christian Science explain it, and they are summarized in the four following self-evident propositions: 1. God is All in all. 2. God is good. 3. God, Spirit, being all, nothing is matter. 4. Life, God, omnipotent Good, deity, death, evil, sin, disease. There—now you see."

It seemed nebulous; it did not seem to say anything about the difficulty in hand—how non-existent matter can propagate illusions. I said with some hesitancy:

"Does—does it explain?"

"Doesn't it? Even if read backward it will do it."

With a budding hope, I asked her to do it backward.

"Very well. Disease sin evil death deny God omnipotent God life matter is nothing all being Spirit God Mind is Good good is God all in All is God. There—do you understand now?"

"It—it—well, it is plainer than it was before; still—"

"Well?"

"Could you try it some more ways?"

"As many as you like; it always means the same.

Interchanged in any way you please it can not be made to mean anything different from what it means when put in any other way. Because it is perfect. You can jumble it all up, and it makes no difference; it always comes out the way it was before. It was a marvelous mind that produced it. As a mental *tour de force* it is without a mate; it defies alike the simple, the concrete, and the occult." . . .

Under the powerful influence of the near treatment and the absent treatment together, my bones were gradually retreating inward and disappearing from view. The good work took a brisk start now, and went on quite swiftly. My body was diligently straining and stretching, this way and that, to accommodate the processes of restoration, and every minute or two I heard a dull click inside, and knew that the two ends of a fracture had been successfully joined. This muffled clicking, and gritting, and grinding, and rasping continued during the next three hours, and then stopped—the connections had all been made. All except dislocations; there were only seven of these: hips, shoulders, knees, neck; so that was soon over; one after another they slipped into their sockets with a sound like pulling a distant cork, and I jumped up as good as new, as to frame-work, and sent for the horse-doctor.

I was obliged to do this because I had a stomach-ache and a cold in the head, and I was not willing to trust these things any longer in the hands of a woman whom I did not know, and in whose ability to successfully treat mere disease I had lost all confidence. My position was justified by the fact that the cold and the ache had been in her charge from the first, along with the fractures, but had experienced not a shade of relief; and indeed the ache was even growing worse and worse, and more and more bitter now, probably on account of the protracted abstention from food and drink. . . .

The Christian Scientist was not able to cure my stomach-ache and my cold; but the horse-doctor did it. This convinces me that Christian Science claims too much. In my opinion it ought to let diseases alone and confine itself to surgery. There it would have everything its own way. The horse-doctor charged me thirty kreutzers, and I paid him; in fact, I doubled it and gave him a shilling. Mrs. Fuller brought in an itemized bill for a crate of broken bones mended in two hundred and thirty-four places—one dollar per fracture.

"Nothing exists but mind?"

"Nothing," she answered. "All else is substanceless, all else is imaginary."

I gave her an imaginary check, and now she is suing me for substantial dollars. It looks inconsistent.—Mark Twain in *October Cosmopolitan*.

Passing of the Horse.

So soon as nature sees an improvement, there is a change. The candle gave way to electricity. The spinning wheel to machinery, the horse to the automobile. The fact that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has been sold for over half a century, proves its value. There is nothing to equal it for stomach or liver trouble. It is Nature's own remedy, and the only one to cure dyspepsia or weak stomach.

"I think," remarked the front-row patron of burlesque shows, as he climbed into the barber-chair, "that I'll have a hair-cut." "Yes, sir," answered the tonsorial artist; "which one, please?" —Chicago News.

To Paris Via India.

Passenger travel on the Pacific steamers is being largely augmented this season by the large number of tourists en route to the Paris Exhibition, via Japan, China, and India. The third and last Round the World Party, leaving this year under the management of Thos. Cook & Son, will sail by the Pacific Mail Co.'s S. S. *China*, November 9th, visiting the above-named countries in the best seasons and arriving in Paris in time for the opening of the Exposition. The membership is limited to twelve, and is nearly complete.

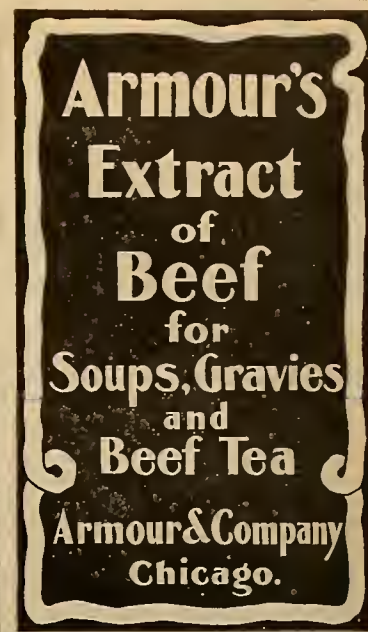
Programmes and full particulars can be obtained at Cook's Tourist Bureau, 621 Market Street, San Francisco.

Costigan—"Cassidy's married a woman that weighs three hundred pounds." Casey—"Th' sly devil! He knows that nobody can fight at that weight."—Judge.

—SUPERIOR TO VASELINE AND CUCUMBERS. *Crene Simon* marvelous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections; it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. Simon, 13 Rue Grange Bateliere, Paris. Druggists, perfumers, fancy-goods stores.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.: For Alaskan ports, 10 A. M., October 3, 8, 12, 18, 23, 28, November 2, change to company's steamers at Seattle, for B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 10 A. M., October 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, November 2, and every fifth day thereafter. For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 2 P. M., October 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, November 5, and every fifth day thereafter. For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports, 9 A. M., October 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, 31, November 4, and every fourth day thereafter. For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 A. M., October 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, November 2, and every 4th day thereafter. For further information see folder. For Mexican ports, 10 A. M., seventh of each month. The company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates and hours of sailing. Ticket Office (New Montgomery St., Palace Hotel), GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., 10 Market St. S. F.



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of
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Soups, Gravies
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Beef Tea
Armour & Company
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OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for

YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,

Calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with Steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1899.
Doric. (Via Honolulu).....Friday, November 17
Coptic. (Via Honolulu).....Wednesday, Dec. 13
Gaelic. (Via Honolulu).....Saturday, January 6
Doric. (Via Honolulu).....Thursday, February 1

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.

D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.



Toyo Kisen Kaisha

(ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)

IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG, calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Houkoug Maru.....Wednesday, November 1
Nippon Maru.....Saturday, November 25
America Maru.....Thursday, December 21

Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.

For freight and passage apply at company's office,

421 Market Street, cor. First.

W. H. AVERY, General Agent.



S. S. Moana sails via Honolulu and Auckland for Sydney, Wednesday, November 1, 1899, at 10 p. m.
S. S. Australia, for Honolulu only, Wednesday, Nov. 15, 2 p. m.

J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 114 Montgomery St. Freight Office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

International Navigation Co.'s Lines

AMERICAN LINE.

New York and Southampton (London, Paris), from New York every Wednesday, 10 A. M.

St. Louis.....November 1 | New York.....November 15
St. Paul.....November 8 | St. Louis.....November 22

RED STAR LINE.

New York and Antwerp. From New York every Wednesday, 12 noon.

Noordland.....November 1 | Southwark.....November 15
Friesland.....November 8 | Westerland.....November 22

EMPIRE LINE.

To Alaska and Gold Fields.

For passage and freight apply to International Navigation Company, G. D. FAHNESTOCK, General Agent Pacific Coast, 30 Montgomery Street.

WHITE STAR LINE.

AMERICAN SERVICE.

The New Twin Screw Steamship OCEANIC

The Largest Vessel in the World.
17,040 tons, length 704 feet, width 68 feet.
28,000 horse-power.

TEUTONIC and MAJESTIC
Twin Screw.
10,000 tons. 582 feet long.

CYMRIC

Twin Screw, 12,552 tons, 600 feet long,
one of the largest steamships afloat.

GERMANIC

Well known to ocean travelers, and now completely refitted.

Wednesday sailings from New York.

S. TENNEY FRENCH, G. W. A.,

94-96 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

For passage apply to G. W. FLETCHER, 612 Market Street, or to official railway and steamship offices Pacific Coast.

SOCIETY.

The Season and the Buds.

The prospects for the season of 1899-1900 are not so bad, after all, notwithstanding the fact that the dancing clubs for the older set are to be things of the past.

The Cinderella Club, after two years' existence, has decided not to meet this season; the Monday Nights stopped their charming little meetings the year before; and after some ten or twelve years of most enjoyable parties, the management of the Friday Night Club has finally decided to discontinue them this season. However, there is a ghost of a chance of a very swagger ball being given by the older members of this last-named club.

The only new dancing-club so far this season is the "La Jeunesse" cotillion club, an output of the Friday Fortnightly Club. It is for the very young people only—that is, those just out and those to come out next season. The new club will meet at Cotillion Hall, and will give about five meetings.

Among this season's *débutantes* is Miss Ethel Hager. It is more than likely that a ball will be given in her honor. The Hagers have always entertained a great deal, and there is no family here which better understands the art.

Another *débutante* is Miss Azalia Keyes, granddaughter of the late General Keyes, and whose mother was Miss Hastings. It is said that a ball will be given by her father in her honor during the season.

Miss Kate Dillon will make her formal bow this year, and there is no doubt about a ball for her during the coming winter, to say nothing of teas and many dinners.

Miss Georgiana Hopkins, the third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins, will be another of the winter's *débutante* belles.

Miss Ruth McNutt, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. W. F. McNutt, who has been traveling abroad for the past eighteen months, will be one of this season's prettiest buds. Several dinners and receptions will, of course, be given for her.

Miss Mary Scott, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, will make her bow at a ball given in her honor by her parents. Mr. and Mrs. Scott have always been prominent entertainers, and certainly this season, when their daughter is out, will not be an exception to the rule. Miss Scott spent most of last season traveling abroad.

Miss Mamie Josselyn, it is said, will have a dance given in her honor. She is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn, whose elder daughter, Miss Florence Josselyn, made her *début* last season.

Miss Eleanor Morrow, second daughter of Judge and Mrs. W. W. Morrow, is another *débutante*, and, although living in San Rafael, will spend much of the coming season in San Francisco.

Miss Alma McClung, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. McClung, has been a member of the Friday Fortnightly dancing-class for young people for the past two years, but she will now make her formal *début*.

Miss Edith Stubbs, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stubbs, made her *début* at the "La Jeunesse" cotillion on Friday evening, October 27th.

The Olney-McLean Wedding.

The marriage of Miss Mary McLean, only daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. J. K. McLean, to Mr. Warren Olney, Jr., took place in the chapel of the Pacific Theological Seminary in Oakland on Tuesday evening, October 24th. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Charles R. Brown, of the First Congregational Church, and was witnessed by a large number of friends. The maid of honor was Miss Mary Olney, and the bridesmaids were Miss Minnie Bailey, Miss Cordelia Bennett, Miss Pauline Collins, and Miss Bertha Bradley. Mr. Edgar Beard, of Napa, was the best man, and the ushers were Mr. Thomas Olney, Mr. Vail Bakewell, Mr. William Olney, and Mr. William Gorrill.

First Meeting of "La Jeunesse."

The first meeting of "La Jeunesse" cotillion was held last evening at Cotillion Hall on Polk Street, and was largely attended. The guests and members were received by the lady patronesses—Mrs. Phebe Hearst, Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Mrs. A. W. Foster, Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, Mrs. H. E. Huntington, Mrs. J. W. McClung, Mrs. W. A. McKittrick, and Mrs. W. H. Mills.

The cotillion was led by Mr. E. M. Greenway, assisted by Mr. Foster, of San Rafael, and the *débutantes* in the first set were Miss Edith Stubbs, Miss Georgiana Hopkins, Miss Ethel Hager, Miss Mamie Josselyn, Miss Leila Voorhies, Miss Elizabeth Huntington, Miss Alma McClung, Miss Jeanette Hooper, Miss Eleanor Morrow, Miss

Azalia Keys, Miss Bessie Mills, and Miss Mary Foster.

Supper was served at about half-past eleven, and the music was kept going until one o'clock. The next meeting is announced to take place on Friday, December 1st.

Honors to Bishop Potter.

The Rt. Rev. Henry C. Potter, D.D., LL.D., Protestant Episcopal bishop of New York, who was in town early in the week en route to Honolulu and Manila, was the recipient of several courtesies during his brief stay. He arrived on Saturday and sailed on Tuesday, but on Monday Professor C. M. Gayley, of the University of California, invited several friends to meet him at luncheon at the University Club, the Rev. R. C. Foute, of Grace Episcopal Church, took him for a drive in Golden Gate Park, and in the evening he was given a dinner at the Occidental Hotel by a number of prominent clergymen and laity of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

Among those at the dinner were the bishop's traveling companion, the Rev. Percy Grant, of New York, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Moreland, of Sacramento, the Rev. R. C. Foute, D. D., the Rev. Edward B. Spalding, D. D., the Rev. D. C. Garrett, the Rev. Robert Ritchie, the Rev. Edgar Lion, Mr. William Alvord, Mr. A. N. Drown, General W. H. Houghton, General Babcock, Mr. William H. Crocker, Colonel G. H. Mendell, U. S. A., Mr. C. D. Havens, Mr. Horace G. Platt, and Mr. C. V. S. Gibbs.

An Exhibition of Needle-Work and Laces.

The coming exhibition of needle-work and laces will be held at the Palace Hotel on November 9th, 10th, and 11th. The lace exhibition will excel that of former years, both in the number and value of the exhibits. In the selling department there will be many new features, such as daintily dressed dolls, the blue-and-white work from the Deerfield Society, and a number of Fenety's newest designs. Mrs. Hearst has kindly offered to lend her famous tapestries, and the rare laces already offered in themselves promise to make the exhibition of more than usual interest. The church vestments to be shown are among the most beautiful known, and will make a prominent feature of the exhibition.

Tea will be served in the afternoon by well-known young ladies, and on Saturday evening, the only evening during which the exhibition will be open, there will be music.

The good of these exhibitions and sales is far-reaching in the encouragement it gives to all makers of needle-work and laces, and it is to be hoped that brilliant success will crown the efforts of the patronesses.

The patronesses are Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe, Mrs. Beverly MacMonagle, Mrs. Hall McAllister, Mrs. Robert J. Woods, Mrs. Austin C. Tubbs, and Mrs. William H. Taylor.

Work to be exhibited will be received at the Palace Hotel on Monday and Tuesday, November 6th and 7th.

An admission fee of twenty-five cents will be charged, for the benefit of the Associated Charities.

Bohemian Club's Jinks-Room.

The new jinks-room of the Bohemian Club is completed, and will be dedicated with appropriate ceremonies on Saturday evening, October 28th.

The sire of the occasion will be the president of the club, Mr. Vanderlyn Stow, and he will hand over the new jinks room to the High Priest of Bohemia, "Uncle George" Bromley. General W. H. L. Barnes will then discourse of Bohemia in the past, Mr. James D. Phelan of Bohemia in the present, and Mr. Horace G. Platt of Bohemia in the future, after which the club will be addressed in brief speeches by no less than fifteen of its past presidents. There will be no low jinks.

The new hall has a seating capacity of six hundred and has a stage as large as that of the Alcazar. The curtain, painted by Mr. John Stanton, represents the burial of Care, and among the mural decorations is an elaborate presentation of "Bohemia Triumphant," by Mr. Theodore Wores.

Notes and Gossip.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker have issued cards for Fridays in November. It is expected that the first afternoon reception, on November 3d, will be a crush, and it is to be followed by a dinner-dance for a score of young ladies and as many men.

Mrs. John Charles Adams, of Oakland, gave a moonlight driving-party recently in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Poore, Miss Whitney, and Miss Margaret Wall, concluding with a supper at the Adams home.

Miss Olive Holbrook entertained at dinner last week the Misses Kate and Marguerite Salisbury, Miss Bernie Drown, Miss Keyes, Miss Thérèse Morgan, Mr. Harry M. Holbrook, Mr. E. H. Sheldon, the Messrs. King, Mr. W. B. Sanborn, Mr. Keyes, Mr. Burbank Somers, and several others.

Since 1500 the Catholic Church has canonized 96 saints and beatified 320 other persons. Of the 416 only 58 were women; 76 in all were Italians, 66 Spaniards, 37 Portuguese, 14 French, 13 Dutch, 5 Belgians, 2 Poles, and 4 Germans.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Benefit to Alfred Wilkie.

A benefit concert has been tendered to Mr. Alfred Wilkie, the well-known tenor, by his friends, after his long illness. A number of prominent society women of Oakland are the patronesses, and those who have contributed their services are Miss Millie Flynn, soprano, Mrs. J. E. Birmingham, contralto, Mr. Clement Rowlands, baritone, Mr. Putnam Greswold, basso, Miss Bessie Lee Wall, pianist, Mr. R. Fletcher Tilton, organist, Mr. Llewellyn Hughes, violinist, and the Temple Quartet—Messrs. Ben Clark, A. Wilkie, H. A. Melvin, and George H. Carleton. Mrs. Margaret Cameron Smith, Mrs. Willard Batchelder, and Miss Elizabeth Westgate will accompany the soloists.

The concert will take place on Tuesday evening, October 31st, at the First Methodist Church in Oakland.

The following invitational concerts are booked for Byron Maury Hall:

Friday evening, October 27th, thirty-fifth concert Music Teachers' Association of California and lecture by Dr. H. J. Stewart; Thursday evening, November 2d, under the direction of Professor Ernest Werner; Friday evening, November 10th, under the direction of Roscoe Warren Lucy; Friday evening, November 17th, under direction of Professor Baringer; Thursday evening, November 23d, *début* piano recital, Miss Nellie Redinger; Friday evening, December 1st, under the direction of Mr. Robert Lloyd; Thursday evening, December 7th, under the direction of Mr. Bernard Mollenhauer; and Thursday evening, December 14th, grand Christmas concert.

Art Notes.

An exhibition of pictures painted by Mr. Theodore Wores, consisting of some fifty scenes in Japan and the Eastern States, as well as a number of portraits, is being held in the Green Room of the Bohemian Club. It began on Thursday, October 26th, and will continue until Saturday, November 4th. On Wednesday, November 1st, ladies may visit the club-rooms between 2 and 5 P. M., when personally conducted by members.

The Sketch Club has taken the house at 1308 California Street, where future exhibitions and lectures will be held. The officers for the coming year are as follows: President, Mrs. Mary C. Ripley; vice-president, Mrs. Bertha H. Taussig; treasurer, Miss Downing; secretary, Miss Murthier; corresponding secretary, Mrs. A. R. Wheelan; special corresponding secretary, Mrs. Vanderlyn Stow; directors, Mrs. Ralph Harrison, Mrs. Newton J. Tharp, Miss Stow, Miss Treat.

Miss Anna Elizabeth Klumpke will sell all the paintings and other valuables, and give one-half of the great fortune bequeathed to her by Rosa Bonheur to the relatives of the dead painter. It was said when the terms of the will were made known that the relatives would file a contest. Miss Klumpke will not wait for any such proceeding. As soon as she heard of the unexpected generosity of her friend and companion, she felt the injustice to those of kin, and decided what action she would take. Miss Klumpke left San Francisco, her birthplace, for Europe when she was but sixteen years of age. Her first Salon picture, "The Knitter," attracted the attention of Rosa Bonheur, and from that time until her death, last September, Miss Klumpke was seldom long away from Miss Bonheur. Miss Klumpke returned to California for a short time in 1897, and was given a reception at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art. At that time forty specimens of her work were exhibited. Among her honors she counts a silver medal received in 1882, honorable mention at the Paris Salon in 1885, a silver medal at Versailles, a grand silver medal and prize at the Julian Academy, a gold medal at Philadelphia, and a bronze medal at the Universal Exhibition in Paris.

Palace Hotel.

This hotel, aside from having the distinction of being the largest in the world, is also responsible for giving San Francisco an international reputation for its superior restaurants.

The Grill rooms for ladies and gentlemen can not be surpassed for cuisine, and the service is the best, while the charges are moderate.

Travelers from all over the world unhesitatingly declare this hotel presents more desirable features than can be found in the best hotels in Europe.

Colonial Hotel.

The management wishes to inform its patrons of the completion of the new private bath-rooms in connection with suites of rooms. Reservation for the winter season should be made at once.

Moët & Chandon

(The Largest and Oldest Champagne House in the World.)

White Seal (Grande Cuvée), of exceptional bouquet and dryness.—*Court Journal*.

WILLIAM WOLFF & CO.,
Pacific Coast Agents, 329 Market Street, S. F.

Pears'

What is wanted of soap for the skin is to wash it clean and not hurt it. Pure soap does that. This is why we want pure soap; and when we say pure, we mean without alkali.

Pears' is pure; no free alkali. There are a thousand virtues of soap; this one is enough. You can trust a soap that has no biting alkali in it.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

THE GREAT LEADER OF CHAMPAGNES

G. H. Mumm & Co.'s Extra Dry

WHILE words tell, statistics prove. The importation of G. H. MUMM & CO. EXTRA DRY in 1898 aggregating 86,855 cases, 52,649 cases more than of any other brand, certainly the most striking evidence of the popularity of this famous brand of champagne, a particular attention is called to the fine quality, purity, and natural dryness of the wine now coming to this market.

Used at almost all notable banquets, balls, weddings, etc.

FOR BEST VALUE IN HATS OR CAPS

Herrmann & Co.
328 Kearny St.
San Francisco, Cal.

Fall and Winter Styles NOW READY.

HOTEL PLEASANTON

COR. SUTTER AND JONES STS.
The leading Family and Tourist Hotel in San Francisco. Situated in a warm and pleasant part of the city, near the theatres, churches, and principal stores. Two lines of cable-cars pass the hotel. Sutter Street line direct from the Ferries. Modern improvements for the comfort and satisfaction of the guests. Sunny and elegantly furnished rooms, single or en suite, with or without private bath. The excellence of the cuisine and service is unsurpassed, and there is an atmosphere of home comfort rarely met with in a hotel. *Select patronage only.*

Rates—Single Rooms with Board, \$2.00 to \$2.50 per day. Suites of Rooms with Board, \$3.00 to \$4.00 per day. Suites with Board for two persons, \$12.00 per month and upwards. O. M. BRENNAN, Proprietor.

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL

NEWLY REFITTED WITH ALL THE LATEST MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

MAJOR WILLIAM B. HOOPER, Lessee, San Francisco, Cal.

THE HOTEL RICHELIEU

N. E. Cor. Van Ness and Myrtle Avenues.

The Principal and Finest Family Hotel of San Francisco.
HOTEL RICHELIEU CO.

HOTEL BELLA VISTA

1001 PINE STREET.

THE PIONEER FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL OF SAN FRANCISCO.

MRS. M. W. DENVER
THE LENOX
628 SUTTER STREET.
First-class quiet Family Hotel.
D. W. JAMES, Proprietor.
Late of Paso Robles Hotel.

ROYAL Baking Powder

Absolutely Pure.
Made from Pure Grape Cream of Tartar.

SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Henry T. Scott and Miss Scott will return from Burlingame on Monday, October 30th. Mr. Scott and Mr. Laurence I. Scott are still in New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson have closed their summer home at Burlingame, and have come to the city for the winter season.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Eyre returned last week from a ten-days' visit to Portland, Or.

Mr. and Mrs. George B. Corkery and Miss Corkery, of Irvington-on-the-Hudson, are at The Colonial. They will soon proceed to their summer home at Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Baker are in town from Los Angeles, and are at the California Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins and the Misses Helen, Edna, and George Hopkins will return to the city next week for the winter season.

Miss Emily Hager has gone to Los Angeles, on a visit to her brother, Mr. Frank S. Hicks.

Mr. Peter D. Martin and Mr. Walter S. Martin returned from Portland on Tuesday last, and went to Los Angeles. After a few days' visit there, they will go to St. Louis, to be present at the annual horse show.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Runyon have returned from San Rafael and are now at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Thérèse Morgan has been the guest of Miss Carlo Crockett during the past week, at her home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. N. H. Gordon are at The Colonial for the winter season.

Professor and Mrs. J. E. Keeler came up from Mount Hamilton early in the week, and were guests at the California Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight will return to the city about November 1st, and have taken rooms at the Hotel Richelieu for the winter.

Mrs. C. F. Runyon, Mrs. J. A. Watt, Miss Belle Runyon, Miss Minnie A. Reeve, Miss McCollam, Mr. George Tasheira, and Mr. W. G. Barrett made up a party who enjoyed a pleasant trip to the Tavern of Tamalpais during the week.

Mr. George B. Ellis, who came to town for the Miners' Convention, is at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Kelly sailed from New York for Liverpool on October 18th on the White Star liner *Oceanic*.

Mr. Alfred Holman returned last week from a trip to Portland. Mr. and Mrs. Holman will make San José their future home.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Snyder, of New York, are at The Colonial.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean and Mr. Walter L. Dean will return from San Rafael on November 1st and take an apartment at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Frank G. Newlands came down from Reno, Nev., early in the week and put up at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. M. Townsend Huddart will spend the winter in New York with her daughter, Mrs. Stephen C. Hunter.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest C. La Montagne have taken a house at 114 East Thirtieth Street, in New York, for the winter.

Mrs. J. M. Bell has taken rooms at the Hotel Pleasanton for the winter.

Mrs. H. M. L. Walker and Miss Walker, of Philadelphia, are at The Colonial.

Mr. Robert Towne and Mr. P. Plunkett, of Washington, D. C., are at the California Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Marks will return to the Palace Hotel about November 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Peyton have come up from Santa Cruz and taken an apartment at the Palace Hotel for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Carolan arrived on Monday, October 23d, in New York city, where they will spend the winter with Mrs. James Carolan and Miss Carolan.

Dr. and Mrs. J. H. P. Farrell and Miss Farrell are at the Palace Hotel for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Lillis are at the Palace Hotel for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard A. Crane (*nde* Gross) are at their home in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Stoll, of Los Angeles, were among those who visited the Tavern of Tamalpais during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. James L. Flood are back from the southern part of the State, and are at the Palace Hotel for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick E. Magee (*nde* Mhoon) are in New York city.

Mrs. Charles Hall, mother of Mr. Charles E. P. Hall, is visiting Mrs. C. P. Yerkes in New York city.

Mrs. Sarah Gossler has arrived from the East, and will winter at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Colonel and Mrs. R. A. Eddy, of Missoula, Mont., are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. H. E. Huntington, accompanied by his mother and Miss Clara Huntington, returned to town on Saturday, October 21st, after an absence of one month. They are now at the family residence at Jackson and Broderick Streets.

Mr. H. W. Canfield, of Santa Barbara, is a guest at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Morse came up from Santa Clara last week for a short stay at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Major Ben C. Truman and Miss Truman came up from Los Angeles on Monday, October 23d, and are at the Occidental Hotel.

Mrs. J. C. Kirkpatrick left on Monday, October 23d, for the East, intending to be away about six weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Silberstein (*nde* Kohler) are at the Hotel Richelieu for the winter.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamal-

pais were Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Fretwell, Mr. William Morton, Mrs. S. H. Frank, Mr. Edward Hackett, of Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Thompson, of New Haven, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Stephenson, of Sacramento, and Mr. J. W. Grant, of Boston.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. Walter Burke, of New Zealand, Mr. J. E. Melville, of New York city, Mr. R. W. Chapman, of South Australia, Mr. W. R. Rainey, of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Richardson, of London, Mr. A. W. Barrett, of Los Angeles, Mr. A. T. Atkinson, of Honolulu, and Mr. A. L. Whitney, of San Mateo.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Colonel Edward V. Sumner, Seventh Cavalry, U. S. A., present military attaché at the United States embassy in London, Major John P. Storey, Seventh Artillery, U. S. A., Captain William W. Gibson, ordnance department, U. S. A., and Captain Herbert J. Slocum, Seventh Cavalry, U. S. A., late military attaché at the United States embassy at Lisbon, have been detailed to South Africa to observe and report on the military operations there.

It is reported from Washington, D. C., that Commander Richardson Clover, U. S. N., is to go to London as naval attaché of the United States embassy about December 1st.

Colonel H. W. Lawton, inspector-general's department, U. S. A., and major-general, U. S. V., has been elevated to the rank of major-general, U. S. A.

Colonel John C. Bates, Second Infantry, U. S. A., late brigadier-general, U. S. V., has been elevated to the rank of major-general, U. S. V.

Commander J. H. Miller, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Ranger* and transferred to the *Scindia*.

Lieutenant-Commander T. S. Phelps, Jr., U. S. N., has been detached from the Navy Yard at Mare Island and ordered to the *Independence*.

Lieutenant-Commander W. C. Eaton, U. S. N., has been appointed engineer of the fleet, Pacific Station.

Captain J. B. Hughes, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been detailed to act as quartermaster on the stock-transport *Centennial*.

Lieutenant A. F. Fechteler, U. S. N., and Mrs. Fechteler, have left San Rafael and are now at Mare Island.

Mrs. Glass, wife of Captain Henry Glass, U. S. N., and Miss Glass are guests at the Palace Hotel.

Ensign David F. Sellers, U. S. N., is a guest at the California Hotel.

Mrs. McFarland has arrived here from Fort Porter, at Buffalo, N. Y., and is at The Colonial.

Mrs. Lewis, wife of David O. Lewis, surgeon, U. S. N., is at The Colonial for the winter.

London is laughing over the adventures of Judge French, of the London County Court. Together with his two sons he was spending a holiday at Felixstowe recently, and the three undressed themselves on the beach and proceeded to bathe. An indignant spectator rushed forward to remonstrate that they were within the proscribed limits for such a method of taking a bath, but to no avail. The judge was summoned before a magistrate. The evidence given was that the judge, who is a large, fat man, was wearing "a small bathing garment eight or ten inches wide." The judge maintained that the spot was an absolute desert, but the witnesses declared that ladies and children were close by. Finally the judge paid forty shillings fine in preference to spending a week in prison.

Every development of our postal system is a matter of rejoicing, as it is still so far behind that of other countries in what makes for public convenience. Postmaster-General Smith has agreed with Germany for a parcels post by which parcels of merchandise can be sent to Germany at twelve cents a pound, with a limit of eleven pounds.

The sailors of Dewey's flagship are going to make Miss Helen Gould a present in the form of two 4-7-inch shells from the wreck of the *Reina Christina*, Admiral Montojo's flag-ship, mounted in Leghorn marble. Upon each shell is a statuette of Liberty in ivory. The mounting and carving were done at Naples.

No better way of having a pleasant day's outing can be found than in making a trip up Mt. Tamalpais. The glorious weather, the beautiful scenery, and the incomparable view from the summit and veranda of the Tavern of Tamalpais, all make it a delightful objective point.

—IN THE "FASHION SERIES" OF PLAYING cards, some very elaborate designs are now made. These will be found very attractive for the winter whist clubs, and can be found in great variety at Cooper & Co.'s Art Stationers' store.

—A PLACE OF INTEREST FOR VISITORS IS THE Gump Art Gallery of Paintings, by European masters. No. 113 Geary Street.

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Golf and Tennis Notes.

There is no special event announced for Saturday, October 28th, by the San Francisco Golf Club, but on November 4th there will be an 18-hole tournament for men against Colonel Bogey. The course was reversed for the handicap tournament which opened the season at the Presidio links, and it will be played that way hereafter, with some changes in several holes that will greatly improve its character. Consequently the Bogey score, at present undetermined, will be announced before next Saturday.

In the opening handicap tournament on October 14th, Mr. S. L. Abbot, scratch, took first place with a net score of 97 for 18 holes, Mr. Charles Page, handicap 4, was second with 101 net, and Mr. H. B. Goodwin, scratch, was third with 106 net. The other contestants were Mr. R. H. Gaylord, Mr. W. B. Bourne, Mr. H. S. Pillsbury, Mr. R. Gilman Brown, Mr. Andrew Carrigan, Mr. Peter McG. McBean, Mr. A. S. Tubbs, Mr. T. P. Gower, and Mr. R. V. Watt.

The Council's Cup for men will be played for on Thanksgiving Day, New Year's, and Washington's Birthday, and the qualifying rounds for the contests must in each contest be played within two weeks before the day set. There is also to be a tournament for the Ladies' Cups early in November.

At the Adams Point links the Oakland golfers are rejoicing in their new instructors, Willie Anderson and S. Rawlings, who are kept busy coaching men and women members from morning to night. Several unfinished tournaments have also been played off. Mr. H. M. A. Miller recently defeated Mr. R. M. Fitzgerald, with whom he had tied with a net score of 85, in the open handicap for men begun on October 7th, and Miss Florence Dunham has defeated Mrs. H. H. Sherwood in the final round of the Ladies' Cup tournament, begun on October 21st. The mixed foursome contest begun on October 14th, which had narrowed down to Mrs. Sherwood and Mr. Harry J. Knowles on one side and Miss Deane and Mr. Vail Bakewell on the other, is to be played off on Saturday, October 28th. The scheduled event for the same day is an open scratch competition over 18 holes, medal play, for silver trophies.

The bi-weekly contest of the San Rafael Golf Club was postponed last Saturday on account of the rain, and will be played on Saturday, October 28th.

Mr. Harry B. Goodwin, of the San Francisco Golf Club, and Mr. Peter E. Bowles, of the Oakland Club, are arranging a home-and-home contest, which will probably consist of five matches, two to be played on the links of each club and a fifth on the Burlingame links.

The most notable event, however, in golf circles is the announcement that Mr. Chauncey R. Winslow, of the San Francisco Club, and Mr. Bowles, of the Oakland Club, have arranged for a Pacific Coast amateur golf championship tournament, open to members of all Pacific Coast golf clubs, from Victoria to San Diego. This will probably lead to the formation of a Pacific Coast league of golf clubs; and, in any event, it is proposed to hold these contests twice a year—in the fall and in the spring. The first contest will be held on the Presidio links, beginning on December 9th, and contestants must qualify on those links within two weeks prior to that date. Those making the sixteen lowest scores over 18 holes in the qualifying round will contest in the first round, which, with the second, will be over 18 holes, while the semi-finals and finals will be over 36 holes. Four handsome prizes will be offered in this tournament.

A new club has been formed in San José under the title of the Linda Vista Golf Club, with initiation fee for men at \$10 and annual dues \$10, ladies paying half that sum. The following twenty gentlemen have become guarantee members, each advancing \$50: Mr. George M. Bowman, Mr. L. G. Nesmith, Judge Lewis, Mr. H. B. Alvord, Colonel Philo Hersey, Colonel A. K. Whitton, Mr. O. A. Hale, Mr. S. F. Leib, Mr. T. Ellard Beans, Mr. L. L. Morse, Mr. W. S. Clayton, Mr. R. W. Hersey, Mr. A. C. Kuhn, Mr. E. C. Flagg, Mr. John E. Auzeais, Mr. D. M. Burnett, Mr. George W. Henderson, Mr. Charles Graham, Mr. Guy Vachell, and Mr. William Wehner, and this guarantee list may be extended to forty. The board of trustees, elected to serve until the next annual election, on April 1, 1900, consists of Mr. George M. Bowman, Mr. L. L. Morse, Mr. R. W. Hersey, Mr. A. C. Kuhn, and Mr. D. M. Burnett.

The following officers have been elected to serve the California Lawn Tennis Club for the ensuing year: president, Mr. Dell Linderman; vice-president, Mr. Werner Stauf; treasurer, Mr. Robert J. Davis; secretary, Mr. Walter Magee; and directors, Mr. Walter McGavin, Mr. George F. Whitney, and Mr. Robert N. Whitney.

Mr. Davis has offered two handsome silver cups to be won by double teams during the coming winter. They must be won five times by the same team to become their absolute property, and the first tournament for their possession will take place on Saturday, October 28th.

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*7.00 A	Marysville, Oroville, via Woodland, Elmira, Vacaville, and Rumsey....	*7.45 P
*7.00 A	Shasta Express—Davis, Willows, Red Bluff, Portland....	*7.45 P
*7.30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa....	*6.15 P
*8.00 A	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Omaha, Chicago....	*5.15 P
*8.30 A	San José, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Placerville, Marys- ville, Chico, and Red Bluff....	*4.15 P
*8.30 A	*Milton, Oakdale, and Sonoma....	*4.15 P
*9.00 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations....	*11.45 A
*9.00 A	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East....	*9.45 A
*9.00 A	Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno....	*12.15 P
*9.00 A	Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Bar- bara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East....	*6.45 P
*10.00 A	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations....	*7.15 P
*11.00 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations....	*2.45 P
*12.00 M	Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Sacra- mento, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville....	*4.15 P
*1.00 P	Sacramento River Steamers....	*8.00 P
*3.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations....	*5.45 P
*4.00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa....	*9.15 A
*4.00 P	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Oroville....	*10.45 A
*4.30 P	Niles, San José, and Stockton....	*7.15 P
*5.00 P	The Owl Limited, Tracy, Fresno, Bakersfield, Saugus for Santa Bar- bara, and Los Angeles....	*9.45 A
*5.30 P	Stockton, Merced, and Fresno....	*12.15 P
*5.30 P	Martinez, Tracy, Mendota, Fresno, Mojave, and Los Angeles....	*8.45 A
*5.30 P	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East....	*6.45 P
*6.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and San José....	*7.45 A
*6.30 P	Vallejo....	*12.15 P
*6.30 P	Oriental Mail—Ogden and East....	*8.50 P
*7.00 P	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Sta- tions....	*9.55 P
*8.05 P	Oregon and California Express, Sacra- mento, Marysville, Redding, Port- land, Puget Sound, and East....	*8.15 A

COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

(Foot of Market Street.)

*8.15 A	Newark, Centerville, San José, Fel- ton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations....	*5.50 P
*12.15 P	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations....	*10.50 A
*4.15 P	Newark, San José, Los Gatos....	*9.20 A
*11.45 P	Hunters' Excursion, San José and Way Stations....	*17.20 P

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From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—

*7.15	9.00	11.00 A. M.	11.00	*2.00	13.00
*7.00		*6.00 P. M.			

From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—

*6.00	8.00
10.00 A. M.	12.00
*1.00	*12.00
*3.00	14.00
*5.00	*5.00 P. M.

COAST DIVISION (Broad Gauge).

(Third and Townsend Streets.)

*16.10 A	Ocean View, South San Francisco....	*6.30 P
*7.00 A	San José and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only)....	*1.30 P
*9.00 A	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Lompoc, and Principal Way Stations....	*4.10 P
*10.40 A	San José and Way Stations....	*6.35 A
*11.30 A	San José and Way Stations....	*5.30 P
*12.45 P	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove....	*10.36 A
*13.30 P	San José and Way Stations....	*7.30 P
*14.15 P	San José and Principal Way Stations....	*9.45 A
*15.00 P	San José and Principal Way Stations....	*9.00 A
*15.30 P	San José and Principal Way Stations....	*8.35 A
*16.30 P	San José and Way Stations....	*18.00 A
*11.45 P	San José and Way Stations....	*7.30 P

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Help! help!" cried the man who was being robbed. "Calm yourself," said the highwayman, "I don't need any assistance."—*Ex.*

Mr. Novice (indignantly)—"See here, you rascal. You told me Tornado would win in a walk!" *Tout* (coolly)—"And so he would. But this was a running race."—*Ex.*

An explanation: "You referred to your friend as a dead game sportsman?" "Yes; he always buys his birds in the market. Dead game is his specialty."—*Washington Star.*

Mrs. Oatcake (reading newspaper)—"There are fifteen thousand Poles in Philadelphia." *Farmer Oatcake*—"Gracious! What a place to raise beans!"—*Philadelphia Record.*

Freddie—"It's always in damp places where mushrooms grow, isn't it, papa?" *Papa*—"Yes, my boy." *Freddie*—"Is that the reason they look like umbrellas, papa?"—*Tit-Bits.*

Bride (throwing her arms about the bridegroom's neck)—"You are my prisoner for life." *Bridegroom*—"It's not imprisonment for life, love; it's capital punishment."—*Sydney Town and Country Journal.*

"Jones called up his first wife at the *stange* last night, and what do you think he said to her?" said Smith. "Goodness knows," replied Brown. "He asked her if she would give his second wife her recipe for mincemeat."—*Pick-Me-Up.*

The military obsession: *Superintendent*—"Yes, and where did John the Baptist live?" *Scholar*—"In the desert." *Superintendent*—"Quite right! And what do we call people who live in the desert?" *Scholar*—"Deserters."—*Brooklyn Life.*

Deacon Black—"Dis ain't no pussional queschun; but if a man steals a chickening am it propah fo' him ter say grace befo' he eats it?" *Deacon Johnson*—"Shuah! Ain't he got two reasons to t'ank de Lawd—fo' de chickening an' fo' not gittin' cotched?"—*Puck.*

The parting: *She*—"Henry, dearest, I have at last discovered that I love you!" *He*—"Ah, you have heard, then, that my uncle has died and left me five thousand dollars." *She*—"Sir, after that remark we must part forever! I heard it was fifty."—*Judge.*

The real thing: *Captain of foot-ball team*—"That man Subbs is the best tackler on the team; we discovered him in Lonesomehurst only a week ago." *Friend* (astounded)—"Why, how did he get his training?" *Captain*—"Catching trains."—*The Freshman.*

Objected to the "coon" song: "Whut's dat you wah singin'?" asked the old man. "Dat's de latests coon song," answered Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "Well, you oughter go on 'bout yoh work, 'stid o' makin' yohself laughable tryin' to imitate white folks' ways."—*Washington Star.*

She wished to break it to him gently: "I have decided," she said, "to return your ring." He, however, was a resourceful man, who did not believe in letting a woman get the better of him. "You needn't bother," he replied, "I buy them by the dozen."—*Chicago Post.*

Righteous soul: "You are bitter enough on the trusts now," spoke up a man in the audience, "but I happen to know that you belonged to one for several years." "I did, my fellow-citizens!" thundered the orator; "but when I became fully awake to the enormity of the thing, I did my best to crush that trust. I sold my factories to that trust, my fellow-citizens, for twice what they were worth, in cash!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

Took one: *Husband* (kindly)—"My dear, you have nothing decent to wear, have you?" *Wife* (with alacrity)—"No, indeed, I haven't; not a thing. I'd be ashamed to be seen anywhere. My very newest party dress has been worn three times already." *Husband*—"Yes, that's just what I told Bluff kins when he offered me two tickets for the opera to-night. I knew that if I took them they'd only be wasted. So I just took one. Well, I must hurry."—*St. Andrew's Gazette.*

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On Tuesday next the voters of this city will decide whether the Republicans or the Democrats shall rule in this city for many years to come. That is the sole issue in the campaign. Mr. Phelan and Mr. Davis are both good men, but one represents the interests of the Democracy, the other of the Republicans. If the control of the city government under the new charter is passed over to the Democrats, the first and most important step will have been taken to create a machine that will control the issue in State and national elections in California, and that can be driven from power only after repeated and

most energetic efforts. The invincible possession of New York City by the Tammany organization is an illustration of what will come here if the Republicans fail to realize their duty. The people of New York have permitted the professional politicians to gain control; a similar misfortune will happen here if the people are not alert.

That this is no exaggeration is apparent when the power that will be placed in the hands of the next mayor is considered. In his own office the mayor will appoint employees whose yearly salaries aggregate forty-two hundred dollars, but this is a mere drop in the bucket. He will appoint the three commissioners who will form the board of public works, the four commissioners who will control the police department, the four commissioners who will control the fire department, the five commissioners who will control elections, the four directors who will control the school department, the five members who will control the health department, the five commissioners who will control the parks, and the three commissioners who will control appointments in the civil service. The salaries attached to these positions amount to nearly fifty thousand dollars a year. It is true that the charter requires that these boards should be non-partisan in their constitution, but it will be perfectly possible for Mr. Phelan, should he be elected, to appoint the Democratic members from among his personal followers in that party, and the Republican members from among the weak-kneed Republicans whose support has rendered his election possible. Thus, while nominally non-partisan, these boards would actually constitute effective working parts of the Phelan machine. This is no fanciful picture; the same tactics have been adopted in other cities where non-partisan boards are provided for. So general has it been, in fact, that students of municipal government advocate the abandonment of the device, and the placing of the power in the hands of single responsible commissioners. Moreover, while all of these commissioners are appointed for limited terms, they do not go out of office at the same time, and no subsequent mayor will be able to change all of them, however desirable such a change might be.

Nor is this all. These commissionerships number only thirty-four, but the number of their appointees runs up into the hundreds. The power of the police, the fire, and the school departments is almost irresistible when combined politically. The board of public works has the appointment of the laborers on the streets, and will have control of any public utilities that the city may acquire. The election commissioners appoint the registrar, and have control of registration and the machinery of elections. These subordinate appointments are under the direction of the civil-service commission, but the appointment of acquiescent commissioners would nullify this safeguard.

Mr. Phelan is a shrewd politician. He has succeeded in wresting the control of the Democratic party from those who formerly held it, and he has built up one of the most effective machines this city has seen. He is ambitious to be governor of California and United States Senator from this State. He will use his power and his patronage to further his ambition. If he is elected he will appoint to office men who will further his boom. This is a perfectly legitimate ambition; his methods for advancing his political interests are not to be condemned. But their result will be to saddle the Democratic party upon San Francisco for an indefinite time.

Mr. Phelan is asking Republican voters to assist him to the realization of his ambition. Why should they do so? If Horace Davis were a bad man, if his associates on the ticket were undesirable candidates, there might be some reason for granting his request. But with such candidates as those who make up the Republican ticket there is no excuse for a Republican refusing to support it. What sort of a Republican will support Phelan when it means turning over the city offices to the Democrats for a long term of years?

The lines are drawn, the tickets have been made up, the battle of ballots is about to begin. If the Democrats have a majority in the city, let them win. But let every Republi-

can who has faith in his party, and who desires the perpetuation of its principles, stand loyally by the men who are pledged to enforce those principles.

Jehart

There is no better test for the confidence which voters may place in the rule of a party than the character and experience of the candidates that it places in nomination. The Republican party has no reason to shrink from that test in the present municipal campaign in this city.

At the head of the Republican ticket, nominated for mayor, is Horace Davis. He is a trusted, intelligent, and progressive citizen of San Francisco, with a sound judgment ripened by years of varied experience, and not prone to be swayed by the ambitions which sometimes dazzle younger men. He is an educated man—a graduate of Harvard College and a student of the law. He is learned in shipping and navigation, having acquired his practical knowledge both before the mast and as a commander on the bridge of steamships. He is a business man of proved excellence—having established and conducted a successful manufacturing and commercial business for forty years. He is a patriotic son of the republic—tried in the days of Civil War, when he stood staunchly by the Union and joined strenuously in the efforts which held California true to the cause of a free and unbroken country. That he is invaluable as a public servant is attested by his work in the Sanitary Commission in war time; by the record of his two terms in Congress; by his championship of the Chinese exclusion law; by the many occasions on which his fellow-citizens have turned to him as a leader in quasi-public organizations and institutions. He has served as president of the State University, of the Produce Exchange, of the Chamber of Commerce, of the Savings and Loan Society, of the Mercantile Library, and as a member of the National Republican Committee. Having achieved success in every walk of life which he has entered, and having served with marked distinction in every public position to which he has been called, who can question his fitness for the office of mayor of San Francisco?

Asa R. Wells, the candidate for city auditor, has justly earned his renomination by his indefatigable efforts in the interests of the city, of the tax-payers, of the employees, and the merchants, during a period when the finances of the city have been most involved.

Louis Feusier, the nominee for city treasurer, is an old resident of the city and State, the founder and member of the large wholesale firm of Martin, Feusier & Co., and extensively interested in various business enterprises of the State. His record for capacity, energy, and integrity are unsurpassed in the community.

Albert Heyer, named for assessor, is well known from his excellent record as a supervisor, in which position he has served several terms, and in which he has gained a thorough knowledge of municipal affairs. His experience and his unquestioned character render his election especially desirable in the important office of assessor.

Joseph H. Scott, for tax-collector, is a successful business man, in the very prime of life and activity. He is president of the Scott-Curtaz Piano Company. Though untried in office, he is honest, competent, public-spirited, and a strong Republican.

William Z. Tiffany, named for city recorder, is also a candidate for public office for the first time. He has been well-known for years in connection with the business of John Sroufe & Co., an active and popular Republican of sterling character and excellent ability.

Charles H. Jackson, for city attorney, is a candidate with a decade of experience in legal offices, having served with distinction as deputy attorney-general, and as assistant district attorney for the city and county.

Alfred P. Black is especially fitted for the office of district attorney by his long connection with the office, his thorough knowledge of the law, and his known ability as a prosecutor of criminal cases.

John Farnham, for public administrator, is a man of character and experience, successful in business, and well

enviable record in public office. His efficient and honest administration of several large estates recommends him to the voters with especial force.

The renomination of William A. Deane for county clerk is an indorsement of the record for honest, efficient, and economical management which Mr. Deane has made in his present term, and is merely an echo in the party councils of the commendation he had already received from the bench, the bar, and the grand jury.

John Lackmann, nominated for sheriff, is a native of Germany but a resident of this city for twenty years. He is a prominent and successful merchant and an efficient and experienced city officer. His service as a supervisor has made him thoroughly conversant with affairs of city government, and his work in the interests of the people while in office assures the voters that the sheriff's office will be well conducted if placed in his charge.

Dr. A. D. McLean, named for coroner, is a man of the people, who by his own unaided energy has pushed his way through dentistry and medicine to high rank in his chosen profession. He has never held public office. Those who know him best speak highly of his personal character, and his career hitherto discloses that capacity for close, sustained application which always characterizes the most efficient office-holder.

The four candidates for police judgeships are long residents, well and favorably known in the city. Henry L. Joachimsen and Charles A. Low have proved their fitness for the office by serving several terms each on the bench to the unvarying satisfaction of the general public; L. G. Carpenter and James L. Nagle have never held an elective office, but their long experience at the bar in this city and their sterling characters offer the best of promise for efficient conduct of judicial affairs.

Of the candidates for supervisor, Emmet P. Barrett is the head of the firm of John S. Barrett & Co., brokers. He was for five years a member of the board of education. Nathan Bibb is head of the grocery firm of Bibb, Newman & Ikenberg, a successful merchant and a progressive citizen. Charles Borton is a dentist, and dean of the dental department of the College of Physicians and Surgeons. He served with the California regiment in the Philippines and has been promoted for meritorious service. Charles J. King is the son of James King of William, the pioneer martyr. He is secretary of the Pacific Vinegar and Pickle Works, and a man of ability and integrity. William C. Johnson is a mechanic who has occupied responsible positions in most of the large iron-works of the city. Milo S. Jeffers is a well-known and respected merchant in the hardware line. George T. Shaw is a representative of the carpentry and lumber business, with which he has been identified for more than forty years. Colonel Victor Dubois is known to the whole city as a good soldier, as well as a thorough business man. Thomas H. Morris is a successful dentist. Samuel Foster is president of Foster & Co., wholesale grocers. Dr. E. N. Torello is a physician of twenty years' standing in this community. Cyrus S. Wright is the senior member of the undertaking firm of N. Gray & Co. George R. Sanderson is a graduate of Harvard, a son of the late Mayor Sanderson, and well-known in social and political life. Thomas L. Henderson is superintendent of the Commercial Printing Co. William Watson is a mechanical engineer and excellent business man. D. C. M. Goodsell is a pioneer business man, with large property interests. I. J. Truman is the present city treasurer, and president of the Columbian Banking Co. It is to such men as Mr. Truman we owe the new city charter, and none could be more efficient in the work of putting its provisions into practice intelligently. Charles Bliss is a self-made man of trade, who would carry to the board of supervisors his own careful and successful methods in business.

Jahart

If the theory of the administration is correct, the Philippines constitute a colony of the United States, a dependency to be ruled from Washington.

The war now being waged there is the administration declaration of principle. Reports from the islands show that goods sent there from this country are subject to so high a tariff as to render profits impossible, and thus to drive Americans out of business. Just what becomes of the commercial advantages to have been acquired with the Philippines is by this made somewhat of a mystery.

A letter from H. R. Lewis, now at Manila, sent by him to the secretary of the Philippine Trading Company, of Portland, renders the situation plain, but the reasons for the situation a puzzle. It seems that the Spanish tariff scheme has been adopted, and a rather free translation given its terms. By these, as Mr. Lewis cites, to a class of goods that formerly included fruits and syrups in glasses, fancy sauces, *paté de foie gras*, mushrooms, and kindred articles, have been added all goods in tin or glass. This practically bars cheap products of California orchards and gardens from the Phil-

ippine market. The point may be illustrated by an excerpt from the letter:

"A kilo is two and one-fifth pounds, and there is a specific duty of 20 cents per kilo; eight per cent. on a valuation of \$1 per kilo, and ten per cent. on the amount of the specific duty. For example, I will take a case of tomatoes, two dozen tins, weighing 25 kilos: Twenty-five kilos, \$5; eight per cent. on \$25, \$2; ten per cent. on \$5, 50 cents—a total of \$7.50 in Mexican money. This is a practical illustration, and this is what it costs to get a \$2 case of tomatoes through the custom-house."

Protests have been made, but General Otis refuses to consider them. He will tolerate no argument, and at present his authority is final. These facts are set forth by Mr. Lewis, who then concludes:

"I think if the people of the United States understood how we were being held up here in the custom-house, a change would be ordered. Under Spanish rule, all Spanish products entered the Philippines on a ten per cent. *ad valorem* charge. Almost all of the alimentary products were of Spanish origin, and were therefore within reach of the people. Now the food products have doubled in value, and only the better classes can afford them. . . . As it is, many are going out of business, and few care to order stocks at such an enormous advance. There will be a magnificent trade here just as soon as these burdens are lifted."

So it appears that trade privileges purchased with life and treasure are being thrown away. The matter is within the purview of Congress, and the necessity for taking speedy and definite action is so patent that there hardly appears occasion for more than suggesting it.

Jahart

If one may judge the temper of the Republican party by the expression of the men recognized as its leaders, or by that portion of the press openly partisan and privy to its plans, currency reform will be the most important measure before the next Congress. That it will take the shape of an endeavor to fix and perpetuate the gold standard there appears no doubt. Statements conveying this information are definite and open, and come from such sources as give them weight. Senator Allison, in an address delivered recently at Cedar Rapids, said:

"It is the purpose of the Republican party, which has constantly sustained our system of sound money based upon the gold standard, to continue to maintain it—all of it, whether silver or paper—at a parity with and convertible directly or indirectly into gold at the will of the holder, and it will be maintained in the future, not by the voice of party, but by the voice of the American people. The laws upon our statute books upon this subject will be invigorated and strengthened to maintain it and preserve it, and to make it impossible for any Secretary of the Treasury or any President, by his own fiat and without positive affirmative legislation of Congress, to force upon the people in some hour of temporary depression or of national slumber the depreciated standard of silver money, or place any of our money at a premium or discount."

There is no shadow of uncertainty in this. Senator Allison is not only reckoned great in his State and party, but is recognized by all elements as able and conservative. "Nothing," comments the New York *Mail and Express*, "could be more encouraging than Mr. Allison's ringing declaration."

Out of Iowa comes another voice, likely to be heard as far—that of General D. B. Henderson, who will succeed Speaker Reed. At Waterloo he said that Congress would legislate at its approaching session so as to establish firmly in this nation "the gold standard of the civilized world." The *Public Ledger*, of Philadelphia, views this prophecy as a promise, and with others of its class rejoices. Comptroller of Currency Dawes uses the *Forum* as his medium for advocacy of the gold standard. Republican members of the Senate Finance Committee seem unanimously of similar mind, and Republican legislators generally are ready to defend the issue, although there are a few inclined to dodge.

Apparently, conditions have so changed as to rob the familiar utterances of Bryan of such force as they were perhaps once deemed to possess. The output of gold has increased so enormously as to overthrow the contention that the product could not keep pace with commercial needs. Bryan, during the last campaign, repeatedly said that the additional supply of gold could not rise above \$46,000,000 annually. Figures for 1898 are now at hand. They show that South Africa, Australia, and the United States together produced of the yellow metal \$208,537,753, this being but seventy-three per cent. of the product of the world. Each of these three countries yields far more than Bryan thought could be wrested from the mines of the universe. No diminution of this yield is to be expected unless through temporary suspension of operations in the Transvaal. Such suspension would have to be for far longer than there is ground for expecting it will be before the effect would be appreciably felt. Even were the Transvaal for a season to fail utterly, the total would still be greater than the total of three years ago. It is also reasonable to anticipate a largely increased production from South Africa when foreign enterprise shall no longer be hampered by the domination of the Boers. Australia is but partly developed, the Klondike, to a great extent, unknown, while the possibilities of Colorado have just begun to be understood. Thus, by the force of figures, is the base on which Bryan stood and confidently proclaimed the faith that was in him, swept from under him,

leaving the orator to search futilely and frantically for a new set of facts less disastrous to his sophistries and hopes.

Indubitably the sentiment of commercial America is crystallizing in favor of the gold standard. Not only are statesmen teaching it, financiers doing all they can to promote it, but events beyond human control seem to conspire toward its formal establishment. Prosperity has refused to remain away, as the silver men avowed it would and must, but it has come and, manifesting a disposition to stay, has set at naught the sonorous and tearful predictions of the stump-speaker. Gold is being found where never suspected, and known fields of it are giving more than experts had ever thought was in them. The attempt to fix a ratio by international agreement was a failure; but the country has been on a gold standard, conforming to irresistible demand, only without openly avowing its guiding principles. The time to be explicit seems to be at hand, and all indications are that the United States will soon adopt a gold standard in theory, as already it has done so in practice.

Jahart

By the will of the late Cornelius Vanderbilt a sum approximating one hundred and fifty millions of dollars is divided among his natural heirs. Of this sum, twenty millions of dollars is divided among four of his children. His widow is left the dwelling-houses and two millions of dollars. His eldest son, Cornelius, is given the income from one million dollars during his life, the principal, on his death, to revert to certain specified beneficiaries. The remainder of this vast fortune, probably nearly a hundred millions of dollars, goes to Alfred G. Vanderbilt, a younger son, who is made residuary legatee. This son is also intrusted with a gold medal voted by Congress to his grandfather, with the request that he leave it to his eldest son, and so on down from eldest son to eldest son.

This and other features of the will all smack of primogeniture. But the eldest son, Cornelius, has been dethroned, as it were, removed from his position of Crown Prince of Vanderbilt, because he married against his father's wishes. His bride was a good and virtuous girl, but his father wanted him to marry some other good and virtuous girl.

We are told by the New York prints that the late Cornelius Vanderbilt was "a good man." If so, his life became him better than the leaving of it. His attempt to reach out of the grave and partially disinherit a son, and his attempt practically to entail his large estate by leaving almost all of it to another son, will meet with the condemnation of all right-thinking American citizens. And it ought to. When the fathers of this republic laid its foundations, they attacked primogeniture. The growth of centuries had built up under this system an aristocratic class in England; under it, large fortunes were kept intact and large estates unbroken; under it, the rich grew steadily richer and the poor poorer. Knowing these evils the fathers of this republic inhibited primogeniture and entail. As a result of their wisdom and foresight there has grown up no privileged class in America. It is only of recent years that the attempt has been made by multi-millionaires to evade the spirit of these most wise laws, by leaving the large majority of their millions to the eldest son and only comfortable fortunes to the remaining children.

This practice is a danger to the State. Under ordinary conditions great fortunes are scattered within a generation after they are accumulated by the natural processes of division among the heirs, and these masses of money cease to threaten our free institutions. But by this practice of what is practically primogeniture, the spirit of the law is evaded.

We are glad to see that Alfred Vanderbilt, who has been made prince royal in place of his brother, Cornelius, has been forced to disgorge. Cornelius threatened to contest the will, so the prince royal gave him six millions of dollars to be quiet. We hope that the other heirs will not remain content with their pittance of five millions, but will also demand something like their just and equal share. Then the will of the late Cornelius Vanderbilt, good man and multi-millionaire, will practically be set aside.

And so it ought to be. No dead man owns anything. Testamentary devise, the "right" of leaving property by will, is not a natural and inherent right, but a purely artificial thing—the creature of statute. The law gave it to man. The law can take it away. The law already imposes limitations upon this privilege.

In California a man may leave only a certain portion of his estate to charitable or religious purposes, and none at all if his will be executed upon his death-bed. When Azrael hovers around the couch of the dying man and when the fluttering of his wings plays a weird *obligato* to the mutterings of some ghostly counselor urging resignation and a good fat legacy to the church, the moribund is not "of sound and disposing mind." It were well if this provision of the California statutes were extended to other States of the Union. In other countries other limitations exist. In

France, for example, a man may not disinherit the heirs of his body. In this country he should not be permitted to do so. They are not responsible for their appearance in this world. He is. Therefore he should divide among them equally his goods and his gear when he lays them aside and goes into the other world. And if he does not so divide them let the State do it for him.

We are glad that young Alfred Vanderbilt has been forced to divide with his disinherited brother Cornelius. We hope that he may be forced again to divide and subdivide with his other brothers and sisters, and we hope that laws may some day be passed enforcing an equitable division of the estates of dead men among the children they leave behind.

The appearance of General Funston on his native soil seems to have terrified the Kansas politicians as much as it did the Filipinos. The people of Kansas are ready to place at the disposal of the valiant little general everything at their disposal. He may go to the United States Senate if he likes; or, if he prefers to remain at home, they will elect him governor; or, if he thinks that the somnolence of the Senate is unsuited to his fiery temperament, they will make him a Representative in Congress. If none of these things appeal to him, he can be mayor of any one of several Kansas cities. The adoration of Kansas and the Kansans for Funston is something akin to the adoration of America and the Americans for Dewey—only, being smaller, it is more concentrated. In short, the little general has only to extend his hand, and, if he can not have the earth, he can have the whole Sunflower State.

This situation has struck terror to the hearts of hordes of Kansas politicians. Incipient senators, dark horses being groomed for governor, gentlemen assiduously mending congressional fences, and all of the Kansas statesmen nursing hooums—and they are many—have been appalled at the return of Funston. Soon the wires were hot between Kansas and Washington. Mr. McKinley wants some delegates from Kansas in the Republican convention next year. Needless to state he inclined to the Kansas politicians a protruding and attentive ear. Before General Funston could be mustered out with his Kansas volunteers a new commission was made out for him, and he is to be mustered in again. The little general likes fighting better than politics, and has accepted his new appointment with alacrity.

But the Sunflower State is weeping like Rachel over one of her children, and refuses to be comforted.

The Kansas candidates are going around with the air of gentlemen who have just been reprieved from a hanging.

And Mr. McKinley smiles.

It is reported that the worthless life of Harry Winters, one of the innumerable hand of murderers who burden this State, has been prolonged because there is no official at the Folsom penitentiary legally entitled to serve the people by hanging him. This is one of the unfortunate results of the loss of Warden Aull. At the last meeting the prison directors failed to appoint a successor. If this was caused by a desire to select a man who will continue the excellent administration of Warden Aull it is not to be regretted, though it has some unfortunate results. It will, indeed, be difficult to find a worthy successor. The two penitentiaries of this State have of late years presented an interesting study for students of penology. They have represented the extremes of good and bad management. Only about a week ago it was reported that the convicts in San Quentin, whose customary supply of opium had been cut short temporarily, were slashing themselves with the ever-present knives in order to inject other drugs into their systems as substitutes for the soothing dope. A few days later the cheering intelligence came that a fresh supply of the drug had arrived, and the convicts were once more happy. It is almost time for news of a fresh conspiracy or an outbreak. These things were not known at Folsom under Warden Aull. The convicts, knowing his strictness, begged to be sent to San Quentin instead of to Folsom. It is to be hoped that the prison directors will be able to find a man worthy to succeed Aull. While they are about it, they might do well to look for somebody who can establish discipline at San Quentin.

On Friday of last week a meeting was held in the office of Mayor Phelan to discuss the situation created by the presence in this city of a great number of discharged volunteer soldiers. At that meeting Major-General Shafter, representing the War Department, declared that it was simply impossible for the government to furnish discharged volunteers with a ticket of transportation from Manila to the point of enlistment. He confessed that he had recognized as an evil the discharge of men in Manila, but

claimed that he was powerless to change the conditions. General Shafter is under the disadvantage of being in the service of the United States. He is not free to criticize the administration as he might do were he a private citizen. It is a fact that has been known for a long time that volunteers whose term of service has expired are paid transportation back to the United States on condition that they will reenlist, but are refused this payment if they demand an absolute discharge. They are given passage on a government transport to San Francisco, if they insist upon returning home, but they are left here without money and become a charge upon the people of this city. Months ago the *Argonaut* pointed out this danger. It then declared that the soldiers who had volunteered to fight for their country were entitled to transportation at the hands of their government not only to San Francisco but to the point where they had enlisted. It protested against having the soldiers mustered out in this city. It is natural that the volunteers should desire to be released from the rigors of military discipline as soon as possible, but a just consideration of their own interests as well as of the interests of San Francisco would have dictated a contrary policy. This is what was predicted by the *Argonaut* several months ago; the developments have justified that prediction.

The announcement of Admiral Dewey's engagement to Mrs. Mildred Hazen has excited keen interest throughout the country. In fact, all of the admiral's doings excite keen interest.

He is the most conspicuous person in the country to-day, although there is an organized movement on the part of certain journals to keep him out of the public view as much as possible. But newspaper notoriety will not make a man famous, and neither will newspaper silence make him obscure.

Admiral Dewey's engagement has a double interest. Aside from the personal interest it has a political one. There has been a persistent attempt on the part of the journals already referred to, and certain leading Republican politicians, to decry all discussion of Admiral Dewey as a Presidential candidate. Senator Hanna went so far as to say that such talk was "an insult." How the American people can insult a man by offering him the biggest gift in their power Senator Hanna has not yet explained.

It may be that Admiral Dewey has been sincerely averse to bearing the burdens of the Presidency. But now there will be another factor in the question—Mrs. Dewey. The lady who is to be his bride is a daughter of the late Washington McLean, all his life a politician and an editor. Her brother is John R. McLean, all his life a politician and an editor, and now running for governor of Ohio. Her mother, Mrs. Washington McLean, has for years lived in Washington, and has been a leader in social circles there, which in the national capital always have a political tinge. Mrs. Hazen, Admiral Dewey's future bride, has thus been in a political environment from infancy. She is a woman of wealth, of beauty, and of boundless ambition. There is no higher position for an American matron to occupy than that of mistress of the White House—first lady of the land. If she wants Admiral Dewey to become a candidate for the Presidency, he, like a good husband, will yield. And if he becomes a Presidential candidate, the American people will make him President.

The country has not received favorably the arrangement by which the United States Government pays five thousand dollars a year to the Mohamedan Sultan of Sulu in the Philippine group to permit our flag to float there and to insure us from the attacks of his piratical subjects. The fact that polygamy and slavery now exist under the Stars and Stripes has caused a great deal of feeling, which the administration is trying to allay. So an official statement has been given out, in which the American people are told that the sultan's subjects can not be interfered with, because "polygamy is a part of their religion, and the slavery of which so much is said is a *mild type of feudal bondage*." The italics are ours.

A PLAIN ANSWER TO A SIMPLE QUESTION.

The city election is at hand, the campaign is in its last hours. The voter who has not made up his mind how he will mark his ballot has but little time to consider the question. There may be some who have been confused by the contradictory statements they have heard, and the various arguments used. To those a few plain words may be said. There is one important issue before the citizens of San Francisco, and only one. The control of the city government is to be given into the hands of one of two parties, the Republican party or the Democratic party. One party or the other will take the reins under the new charter and turn into a course that must be followed for a long term of years. It is not a hard thing to say which party is likely to choose the wise course, the safe course, the course that leads to the best results. The Republican party has a record of honest and efficient

service. Its promise for the future may be read in the character of the candidates it has named for this election. At the head of the ticket it has placed the name of Horace Davis, a man of honor, able, and energetic. The mayor will have greater power under the new charter than any official has ever held in this city. That power should be given only to such a man. There are many good reasons why Mr. Davis should be elected. He will bring to the office the sound judgment and well-considered methods that have made his long and conspicuous business career successful. The experience gained in caring for the interests of the people while in Congress, as a regent and president of the State University, fits him for its highest duties. He will accept the trust not as a stepping-stone to some greater political honor, but as a means to advance the true interests of the city he chose for his home forty years ago, and where all his hopes are centered. He will perform his duties conscientiously and fearlessly, for he has no higher aspiration than to preserve his record unstained. He may be trusted to try no rash experiments, to consent to no scheme of progress without first counting the cost.

The political opponents of Mr. Davis began their campaign under false pretensions. To his keen perception and courage is due the fact that they have been obliged to drop them and come out openly. They now admit the issue. It is the Democratic party, with its shifting principles and warring policies, against the Republican party, with its steadfast loyalty to the people. Without the aid of Republican votes, the Democratic party can not win. The simple question is: Can any Republican take the risk of aiding it? The plain answer is: A vote for Horace Davis is the right thing, and the thing required now.

MAYOR PHELAN'S POSITION ON PUBLIC EDUCATION AND CIVIL SERVICE.

Mayor Phelan has devoted much time to making better and more perfect public education in San Francisco and California. In 1896, before he was a candidate for mayor, at the opening of the Mechanics' Fair, he delivered an address urging that the public-school system be so improved as to embrace instruction in the arts and crafts. He spoke of Lille, Lyons, and Manchester as qualifying the children of the people in their schools to engage in some useful industrial pursuit, and at the same time turn out a finished product in such a form that it finds a market in all parts of the world. He said the superiority of many European manufactured articles is due to the public education of the young. He donated three thousand dollars to keep the Wilmerding Trade School in San Francisco, when it was about to be located in Stockton.

He has visited all our public-school buildings, and has arranged to submit to the people next December a proposition for rebuilding and repairing them wherever necessary at an outlay of nearly a million and a half dollars. It will require a two-thirds vote of the electors. He labored successfully to establish the Normal School here.

It was only last month that he made every department of the city government yield a part of its appropriation in order to give the school fund seventy-six thousand dollars, and thus preserve the teachers' salaries from being cut and yet keep his pledge for a dollar limit of taxation. He has arranged to have teachers' back salaries submitted by constitutional amendment next election, which insures their payment.

He has given libraries both to the Girls' and the Mission High Schools during the year, and last year gave the beautiful bronze trophy of the "Foot-Ball Players," by Douglas Tilden, for the inter-university foot-ball competition, and the University of California won it. He also assisted in creating the Chair of Argumentation at Berkeley, and quite recently gave a library to Stanford. The Associated Students at Stanford wrote him last week a grateful letter of acknowledgment.

The mayor under the charter will have the appointment of the board of education, the police, the fire, and other commissions now appointed by the governor and the civil service. Mayor Phelan can be relied upon to do his duty in the interests of the city. There are a thousand teachers in the school department, but they are guaranteed their positions by the charter and can only be removed for cause, as provided in the Political Code. There will be few new appointments so long as the present staff do not resign and are not guilty of "insubordination, immoral or unprofessional conduct, or evident unfitness for teaching." No teacher can be dismissed except for these causes after a due hearing. The same is true of the police, fire, and other departments. In addition to these there are not more than four hundred employees in the city government, and, except the chief deputies, they come under the rules of the civil service.

Mayor Phelan is devoted to the principles of the merit system of public employment, and will preserve it in its integrity. His reputation is at stake, and he has always been careful to preserve it in the discharge of his official duties.

He appointed a gas inspector who has done splendid service, and is responsible for the appointment of Marsden Manson, C. E. Grunsky, and the eminent engineer, Rudolph Herring, as a sewer commissioner. Every one remembers that when he ousted the corrupt board of supervisors, he appointed men of sterling character, such as F. W. Dohrmann, Henry Fortmann, Stewart Menzies, James Denman, Dr. Washington Dodge, and others of that class.

Mayor Phelan's interest in the success of the charter will insure its successful inauguration if he is elected, and all signs point that way.

As an indication of public interest in London concerning the Transvaal war, it is noted that the issue of the *London Daily Mail* for October 13th, which contained a patriotic cartoon by Sir John Tenniel, and copied from *Punch*, to the enormous number of seven hundred and fifty thousand copies.

THE DOOM OF FALSE SING LOW.

A Mexican Siren's Victim.

Twenty years ago Sing Low had been a thin, meek, Chinese coolie, toiling in the rice-fields of the Soo-chow province. Insufficiently clad and insufficiently fed, he had many times been weary of life, and, but for the vows of his secret society forbidding, would have put a summary end to it—a double quantity of opium in the pipe is an easy way! But Sing Low had persevered and starved until, one day, there was an exodus of many of his own society (now renamed "Sons of the Silver Land") to the western coast of Mexico. With them journeyed Sing Low and his newly married wife, Fay Lee, for there was demand for Chinese colonists, and the promoters told it loudly that there was plenty of money to be made in the "silver land." For once the truth had been spoken by a promoter! Had you, ten years after the exodus, known the Chinatown of Madre de Dios, and the restaurant and "tea-place" of Sing Low, you would better appreciate the fact. For the Chinese colonists had made unto themselves a place of their own in the western part of the city, out beyond the marshes; many narrow streets were filled with the shops of the Chinese, who were no longer colonists, but full-fledged citizens.

In the very centre of the Chinese civilization, and fronting a view of hot, blue gulf water, Sing Low's name was blazoned in gaudy Chinese script over a tea-shop and opium-den; while uptown, where Mexicans and mining men most did congregate, another building, made of yellow adobe and pine boards, bore the legend, "Chinese Restaurant of Sing Low: American Pies." In front of this restaurant generally sat Sing Low, but not the Sing Low of the Soo-chow rice-fields—far from it. This was a very fat and important Sing Low, in full and flowing Chinese garments, pig-tail neatly wound about a sleek and shining head, and silk-shod feet thrust into flapping embroidered slippers. A large, gold, American watch dangled from his sash, and yellow Mexican diamonds glittered on his pudgy fingers—truly had Sing Low, head of the "Sons of the Silver Land," prospered and waxed fat in a far land.

Inside the restaurant many Chinese waiters and cooks rushed about, serving all sorts and conditions of men at the manta-covered tables. For Madre de Dios was a steamertown, whence hides and silver and bullion were shipped to Lower California and even San Francisco, and many men of many sorts ate *chili con carne*, and *tortillas*, and "American pies," in the restaurant of Sing Low. There were dirty Greasers and swaggering, be-armed Mexicans, who drank bottles upon bottles of fiery *mescal*, and calm, deliberate, mining Americans, who consumed untold numbers of pies and American canned beans, while Sing Low smiled from afar, with a keen eye upon collections. For twenty years had he saved and toiled, but another year would see the end. Then, with Fay Lee, who was now old and fat, and the twenty thousand Mexican dollars that they had made, they would go to San Francisco. Back to China? No! Fay Lee had once timidly proposed it—for she had no children, and her heart was sick for her native land—but Sing Low said a decided "no." He had not yet forgotten the rice-fields. And, besides, in these American lands, even a coolie of low birth could be as mighty as a mandarin; he, Sing Low, had been of no import in China, nor would even his twenty thousand dollars make him a mighty man there. In other words, better to reign in hell than to serve in heaven, or one's native land.

To all of which poor Fay Lee had to consent, of course, Sing Low being a husband of no small persuasive power, particularly when aided with a bamboo stick. And he hesitated not to chastise the wife of his bosom when occasion needed, for did not even the laws of the Christians say "Wives, obey your husbands in the Lord"? Not that it often became necessary to impress this latter fact upon Fay Lee, for she loved the fat, pompous Sing Low now, in the midst of his prosperity, even as she had once loved humble Sing Low of the rice-fields. It is the way of many women. And, though there were few friends, and no children for her to caress with affection, she was content to live the life that her husband bade, embroidering his costly garments and waiting on him as though she were his bonded slave, instead of his wife. And during the long hours that he spent in the opium-house or in the secret lodge of the "Sons of the Silver Land," she consoled herself with many cups of tea, and admiring thoughts of the brave figure that her "honorable lord" was at that moment of a surety making as the head of his society. Poor Fay Lee!

I say "poor Fay Lee" with a purpose, as you will find. For, even as the best laid plans of mice and men go astray, so did the plans and hopes of Sing Low and his wife vanish into naught—through the fault of the man, of course. Sing Low, to make a long story short, fell in love one bright day. It is a thing that Celestials are not given to, for which reason Sing Low made a bad mess of it, and loved far more desperately than any other Chinaman on record—at least, so his sighing protests to the lady in the case ran. Not that he could be blamed overmuch, for Felipa was the prettiest girl, out and out, who had ever been seen in Madre de Dios—as well as one of the naughtiest. Her brother (a gambler from Mazatlan) had used her many months as a lure, and more than one hapless Mexican had come to grief for her sake, but Sing Low was the best game that she had ever caught.

There is in Spanish a proverb setting forth the same sentiment expressed in our own "There's no fool like an old fool," and never was there an old fool so deeply in love as Sing Low, who soon became the laughing-stock of the entire very mixed population of Madre de Dios. Fay Lee, of course, knew nothing, and supposed that her lord's frequent absences were due to secret society meetings. To be sure, Ah Toy, the sprightly young wife of Sam Lung, had considered it her duty to go to the deceived and neglected wife with a full description of the doings and misdoings of the faithless one. But Fay Lee had first laughed uproariously

at what she considered a joke, and later, believing the tale a malicious lie, had turned her sister Celestial out of the house, with calmly expressed convictions as to the fate in store for liars and scandal-mongers who could lift tongue against such an honorable and noble man as her lord and husband, Sing Low. Wherefore Ah Toy had departed, giving expression to many naughty words, and tearfully saying—just as a civilized woman might have done, under similar circumstances—"The next time she meddled in the attempt to open a deceived wife's eyes—"

Placidly indignant, yet somewhat amused, Fay Lee went back to her embroidery and a fresh cup of tea. The incident did not seem of enough importance to repeat to her husband, and it soon escaped her mind. That any one should dare to tell such things of her most honorable and faithful lord, expecting her to believe them! She did believe, however, when very late that same night Sing Low came home, not alone, and much the worse for liquor. He had brought his new wife, Felipa, to her home, he stated, with drunken dignity, and Fay Lee must wait upon her, and see that she had what she wanted. For she (Felipa) was to be the honorable mistress of the house, and Fay Lee and the servants must bear themselves accordingly.

Your Chinese wife is no creature of high tragedy, and Fay Lee acted under all circumstances as a well-behaved Chinese lady should, placing perfumed water and powders and silken apparel for the new wife. No attentions were neglected, though Sing Low watched vigilantly for them. And only when her services were no longer needed did the supplanted woman go forth, full of murderous fury and hate, from the house of her husband. She had a cousin who was a high official in the secret society; to him she went. Not that there is any recourse for a Chinese wife if her husband wishes to take unto himself a number two spouse, for it is according to the law. But all things, naturally, should be done in order, and the law of dignity and self-respect had been transgressed by Sing Low, who had not even advised Fay Lee of his intention. It was an insult to her and all her family, which the cousin was not slow to realize. But insults are not a prison offense, and must be avenged privately, wherefore the cousin and Fay Lee said nothing, but bided their time, having in mind a way in which they could be more than avenged.

For quite a long time, as much as a month, Sing Low was exceedingly happy with his pretty young wife. But Felipa was a young woman of much sprightliness, and she had not married the portly old Chinaman for the sole purpose of kow-towing to him, and embroidering his clothes, and waiting on him hand and foot—not a bit of it. And so she emphatically stated. On the contrary, she wished many friends, and pretty costumes, and boxes at the bull-fights and the one small theatre that Madre de Dios possessed. She had no intention of being any man's slave!

And so began the tormenting of poor old Sing Low. He soon learned that in the bewitching Felipa he had caught a veritable Tartar, and that, unless humored, she could and would make his life a torment to him. Wherefore, like a wise man, he promptly gave in to her, and humored her in all things—that is, in all things but one. Despite her every endeavor she could not make him tell her what went on at the meetings of his secret society. On that one subject alone Sing Low remained mute, and no cajolery or blandishments could move him.

As time went on, and the influence of his Mexican wife told on him, Sing Low began to sink lower and lower, both morally and physically. He drank steadily now, and more and more of the "black smoke" became necessary—often he would spend entire nights in his opium-house—and even the apple of his eye, his restaurant, with its American pies, began to be neglected. So that many whisperings and reports got about, and more than one high official of the secret society murmured distrust. Meanwhile, a worn and aged woman (hardly to be recognized as the portly Fay Lee of yore) watched and waited, eager for revenge. And in the secret society of the "Sons of the Silver Land" one of the high officials went about stealthily spreading reports that a traitor was among them; that important secrets had more than once been given away, and that, if not located and dealt with, the traitor would soon accomplish the ruin of the society.

All this came to a head one night, when the most important meeting of the year was held. For more than an hour the rooms of the secret society had been filled with an ominously quiet crowd of Chinamen, who were awaiting in perfect stillness the return of one of the officials who had gone to fetch their erstwhile head, Sing Low. For the first time in twenty-one years he had failed to appear at the meeting of the society, and more than that, all the private records and documents of the "Sons of the Silver Land" had been stolen. No wonder there was perfect stillness in the secret rooms, and that over in the corner one Chinaman waited, holding a huge razor-edged sword. These things are dealt with quickly among Chinese guilds.

They brought him in presently, the cousin and another society member carrying him, for the honorable head was too much overcome with the mixture of opium and bad cognac to walk of his own accord. He was dropped limply into the corner where the Chinaman and his sword waited, and to a malignantly quiet set of members the cousin showed the precious papers and records that he had just taken from Sing Low's silken vest. The man had been found dead-drunk, in a low *cantina* in the Mexican part of the town, while the society papers and records—had access to only by two men, the cousin and Sing Low himself—were dropping unheeded to the *cantina* floor, to be seen there of all who might care to read. And, but for the cousin, who had found them in time, the papers would have been distributed far and wide before the setting of to-morrow's sun, and the society, "Sons of the Silver Land," with all its important secrets, would have been ruined, and many of its members implicated in all sorts of crimes and given up to prison cells, or perhaps the gallows. The sin of Sing Low had been a tremendous one, for which no atonement could be made, and there was

but one thing to do, so far as his punishment was concerned.

The meeting lasted a long time, and finally Sing Low was released from the hands of his torturers, far more dead than alive. His drunken stupor had lasted but a short time under their hands, and, in a frenzy of terror, he awaited what he knew was still to come. The room was very still now, and you could have heard a pin drop as the wretched man was placed on his knees just in front of the masked Chinaman who held in both hands the great, sharp sword. Another man, the cousin of Sing Low, knelt very quietly in front of him, and drew his bared head and neck down and forward so as to meet the uplifted sword. Then there was deathly quiet as the huge blade ascended. It made a circle and a whistling sweep in the air before it descended slowly, and touched the neck of the condemned. There it stopped. No blood came, and there was no cry or moan from Sing Low, for the reason that the blade had just touched his flesh and no more. Then the cousin stood up, facing the judge and the executioner did likewise, bolding the sword erect, as he announced, solemnly:

"Honorable judge, this man is dead!"

Five minutes later, the Chinamen were all hurrying from the hall. Sing Low had been dragged, still on his knees from the room, and flung into the narrow, weed-choked street outside. He had endeavored to beg mercy, but his lips were stiff and dumb. Then he had clung to the judge's knees, jabbering hysterically, only to be cast aside like a truly dead thing, for a Chinaman lost to caste and his secret society is worse than dead. He had moaned and begged at the feet of his cousin, but he, too, had passed relentlessly on, paying no attention to a dead man's speech. And so, at last, they had all gone—among the crowd Sing Low's own clerks and employees—and the dead crouched, alone and deserted of all, in the darkness of night.

In the early dawn Sing Low stumbled drunkenly bome ward—not to the house in which he lived with his Mexican wife, but to Chinatown, for at the last, whether in joy, sorrow, death, or disgrace, the heart of even an Oriental turn to his own people, such as they may be. And Sing Low had no thought for Felipa, much as he had loved her, or even for his restaurant, with its American sign, that had brought him so much money. The Americans or the Mexicans would take him in surely, for had he not money? His own people had cast him out, yet to them he turned.

Posted up in front of the opium den owned by him was a large bill, setting forth his execution. He read it. Two other men, waiters in his restaurant, were reading it at the same time. His stained and torn silken garment brushed against one of them, and the men moved back as if some dead beast were there. To these two men Sing Low spoke, but they seemed to see only empty air where he stood. He went into the opium-den, begging for the "black smoke," but no one heard him or saw him. All the men seated an lying about the room were discussing the execution of the once respected Sing Low. Unable to endure it, the poor brute slunk out, and wandered distractedly about the streets. He was unnoticed, and even when in the early morning he begged for bread, not a crust was given him, not a drop of water. He was dead to his people, and his dead voice was unheeded.

For two days the torture of Sing Low endured. At mid night of the second day he crept into his own restaurant and stole a pistol that was lying invitingly on his desk. The clerk saw it, but said nothing, and did not attempt to prevent the theft. And, with the pistol, Sing Low made his way back to Chinatown, where he read over again one of his own death-notices, and standing under it, placed the pistol to his temple and blew out what remained of his poor, addle brains.

HEWITT DARRELL.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 6, 1899.

About Dewey's attitude toward the temptation of Presidential ambition, John Barrett has some interesting thing to say in his volume entitled "Admiral George Dewey." "We listened to hear the buzzing of the bee," he remarks "we were disappointed." Many letters and telegram reached the admiral urging him to accept a Presidential nomination, but he refused to be persuaded. Mr. Barrett thinks there is only one condition that would tempt the admiral to accept:

"That would be either a request from both parties, or a unanimous request from one party where it was in such a position that acceptance would be tantamount to an election. The admiral has never said anything of this kind to me; but, with all his refusals to consider the position, I do not believe that he would stand to one side and say that he would not accept if he was fully convinced that it was a duty which he owed his country. He would no more hesitate than he did when he entered Manila Bay."

Berlin furnished an extraordinary exhibition of the collecting mania recently. The German post-office uses numbers for the months in stamping letters, and on September 9th collectors determined to obtain the unusual sequence of nines from district office No. 99, whose stamp on that date would read 99.9.9.9. A mob of over a thousand persons stood outside the office when it opened, so that the police had to be called in to keep it in order and all available help was sent from the general post-office to handle the matter. The rush continued through the day, and at night the police had to use force to disperse the crowd that was waiting after the closing hours and to enable the officials to leave the office. Sixty thousand pieces of mail were stamped during the day.

A physician of Eastbourne, Me., was recently the victim of his own medicine. He made up a draught for a patient putting in by mistake strychnine instead of chloroform, and when she complained that it made her sick, got angry, and to prove that the medicine was all right swallowed half the contents of the bottle himself. He immediately recognized the symptoms of strychnine poisoning, used a stomach pump and other means to destroy the effects, but died soon after.

AMERICAN PERVERSION OF PARIS.

Financial Practices That Arouse the Animosity of the Latin Art-Students—The Concierge, the Garçon, and the Pourboire.

With November the students come back to Paris. The calendars tell it; and the Boul' Mich—sacred to the picturesque Bohemianism which, whatever they may say, is not yet dead, nor dying—already gives daily and nightly proof that the calendars do not lie. And with the return of Messieurs les Etudiants there stirs again an ancient quarrel. It is a race war, and the Stars and Stripes wave over one of the high contending powers. It is the American students against the Latins, against all the cosmopolitan youth that makes the left bank of the Seine lively and picturesque for nine months of the year.

The matter of the quarrel? Listen.

Three of us were walking down the Boulevard du Mont Parnasse the other day. One was an art-student in his second year, an imposing personage, all velvet and curls and Vandyck heard. Another was—well, an entirely unimportant individual, of whom no more anon. The third was a "nouveau," a young Provençal with a strong Marseilles brogue that Alphonse Daudet would have given gold to hear. And the youngest of the brogue was in search of a local habitation. We had traversed many streets round the Parnassian quarter—the velvet, long-locked art-student, the unimportant individual, and the new-comer from the Mediterranean—and nowhere could we find rooms to suit the southerner. Like all his tribe, he found Paris gray: "Yes, it is lively, on voit du monde; but how it is cold and gray! Ah, down there, we see the sun; the streets shine; the people are fat and jolly." That is the song he had been chanting to us all the way. And no place satisfied him. At last, just where the Boulevard du Mont Parnasse runs into the place where the Bal Bullier is held, we halted opposite a large, cheerful, brightly decorated mansion with a placard announcing "Apartments large and small to let." "This is it," says our brave Marseillais—as if there was just one place in all Paris worthy of his presence, and he had just found it.

We had agreed that this probably was it, and were on the point of accosting the *concierge* in his *loge*, when the artist drew up suddenly. "Tiens! This isn't it at all; not at all." Why not? What was the matter? He explained. Last semester, he knew it for a fact, Americans had lived in that house. Well, what then? What difference did that make? His contempt was amusing. What difference? Why every difference. For his part he wasn't a millionaire who amused himself *en faisant le bohème*. He was just a poor art-student who liked to spend his spare sous for himself and his friends, not for the benefit of a pack of *concierges* and *femme de ménage*, and other good people, who might be very charming in their own way, but who did not interest him *du tout, du tout*.

Little by little we got at the facts of the case. And this is the fact: that the American students, who are very numerous and whose numbers increase every year with surprising rapidity, are all, poor or well-to-do, far too generous in their dealings with their *concierges*, and the scrub-women, and the whole *personnel* of every place they enter. If they go into a *hôtel*, on their arrival they tip—*tout de suite*, mind you—the *garçon* who carries their couple of heavy trunks up six flights of stairs. The very first day! And who ever heard of paying for such an obvious, elementary task as that? Then they have a habit of descending themselves when they want to know if there are any letters for them. It is true there are often no bells, but—*nom de nom!*—what are one's lungs for except to yell from the top to the bottom of the house for one's mail? And how do you expect the *garçon* to do his work for the other people in the house when those *sacré Américains* insist on doing it themselves? Then it is a hundred to one that the heggars—at the end of the first week, mind you—find their delicate consciences ricking them again in the interest of the *garçon*; and it is a good thing for the rest of the house if they do not even ask him what sum he habitually receives per week for "mounting" the *petit déjeuner*, and "doing" the room, and leaning the boots, and the other little duties of his office. If course the thief of a *garçon* suggests an exorbitant sum—two francs a week, even as much as two francs!—when everybody knows that for a room *au sixième* no uncorrupted Pierre of them all ever receives more than one franc a month. And if you speak to these Americans about it, no point out that they are ruining the *hôtel* for all the *amarades*, they only smile at you and say that there is not any club in any town in the United States where they would get such extraordinary attention for four times the sum they aid to Pierre. Extraordinary attention, indeed! What is the *garçon* for except to wait on the *localitaires*? And what does he want with money, anyhow? He has his board and lodging; he sleeps too well, the lazy fellow, as you often find when you are kept waiting outside the door at two or three o'clock in the morning, because the rascal is too comfortable to turn over and pull the cord to let you in; and he has only got just half a day off every month to spend his money in. Why, it is an obvious waste to give it to him. He five francs per month squandered that way would give you no end of a good time at the *café* or at the Bal Bullier. And if they eat at a restaurant, these same unprincipled Americans think nothing of giving the waiter five sous. Five sous? They have been known to give ten! Why, the *bonhomme* at the Elysée, Loubet himself, does not give ten sous! And these wretched *Américains* say that if they live to give something they would be ashamed to give less than five sous. Ashamed! As if the waiter was not laughing in his sleeve at their extravagance as he opens the door to let them out. And in the *bouillons*! Everybody knows you never give the waiter anything when you dine *à la carte* at a student's *bouillon*—or any other *bouillon*, for that matter. Nobody knows why you do not, but you do not; the

rule is as old as old Father Adam. But these good Americans come along and leave their sous under their plate—and, *psst*, there is a *bouillon* spoiled! No self-respecting student can go there any more. The Boulevard Mont Parnasse and the Rue Cardinal Le Moine, both are full of *crémeries* and *bouillons* that the Americans have destroyed.

Just the same in the unfurnished rooms. If the *concierge* brings up the mail in the morning, they give him heaven knows what sum every week, or every month, when everybody else just gives him one five-franc on hiring the room and one five-franc on the *jour de l'an*. And when they order things from outside, they give two sous on Saturday to the youngster that carries them up. Some of them pay out as much as a franc a week that way—two sous for the milk, and two sous for the bread, and two sous for the *journal du matin*, and four sous to the *gosse* that brings the hot *bifteck* from the *charcuterie* at noon. Everybody knows that to have the floor of your room waxed and polished till you can not walk on it costs just forty sous; it is worth just forty sous; it has always been forty sous. Yet there are scores of houses round here where you could not get it done for less than fifty now. And those are always houses where there has once been an American settlement. They pretend that two francs fifty is only reasonable for the hour-and-a-half's work. And Mme. la Concierge is only too ready to accept that view. A *vrai Parisien*, when he tenders the good old-fashioned price, is met with a "Comment? Monsieur," and a long explanation as to how everybody always gives the two-fifty. And so all the rascally shop-keepers round, and all the shop-keepers' *gosses*, and all the *concierges* and *facteurs*, and everybody else—they become insufferable in their demands or evident expectations. One's life is a long series of extraordinary, unheard of payments, forced upon one by the unthinking disloyalty of the American students.

And do not let it be supposed that these Americans are always rich, either. No, *mon vieux*, they are just as hard up as any one else: they eat bread unadorned, like the rest, toward the end of the month; they can not always tell you the time the week before their remittance comes. It is just *un bluff Américain*, nothing but *un bluff*.

Thus far a *résumé* of the artist's grievous complaint. His conclusion we need not accept; the American lavishness is something better than *un bluff*—the word has become naturalized French now—but it is certainly rather hard on an immense body of French and foreign students whose hudget is arranged on a different basis. And though the American students are as a rule much liked among the *camarades*—much better liked, for example, than the English—this question of their frequent *pourboires* where the others give a sweet smile and a "merci, bien" is a constant bone of serious contention. "They are good fellows, these Americans," said one of the disputants the other day when this matter was disputed; "very good fellows, but they oughtn't to bring over their 'Rights of Man' to spoil our *concierges*."

STEPHEN MACKENNA.

PARIS, October 17, 1899.

A Dutchman's Appeal.

TO ENGLAND.

Greatest of Nations! Chosen Strength of God!
Imperial Servant of divine commands!
Within the tranquil hollows of thy hands
Repose the sphered seas; the changeful lands
Are thine, and tracts of empire yet untrod!

The sword is thine: its splendor flares abroad.
Thou whom the mighty warrior-deed acclaim,
Wilt thou intrust its unpolished fame
To smooth-faced pirates whose unspoken aim
Is filthy lucre gained by fouler fraud?

This people, small in number, great in love
Of all thou lovest, sternly set apart
In self-concentred freedom, as thou art,
Puritans, pure, as thou, in home and heart,
Owning no master but your Lord above,—

Ere these appeal to Him, our hope is yet
In thee, for thou, awakening, wilt hear
This chink of gold: thy righteous heart will fear
Unrighteous ruin, slowly drawing near.
England, dost thou forget?

—Maarten Maartens in London Daily Chronicle.

The German infantry soldier ought to be the best in the world considering the time and trouble that is spent upon his military education. For the first six months after joining the recruit is kept very busily employed, each being taught every duty, even the minutest, singly. Marching and handling a rifle are comparatively small matters, but each man is thoroughly taught all about the mechanism of his rifle, and everything else that lends itself to such demonstration, instruction being given by an officer by means of a piece of chalk and a blackboard. The captain, too, of each company personally instructs his men in firing, the object being to make every recruit in the army a first-class marksman. Every recruit has also to pass an examination in the articles of war, the theoretical principles of musketry, and the history of Germany; in short, the whole scheme of education is conducted on the lines of the infant class in an elementary school.

Ottmar Mergenthaler, the inventor of the Linotype typesetting machine, died in Baltimore October 28th, of consumption. The inventor was born in Wurtemberg in 1854, and came to America penniless when he was eighteen years old. His first work was in Washington for the government, on signal-service apparatus, electric clocks, bells, etc. He began his labor on the Linotype in 1876, and for four years struggled to bring it to perfection. When completed, publishers hesitated to try his machine, believing it to be impracticable. In 1886 the New York *Tribune* and Louisville *Courier-Journal* took the invention up, and its success dates from that year. But the long struggle had broken down the inventor physically and financially. When triumph came it was too late for him to enjoy it. A wife and children survive him.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Hiram S. Maxim, the inventor, has at length given up his American birthright for a British naturalization certificate.

Mount Kenia in British East Africa has at last been climbed. Mr. Mackinder, of Oxford University, is the first man to reach the top, eighteen thousand feet above sea level.

The president of the Orange Free State, although not so well known as President Krüger, is quite as thorough a statesman. Grandson of the noted Boer chief, Wessels, President Steyn is himself a Boer to the core, grew up among the Boers, and recognizes none but their interests.

Dr. Anita Newcomb McGee is the chief nurse of the United States army. She is acting-assistant to Surgeon General Sternberg, receives a captain's pay, and is entitled to wear the shoulder-straps of a lieutenant. She is the daughter of Professor Simon Newcomb, the astronomer, and the wife of Professor W. J. McGee, the head of the Ethnology Department at Washington.

J. W. Crawford has been chosen by Admiral Dewey to be his official secretary. Mr. Crawford is an employee in the office of the judge advocate-general of the navy, and will hold the rank of lieutenant in the navy. Provision for a secretary of that rank was made in the act which granted such assistance to Admiral Porter, and as the law has never been repealed the department holds that Admiral Dewey may enjoy the same privileges as his predecessors.

M. Eugène Schneider, the head of the great Creusot Iron Works, in France, where the strike is now taking place, is the third representative of the industrial dynasty of the name. His grandfather was president of the Corps Legislatif under the Empire. His father, who died in 1898, was renowned for his enterprise and his benevolence. M. Schneider is thirty-one years old, and succeeded his father as deputy for Autun. It is said that the Schneiders are preparing to transfer a part of their works to Cette, which has the advantage of being a Mediterranean seaport.

London *Vanity Fair* predicts the forthcoming divorce of Prince Herbert Bismarck, who, since the death of his father, has resumed his bachelor mode of living. Prince Herbert Bismarck's wife is the second daughter of Count George Hoyos, lieutenant in the Austrian army, and of Countess Alice Hoyos, formerly Miss Whitehead, daughter of the celebrated English torpedo manufacturer. Of the many branches of the Hoyos family, this one is of Spanish origin, and married into the highest families of the Austrian nobility. Prince Herbert and Mlle. Hoyos were married before a brilliant assemblage in Vienna, June 21, 1892. They have two daughters, born in 1893 and 1896. The princess is only twenty-eight years old, while her husband is fifty.

It is an open secret (says London *Truth*) that the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch, younger brother and next heir to the Emperor Nicholas, is now on a wife-hunting expedition. He will attain his majority this month, and his mother and brother are most anxious for his marriage to take place within a few months of that event. He can not marry either a first cousin or a Roman Catholic, so that his choice is considerably restricted, owing to the very small number of unmarried princesses who are eligible. It is understood that the Grand Duke has come to Scotland in order that he may make the acquaintance of Princess Margaret, elder daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and, of course, so brilliant a marriage would give great pleasure to the queen and the royal family, while the alliance would be quite acceptable to the emperor and the empress-dowager.

The only woman aboard either of the boats during the *Columbia-Shamrock* contest was Mrs. C. Oliver Iselin, wife of the managing owner of the cup-champion. As part of the human ballast aboard the *Columbia* she braved possible accidents, such as a repetition of the danger accompanying the snapping of the "single-stick." From start to finish she watched every movement of the crew, giving suggestions when asked. Thus Mrs. Iselin was easily the most conspicuous figure in petticoats during the great yachting contest. From the moment the keel of the *Columbia* was laid at Bristol she gave her personal attention to every detail of the process of construction. All through the months of preparation she was one of her husband's principal advisers. She is one of the few women permitted to fly from their own yachts the colors of the New York Yacht Club, and is also a member of S. C. Y. C. She was formerly Miss Hope Goddard, of Providence. Before the races she and Mr. Iselin entertained Sir Thomas Lipton at dinner at their beautiful "All View," at New Rochelle, on the Sound.

While all Sicily and many Italian cities were celebrating the eightieth birthday of Signor Crispi, Italy's ex-premier, on October 4th, an order was issued by the Italian police administration for the arrest of his son, Luigi Crispi, who is believed to be somewhere in South America. Luigi Crispi has always been a cause of great trouble to his father. In 1892 the latter, taking advantage of the Italian law, had him placed in a reform prison. He was released after several months, on his promise to do better. On leaving prison he met the Countess Cellère, whom he induced to intercede with his father for him, but without avail. He borrowed large sums of money from the countess. In 1896 the countess's apartments were broken open and diamonds valued at several thousand lire were carried off. The police found the thief, but not the diamonds. During the trial grave suspicion arose against Luigi Crispi, and the papers openly accused him of having instigated the robbery. He left Italy immediately, and was last heard of in Uruguay. Meantime the Roman police have been thoroughly investigating the theft of the Countess Cellère's diamonds. Quite recently they came into possession of absolute proof of young Crispi's complicity in the affair, and the police administration at once ordered him to be apprehended.

DOOLEY ON THE DREYFUS TRIAL.

Extracts from Peter Dunne's Latest Humorous Writings—The Chicago Philosopher's Observations at Rennes—The Siege of Fort Chabrol—French Generals and Their Evidence.

Peter Dunne's anxiously awaited companion volume to "Mr. Dooley: In War and Peace," has at last made its appearance under the title of "Mr. Dooley: In the Hearts of His Countrymen," and it goes without saying that its success will certainly duplicate, if not surpass, that of its predecessor; for, not since the days of Edward Townsend's Chimmie Fadden articles, has a writer so tickled the public fancy. In the preface to his modest little volume Mr. Dunne says:

"The author may excuse the presentation of these sketches to the public on the ground that, if he did not publish some of them, somebody would, and, if he did not publish the others, nobody would. He has taken the liberty to dedicate the book to certain enterprising gentlemen in London who have displayed their devotion to a sentiment now widely prevailing in the music-halls by republishing an American book without solicitation on the author's part."

Inasmuch as we have already printed extracts from many of the Dooley articles which appear in this new volume, we shall confine our extracts to the Chicago philosopher's observations and comments on the Dreyfus trial at Rennes. He begins his narrative with a vivid picture of the crowds which gathered at Rennes for the court-martial proceedings:

"Th' scene was threemensionally excitin'. Th' little city iv Rennes was thronged with des'prits journalists that had pledged their fortunes an' their sacred honors, an' many iv thim their watches, to be prisint an' protect th' public again' th' degradin' facts. Niver since th' war in Cuba has so many iv these brave fellows been gathered together an' th' risk iv their lives fr'm overcrowdin' th' restaurants. Well, while th' streets in Rennes was packed with these dauntless souls armed with death-dealin' kodaks, there was a commotion near th' court-house. Was it a revolution? Was this th' beginnin' iv another Saint Barth's mew's day, when th' degraded passions in Fr-ance, pent up durin' three hundreth years, broke forth again? Was it th' signal iv another dishon' outbreak that'd show th' thure nature iv th' Fr-rinch people disgorged behind a varnish iv ojus politeness which our waiters know nawthin' about? No, alas, alas, 'twas nawthin' a man cud make more thin a column iv. 'Twas th' ac-cursed janitor goin' in to open th' degraded windows. Abase th' janitor, abase th' windows! Fear followed uncertainty. No wan knew what moment he might be called upon to defend his life with his honor. Suddenly th' brutal policeman who sthoo on yard waved his hand. What cud the brave men do? They were obliged to retreat in disorder. But our special correspondint was able fr to obtain a fine view of th' thrilling scene that followed. First came th' court weepin'. They were followed by th' g'n'rals in th' Fr-rinch ar-m'y—stalwart, fearless men, with coarse, disagreeable faces. Each g'n'ral was attinded by his private body-guard iv thried and thrusted perjurers, an' was followed by a wagon-load iv forgeries, bogus affidavies, an' other statements iv Maj. Esterhazy. After thim come th' former ministers iv th' Fr-rinch govt'mint, makin' an imposin' line, which took three hours passin' a given point. As they marched it was seen that they were slyly kickin' each other.

An interval iv silence followed, in which cud be heard cries iv "Abase Dhyrfuss" an' "Abase Fr-ance," an' thim come th' man on whom th' lies iv all th' wuruld is cinthered. Cap. Dhyrfuss plainly shows his troubles, which have made him look tin years younger. His raven hair is intirely white, an' his stalwart frame, with th' shoulders thrown back, is stooped an' weary. His haggard face was flushed with insolent confidence an' th' cowardice in his face showed in his fearless eye. As he passed, a young Fr-rinch sojer was with diff'ulty restrained fr'm strikin' him an' embracin' him with tears in his eyes.

The scene in the court-room, Mr. Dunne says, baffled description:

It was an inspirin' sight fr th' judges when they were awake. Row on row iv journalists sharpenin' pencils an' slappin' each other's faces r-rose to th' ceiling. Here an' there cud be seen a brilliant uniform, denotin' th' court was thronged with ex-members iv th' Fr-rinch govt'mint; th' g'n'rals staff, bein' witnesses fr th' prosecution, sat with th' court; th' pris'ner, not bein' able to find a chair, sat on th' window-sill. His intrest in th' proceedin's was much noticed an' caused gr-reat amusement. Ivrybody was talkin' about th' mysterious lady in white. Who is she? Some say she is a Dhyrfussian in th' employ iv Rothscheeld; others, that she is an agent iv th' anti-Semites. No wan has learned her name. She says she is Mme. Lucile Gazahs iv wan hundreth an' eight Rue le Bombon, an' is a fav'rite iv th' Fr-rinch stage. She is wan iv th' gr-reat myst'ries iv this ree-markable thrille.

Here is a portion of General Mercier's testimony taken down *verbatim* by the humorist:

"I recognize the prisoner," says G'n'ral Mercier; "I seen him wanst drinkin' a shell iv Munich beer in a caafe." (Marked sensation in th' court an' cries iv "Abase la bock.") "I says to meself thin, 'This man is a traitor.' But th' thrauin' iv a sojer makes wan cautious. I determined to fortify meself with ividence. I put spies on this man, this perfidious wretch, an' discovered nawthin'. I was paralyzed. An officer iv th' Fr-rinch ar-m'y an' nawthin' suspicious about him! Damnable! I was with difficulty restrained fr'm killin' bim. But I desisted." (Cries of "Shame!") "I said to meself, 'Th' honor iv Fr-ance is at stake. Th' whole wur-ruld is lookin' at me—at me, Bill Mercier. I will go to bed an' think it over.' I went to bed. Sleep, blessed sleep, that sews up th' confused coat-sleeves iv care, an' th' perfidious Shakespeare—" (Cries of "Consueze Shakespeare!")—"says, dayscided on me tired eyes." (The court weeps.) "I laid aside me honor—" (Cries iv "Brave g'n'ral!")—"with me coat." (Murmurs.) "I slept."

"I dreamed that I see th' Gernon impror playin' a Jew's barp." (Cries iv "Abase Rothscheeld," an' sensation.) "I woke with a v'ilent start, th' perspiration poorin' fr'm me rugged brow." Cap. Dhyrfuss is guilty," I cried. But no, I will confirm me ividence. I darted into me r-red pants. I dhruv with fury to th' home iv Mme. Cleopatry, th' celebrated Egyptian astrologist an' med'cine-woman." (Th' court: "We know her, she supplies ividence to all Fr-rinch courts.") "I tol her me dream. She propossed a pack iv cards. She tur-ned a r-red king an' a black knave." Th' Impror Willum an' Cap. Dhyrfuss, I says, in a fury. I burst forth. I bad Cap. Dhyrfuss arrested. I dashed to th' prisidint. He was a-receivin' rayfussals fr a new cabinet. I have found th' traitor," says I. "Hush," says he; "if th' Impror Willum hears ye he'll declare war," he says. I was stupefied. "Oh, my beloved country," I cried. "Oh, hivin', I cried. 'What shall I do?' I cried. There was not a minyit to lose. I disbandd th' ar-m'y. I orderedd th' navy into dhry-dock. I bad me pitcher took. I want home an' hid in th' cellar. Fr was night Fr-ance was safe!" There was hardly a dhry eye in th' house when the g'n'ral paused. Th' court wept. Th' audience wept. Siv'ral of th' minor journalists was swept out iv th' room in th' flood. A man shovelin' coal in th' cellar sint up fr an umbrella. Th' lawn sbook with th' convulsive sobs iv th' former ministers. G'n'ral Mercier raised his damp face an' blew a kiss to a former minister at wan iv th' windows an' resumed his testimony.

Continuing, General Mercier said:

"It was about this time, or some years later, that I received ividence iv be cap's guilt. I made it meself. It was a letter written be me fr'm th' cap. to a German grocer askin' fr twenty rounds iv sausage. (Armoin in th' court.) "It was impossible, mon colonel, that this here letter cud have been written be Esterhazy. In th' first place, be was in Paris at th' time; in the second place, he was in London. Th' letter (not in his handwritin', but in th' handwritin' iv Col. Pat th' Clam. In, again, I wrote th' letter meself. Thin who cud've written it?"

It must've been Cap. Dhyrfuss." (Cheers fr'm th' court.) "I give me reasons as they occurred to me: First, the Armeenyan atrocities; second, th' resignation iv G'n'ral Alger; third, th' marriage iv Prince Lobengula; fourth, th' scarcity iv sarvint girls in th' sooburban towns; fifth, the price iv gas." (Cries iv "Abase th' price iv gas.") "I thank th' audience. I will raysume where I left off. I was speakin' iv G'n'ral Guns. I met him on th' street. Th' moon was clear in th' sky. I says: 'Guns, I says, 'lave us go down to Hogan's an' I'll buy ye a tub iv obseenthe.' As we sthrolled through th' bullyvard I saw a man that looked like a German, dhruvin' a cab. I was overcome with terror. I ran madly home, followed be Guns. It was a week before I cud hold a glass iv obseenthe without spillin' th' liquor. Shortly after this, or it may've been tin years before, or it may never have occurred." (The court: "Spoken like a Fr-rinchman an' a sojer.") "In th' middle iv July, a man tol me that th' divine Sara "wild an' continous applause. Cries iv "Sara forever!" "I was about to projooce th' immortal play iv "Omelet" "cheers), "be th' wretched Shakespeare." "Cud anything be clearer? I will detain th' court not longer than a day while I give me opinyon on this marvelous performance."

Of the siege of Fort Chabrol, which was described at length by our Paris correspondent in our issue of October 9th, Mr. Dooley says:

At sharp five o'clock th' riv'lution begun. Th' streets was dinsel packed with busy journalists, polis, sojers, an' fash'nably dhressed ladies who come down fr'm th' Chang's All Easy in motorcycles. There was gr-reat excitement as Jools come to th' windy an' pinned a copy iv his vallyable journal on th' sill—accompanied be a thrusty lift'nant wavin' a statement iv th' circulation iv th' Anti-Jew. Jools at this moment was a tur-rible wit. He was dhressed fr'm head to foot in Harveized, bomb-proof steel, with an asbestos rose in his buttonhole. "Round his waist was sthapp'd four hundreth rounds iv ca'tridges an' 'eight days' provisions. He car'd a Mauser rifle on each shoulder, a machine gun under wan ar-arm, a dinnymite bomb under another, an' he was smokin' a cigarete. Ladies an' g'ntlemen," he says, "I'm proud an' pleased to see ye prisint in such lar-ge numbers at th' first riv'lution iv th' prisint season," he says. "With th' kind permission iv th' hated polis, under th' direction iv me good frind an' follow-journalist, Loot Franswood Coppere, an' th' ar-m'y, fr whose honor ivry Fr-rinchman'll lay down his life, th' siege will now begin. We will not," he says, "lave this house till we have driven ivry cur-sed Cosmopolitan or Jew," he says, "fr'm this noble land iv th' br-ave an' home iv th' flea," he says. "Veev Fr-ance," he says. "Veev Jools Guerin," he says. "Consueze Rothscheeld," he says. "It's ye'er move, Loot," he says, to th' polisman. . . .

At eight o'clock th' minister iv war arrived an' took command. He orderedd twenty riv'mints iv cav'ry, tin battaries iv artillery, an' two divisions iv fut sojers. It was his intintion to sind th' cav'ry in over th' roofs, while th' army carried th' front stoop, protected by fire fr'm th' heavy artillery, while th' Fr-rinch navy shelled th' back dure. But this was seen to be impossible, because th' man that owned th' wine-shop next dure, he said 'twud dhruve away custom. All th' streets fr miles ar-round was blockaded without effect. The fire department was called to put Jools out, but wather niver touched him. Th' sewer gang went down an' blocked th' dhrains, an' Jools soon had inspiration for a year's writin'. At last accounts th' garrison was still holdin' out bravely again' a witherin' fire iv canned food, lobsters, omelets, an' hams. A brave goossein in th' sivintb attill'ry did partic'larly effective wurrick, bur-rin' a plate iv scrambled eggs across th' street without spillin' a drop, an' is now thrauin' a pie like mother used to make on th' first windy iv th' second flure. It is reported that th' minister iv war, at four o'clock to-morrow mornin', will drop a bundle of copies of Jools's paper through th' chimbley. When he opens th' window, a pome be Paul Deroulette'll be r-read to him. This is again' th' articles iv war, but th' case is desprate.

Mr. Dooley concludes:

But I was thinkin', Hinnissy, as I walked down the Roo Chabrool, how I'd like to see a Chicago polisman come strollin' along with his hat on th' back iv his head. I don't love Chicago polismen. They seem to think ivry man's head's as hard as their own. But I'd give forty-three francs, or eight dollars an' sixty cints iv my money, if th' Fr-rinch govt'mint'd sind fr Jawney Shea an' ask him to put down this here riv'lution. Th' nex' day they'd move th' office iv th' Anti-Semite Society to th' morgue.

The entrance in the court-room of Bertillon, another star witness for the prosecution, is thus described:

Bertillon besides bein' a professor iv detectives is a hand-writin' expert, which is wan iv th' principal industhrees iv Fr-ance at th' prisint time. He was accompanied be a troop iv assistants carryin' a camera, a mutoscope, a magic lantern, a tin iv dye, a telescope, a calceom-light, a sextant, a compass, a thermometer, a barometer, a thrunkful iv speeches, a duplicate to th' Egyptian obelisk, an ink-eraser, an' a raycept fr making gold out iv lead pipe.

The following evidence convinced Bertillon of Dreyfus's guilt:

"In th' spring iv ninety-five or th' fall iv sixty-eight, I disraymber which, G'n'ral Mercier called on me an' says he, 'Bertillon,' he says, 'ye'er family's been a little cracked, an' I thought to ask ye to identify this letter which I've jus' had written be a frind iv mine, Major Esterhazy,' he says. 'I don't care to mintion who we suspect, but he's a canal Jew in th' artillery an' his name's Cap. Dhyrfuss,' he says. 'It's not aisy,' I says, 'but if th' honor iv th' ar-m'y's at stake, I'll try to fix th' responsibility.' I says. An' I want to wurrick. I discovered in th' first place that all sentences begun with capitals an' they was a peryod at th' end iv each. This aroused me suspicions. Clearly this letter was written by a Jew. Here I paused, fr I had no samples iv th' cap's writin' to compare with it. So I wrote wan meself. They was much th' same. 'Sure,' says I, 'th' cap's guilty,' I says. But how did he do it? I tried a number iv experiments. I first laid down over th' letter a piece of common tissue-paper. Th' writin' was perfectly plain through this. Thin I threw it on a screen eighteen bands high. Thin I threw it off. Thin I set it to music, an' played it on a flute. Thin I cooked it over a slow fire an' left it in a cool, airy place to dhry. In an instant it flashed over me how th' forgery was done. Th' cap. first give it to his little boy to write. Thin he had his wife copy it in imitation iv Macchew Dhyrfuss's band-writin'. Thin Macchew wrote it in imitation iv Esterhazy. Thin th' cap. had it put on a type-writer an' r-run through a wringer. Thin be laid it transversely across a piece of wall-paper an' wherever th' key wurrd sponge-cake appeared he was thereby able fr to make a sympathetic lesion acquirin' all th' characteristics iv th' race an' a dam' sight more."

If Mr. Dooley had been president of the Rennes court-martial, this is what he would have done:

I'd say to Cap. Dhyrfuss, "Cap., get out. Ye may not be a traitor, but ye'er worse. Ye've become a bore." An' I'd give bim money enough to lave the country. Thin I'd sind th' g'n'ral staff off to some quiet country village where they'd be free fr'm rumors iv war, an' have nothin' else to do but set ar-round in rockin'-chairs an' play with th' cat. Thin I'd cut th' cable to England; an' thin I'd gather all th' journalists iv Paris together an' I'd say, "G'ntlemen," I'd say, "th' press is th' palajeem iv our liberties," I'd say, "but our liberties no longer requires a palajeem," I'd say. "This wan, whatever it means, is frayed at th' ris'-bands, an' the button-holes is broken, anyhow," I'd say. "I've bought all iv ye tickets to Johannisburg," I'd say, "an' ye'd be shipped there to-night," I'd say. "Ye'er conferees iv th' gr-reat city is worn out with their exertions an' ye'll find plenty iv wurruk to do. In fact, those of ye that're anti-Semites'll niver lack employment," I'd say. "Hinceforth Fr-ance will be free—fr'm the likes iv ye," I'd say. "An' th' nex' mornin' Paris'll awake ca'm an' peaceful with no newspapers, an' they'd be more room in our own papers fr th' base-ball news," says I.

Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

An order for three hundred and fifty thousand pounds of dressed poultry has been received by a packing-house at St. Joseph, Mo., from London.

THE YACHTING AFTERMATH.

New York Asking Why the Columbia is Better than the Shamrock—Sir Thomas Lipton's Popularity—What it Cost Him to Try to "Lift the Cup."

The man who plays a "coroner's game" of poker, insisting on reviving dead hands to show what he would have held if he had discarded another way, has his counterpart in the yachting world in the man who declares that "Shamrock could not have lost if only she had" done this thing or that. But he who gambols on the green of the Atlantic has this superiority over his fellow-ghoul, that there is a possibility that some useful information may be elicited by his inquiries. They may reveal some defect in plan or action that, remedied in a new boat or a new race, may bring about another result. Since the yacht races the coroners have been sitting on the cadaver, and the verdict is entirely complimentary to American skill in the building of aquatic racing machines.

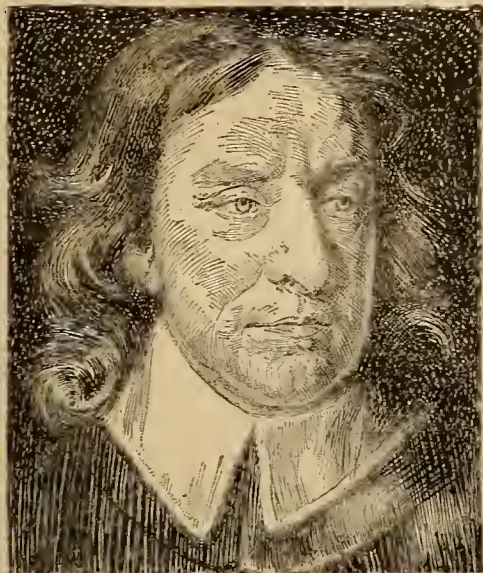
It is conceded that Captain Archie Hogarth handled the *Shamrock* as well as any man could, but that the inferiority of the English boat lay in her lines. The *Shamrock* could not point as high as the *Columbia*, in spite of the latter's greater length of fin and greater resistance to leeway. Why this was so did not become apparent in the light winds of the earlier races, but in the last, in a twenty-five-knot gale, it became apparent that the *Shamrock's* great breadth of beam was her defect, that when she was away over on her side she was making too big a hole in the water. Herreshoff saw he had made a mistake in giving the *Vigilant* a twenty-six-foot beam, both the *Valkyrie II.* and *Britannia* beating her in windward work. As a result he made the *Defender* as narrow as the *Britannia*, while Watson gave *Valkyrie III.* a broad beam that went far to defeat her. Herreshoff has come back in the *Columbia* to a narrow beam, while Fife in *Shamrock* has clung to the model Herreshoff discarded four years ago.

This is a very valuable bit of information—not intrinsically, perhaps, but judged by what it has cost Sir Thomas Lipton to acquire it. His attempt to "lift the cup" has cost him close upon a round million of dollars. He has himself stated that the *Shamrock*, exclusive of the expense of racing and the pay and maintenance of her crew, stands him in about five hundred thousand dollars. The racing was prolonged over twice the usual period by the unsatisfactory weather, and a yachting friend who has figured it out assures me that Sir Thomas's expenses can not have been less than twenty-five hundred dollars a day. In the first place, the tea baronet maintained a fleet of six vessels here—the *Shamrock*; his flag-ship, the *Erin*; a steam-yacht, with a full complement of cooks, stewards, and servants to wait upon his guests; a tender, the *Plymouth*, on which the *Shamrock's* crew and his carpenters and sail-makers ate and slept; a tug for the *Shamrock*; a small steamboat; and, finally, a steam-launch for conveying his guests between the Sandy Hook anchorage and the Battery. Then there was the bringing over and entertaining of his guests. Besides the designer of the *Shamrock*, William Gife, Jr., his physician, and the Chevalier de Martino, his marine-painter, he had a dozen English friends come over with him on the ocean greyhound that brought him from the other side, and he kept them all at the best hotels or on the *Erin* throughout their stay, and has just sent them back on the White Star liner *Majestic*. Taking all these factors into consideration, it does not seem possible that Sir Thomas's bill for the races can be much inside of a million dollars.

To show for it he has only—or will soon have—the loving cup presented by voluntary subscriptions among sport-loving Americans. It will doubtless be a very handsome piece of plate and will cost about six thousand dollars, but its value in Sir Thomas's eyes will be as an evidence of the warm esteem in which he is held by the American people. Never has a visiting English sportsman made himself so popular. He was here during the Dewey celebration, and in all the festivities he was almost as prominent a figure and had almost as much popular recognition as any of the American heroes after Dewey, Roosevelt, and Sampson. And since the races he has been the recipient of many courtesies. He was lunched by the Transportation Club in their handsome rooms on the top floor of the Manhattan Hotel Building on Tuesday, with Senator Depew, president of the club, and half a dozen other noted speakers to pay him compliments before the most prominent railroad men in the city. That same evening Commodore J. Pierpont Morgan, of the New York Yacht Club, gave him a dinner at the Metropolitan Club, which was decorated with the burgees of the New York and Royal Ulster Yacht Clubs and Sir Thomas's and Mr. Iselin's pennants, and the fifty men present included Sir Thomas's guests, Sir Henry Burdette, C. B., the Hon. Charles Russell, Mr. John Young, Mr. William Gibson, Colonel Sharman Crawford (vice-commodore of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club), Mr. H. C. Kelly (honorary secretary of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club), and Mr. H. MacGilldowney; and, among American yachtsmen, Mr. C. Oliver Iselin (head of the syndicate owning the *Columbia*), Mr. Herbert C. Leeds, Mr. W. Butler Duncan, Jr., Captain Woodbury Kane, Mr. Newberry D. Thorne, Mr. S. Nicholson Kane, Mr. Irving Grinnell, Mr. Chester Griswold, Mr. J. V. S. Oddie, ex-Commodore E. M. Brown, Mr. Herman B. Duryea, and Mr. H. F. Lippitt. On Monday night next, Sir Thomas will be entertained by the New York Press Club, and on Tuesday the New York Yacht Club will give him a reception.

The *Columbia* is being dismantled and laid up for the winter. The *Shamrock*, too, is being reduced to condition for her return trip across the ocean. Sir Thomas will not race her again for the "America's Cup," being convinced that the *Columbia* is the better boat, but he intends to use the *Shamrock* as a trial horse for the new challenger which he announces he will have built for 1901.

NEW YORK, October 26, 1899.



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THE NOVEMBER CENTURY

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JOHN MORLEY.

First Chapters of the New LIFE OF OLIVER CROMWELL,

By the Right Hon John Morley, M. P.

THE conductors of *The Century* have great pleasure in announcing as the most important historical feature of the year, Mr. Morley's new life of Cromwell, undertaken on the invitation of the editor of *The Century*. No man is more competent than John Morley to treat Cromwell in the spirit of the end of the nineteenth century. His work as a historian, as seen in the biographies of Edmund Burke and Richard Cobden, is well known. He is now engaged on the authorized biography of Gladstone.

The illustrations of the Cromwell series will be remarkable. Besides original drawings by well-known English and American artists, permission to reproduce valuable unpublished portraits has been given by Her Majesty Queen Victoria and by the owners of the greatest Cromwell collections in Europe.

First Chapters of THE BIOGRAPHY OF A GRIZZLY,

By Ernest Seton-Thompson.

THE author of "Wild Animals I Have Known" here writes his longest and most important story. It is a most original and dramatic study of animal life, so intimate that it seems almost as if it were written by another grizzly. It is strikingly illustrated by the author, the pictures printed in black and tints.



ERNEST SETON-THOMPSON.

A Chapter from MARK TWAIN'S ABANDONED AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

IT was current newspaper report a few months ago that Mark Twain had written an autobiography which would not be published for a hundred years. This idea, if it ever existed in the mind of the author, has been given up, but an autobiography was begun, and this is one of the chapters, entitled "My Début as a Literary Person."



MARK TWAIN.

THREE UNUSUALLY STRONG STORIES

appear in this number of *The Century*, all of them illustrated, and there are notable poems, including one by James Russell Lowell on Shakespeare, and a poem by John Burroughs.

THE ART WORK IN THE NOVEMBER CENTURY

is especially attractive. Besides the pictures printed in color, there are three exquisite full-page wood-engravings by Timothy Cole, the acknowledged leader of the world's wood-engravers. Other full-page pictures include a beautiful portrait of Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis by Gilbert Stuart.

First Chapters of THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A QUACK,

A Serial Story

By Dr. S. Weir Mitchell.

EVERYBODY has read Dr. Mitchell's great novel of the American Revolution, "Hugh Wynne," and will want to read what may be called his *doctor story*, which *The Century* will print in three numbers, beginning in November. It is a curious and entertaining psychological study, full of humor.



DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL.



CAPTAIN JOSHUA SLOCUM.

SAILING ALONE AROUND THE WORLD.

THE personal experiences of Captain Joshua Slocum in the voyage of 45,000 miles in a forty-foot boat is one of the most entertaining and notable narratives of adventure ever printed in the magazine. In this November instalment Captain Slocum tells of his calls at Juan Fernandez and at Samoa.

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT AND PRESIDENT ELIOT

are contributors to this November *Century*, Governor Roosevelt writing an important paper on "Military Preparedness and Unpreparedness," and President Eliot of Harvard on "The Forgotten Millions." There are a number of important illustrated articles in the number, including one on "Wagner from Behind the Scenes," by Gustav Kohbe, with most entertaining illustrations which describe "scenery that acts." Another illustrated article reproduces Robert Blum's paintings for the Mendelssohn Glee Club house of New York.



THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

The November *Century* is the most attractive number of the magazine ever issued. Buy it on any news-stand (price 35 cents), or BEGIN A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION WITH THIS NUMBER (price \$4.00), which opens a new volume, and in which the new serials begin. Subscribe through dealers everywhere, or remit to the publishers.

THE CENTURY CO., Union Square, New York.

LITERARY NOTES.

The Making of a Man.

The best thing A. T. Quiller-Couch ("Q.") has yet done is his latest story, "The Ship of Stars," and that is no small praise, for some of his short tales—for example, "The Two Householders," "An Extract from the Memoirs of Gabriel Foote, Highwayman," which was printed a decade ago in the *Argonaut*—were perfect in their line. His first novels were not up to the mark, but in the present work he has told a story of sustained interest and presented with unerring skill the development of a fine character.

This development is shown in three stages. In the first we find "Taffy" Raymond, son of a poor clergyman in a desolate corner of the west coast of England, drawing from his mother the wisdom of simple goodness and from his father the nobility of soul figured forth in his favorite text, "Lord, make men as towers!" His only playmates are Honoria, an imperious young lady who is destined to be mistress of the broad acres on which is the Rev. Mr. Raymond living, and George Vyell, son of a sporting baronet and chosen by their guardians as Honoria's future husband. Taffy is a dreamer, and astonishes the practical young miss with the marvelous tales he weaves.

In time, Taffy goes to Oxford, watched with pride by Honoria, who puts in her letters to him less of her coming marriage to the future baronet than of her sympathy with his ambitions. His father's death does not end his college career, for his mother persuades him that they can afford it; but suddenly he is recalled, and learns not only that the money came from Honoria, but that she believes him to be the father of an unfortunate village girl's child. He learns, too, that the betrayer is Honoria's husband, but, rather than make her life a misery, he leaves her faith undisturbed and expends in work the energy engendered by his passions. Finally the recreant husband dies in saving the life of his unacknowledged child, and Honoria learns the truth.

There is then no material obstacle to their union. But an impalpable obstacle exists, and one that they both find is insuperable. Taffy has reached the third stage of his development. He is no longer a dreaming child or a love-lorn youth, he is a hard-headed, practical man, filled with ambitions in which the woman he had loved can have neither part nor understanding. Their ways diverge, and he goes forth to conquer the world, while she sinks back to her lonely life, crying: "He is lost to me, but I possess him. For what he is I have made him, and at my cost he is strong."

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50. jabart

A Rough Rider's Story.

Kirk Munroe has been very prompt in turning the late war with Spain to use in fiction, but the resulting story, "Forward March!" gives no indication of hurried or slipshod work. In fact, it is not only a vivid panorama of the war, both on land and on the sea, but also an absorbing tale of adventure.

The central figure is Ridge Norris, a young Louisianian who has knocked about the world a good bit, and, among other feats, won the gentlemen's hurdles at a *gymkana* in Yokohama. At the first call to arms he is eager to enlist, but, rather than accept a lieutenantcy gained by political influence, he determines to be a ranker in the regular army. By good chance he meets a young New Yorker who is traveling in his own private car, in company with a famous quarter-back and a cowboy, to join the Rough Riders in San Antonio. He joins the party, and in Texas is admitted to the now famous regiment. While the command is at Tampa he is selected, because of his swarthy complexion and perfect knowledge of Spanish, to carry messages to General Garcia, and in a few days is put ashore alone on the war-ravaged coast of Cuba. For a week he carries his life in his hands, captured now by insurgents and now by the Spanish, but always managing to escape and continue on his way, gathering information as to the country and the forces, and performing his mission to the letter.

His personal adventures are sufficiently thrilling to satisfy the most exacting, and along with them is carried on the entire history of the war in and about Cuba. He hears from a naval ensign's lips the story of Hobson and the *Merrimac*; he is with his regiment at the taking of El Caney and San Juan Heights; he is dispatched to inform Admiral Sampson of Cervera's intention to make a dash out of the harbor, and witnesses from the deck of a United States vessel the mighty sea-fight that followed; and, in fact, he is in the thick of it to the surrender of Santiago.

The illustrations of the story are worthy of a word of praise. They are chiefly reproductions of photographs taken at Tampa and Cuba, and several of the latter scenes show actual fighting.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50. jabart

Lilian Whiting's Study of Mrs. Browning.

In her sympathetic "Study of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," Lilian Whiting has given us a charming picture of the world's greatest woman poet, and the most complete narrative of her romantic life which has as yet appeared. During two summers in

Europe, Miss Whiting visited the English scenes of Mrs. Browning's early life, and those of her after-years in Florence, Rome, and Venice, following the traces of her haunts and wanderings which revealed certain new phases of her intimate life that have not heretofore been chronicled.

The life of the Brownings was a beautiful idyl, unparalleled in literary history, and in her study Miss Whiting has endeavored to show that Mrs. Browning was no "abnormal being, half-nervous invalid, half angel," but that she was instead a woman of rare breadth and symmetry of nature, a scholar who never degenerated into a pedant, a sympathetic observer of life, and one "who filled every sweetest relation in life as daughter, sister, friend, wife, and mother."

The writer has divided her book into five chapters: "Living with Visions," an account of Mrs. Browning's early, secluded life in England; "Loves of the Poets," relating how her correspondence with Robert Browning commenced, their first meeting, and romantic courtship, which ended in their secret marriage and flight to Paris; "In that New World," which describes their happy life at Casa Guidi, in Florence, where they spent many delightful hours with the Storis, the Hawthornes, Miss Isa Blagden (Mrs. Browning's most intimate friend), Walter Savage Landor (their neighbor), Kate Field, James Jackson Jarves, the Trollopes, Mrs. Anna Jameson, Margaret Fuller and her husband (Count Ossoli), George Eliot and Mr. Lewes, Harriet Hosmer, Charlotte Cushman, and others; "Art and Italy," which follows their fifteen years of married life and their visits to London, Paris, Rome, and Venice, and closes with the death of Mrs. Browning and her husband; and "Lilies of Florence," an essay on the spiritual side of Mrs. Browning's poetry, which, Miss Whiting feels, is more potent in its influence than has been fully realized.

Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25. jabart

Stirring Tales of Sea Life.

Two stories of adventure at sea that are worth the telling are "Honor of Thieves," by C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne, and "The Voyage of the *Pulo Way*," by Carlton Dawe. The first has to do with a secret passage from the gulf to the heart of the Everglades of Florida, a matter of two and a half millions in coin aboard the vessel, and a number of romantic episodes on the voyage; the second tells of typhoons and cannibal isles, brutal officers and mutiny, a brave mate and a charming young lady passenger, thrilling dangers narrowly escaped, and a happy joining of hands. What more could be asked in the way of accessories?

Published by R. F. Fenno & Co., New York; price, \$1.25 each. jabart

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The brilliant English correspondent, G. W. Stevens, has certainly had opportunities to gather material for novels, and we are soon to see what use he can make of them. His forthcoming story, "John King," opens in Africa, and there is some picturesque fighting in its pages.

"The Old Familiar Faces" is the odd title of Mr. Watts-Dunton's forthcoming novel. The name is, of course, borrowed from Charles Lamb.

Horatio Tennyson, the youngest and last of the brothers of the poet laureate, has just died suddenly. He was himself a poet of some power, but this was lost to view behind the fame of the other members of the family.

Paul Tyner has resigned the editorship of the *Arena* to enter the lecture field this winter, although he has not given up his literary labors.

"Scotland's Ruined Abbeys" is the title and subject of a handsomely illustrated book by Howard Crosby Butler, which the Macmillan Company will publish immediately.

A collection of short stories by Thomas Hardy, which have appeared in various magazines, are to be published in book-form.

The "Recollections, 1822 to 1886," of Sir Algernon West, who was for some years Mr. Gladstone's private secretary, are soon to be published in this country.

The scenes of Mrs. Hugh Fraser's "The Splendid Porsenna," published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, are laid in modern Rome, where the author and her brother, Marion Crawford, spent their early life.

Julian Raiph has departed for the Transvaal, in the interest of one of the London daily papers.

A Christmas book by Mr. Quiller-Couch will bear the title "Q.'s Stories from Shakespeare."

August Mau's book on "Pompeii, Its Life and Art," shortly to be issued by the Macmillan Company, will be illustrated with over two hundred half-tone drawings and ten full-page photographs.

The new novel, "Under the Sjangbok," which deals with life among the Boers of the Transvaal, is the work of a blind man. George H. Russell, the author, learned type-writing by touch, and in that way has been able to set down his story.

Orson Lowell, who illustrated the special edition of James Lane Allen's "Choir Invisible" so effect-

ively, has been making drawings for a new edition of Marion Crawford's "Saracinesca," which is shortly to be published by the Macmillan Company.

The first four parts of the great "Encyclopædia Biblica," upon which Professor Cheyne and Dr. Sutherland Black have long been engaged, are just coming from the press. It is believed that the entire work may be issued within a couple of years.

"How to Cook Husbands," by Elizabeth Strong Worthington, which is published by the Dodge Publishing Company, is already in its fourth edition.

"The Favor of Princes" is the title of a novel by Mark Lee Luther which will be published by the Macmillan Company in November.

Rider Haggard, whose "Farmer's Year" has just been brought out, will travel this winter in Cyprus, Egypt, and the Holy Land. It is considered probable that he will write a diary of his impressions of the East revisited.

Among the interesting articles in the November *Universal Brotherhood* are "Sympathy," by H. T. Edge; a paper on "Walt Whitman," by Edward C. Farnsworth; the seventh installment of Alexander Wilder's "Egypt and the Egyptian Dynasties"; and "An Uncrowned King," by Carolyn F. Ober. jabart

Death of Grant Allen.

Charles Grant Blairindie Allen, the noted novelist and man of science, who had been ill several months, died in London on Wednesday last. Mr. Allen, who was more widely known by his shorter name of Grant Allen, was a novelist who did more to educate his readers than most of the writers that have been successful as creators of fiction. He was born in Canada fifty-one years ago, and after a course of preparatory studies in the United States and Europe, finished his education at Merton College, Oxford, where he was graduated in 1870. With the publication of "Physiological Aesthetics," which appeared seven years later, he entered upon his long and astonishingly fertile literary career, and for more than twenty years continued to produce with unflagging diligence a surprising number of volumes and magazine articles, ranging all the way from the lightest of fiction to such a weighty subject as "The Evolution of the Idea of God" (1897). As a novelist he has won a well-deserved popularity, and might have earned a more enduring place had he taken himself more seriously, and avoided such erratic flights as the notorious "Woman Who Did"; but he never could rid himself of the habit of looking upon the art of novel-writing as something frivolous and contemptible. Those who have enjoyed that thoroughly readable collection of literary experiences called "My First Book," will remember how frankly he confessed that science was his only love, and that fiction was but a pecuniary resource, which by chance had presented itself. Even after his success as a novelist was assured he maintained a distinctly pessimistic attitude toward literature as a profession, and it is comparatively recently that he gave this advice to literary aspirants: "Don't take to literature if you have capital enough in hand to buy a good broom, and energy enough to annex a vacant crossing."

His publications, in addition to the works already mentioned, cover a wide range. They are "Charles Darwin," "The Evolutionist at Large," "The Color Sense," "Phyllidia," "Babylon," "Colin Clout's Calendar," "The Color of Flowers," "For Mamie's Sake," "In All Shades," "The Beckoning Hand," "The Devil's Die," "White Man's Foot," "Force and Energy," "The British Barbarians," and "Science in Arcady." jabart

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You have missed a great feast of humor if you have not read "How to Cook Husbands"

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The *Boston Beacon* says: "The author has a keen sense of the ridiculous, and her accounts abound in wit that, like Benjamin Franklin's, calls forth a laugh for its fun, and at the same time conveys a sermon that sticks to the memory like a burr."

DODGE PUBLISHING CO.

150 Fifth Avenue

NEW YORK

LITERARY NOTES.

A Coquette's Tragedy in Pastel.

There is something strongly suggestive of the pastel in the class of stories to which "Miss Carmichael's Conscience," by the Baroness von Hutton, belongs. As the dainty product of the artist's crayons presents a pretty face or graceful figure that pleases for the moment, so the "society" sketch affords an idle hour's entertainment, and is soon forgotten. But now and again the artist puts on his paper a face that sets one thinking, wondering what sort of woman was this with the haunting gaze, and what was her story. And so it is with "Miss Carmichael's Conscience." The queenly figure, with its well-poised head and the "fire, or smoke, or something" in her eyes, still floats before the mind's eye when the book is closed, and we feel that she explains some things, for her story is set forth in black and white.

It is a simple enough tale. The girl is beautiful and brilliant and thoroughly *grande dame*. But, more than this, she is a woman of deep possibilities of passion. Men feel instinctively what she might be to them, and with the power this gives her she plays as a child plays with fire. "Flirting," she calls it, but in the brief space of this tale she has sent one young fellow off to Brazil to kill himself with drink and makes another young Briton, of the kind whom another of his class would call "a thoroughly good sort," forget his plighted troth and despise himself for loving her. Then the right man comes along, and from the first he loves her as wholly as she loves him. But there is an insuperable barrier between them, and she herself is made to know what she has made others suffer.

The story would be a trifle were it not that the author has given Mary Carmichael a strong personality, and in her story made comprehensible the actions of a certain type of woman. This, with the clever sketching of the other personages and the frequent brilliancy of the dialogue, raises this "study in fluctuations" well above the average short story of its kind.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.00.

Jabart

Measures and Methods for Readers and Critics.

The volume which Professor C. T. Winchester has given to the world, with the title, "Some Principles of Literary Criticism," is a remarkable work in every particular. It is a text-book of real purpose and value for the student and reviewer, an entertaining guide to new delights for the general reader. The modesty of the author's claims for his philosophy and method, the close and yet comprehensive view of his subject, the candor and logic of his exposition, the clearness and precision of his statement, the force and beauty of his illustrations, are unique and admirable. The worth of the book is apparent to one who goes no farther than the preface and table of contents; the vigor, thoroughness, and charm of its able and dignified but never dogmatic manner become more impressive as one follows out the plan of the study.

Professor Winchester defines criticism "as the intelligent appreciation of any work of art, and by consequence the just estimate of its value and rank." The three methods of approach to the study of any work of literature are set forth in the first chapter of his work, and some of the limitations of the one method with which he concerns himself frankly stated. The question "What is literature?" is asked and briefly answered in the next division, and then the discussion of the four elements to be sought and analyzed is taken up. In the chapter on the emotional element, he shows that two classes of emotion are not proper objects of literary appeal, and then defines and illustrates the classes that mark and make distinctive the poetry and prose worthy of regard. From the qualities of emotion as a measure of literary value, he passes to the means employed to awaken emotion. The imagination and the intellectual element are given careful notice, and the diverse claims of realism and idealism examined with rare discrimination. The judgment given is sustained by logic and citation, and few will disagree with the conclusions of the author. Fourth in order is taken up the question of form in literary work. The chapter is a study of expression and its elements, notable for its wide range of example, its vivid comparisons, its fine appreciation, and its power and delicacy of epithet. A long chapter is devoted to poetry, and the criticism here is illuminating and inspiring. The rules he has given in previous pages are applied, and the critic's position justified. Prose fiction, the most important variety of literature to-day, is the subject of a dissertation full of enlightenment and suggestion, and may well be commended to the industrious novelists of the time. An appendix gives a large number of illustrative references of especial value to the student, and a full index enhances the usefulness of the work.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

Jabart

An Argument for the Single Tax.

A clear and forcible presentation of the best points in Henry George's view of the justice of the taxation of land values is made in "The True Basis of Economics, or the Law of Independent and Collective Human Life." The book purports to be a "correspondence between Professor David

Starr Jordan and Dr. J. H. Stallard," but as the portion contributed by the president of Stanford University consists of a letter of three pages and some sixty brief annotations, it is to be noted that by far the greater part of the work is the argument of Dr. Stallard. He has not only more space, but the last word in every instance, as he prints comments on the notes, to which the professor has made no reply. As Dr. Jordan has well said, however, the whole is "instructive," and may "set folks thinking."

The subject of the correspondence was the open letter to the Pope written by Henry George in answer to the encyclical letter called forth by Rev. Dr. McGlynn's efforts in support of the single tax. Dr. Jordan saw many brilliant and many true things in Mr. George's letter, but declared the basis of his assumptions faulty. He did not object to the idea of the public use of land rentals, but to the metaphysical argument in its favor. In his reply, Dr. Stallard proposes to drop metaphors and confine himself to scientific methods, basing his argument on facts established by human experience. He has been fairly successful in his effort, though there are occasional lapses in his course of reasoning. He is an enthusiastic supporter of the theory under discussion, and finds in it a solution for nearly all the great economic problems of the time. He is concise in statement, and seldom fails to give a terse and pointed answer to the objections urged. There are many striking illustrations in his argument, and some suggestive facts adduced in support of his position.

Published by the Doubleday & McClure Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

Jabart

New Publications.

A handsomely illustrated and printed volume of verse is "The Seven Voices," by J. Hooker Hamersley. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

In the Pocket English Classics Series the latest issue is Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice." Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 25 cents.

A number of long and ambitious metrical effusions are contained in "The Hill of Visions, and Other Poems," by John Harrington Lenane. Published by Kegan Paul, French, Tröhner & Co., London; price, \$1.25.

"Omega et Alpha, and Other Poems," is a volume by Rev. Dr. Arville. The book contains some sixty compositions and is prefaced with two disarming stanzas addressed to critics. Published by Elder & Shepard, San Francisco.

Among works on natural history for young readers, "Harold's Quests," by John W. Troeger, is a model volume, written in an entertaining way and beautifully illustrated. It is the latest issue in Appleton's Home Reading Books. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, 60 cents.

A biographical study of more than ordinary interest is "Horace Bushnell, Preacher and Theologian," by Theodore T. Munger. It is the first extended work treating of the life of this gifted and earnest teacher, and is praiseworthy in scope and manner. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$2.00.

A holiday volume for young folks which is worthy in every way is "The St. Nicholas Christmas Book," made up of selections from the pages of the magazine. Its stories, poems, and pictures are of a high class, yet as fascinating as anything in print can be, for the artists and authors who have contributed have given of their best. Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

A new work which promises to be of value to teachers and pupils in manual-training schools is "Scientific Sewing and Garment Cutting," by Antoinette V. H. Wakeman and Louise M. Heller. It describes the outfit for the sewing department, and then carries the work of instruction, step by step, from the first to the eighth grade. Published by Silver, Burdett & Co., Boston; price, 50 cents.

A book for all ages and for all times is "A Hundred Fables of Æsop," with pictures by Percy J. Billingham. It would be difficult to adorn these immitable creations of the Greek fabulist, but Kenneth Grahame has written an introduction which is worthy of their companionship, and charmingly cynical, and the illustrations could not well be improved upon. The volume is particularly appropriate to the holiday season approaching. Published by John Lane, New York; price, \$1.50.

Albert F. Blaisdell's "First Steps with American and British Authors," for schools of a higher grade, is a text-book of excellent purpose and finish (90 cents); Levi Seeley's "History of Education" is an important addition to the works of practical value for teachers—a storehouse of theories and methods (\$1.25); "Spanish Pronunciation and Accent," by Lieutenant Peter E. Traub, is a pamphlet containing rules of value to students (60 cents). Published by the American Book Company, New York.

The Hawthorne Edition, in seven volumes, illustrated, to be devoted to the life and works of the sisters Brontë, with prefaces by Mrs. Humphry Ward and annotations by Clement K. Shorter, begins with "Jane Eyre," and all promises of excel-

lence are fully realized. The engravings are worthy of their setting, and the volume is a delight to the eye. The story, that made its first appearance fifty-two years ago, still possesses the magic that made its author famous. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.75.

A volume containing valuable studies of physical conditions in Mexico, with many geographical and statistical notes, is "Coffee and India-Rubber Culture in Mexico," by Matias Romero, formerly secretary of the Mexican treasury under President Juárez. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$3.00.

Bound in white and gold, "Poems by Keats and Shelley" is an attractive volume, and its contents a lasting pleasure. The selections include four works by Keats and five by Shelley, the best-known poems of each being chosen. "The Eve of St. Agnes," "Lamia," "The Sensitive Plant," "To a Skylark," and "Ode to the West Wind" have rarely appeared in more beautiful dress. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

Many good books for young people have been brought out this season. Among the best are: "Wee Lucy's Secret," by Sophie May, another of the Little Prudy volumes (75 cents); "Told Under the Cherry Trees," by Grace Le Baron, with numerous fine engravings (\$1.00); "We Four Girls," by Mary G. Darling, a well-told story of a vacation (\$1.25); "Under Otis in the Philippines," by Edward Stratemeyer, the fourth volume in the Old Glory Series (\$1.25); "The House with Sixty Closets," by Frank S. Child, a Christmas story of a historic mansion in Connecticut (\$1.25). Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

Jabart

LATE VERSE.

The Cricket Song.

JAPANESE.

Here in my lonely cottage,
Now winter winds are cold,
I hearken to the crickets,
And sigh that I am old.

I hear their small bells tinkle,
Like beads of silver rain
That break on the hrooks in summer,
And dream I am young again.

I see my native rice-fields
Flushed with streams in spring
And I hear the frogs, so many
The waters seem to sing.

Sweet are the rivers of Settsu,
The rice-streams sweetest of all,
For there all day in the sunlight
The cherry-blossoms fall.

Nothing falls here save snow-flakes,
Blown from the wintry sky;
No light here save from embers
That sullenly smoldering die:

No sound save the bells of my crickets,
Somewhere in the darkness rung,
And the sigh of the poor old singer
For something that still is young!

—R. H. Stoddard in November Scribner's.

A Backward Look.

Upon a wind-swept hill above the plain
I stood at noontide. Clear and cold the day
About me shone, and in its equal light,
Undimmed by cloud or shade, the whole world stood

Revealed in nakedness, clear-edged and hard,
No mark or scar upon its time-worn face
But hurt the sight in brazen fixity.
My wearied eyes I lifted to the sky,
Which hurried like polished silver o'er my head,
And vainly cried: "Oh, give me back the dawn!
The awe-hushed mystery when earth and air,
In tender presence of the huddling morn,
Do palpitate 'twixt dread and ecstasy;
When each shade holds a doubt, each doubt a hope!"

—Ruth Underhill in October Century.

The November Century.

There is an unusually attractive list of contributions in the *Century Magazine* for November, which begins a new volume and several new serials. The most notable feature is the first five chapters of the new "Life of Oliver Cromwell," by the Right Hon. John Morley, M. P., who is now engaged on the authorized biography of Gladstone. In addition to the first installment of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's "The Autobiography of a Quack," which is to run through three numbers, and the first chapters of Ernest Seton-Thompson's "The Biography of a Grizzly," illustrated by the author, the issue also contains a chapter from Mark Twain's abandoned autobiography entitled "My Début as a Literary Person," Captain Joshua Slocum's personal experiences "Sailing Around the World," important papers by Governor Roosevelt on "Military Preparedness and Unpreparedness," President Charles W. Eliot, of Harvard, on "The Forgotten Millions," and Gustave Kobbé on "Wagner from Behind the Scenes," and short stories by Seumas MacManus, Ella D'Arcy, and Abraham Cahan.

One of the latest magazines to make its appearance is entitled *The Automobile Magazine*, and is devoted to the interests of "the new society fad."

Jabart

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

HAVE JUST PUBLISHED

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A WELL-ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF BOOKS ON AMERICAN HISTORY, BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE, OR THE NEW ILLUSTRATED CHRISTMAS CATALOGUE, WILL BE MAILED ON REQUEST BY

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

66 Fifth Avenue, New York

LITERARY NOTES.

Some Friends Who Will not Be Forgotten.

In the attractive Faience Edition, the nine volumes recently issued have more than transient claims to admiration. Hawthorne's "Snow Image" and "Blithedale Romance" head the list, and each has a portrait frontispiece. Emerson's "English Traits," the third volume, has a portrait of the poet-philosopher and engravings of Rydal Mount, Warwick Castle, and Stonehenge. That book of fanciful musings and quaint humor, George William Curtis's "Prue and I," is the fourth, and it has a portrait of the genial author. James W. Clarkson's translation of Jean de la Brète's story, "My Uncle and My Curé," is worthy of its place in this series, and the romance of the little Reine will make many new friends. The volume entitled "Barrack-Room Ballads" contains thirteen of the ballads, fourteen of the "Departmental Ditties," and forty other poems by Kipling. There is an appreciative biographical sketch and a portrait. "Walden, or Life in the Woods," by Henry D. Thoreau, gives the most perfect expression of the poet-naturalist's genius, and has a portrait and other engravings. "An Attic Philosopher in Paris," a classic by Emile Souvestre, is newly translated for this edition. "Cyrano de Bergerac," Rostand's masterpiece, translated by Helen B. Dole, has a portrait, and brief introduction and biographical sketch.

Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price, 75 cents each.

Six Sombre Studies by "Ouida."

The volume of new short stories by "Ouida"—named from the first of the tales, "La Strega"—is not a disappointment, for there are few pages in the book that do not give evidence of the author's fascination and power, but there is too much of sadness in the themes. The pathos is true, the tragedies are those of life, but the gloom is too rarely broken, there is no promise of a coming dawn in the long night of sorrow.

There are four sketches of Italian peasant life, and of these the best is "El Brug," the story of a child's love for her father and heroism in attempting to aid him in his escape from prison. "An Anarchist" describes the inability of a poor worker on the roads to understand his discharge by the government, and the result of his unreasoning protests and resistance. "Toto" is a great Newfoundland dog, the pet of a childless pair of French shop-keepers, and the story tells of the cruel and unjust sentence pronounced against him.

Published by Drexel Biddle, Philadelphia; price, \$1.50.

New Publications.

"The At-One-Ment between God and Man" has been published in paper covers by the Watch Tower Bible and Tract Society, Allegheny, Pa.; price, 25 cents.

Volume nine of the Temple Plutarch contains "Marcus Antonius," "Artaxerxes," "Dion," "Brutus," with the comparisons, an epilogue, and a vocabulary. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

The new edition of "Silas Marner," George Eliot's great story of the weaver of Raveloe, illustrated by Reginald Birch, is a volume that has many attractions aside from the interest of the tale. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$2.00.

"Looking Ahead: Twentieth Century Happenings," is the title of a volume by H. Pereira Mendes. It foretells the coming of universal brotherhood and happiness, and sketches the steps to that consummation of earthly desires. Published by F. Tennyson Neely, New York.

"The camel driver has his thoughts, and the camel—be has his thoughts." The title-page of "Obeyd, the Camel Driver," by Isaac Bassett Choate, bears the Arabic proverb quoted, and the two main divisions of his volume are "The Camel Driver's Thoughts" and "The Camel's Thoughts." The first contains two hundred and fifty quatrains in the "Rubaiyat" style, and the second, fifty more of the same kind. Some of the stanzas are pleasing in thought and melody. Published by the Home Journal, New York.

The readers of London *Truth* were lately asked to name what they thought the best twenty books in the world. The following is the result of the vote, following the order of popularity: The Bible, Shakespeare, Homer, "Paradise Lost," "Vanity Fair," Dante, "The Pilgrim's Progress," Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," "Ivanhoe," "Robinson Crusoe," Carlyle's "French Revolution," "The Imitation of Christ," Boswell's "Life of Johnson," "Pickwick," Tennyson, "The Arabian Nights," Virgil, Molière, "David Copperfield," "The Vicar of Wakefield." It is noticeable that there are on this list two ancient classics, one French and one Italian, but not one German book nor, it may be added, one representative of American literature.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton confesses to having been bored to death by one of the annual authors' dinners which she attended once, and to which only members of the Authors' Society are admitted. The price is limited to a guinea a plate. It takes place in the

large banqueting-room of the Holborn Restaurant, and usually about three hundred people are present. The dinner is always excellent, and is enjoyed by a great many distinguished people. But, so Mrs. Atherton says, nothing could excel the dullness of the speeches, most of which were a half-hour long. "First the chairman prosed away; then an ambassador spoke in French for thirty-five minutes; then an able writer spoke, and spoke, and spoke, until the chairs of the lower tables scraped by themselves. When it came to Rider Haggard's turn, he literally beat his breast in the effort to be animated and jolly."

Jahart

STAGE GOSSIP.

Nance O'Neil in a New Play.

"Brown's in Town" will be given for the last time at the California Theatre this (Saturday) evening, and on Sunday evening Nance O'Neil will begin an engagement limited to nine performances. Her opening production will be "Oliver Twist," and on Monday evening she will present a new play entitled "The Shadow," by Dr. Paul Lindau, a dramatic writer of renown. The thread of the story is woven around Therese, an actress with a past, who, after she is happily married, finds the man who ruined her youth about to marry her husband's sister. She prevents this, but in so doing is estranged from her husband and commits suicide. The play is founded on much the same lines as "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," and the leading rôle is said to give Miss O'Neil an excellent opportunity for powerful acting. "The Shadow" will be repeated on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings and at the Saturday matinee. Thursday afternoon, at a special matinee, the bill will be "The Jewess"; on Thursday evening, "The School for Scandal"; Friday evening, "Magda"; and Saturday evening, "Camille."

Harry Corson Clarke, in "What Happened to Jones," will follow.

"The Merry Monarch" at the Grand.

Stewart and Greene's comic opera, "The Conspirators," will conclude a very successful fortnight's run on Sunday evening, and next week Francis Wilson's tuneful comic opera, "The Merry Monarch," will be the bill. William Wolf will appear as King Anso the Fourth, and Edith Mason will continue in doublet and hose as Lazuli, a traveling peddler. The remainder of the cast is as follows: Sirocco, the royal astrologer, Arthur Wooley; Herisson, ambassador extraordinary, Winfred Goff; Kedas, minister of police, Nace Bonville; Tapioca, private secretary to Herisson, Charles Arling; High Chamberlain, A. E. Arnold; Lilita, princess royal, Hattie Belle Ladd; Aloes, Bessie Fairbairn; Casis, Olive Vale; and Idra, Ethel Strachan.

On Tuesday evening Mr. Morosco will commemorate the two-hundred-and-fiftieth performance of his opera season by the presentation to every lady attending the theatre a beautifully colored and illustrated souvenir depicting the various portions of the Grand Opera House.

Second Week of Mathews and Bulger.

Mathews and Bulger have scored another hit in their new version of "By the Sad Sea Waves," and will doubtless continue to crowd the Columbia Theatre during the second and last week of their en-

gagement. In addition to their new business and up-to-date jokes, a number of clever specialties have been introduced, notably the "plastique poses" of Mlle. de Seye. Aside from the stars, Bessie Challenger as Sis Hopkins, Tony Hart as a droll German, and Ned Wayburn, the man who invented rag-time, are especially worthy of mention. Three songs which are encored nightly and are sure to be whistled on the streets are "You Told Me You Had Money in the Bank," "Japanese Baby," and "Ise Found Yo', Honey, Found Yo', Now Be Mine."

Broadhurst's comedy, "Why Smith Left Home," will be the next attraction.

The Tivoli's Double Bill.

The success of Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine" at the Tivoli Opera House has been so pronounced that the management has decided to continue it next week on Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday evenings with Avedano, Salassa, Wanrell, and Anna Lichter in the leading rôles. On Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings and at the Saturday matinee Bucalossi and Paulton's tuneful comic-opera, "The Three Black Cloaks," will be given with a cast including Ada Walker, Charlotte Beckwith, Phil Branson, William Schuster, Euphemia McNeil, Tom Greene, and Alf C. Wheelan.

At the Orpheum.

The most notable attraction at the Orpheum next week will be Mlle. Marguerite Cornille, the great French comedienne, who is famous for her beauty and singing, and is expected to create quite a sensation. Among the other new-comers are Jerome and Alexis, "the frog and lizard," in some startling acrobatic work; Leo Carle, who plays a one-act comedy alone, assuming eight characters and making twenty changes during his performance; Lola Cotton, the child mind-reader; and the Biograph, representing scenes of Dewey's reception in New York, and several local views, one of them picturing a matinee audience leaving the Orpheum.

The hold-overs include Frank Norworth, Louise Dresser and pickaninnies, and Hal Merritt and Florence Murdock.

New York Gets Another of Our Illustrators.

Arthur M. Lewis, the talented young illustrator, whose "Rag-Tag" sketches have made his name a household word on this coast, has accepted an offer from a New York paper, and departed for that city. His recently published book, "The Rag-Tags," which contains his principal sketches, is meeting with very great success, and bids fair to become the leading holiday book for children. Mr. Lewis certainly deserves the commendation of the public here for having given us the first book of illustrations for the young folks published in California. There is little doubt that every child will want a copy of his "Rag-Tags."

Creme de Lis Cures

Complexion faults, not by bleaching or peeling off the skin, but by supplying it with the necessary nutriment to "create" and preserve a natural, youthful appearance.

Dr. O'Donnell's Boom.

The voters seem determined to return Dr. C. C. O'Donnell as coroner. It must be conceded that he was the best coroner we ever had in San Francisco. Under him the morgue was conducted as clean and sacred as a church, and a matron was in charge of the female department. He is now in perfect health, and making a vigorous campaign. It is manifest that the people want him, as votes are being solicited for him everywhere.

Republican Ticket

Progress and Prosperity.

Mayor..... Horace Davis
Auditor..... Asa R. Wells
Treasurer..... Louis Feusier
Assessor..... Albert Heyer
Tax Collector..... Joseph H. Scott
Coroner..... Dr. A. D. McLean
Recorder..... W. Z. Tiffany
City Attorney..... Charles H. Jackson
District Attorney..... Alfred P. Black
Public Administrator..... John Farnham
County Clerk..... Wm. A. Deane
Sheriff..... John Lackmann

Police Judges:

L. G. Carpenter Henry L. Joachimsen
Charles A. Low James L. Nagle

Supervisors:

Emmett B. Barrett Charles Buxton
Nathan Bibb Victor D. Duboce
Charles Bliss Samuel Foster
D. C. M. Goodsell Thos. L. Henderson
Milo S. Jeffers Wm. C. Johnson
Charles J. King Thos. H. Morris
Geo. R. Sanderson Geo. T. Shaw
E. N. Torello I. J. Truman
Wm. Watson Cyrus S. Wright

We stand for good government
and honest improvements.

Democratic Ticket

For Public Rights and Home
Rule Against Bossism and
Corporate Control.

Mayor..... James D. Phelan
Auditor..... Joseph M. Cumming
Assessor..... Washington Dodge
City Attorney..... Franklin K. Lane
Sheriff..... Jeremiah Deasy
Tax Collector..... Richard P. Doolan
Treasurer..... Samuel H. Brooks
Recorder..... Edmond Godchaux
County Clerk..... Dennis Geary
District Attorney..... Lewis F. Byington
Coroner..... R. Beverly Cole
Public Administrator..... P. Boland

Supervisors:

James P. Booth Richard M. Hotaling
H. U. Brandenstein Thomas Jennings
A. Comte, Jr. A. B. Maguire
John Connor William N. McCarthy
Peter J. Curtis Michael C. McGrath
A. A. D'Ancona Emil Pohli
Lawrence J. Dwyer Osgood Putnam
M. J. Fontana Charles Wesley Reed
John E. A. Helms Joseph S. Tobin

Police Judges:

George H. Cabaniss Alfred J. Fritz
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Send us your address on a Postal and we will mail you our Illustrated Announcement Number, containing a full prospectus of the Contributors and Contributions engaged for the new volume.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.



After having had demonstrated to us the splendid dramatic construction of "Otello," the plot of "L'Africaine" seems a tissue of absurdities. Meyerbeer was not a composer who troubled himself much about the opinions of any but his contemporaries, and he was the despair of his librettists. One would not think that a librettist as noted as Scribe had put together this marvelous and almost grotesque tale, but Meyerbeer would sacrifice the literary scruples of the best of them to his desire to present an effective scene, and was notorious for altering and almost rewriting what did not suit him. In spite of his brilliant attainments, he has been ridiculed by many musicians on account of this little weakness, and also because of a certain cheap pomposity and pretentious flourish that even a tyro in musical matters can detect at times in his poorer passages. The verdict that Wagner passed upon him, however, of being "a miserable music-maker," is undeserved, for he was no mere artisan in music. His fault was that he did not strive for the higher ideals. What he wanted was present fame and recompense, and he himself well knew when he was departing from the standard of pure art, and writing down to a public that rewarded him by giving him the approbation and admiration he sought for.

"L'Africaine" is a heavy opera, and many of the scenes are tediously long, but it is illuminated throughout by brilliant and striking numbers. Meyerbeer's favorite effect of massing a number of leading male voices, which he used repeatedly in "The Huguenots," appears in the first act, and the dramatic ensemble of the councilors is a broad and impressive sweep of harmony. The male cast is an exceptionally strong one; it carried the opera, in fact, for Lichter is too light a weight, both historically and vocally, to grapple very successfully with the part of Selika, and Ada Palmer-Walker, while she appears very well in concerted numbers, has a habit of letting her voice out in a series of whoops.

It was evidently the presence of Salassa and Avedano in the company that gave the management the courage to produce such a very heavy gun among operas as "L'Africaine," and this pair of favorite singers bore on their shoulders the heat and burden of the fray. Theirs were the only pronounced vocal successes of the evening, save for the beautiful sextet in the second act. That had probably been well rehearsed, and was so excellently rendered that as each single voice came in by devious paths of melody, and took up the central motive, it became a beautiful mosaic of swelling harmony.

The chorus was not so much in evidence in "L'Africaine" as might have been feared. The male chorus never produces such weird cacophony as the females, who only appeared twice, the management having kindly and considerably cut out the veil-chorus in the last act. They have, however, done fearful execution during the grand-opera season in its entirety, and all but wrecked an otherwise very creditable performance of "Lohengrin." They can not be rehearsed very strictly, for they seldom wear the look of a chorus held in subjection to an exacting chorus-master. What the Tivoli Opera House needs is a musical martinet—a had-tempered disciplinarian, with a cobble-stone for a heart, and nerves of twisted steel-wire; a frosty autocrat, utterly insensible to female charms, who will swoop down like a Dakota blizzard on a discord, or a fault in time, or a moment of inattention, and put some music, some conscientiousness, and some enthusiasm into those easy and complacent maidens who bleat and twang with such self-satisfied vigor. Such a *rara avis*, however, would be able to command a higher salary than the Tivoli Opera House could pay. Still, at the Grand Opera House they have done much with material that was probably just as raw as the Tivoli chorus at the beginning.

Things always go briskly at the Orpheum when the usual stereotyped attractions are diversified by having a really humorous monologist, color dances, or any pretty effects of the kind, and an act by trained animals. So the bill of the last two weeks has been going. A novelty in the shape of a "lady monologue artist" has also been offered us. Laura Burt, who is thus billed, revives the dead question of woman suffrage in a rattling, table-banging, umbrella-waving speech. She is amusing, but not so richly, unctuously funny as the male monologist. Women are rarely equipped by nature with that broad, spontaneous flow of humor which can keep a whole house in a roar. They are too tenacious of their dignity, too solicitous about their looks. The stage contains no feminine counterparts of the Dixeys, the Francis Wilsons, and others of the

type whose mere memory brings up a smile, of reminiscent enjoyment. Laura Burt, by clinging to her evening-dress, declines to sacrifice her appearance, although the hat she wears may be regarded as a mild attempt to be absurd in costume. The device of fruit millinery is a successful one, for the audience are surprised into laughter when she jerks an apple from its place on her hat-brim, and takes a bite with a vicious snap that suggests the privileged male voter receiving his just deserts.

Miss Lotty, in the first startling view that she vouchsafes us when she throws aside the concealing folds of black velvet, and reveals her figure covered only by tight white fleshings, irresistibly brings to mind those complaisant ladies in the advertising pages of the monthlies, who exploit the various brands of winter flannels; but the startling figure becomes with the white lining of her cloak a mere surface on which to throw beautiful color effects with electric lights. Vines, and great blossoms, and graceful foliage weave themselves in constantly changing, rainbow-hued patterns of bewildering variety against the white background of her extended draperies and the comfortable rotundities of her figure. For the dazzling Lotty is not slight. I should not wonder, when she doffed her toilet of rainbow hues and assumed the garb of every-day life, if she were the most comfortable of matrons, wearing a pair of dark spectacles to offset the glare of that terribly truth-telling stream of electric radiance which she must face nightly.

Wright Huntington's little comedy, "A Stolen Kiss," is only half-bad, and that is saying a good deal for an Orpheum comedy. Mr. Huntington himself made his *début* into vaudeville as to the manner born, for he has acquired in his farce experiences just the mechanical rattle with which the vaudeville comedians skate glibly through their lines. When he has a point to make, however, he has a wild roar to his eyes and a spasmodically humorous exaggeration of gesture that carries it home. Miss Adele Francis, who is the kissing countess in the little play, has a fine pair of eyes, a rich olive tint to her skin, and delightfully black hair with which to win favor for herself, but nothing more; her voice is high-pitched, strained, and irritatingly monotonous—so much so, that it would have been quite soothing to see her step on a tack and hear an unaffected "Ouch!" jerked out of her. George Farren, as the fiery-faced Corsican, gave a very well-worked-out, humorous little character sketch. Between them, the two men made the end of the little comedy very amusing.

As for the monkeys, they are well-trained and unfailingly correct in their acrobatic and other skillful feats, but how odious and offensive they are in their hideous, grotesque caricature of humanity. How malicious are their quick-glancing, furtive eyes, and how unpleasant the harsh chattering of rage with which the highest and ugliest brute in the lot finally conquers his unwilling will, and goes through his tumbling act. I would as trustfully rub noses with an alligator as go within clawing distance of any of them, and would not exchange one of those cager, zealous, curly, white poodles for a wilderness of monkeys.

The trick dogs are a lively, noisy, tumultuous group of a dozen or more, who keep the stage and the audience in a hurly-burly while their act is on. It is really wonderful, the springs of conscientiousness a trainer of dogs develops in his charges. When the long procession of poodles, coach-dogs, and toy terriers form a kind of paw lock-step, it is touching to a dog-lover to see the wild, conscientious glare they fix on their human leader, and the painful anxiety with which they constantly shift and adjust their paws to keep the chain unbroken. The running leaps they take over the structure arranged for them seem to afford them much satisfaction, as it offers them a vent for the pent-up excitement roused by the music and the applause. Perhaps all this vociferous eagerness conceals real unwillingness, although it does not look so. JOSEFITA.

Just the Man

For City Attorney—

Charles H. Jackson.

Charles H. Jackson, the nominee of the Republican party for city attorney, was admitted to the bar in 1883, since which time he has been actively engaged in the practice of his profession. He served for eight years as deputy attorney-general, having been appointed in 1890, and was also assistant district attorney of this city and county for one year. During his career in the attorney-general's office he wrote four hundred briefs for the supreme court, and argued about half as many cases. He was associated in the prosecution of the Durrant case after that celebrated case was taken to the supreme court.

Jackson was born in 1858 and has lived practically all of his life in San Francisco. He is a graduate of the common-school system of this city, and upon leaving the Boys' High School went to Harvard for the academic course, graduating with honors in 1881. He entered the Law School of the University of California and graduated from there two years later. He has been prominently identified with the Republican party, and has delivered a number of speeches in support of various candidates. He is a leading member of the Elks and is also a member of the Masonic fraternity, California Commandery of Knights Templar, and of the Odd Fellows. During his career in politics he has drawn up three different platforms of his party in the city and county elections.

— EVERY MAN WHO GOES TO A BAR TO DRINK can get the Jesse Moore "AA" Whisky. There are many who want this whisky who do not visit bar-rooms. They can get it by the bottle at any drug store.

For Sheriff, John Lackmann.

In the history of San Francisco politics it would be hard to find a more satisfactory record than that of John Lackmann. As a member of the board of supervisors he demonstrated his ability, fairness, and integrity in so unmistakable a manner that his nomination for reelection was supported by all parties. He was not only the unanimous choice of the people on that occasion, but when the decision of Judge Wallace, in 1897, temporarily removed the board of supervisors from office, Mr. Lackmann was the only one of the Republican members of the old board who was reappointed. These facts must be gratifying to Mr. Lackmann, and to his fellow-citizens they have a meaning that is recognized and appreciated. They are proofs that the official who performs the duties of his position with honesty, impartiality, and wisdom will make friends instead of enemies.

The friends and ardent supporters of Mr. Lackmann were glad to give him the nomination for sheriff. He has shown in his public career the qualities demanded of a man in that responsible position. His courage, his good judgment, his thorough knowledge of municipal affairs are unquestioned. In the sheriff's office he will be the same conscientious, energetic public servant that has won regard in other places.

Mr. Lackmann has been a resident of San Francisco since 1878, when he was only fifteen years of age, and began his business life as a clerk in the store that is now his own. He is now well known in every part of the city, and his support at the polls next Tuesday will come from all parties and factions. His election is to be desired by every voter who believes in faithful service and just acknowledgment. A vote for John Lackmann for sheriff is a vote for a man who has been tried and found true in every position in business life and in public affairs.

For City Auditor, Asa R. Wells.

The people are not called upon to make an experiment in supporting Asa R. Wells for city auditor. He is the present incumbent of the office, and his work shows that he is not only qualified to do it well, but that his energy is equal to all emergencies. The completing of the tax-rolls in the time required by law—an unusual occurrence—was a sample of his progressive methods. The lists prepared show the amount of rebate due to those who paid their taxes before July 1st, and prevented any delay or confusion. The business training which Mr. Wells has had as a member of the firm of Wells, Russell & Co. he is now enabled to bring into the service of the public. He has earned his re-nomination fairly, and voters who have any desire to reward faithful attention and good management will mark their ballots in favor of Asa R. Wells.

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Train Service, S. F. Co. (Third Street Station). Local trains leave at 10:40 and 11:30 A. M. Special race trains at 12:40, 1:50, and 2:45 P. M., returning immediately after the last race and at 5 P. M. San Jose and Way Stations—Arrive at Tanford at 12:50 P. M. Leave Tanford at 3:20, 4:00, and 4:45 P. M. Trains leave Valencia Street ten minutes later than from Third Street. All trains stop directly at the entrance to Grand Stand. Last cars of all trains reserved for women and their escorts. No smoking.

Rates: From San Francisco to Tanford and return, including admission to grounds, \$1.25. Single round-trip tickets, 40 cents. Holders of Association badges may secure a twenty-four ride coupon ticket, limited to 30 days, upon presentation of badges at Third or Valencia Street stations, for \$3.50. Register all complaints without delay with the Secretary and Manager of the Association.

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Grand and English Opera Season.
To-Night and Sunday Evening "L'Africaine."
Next Week—Monday, Wednesday, Friday Nights, and Saturday Matinée, the Great Comic Opera, "THREE BLACK CLOWNS."
Owing to the Tremendous Success of "L'Africaine," it will be Repeated on Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday Evenings.

Popular Prices—25c and 50c.
Telephone for Seats, Bush 9.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.

Beginning Monday, November 6th, Second and Last Week. The Favorites, Mathews & Bulger, in Their Great Success,

-- BY THE SAD SEA WAVES --

Monday, Nov. 13th. "Why Smith Left Home."
Prices—\$1, 75c, 50c, 25c.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.

The Popular House. Phone Main 1731.
Return Engagement, Positively Limited to One Week. Nance O'Neill. Direction McKee Rankin.
Sunday Night "Oliver Twist." Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday Nights, and Saturday Matinée, "The Shadow." Thursday Matinée (By Special Request), "The Jewess." Thursday Night, "The School for Scandal." Friday Night, "Magda." Saturday Night, the New "Camille."
Prices—Evening, 75c, 50c, 25c. Matinée, 50c and 25c.
Next, Harry Carson Clarke in "What Happened to Jones."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

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Last Two Nights of "The Conspirators." Week of Monday, November 6th, Gorgeous and Dazzling Production of Francis Wilson's Greatest Comic Opera Success,
-- THE MERRY MONARCH --
Prices—30c, 25c, 20c, 15c, and 10c. A Good Reserved Seat at Saturday Matinée 25c. Branch Ticket-Office Emporium.

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Miss Marguerite Cornille; Jerome & Alexis; Lee Carle; Goggins & Davis; Lola Cotton; Biograph; Jack Norworth; Louise Dresser and her Pickaninies; Hal Merritt; and Florence Murdoch.

Reserved seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box seats, 50c. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday.

RACING.—CALIFORNIA JOCKEY CLUB.

Winter Meeting, 1899-1900, Beginning Saturday, September 23, 1899. Oakland Race Track. Racing Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, Rain or Shine. Five or more Races Each Day. Races Start at 2:15 P. M. sharp. Ferry-boats leave San Francisco at 12 M. and 12:30, 1:00, 1:30, 2:00, 2:30, and 3:00 P. M., connecting with trains stopping at the entrance to the track. Buy your ferry tickets to Shell Mound. All trains via Oakland Mole connect with San Pablo Avenue electric cars at Seventh and Broadway, Oakland; also all trains via Alameda Mole connect with San Pablo Avenue electric cars at 14th and Broadway, Oakland.
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SCENIC RAILWAY. (Via Sausalito Ferry.)

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WEEK DAYS—9:30 a. m. and 1:45 p. m.

SUNDAYS—8:00, 10:00 a. m., and 1:15 p. m.

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VANITY FAIR.

The trial of members of the Harmless Club has been a judicial fiasco. Herr von Manteuffel, the criminal commissary who "worked up" the case, has been severely criticised by the newspapers, and would be dismissed from his post were not his superiors aware that in placing the "Harmless" players in cells at Moabit he acted on the wishes of the emperor himself (writes J. Parslow, the New York Tribune's Berlin correspondent). But though judicially a fiasco, the trial has been a success as a spectacle. Day after day the witness-box has been occupied by individuals bearing the most illustrious names in German history, who have there recounted their experiences of the Harmless Club. Prince Max of Thurn and Taxis was forced to admit his intimacy with Wolff, the international sharper, who, like many other adventurers, found ready admission to the club by displaying a well-filled pocket-book. Baron Reconn's capacity for drinking champagne (six bottles at a sitting), Lona Barrison-Hussinger's dressmakers' bills, Von Kroecher's gilded poverty, Count von Egloffstein's frauds, and other features of gay life in Berlin were rehearsed for the benefit of the local yellow press, whose circulation has tripled during the trial. The story of Max of Thurn and Taxis walking arm in arm with the notorious Wolff tickled the popular fancy immensely. Dr. Kornblum, whose "squealing" caused the Harmless Club to come before public notice, has become an object of derision, and the same fate has befallen Count Königsmarck, whose animosity toward luckier gamblers than himself caused him to make the statements that enabled Herr von Manteuffel to secure warrants for the arrest of the defendants. General von Kroecher, who, although resentful toward his son on account of his extravagance, came forward and gave Herr von Manteuffel the lie direct at the risk of losing his advancement, has become a popular hero in Berlin, where almost every family has had to make sacrifices of one kind or another for a black sheep, and has done so uncomplainingly. Now that the trial is nearly ended, people are asking what will be the result of the campaign against the gamblers. The answer must be pessimistic. It is impossible to eradicate gambling in a country where the Royal Prussian Lottery brings millions annually to the national treasury at the expense of those who can least afford to pay tribute to the gambling demon. The emperor's order forbidding gambling in the army has remained a dead letter. More than two hundred officers frequented the Harmless Club. Those who were subpoenaed at the trial will lose their commissions, but their comrades will continue their efforts to "turn up nine" at haccarat at the officers' casinos in the garrisons. The press and the public have joined hands with the emperor in the condemnation of gambling, but the aristocratic officers considered the press a subversive influence, the pulpit an instrument for keeping the lower classes in place, and the emperor a well-meaning but misguided equal.

The Fitch house, as the home which has been presented to Admiral Dewey by popular subscription has been known in Washington, was built a dozen years ago by Mr. Fitch, who has lived in it up to last year. It is practically on the corner of Rhode Island and Connecticut Avenues, and has what the admiral especially wanted—a large dining-room. In fact, the entire first floor can be turned into a dining-room, if it is desired, at any time, for that floor is divided up into a large hall and three large rooms running the length of the house. The first room is a parlor, and is separated from the second, or music room, by portières. The dining-room is the last room back, and opens into the middle room by means of folding-doors. Thus, the admiral can use one, two, or three rooms to entertain his guests at dinner, as he desires. The second floor has a large bed-room in front for the admiral's own use, with bath and dressing-room off it; and back is the library, done in dark wood, but having plenty of light from windows opening on a large yard. The third and last floor is divided into bed-rooms, each with bath. The kitchen, pantries, etc., are in the basement. The house is furnished and ready for occupancy. Although the committee in charge of the fund paid fifty thousand dollars for the house as it stands, there is still a small amount left with which to purchase a few things necessary to complete the furnishing. A number of things have been offered the committee as contributions to the fund, among them being about twenty pianos from various manufacturers, but the committee has declined all except the offer of one Boston firm to build a piano especially for the Dewey home. A firm has also offered, and the gift has been accepted, to supply a complete set of china for the china-closet.

"There seems to be quite a rage for ear-rings in London at present, and I must confess, although I dislike the fashion exceedingly," says Anne Morton Lane in a letter to the Chicago Times-Herald, "that to many faces they are excessively becoming. The favorite style of ear-ring appears to be the single pearl, worn like a screw in the ear, and having at the top, and set so cunningly that it seems to have no visible means of support, a small, flat-cut diamond. The special fad of the moment is that neither the pearls should match in color. The

pair of which one is pink and the other gray or white being preferred. A black pearl, and a white pearl is also greatly admired. Women who can afford this sort of luxuries, of course, wear gems that are real and of regal value. Another style of ear-ring that is much in vogue is the high hoop, such as I believe is usually associated with barbaric nations. Made of gold, heavily chased or set with precious stones, these ear-rings vary in size from the modest circlet half an inch in diameter to the more conspicuous size that is as big as a half-dollar piece. Two or three very well-known women in London affect this style of decoration, and are seldom seen without their big ear-hoops. Miss Violet Vanbrugh, for instance, always wears plain hoops of gold in the daytime, and in the evening excessively handsome ones composed of good-sized diamonds. Miss Irene Vanbrugh also—the successful exponent of the part of the manicurist in 'The Gay Lord Quex'—is seldom seen in private life without jeweled rings in her ears, while Mrs. Clement Scott wears a beautiful pair of diamond and ruby ones that have been greatly admired. I am glad to notice, however, in spite of this craze for ear-rings, that the modern girl need not necessarily have her ears pierced. The quaint little attachments that are supplied, instead of the barbarous wire, clip the lobe of the ear, and hold the ornament in place without any special discomfort. Of course these are insecure if a specially heavy ear-ring is worn, but in most cases it is quite safe and effective."

More foreigners, particularly titled foreigners, have visited America during the past few months than ever before in any one season. The international yacht race may be held out as the excuse for the arrival of an unprecedented representation of British nobility and gentry just now (says the New York Commercial Advertiser), but the visits of several dozen titled persons during July and August and September can only be laid to the increasing popularity of the society at American watering-places, except, of course, in the cases of such persons as Prince Cantacuzene and the Hon. Archibald Lionel Lindsey, who came over to claim American brides. In point of prominence the names of the Earls of Yarmouth and Donoughmore head the list, and they were among the earliest of the visitors. The Earl of Yarmouth enjoyed a meteoric career at Newport and drifted on to the professional stage rather than into matrimony. Lord Donoughmore came over with Reginald Henshaw Ward to inspect properties that had brought him in a large fortune. The majority of the foreigners during the summer drifted naturally toward Newport, and at the height of the season Newport had a feudal colony whose castle was the second floor of a local hotel. The colony included Prince Henri de Croÿ, who was a success in 1898, and returned this year with his brother, Prince Leopold de Croÿ; Count Starzynski, a Russian; Count A. Dessewffy, Count Joseph Gizycki of Austria, the Marquis de San Vito of Italy, Mgr. Van de Vaya e de Lusked, a noble Italian, who was entertained by Potter Palmer; Count Meran of Austria, Count Giuseppe Della Gherardesca of Italy, Count R. Luzzette, whose sponsor was the Marquis de San Vito; Baron Luis Am brozy of Austria, Count Cassimir Lubomirsky of Russia, Baron Garra de Vaux of Paris, an ardent Orleanist; Baron Rathiaob, the Princess Adolp de Wrede, the Count and Countess Hermann de Pourtales, W. J. Pirrie, lord mayor of Belfast, Lord Pelles and Miss Elizabeth Pelles, Prince David Kawanakoa of Honolulu who was in New York for a few weeks, and Prince Alexis Karageorgievitch, claimant to the throne of Serbia. To this list should be added the names of Sir Thomas Lipton, Lord and Lady Charles Beresford, the Rt. Hon. Arnold Morley, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Wilson and Miss Muriel Wilson of Tranhy Croft, Sir James Pender, Bart., and Lady Pender and Prince Ranjitsinhji, who came over for yachting and cricket.

Philadelphia society, by the way, is still grumbling over the shabby treatment it considers it received at the hands of Prince Ranjitsinhji and his fellow-cricketers. This must have been all the more annoying, as Philadelphia society went wild with joy over the arrival of the prince, and could not do too much in his honor. The Philadelphia Times, referring to the conduct of Ranjitsinhji and his fellows, says: "Besides cricket, it seems that the dusky captain and his eleven were fond of beer and skittles, but did not bother about the reckoning. When they were imported, it seems, the committee of the Associated Clubs agreed to pay all expenses. That to the English gentlemen who composed the team meant everything they were entitled to and all they could get besides, for, aside from drinking and smoking all they could themselves, the committees now complain, they kept open house and open bottles for all comers and charged it up. Doubtless before the famous 'Prince of India' promised to come to America he heard from Captain Warner just how good Philadelphia were, and how insolently they could be treated by Britons assuming the proper pose. Few there are that had anything whatever to do with the entertaining of that worthy who do not recall the way his eleven and himself deserted the hall the Merion Cricket Club gave for them, deserted the fashionable matrons who were receiving in their honor, and the pretty maids who were waiting to dance with them, and went off to town to swagger

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around the hotels. They also recall the 'smoker' that was given for them and that they 'did not go near, and they also recall the dinner-party to which some of them were invited at the Bryn Mawr Hotel, and to which they went in duck trousers and canvas tennis-shoes, anything but immaculate. That only two years should elapse ere Philadelphia hospitality was again shocked in the same way proves the forgiveness of the community, but even forbearance has a limit. 'The truth of the matter is,' a woman said the other day, who had seen Ranjitsinhji at Lord's during the summer, 'we make too much of these fellows, and it turns their heads. In England the most of them are thought about as much of socially as is the average scrub base-ball player here. Dinner-parties are things unknown to them, and even Ranjitsinhji, who calls himself a prince, is very sparingly received.'"

To Paris Via India.

Passenger travel on the Pacific steamers is being largely augmented this season by the large number of tourists en route to the Paris Exhibition, via Japan, China, and India. The third and last Round the World Party, leaving this year under the management of Thos. Cook & Son, will sail by the Pacific Mail Co.'s S. S. China, November 9th, visiting the above-named countries in the best seasons and arriving in Paris in time for the opening of the Exposition. The membership is limited to twelve, and is nearly complete.

Programmes and full particulars can be obtained at Cook's Tourist Bureau, 621 Market Street, San Francisco.

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions for the week ending Wednesday, November 1, 1899, on the Stock and Bond Exchange were as follows:

	Shares.	BONDS.		Closed.	
				Bid.	Asked.
Cal. St. Cable Co. 5%	5,000	@ 108 1/2		117	
Contra C. Water 5%	11,000	@ 108		107 1/2	109
N. R. of Cal. 5%	10,000	@ 113		112 1/2	
Oceanic S. Co. 5%	5,000	@ 105		105	106
Oakland Gas 2d 5%	5,000	@ 108			110
Omnibus C. R. 6%	1,000	@ 126 1/2			
Park & C. H. Ry. 6%	2,000	@ 107		107 1/2	110
S. F. & N. P. Ry. 5%	4,000	@ 114 1/2			
S. F. & S. J. Ry. 5%	19,000	@ 115 1/2		115 1/2	116
S. P. Branch 6%	1,000	@ 112 1/2		112 1/2	
S. P. Water 6%	43,000	@ 113 1/2-114 1/2			114 1/2
S. V. Water 4%	21,000	@ 102 1/2			
S. V. Water 4 3/4	1,000	@ 101 1/2			

	Shares.	STOCKS.		Closed.	
				Bid.	Asked.
Contra Costa Water.	505	@ 70 1/2-72		71 1/2	72 1/2
Spring Valley Water.	195	@ 101 1/2-101 3/4		101 1/2	101 3/4

	Shares.	Gas and Electric.		Mutual Electric.	
Equitable Gaslight	710	@ 5 1/2-6 1/4		5 1/2	5 3/4
Mutual Electric	10	@ 14 1/2		14 1/2	15
Pacific Lighting Co.	40	@ 41		41	
S. F. Gas & Electric.	825	@ 60 1/2-61 3/4		60	60 1/2

	Shares.	Banks.		Powers.	
Bank of Cal.	30	@ 407-407 1/2		406 1/2	
Street R. R.					
Market St.	50	@ 62 1/2		62 1/2	

	Shares.	Sugars.		Miscellaneous.	
Hana P. Co.	1,575	@ 10 1/2-12 1/4		9 1/2	10 1/2
Honokaa S. Co.	3,100	@ 34 1/2-35		34 1/2	
Hutchinson	440	@ 28 1/2-29		28 1/2	29
Makaweli S. Co.	350	@ 48 1/2-49		48 1/2	49 1/2
Onaka S. Co.	280	@ 38 1/2-39		38 1/2	39
Paauhau S. P. Co.	1,215	@ 35-35 1/2		35 1/2	36

	Shares.	Alaska Packers.		Oceanic Steam Co.	
Alaska Packers	85	@ 119 1/2-119 3/4		118 1/2	
Oceanic Steam Co.	305	@ 87 1/2-91 1/4			

The gas and electric stocks have been weak, San Francisco Gas and Electric selling off one point to 60 1/2, and Equitable Gas to 5 1/2 from 6 1/4. Mutual Electric was very quiet at 14 1/2 bid, 15 asked, on small offerings, and Pacific Gas Improvement being offered at 61 at the close.

Giant Powder was sold down to 83 1/2 seller ninety days, but closed up strong at 85 bid on street. There has been quiet and strong buying of this stock all during the week, with very small offerings.

The sugar stocks have been a little more active, and Paauhau and Honokaa making fractional gains, while Hana sold down two points to 10 1/2, closing at 9 1/2 bid, 10 1/2 asked, ex-dividend of 50 cents per share. Hutchinson sold at 28 1/2 and Makaweli at 49.

INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

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Capital actually paid up in cash..... 1,000,000.00
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SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL.....\$2,000,000
SURPLUS..... 1,000,000
PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT..... 2,365,968
October 1, 1899.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Baron Alderson once remarked to an advocate who was notorious for the personal nature of the questions he addressed to witnesses, "Really, you seem to think that the art of cross-examination is to examine crossly."

Dr. Emily Blackwell, one of the pioneers of her sex in medicine, heard a young physician deliver a fierce diatribe against opening the doors of the profession to women. When he ceased, she asked: "Will you please tell me one reason why they should not practice medicine?" "Certainly, madam; they haven't the muscle, the brawn, the physical strength." "I see, sir. Your conception of a sick-room is a slaughter-house; mine is not."

One of the leaders of the Greenacre Chautauqua in Maine is Dr. Lewis N. James. At the recent summer session there were lecturers numberless from all over the world. Meeting a friend, the doctor asked him how he was enjoying himself. "Finely, np to yesterday, when I heard Professor X." "Didn't he lecture well?" "Not at all; he simply told us what he didn't know." "Is he still talking?" queried the doctor as he walked away.

Two Boston men, on their way to Taunton on their bicycles, stopped at a farm-house for bread and milk. A small boy of six or thereabout seemed interested in them, and offered to do the "cake walk" for two cents. After the performance they invited him to have a cookie. He took one without any acknowledgment, when one of them asked, "Do you know what 'thank you' is in English?" Without any hesitation the youngster made answer, "Do you know what 'shut up' is in French?"

Probably the easiest college examination on record is that recorded in the "Life of Dean Liddell." Christ Church was the resort of many gentlemen commoners who passed on their family, not their scholastic attainments. Still, they had to be examined, and one of them, who had been set to attend a course of lectures on the atmosphere, came before Osbourne Gordon for an inquiry into his very human understanding. "Well, Mr. —," said Gordon, "what is the atmosphere composed of?" After much hesitation the man replied, "Zinc." "Thank you," said Gordon, "that will do. Good-morning."

While at Harrow, Dean Vaughan was returning home late one evening, when he caught sight of a boy who ought to have been fast asleep in bed. As soon as the boy saw the dreaded figure he ran for dear life, with Dr. Vaughan in hot pursuit. He succeeded in catching the boy by one of his coat-tails, when there was a sudden wrench, and the youngster was off again, leaving a coat-tail in the head's hands. The master made sure that he would now find out the culprit next morning, and did not pursue further. But next day, to his blank astonishment, every boy of the sixth form had only one tail to his coat.

"Bob" Palmer, the comedian, had been originally a bill-sticker, a fact pretty generally known among his colleagues of the stage. One evening, when dressed for the character of Sir Brilliant Fashion, he strutted into the greenroom with buckles sparkling on his shoes and a fine diamond on his finger. A brother-actor inquired if his gems were real. "To be sure they are; I wear nothing but diamonds," was the reply; whereupon Bannister remarked: "I congratulate you, Bob, for I remember when you wore nothing but paste." Palmer did not take the joke with becoming good humor, and an angry altercation ensued, which was only broken when Mrs. Jordan cried out: "Why don't you stick him against the wall, Bob? Stick him against the wall!"

A Detroit man, whose wife was coming to San Francisco on a visit, accompanied her as far as Chicago and put her on the overland train. Before leaving her, he gave the porter half of a five-dollar bill that he had torn in two, telling the man that his wife had the other half and would give it to him at the end of the journey if she were properly looked after. When he got home he found he had neglected to give his wife the other half of the torn bill, and a few days later he received a letter from his wife reminding him of the fact and saying that she had torn a dollar bill in two and given half of it to the porter. Somewhere along the line there must be a wild-eyed darkey with the halves of two worthless bills in his possession and a firm conviction that he has been worked by some sort of a new flimflam game. Meanwhile, the Detroit man is very anxious to find out what sort of reasoning his wife used when she gave that porter a half instead of the whole of that one-dollar bill.

A certain geography master in the United Service College, in North Devon—the scenes of the school-boy adventures narrated in Rudyard Kipling's "Stalky & Co."—greatly favored the drawing of sections of the earth's surface, showing the mountain ranges, rivers, lakes, seas, strata, etc., which were

generally executed by his pupils on sheets of foolscap. At first the master was contented with quite ordinary distances between two given points, as from London to Edinburgh, but gradually he came to lengthen them to an alarming extent—Chicago to Timbuctoo, Cape Town to Moscow—which, while it embarrassed the rest of the boys, suggested a humorous idea to Kipling. He procured several rolls of wall-paper, and then day and night, with pens and brushes, he labored diligently on a gigantic section, inserting men, birds, beasts, and fishes, trees—in fact, anything he could think of, which being at length completed to his satisfaction, Kipling calmly awaited the result. When at last the geographical master called for that particular section, to his surprise and the amusement of Kipling's class-mates, Kipling unwound his gigantic roll on the floor. At first it was evident that the master mentally debated the question as to whether it was a case demanding the instant use of the cane or commendation in its highest form, but Kipling's absolutely innocent expression decided him to adopt the latter course.

DEWEY AND THE PRESIDENCY.

"Well, well! Who is it?"
"George Dewey."
"Oh, it's you, is it, admiral? Glad to hear you. This is the first time *Life* has had an opportunity to express to you personally his sentiments of high esteem and sincere admiration. Glad you called us up; we want to talk to you about the presidency."
"Why? I don't want it. I am very comfortable as I am."

"Tush, tush, admiral. That doesn't sound like you. That's what the politicians say who are afraid you may accept. Do you remember that time just before Manila Bay? You were very comfortable in your bunk, but you got up and did something to the Spaniards, didn't you? You were comfortable then. What did you get up for?"

"It was my duty."
"Of course it was. And it's your duty now to get out of your comfortable berth and do something to some other enemies of your country."

"What enemies?"
"The corrupt syndicate of politicians who are using the Republican party for their own profit and the asses of the Democratic party who would run our business interests on to the financial rocks if they could."

"But why not reflect Major McKinley? Some of the Republican newspapers say that he is a good, noble, able, and patriotic President, and that he has the confidence of the business community."

"To be sure he has the confidence of the business community as against Bryan and the silverites. He is essentially the candidate of the pockets of the people as well as of the Republican syndicate. But it seems to us that the rank and file of the Republican party—with which *Life* marches shoulder to shoulder in the cause of patriotism and good government—is entitled to a candidate who can claim something more for himself than that he won't imperil the business interests of the country. Doesn't that seem reasonable?"

"Ye—e—s. But there are other good Republicans who would be something more than pocket-book candidates."

"Certainly. But the syndicate, of which the great and good McKinley is the agent, has the party machine so thoroughly steel-riveted and standard-oiled that you are the only man who can take the nomination away from it. That's why *Life* says it's your duty to take it and the consequent election."

"But I am too old a sea-dog to learn new land tricks."

"See here, Admiral George; please don't talk nonsense to your Uncle *Life*. Don't you suppose your foreign experience and your long residence in Washington equips you as well for the Presidency as does the career of any country politician that ever came out of Ohio?"

"But I don't know anything about politics."

"So much the better! We don't want a President of the politicians or of a party; we want a President of the people—one who won't consider the division of patronage the most important function of his high office."

"Well, *Life*—"

"Never mind answering now. Think it over for a little while, and give the people a chance to get acquainted with your attractive personality."

"Excuse me; I'm no hand-shaker, and I don't want to travel around the country trying to gain votes."

"That's another reason why you remind us of the Great Vacationer—you're so different. Ring off, please."

"Good-by, *Life*."

"*Au revoir*, admiral, and God bless you."—*Life*.

The Isthmus of Panama.

Its engineers believe that they have solved the problem of the successful completion of this great enterprise. If so, it will prove a great benefit to humanity, no more, truthfully speaking, than has Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the remedy which never fails to cure afflictions of the stomach—for of what use is prosperity without health? The Bitters invariably strengthens weak stomachs and torpid livers, and is one of the blessings of the age.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

The Boer Situation.
From Krugersdorp to Lichtenberg,
And back to Potchefstroom;
From Swaziland to Pietersburg
Is heard the burgher drum;
From Wakkerstroom to Ermelo,
From Hoopstad to Dundee,
They're marching down to Rustenburg,
And up from Kimberlee.
From Heidelberg, and Lydenburg,
Johannesburg and all,
From Standerton and Barbeton
They answer to the call,
And Ermelo is all agog,
And Ventersdorp is wuss;
And latest news from Haetnertsburg
All indicates a fuss.
—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

Getting Down to Business.

Her eyes were red, her nose was black,
She flung her arms in air;
She wildly waved her loved ones back,
And hurried here and there.
The smoke and steam curled round her head,
She rushed that way and this,
As if her senses all had fled
And things were all amiss!
Anon across her nose she drew
Her sleeve and licked her thumbs,
And then, with little more ado,
Began preserving plums.
—Chicago Times-Herald.

?

To golf or not to golf: that is the question. Whether it is nobler in the mind to suffer The slings and arrows of the scornful critics Or to take arms against a links of troubles And by trying, learn not. To drive, to putt: To putt, perchance to hole. Aye, there's the rub, For in the efforts made, what strokes may come When we have cut the ball in half and cursed the lie

Must give us pause. There's the reproach That makes us monkeys all the livelong day. For who would bear the whips and scorns of time, The professor's tongue, the best girl's contumely, The pangs of a poor approach, the air that's fanned, The insolence of caddies and the scores That patient merit only make more lengthy, When he himself might his quietus make With a bare brassie?—Tom Mason in *Life*.

The Highest Standard

Of excellence is demanded from the beginning to the end of the production of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk—a system maintained for forty years. Never buy unknown brands.

—SUPERIOR TO VASELINE AND CUCUMBERS.
Crema Simon marvelous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections; it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. Simon, 13 Rue Grange Bateliere, Paris. Druggists, perfumers, fancy-goods stores.

Dauber—"She's an artist's model." *Cynicus*—"Just making a bare living, eh?"—*Town Topics*.

Domestic Economy
has no better aid than

Armour's
Extract
of
Beef

SOLD BY ALL
Grocers and Druggists
Armour & Company,
CHICAGO.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:
For Alaskan ports, 10 A. M., November 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, December 2, change to company's steamers at Seattle.
For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 10 A. M., November 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, December 2, and every fifth day thereafter.
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 2 P. M., November 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, December 5, and every fifth day thereafter.
For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports, 9 A. M., November 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, December 2, and every fourth day thereafter.
For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 A. M., November 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, December 4, and every 4th day thereafter. For further information see folder.
The company reserves the right to change without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates and hours of sailing.
Ticket-Office 4 New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel).
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., 10 Market St. S. F.



And in one respect Electro-Silicon excels; apply it to your Silverware and you can be sure of a shine and a lasting one too. Without Electro-Silicon your Silverware is "always in a cloud." Try our way once.

We supply the material for the saking, or box, post-paid, 15 cts. in stamps.

Grocers and druggists sell it.

The Electro Silicon Company,
30 Cliff Street, New York.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY, FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:
Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for
YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,
Calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with Steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1899.
Doric. (Via Honolulu). Friday, November 17
Coptic (Via Honolulu). Wednesday, Dec. 13
Gaelic. (Via Honolulu). Saturday, January 6
Doric. (Via Honolulu). Thursday, February 1
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

Toyo Kisen Kaisha (ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)

IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND U. S. MAIL LINE.
Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG, calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
Nippon Maru. Saturday, November 25
America Maru. Thursday, December 21
Hongkong Maru. Tuesday, January 16
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market Street, cor. First.
W. H. AVERY, General Agent.



S. S. Australia, for Honolulu only, Wednesday, Nov. 15, 2 p.m.
S. S. Alameda sails via Honolulu and Auckland for Sydney, Wednesday, November 29, 1899, at 10 p.m.
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agents, 114 Montgomery St. Freight Office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

International Navigation Co.'s Lines

AMERICAN LINE.
New York and Southampton (London, Paris), from New York every Wednesday, to A. M., St. Paul. November 8 | St. Louis. November 22
New York. November 15 | St. Paul. November 29

RED STAR LINE.
New York and Antwerp. From New York every Wednesday, 12 noon.
Friesland. November 8 | Westernland. November 22
Southwark. November 15 | Kensington. November 29

EMPIRE LINE.
To Alaska and Gold Fields.
For passage and freight apply to International Navigation Company, G. D. FAHNESTOCK, General Agent Pacific Coast, 39 Montgomery Street.

WHITE STAR LINE.

AMERICAN SERVICE.

The New Twin Screw Steamship OCEANIC
The Largest Vessel in the World.
17,040 tons, length 704 feet, width 68 feet.
28,000 horse-power.

TEUTONIC and MAJESTIC

Twin Screw.
10,000 tons. 582 feet long.

CYMRIC

Twin Screw, 12,552 tons, 600 feet long, one of the largest steamships afloat.

GERMANIC

Well known to ocean travelers, and now completely refitted.

Wednesday sailings from New York.

S. TENNEY FRENCH, G. W. A.

94-96 Dearborn Street, Chicago.
For passage apply to G. W. FLETCHER 613 Market Street, or to official railway and steam agent on Pacific Coast.

SOCIETY.

Mrs. Crocker's Dinner-Dance.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, though they will not leave their country home at Burlingame for the season until the middle of next month, issued cards some time ago for Fridays in November, and the first of these receptions took place at their town-house, at Washington and Laguna Streets, on Friday afternoon, November 3d. A large number of guests called, and were most hospitably entertained.

Later Mrs. Crocker gave a dinner-dance, her guests being:

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Scott Hobart, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mrs. Florence Frank, the Misses Hopkins, the Misses Carolan, the Misses Salisbury, the Misses Voorhies, the Misses Hager, the Misses Morgan, the Misses Cadwalader, the Misses Stubbs, the Misses Huntington, the Misses Collier, the Misses Josselyn, Miss Mary Scott, Miss Caro Crockett, Miss Carrie Taylor, Miss Edith McBean, Miss Olive Holbrook, Miss Dillon, Miss Blanding, Miss Ives, Miss Nellie Wood, Miss Mamie Kohl, Miss Charlotte Ellinwood, Mr. George Almer Newhall, Dr. H. B. de Marville, Mr. Harry M. Holbrook, Mr. Allan St. John Bowie, Mr. Frank L. Owen, Mr. W. L. McLaine, Mr. Gerald Rathbone, Mr. Harry B. Houghton, Mr. Harry N. Stetson, Mr. Bert Cadwalader, Mr. William H. Taylor, Jr., Mr. Laurence Van Winkle, Mr. Thomas Bishop, Mr. James Bishop, Mr. Edward H. Sheldon, Mr. James D. Phelan, Dr. Herbert E. Carolan, Mr. Charles N. Felton, Jr., Mr. Henry Poett, Mr. William D. Page, Mr. Clarence Follis, Mr. Walter L. Dean, Mr. W. B. Collier, Jr., Mr. Page Collier, the Messrs. Boardman, Mr. Alfred Barstow, and Mr. Lawson S. Adams.

The Needle-Work Exhibition.

The needle-work and lace exhibition to be held in the Maple Room of the Palace Hotel next Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, promises to be very interesting. The Deerfield Society of blue and white

needle-work has sent some fine specimens of its work, the first exhibit of the kind made here; and from Santa Barbara will come the finest Spanish work and other embroideries. Among the loan exhibits will be Mrs. Hearst's tapestries, some fine pieces of embroidery from Manila, church vestments, laces of every kind and of great value, and rare Japanese embroideries, ancient and modern. There will be lace-makers at work each day, and spinning and carding of yarn. There will also be all sorts of needle-work for sale, a few choice dolls, and many fancy articles suitable for Christmas gifts.

The exhibition will be open each day from 10 A. M. to 6 P. M., and on Saturday evening from 7 to 10 o'clock. Tea will be served in the afternoon by Miss Taylor, Miss Boss, Miss Genevieve Carolan, Miss Crockett, the Misses Hopkins, and Miss McBean, and there will be music on Saturday evening. An admission fee of twenty-five cents will be charged for the benefit of the Associated Charities.

The patronesses of the exhibition are Mrs. Beverly MacMonagle, Mrs. William H. Taylor, Mrs. Robert J. Woods, Mrs. Hall McAllister, Mrs. Austin C. Tubbs, and Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe.

Notes and Gossip.

Announcement was made last Monday of the engagement of Miss Mary Belle Gwin to Mr. James H. Follis. Miss Gwin is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Gwin, and her paternal grandfather was Senator William M. Gwin, while her maternal grandfather was Mr. John Maynard. Mr. Follis is the elder son of Mr. R. H. Follis and cousin of Mr. James L. Flood and Miss Cora Jane Flood. No date has yet been set for the wedding, which will doubtless be a quiet one, owing to the recent death of the bride-elect's brother.

The wedding of Miss Kate Thornton Salisbury, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Salisbury, to Mr. Alexander Keyes, son of the late General Keyes, will take place at the home of the bride's parents, 1414 California Street, at half-past four o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, November 7th. Miss Margaret Salisbury will attend her sister as maid of honor, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Frances Baldwin, Miss Olive Holbrook, Miss Josephine Loughborough, and Miss Azalea Keyes, while Mr.

Winfield Scott Keyes will be the best man. The wedding will be a very quiet one, only relatives of the contracting parties and intimate friends being invited.

Miss Estelle Thomas, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Thomas, of Kansas, and sister of Mrs. R. E. Stetson, of Oakland, was married to Mr. Robert L. Mann, son of Mr. A. L. Mann, at San Rafael on Thursday, October 26th.

Mrs. George W. Gibbs is giving a tea on Saturday afternoon, November 4th, at her home, 2622 Jackson Street. She will be assisted in receiving by Mrs. C. F. Kane, Mrs. Sperry Kane, Mrs. D. H. Kane, the Misses Kane, Miss Helen Gibbs, Miss Virgie Kane, and Miss Bernie Drown.

Mrs. Maurice Silberstein (*nee* Kobler) and Mrs. Leonard Crane (*nee* Gross) have issued cards for a reception to be held on Monday afternoon, November 6th, at the Hotel Richelieu, between the hours of four and six.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Preston have issued invitations for a large dinner which they will give at the Palace Hotel next Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Edwards Huntington have issued cards for an "at home" in honor of their second daughter, Miss Elizabeth Huntington, one of this season's *debutantes*, on Saturday, November 18th, from four until seven, at their residence, 2840 Jackson Street. They will also receive on the first four Fridays in December.

Mrs. Charles Josselyn has sent out cards for an "at home" on Saturday, November 18th, from four until seven o'clock, on which occasion she will introduce her second daughter into society.

Miss Josselyn gave a luncheon last Wednesday in honor of Miss Kate Salisbury at her home, on Steiner Street. Miss Josselyn's guests were Miss Florence Josselyn, Miss Salisbury, Miss Margaret Salisbury, Miss Mary Kip, Miss Azalea Keyes, Miss Olive Holbrook, Miss Josephine Loughborough, Miss Clara Hamilton, and Miss Fannie Baldwin.

The Misses Morrison, of San José, gave a farewell entertainment on October 27th, at their home, corner of Fifth and Julian Streets, in honor of Major Jasper N. Morrison, judge advocate, U. S. A., who left for Manila on Saturday on the *City of Peking*. Covers were laid for twelve guests.

The New Race Track.

The opening of Tanforan Park, the new race-track of the Western Turf Association, takes place on Saturday afternoon, November 4th, and from the way the residents about Burlingame and San Mateo are taking hold of it, it is to be a notable event in fashionable as well as racing circles. Among those who will drive four-in-hands to the races are Mr. George Almer Newhall, president of the Burlingame Country Club, Mr. Walter Scott Hobart, Mr. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. Henry J. Crocker, and three or four other noted amateur whips, and those who have been invited to a seat on their coaches are much envied. The Burlingame coach will be there, too, with a party of clubmen and women on top, and the collection of other vehicles will make the track resemble Ascot or the Derby.

The new track is situated about twelve miles from San Francisco and two from San Mateo, and the Southern Pacific trains land passengers right at the grand-stand, while the electric cars come almost as close. The arrangements for the convenience of visitors are perfect, and everything will be done by the management in the interests of the sport of kings. As at the Ingleside track, there will be two weeks' racing and two weeks' rest alternately through the season, with at least five events every racing day.

Admiral Dewey has announced his engagement to Mrs. Mildred Hazen, widow of General W. B. Hazen, who was chief signal officer of the army before his death. Mrs. Hazen is a daughter of the late Washington McLean, founder of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, and her only brother is John R. McLean, Democratic candidate for governor of Ohio. Mrs. Hazen is about forty years old, but retains most of the beauty which a short time ago made her a pronounced belle, is a charming conversationalist, and is classed among the intellectual women of the national capital. Though a general favorite in society, it was noticeable that she had a natural preference for the company of men of thought and renown, such as former Speaker Reed, and for that of women who rise above the common places of social intercourse. Mrs. Hazen has also taken a keen interest in affairs of the nation and in politics. Evidence of her activity in these matters is found in the fact that for years she has kept a telephone in her house, using it largely for communication with her friends in the Senate and the House when questions of importance were under consideration. It is said Mrs. Hazen and Mrs. Robert Hitt are the only women in Washington, aside from his wife and daughter Kitty, with whom ex-Speaker Reed would condescend to talk politics. While the date of the wedding is not definitely known, the understanding is that it will take place some time during November. The admiral's first wife died in 1872. She was the daughter of former Governor Goodwin, of Vermont. One child from that marriage, a son, is now living in New York. General Hazen, the former husband of Mrs. Hazen, died on the sixteenth of January, 1887, and a son from their union died last year.

Pears'

Pretty boxes and odors are used to sell such soaps as no one would touch if he saw them undisguised. Beware of a soap that depends on something outside of it.

Pears', the finest soap in the world is scented or not, as you wish; and the money is in the merchandise, not in the box.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people are using it.

THE GREAT LEADER OF CHAMPAGNES

G. H. Mumm & Co.'s Extra Dry

WHILE words tell, statistics prove. The importation of G. H. MUMM & Co.'s EXTRA DRY in 1898 aggregating 86,855 cases, or 52,649 cases more than of any other brand, is certainly the most striking evidence of the great popularity of this famous brand of champagne, and particular attention is called to the fine quality, purity, and natural dryness of the wine now coming to this market. Used at almost all notable banquets, balls, weddings, etc.

FOR BEST VALUE IN HATS OR CAPS

Herrmann & Co.
328 Kearny St.
San Francisco, Cal.

Fall and Winter Styles NOW READY.

GRAND NATIONAL PRIZE OF 16,600 FRANCS AT PARIS

QUINA-LAROCHE

Endorsed by the Medical Profession of the World as the Best Tonic for Convalescents from Yellow Fever, Typhoid Fever and All Malarial Troubles; it increases the Appetite, strengthens the Nerves and builds up the entire System.

Paris: 22 Rue Drouot
New York: E. FOUGERA & Co., 25-30 N. William St.

HOTEL BELLA VISTA
1001 PINE STREET.

THE PIONEER FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL OF SAN FRANCISCO.
MRS. M. W. DENVER.

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL

NEWLY REFITTED WITH ALL THE LATEST MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.
MAJOR WILLIAM B. HOOPER, Lessee
San Francisco, Cal.

THE HOTEL RICHELIEU
N. E. Cor. Van Ness and Myrtle Avenues.

The Principal and Finest Family Hotel of San Francisco
HOTEL RICHELIEU CO.

THE LENOX
628 SUTTER STREET.
First-class quiet Family Hotel.
D. W. JAMES, Proprietor,
Late of Paso Robles Hotel.

Delicious Hot Biscuit

are made with Royal Baking Powder, and are the most appetizing, healthful and nutritious of foods.

Hot biscuit made with impure and adulterated baking powder are neither appetizing nor wholesome.

It all depends upon the baking powder.

Take every care to have your biscuit made with Royal, which is a pure cream of tartar baking powder, if you would avoid indigestion.

SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Miss Mary Crocker, who is spending the winter in New York with her aunt, Mrs. C. B. Alexander, has recently been the guest of Miss Evelyn Sloane at Lenox. Miss Crocker will be extensively entertained this winter by her aunts, Mrs. Alexander and Mrs. George Crocker, and by Mrs. Whitelaw Reid and Mrs. Ogden Mills, who are daughter and daughter-in-law to Miss Crocker's great-uncle, Mr. D. O. Mills.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope, Mr. W. H. Taylor, and Miss Dora Taylor, left on Sunday last for New York City, where they expect to remain some weeks.

Colonel and Mrs. W. R. Smedberg and Miss Cora Smedberg have returned from the East.

Mrs. Henry Schindell left for New York City on Sunday last.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey have returned from a trip to Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Martin have left Los Angeles and are now at Palm Springs, where they will spend the winter season.

Mr. Walter S. Martin has returned from a visit to Santa Barbara and Los Angeles.

Mr. Frederick A. Greenwood left last week on a six-weeks' visit to the East.

Mr. and Mrs. John E. de Ruyter are in New York City.

Mr. Charles Holbrook, Miss Olive Hobbrook, and Mr. Harry M. Holbrook have closed their summer home at Menlo Park, and are now at their city residence at Van Ness Avenue and Washington Street.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Dean, Miss Helen Dean, and Mr. Walter L. Dean returned on Wednesday last from San Rafael, where they were spending the summer, to the Palace Hotel, where they have taken apartments for the winter season.

Miss Emelie Hager has returned from a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Hicks at their home in Los Angeles.

Captain and Mrs. William B. Collier have come down from Lakeport with their family, and have taken the Hoffman residence, 2716 Pacific Avenue.

Miss Adelaide Murphy is expected to return from the East about the first of December.

Mrs. William Minter and Miss Ware will receive on Fridays in November and January at 2077 Lyon Street.

Mrs. Jane L. Stanford will leave New York City next week for San Francisco. She will spend the winter in this State.

Mr. E. A. Brugiere is now in the East, where he is placing one of his sons at school.

Major John A. and Mrs. Darling are spending the winter in Switzerland.

Mr. Julius Kruttschnitt returned last week from a trip to New Orleans.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferd C. Peterson returned from Belvedere on November 4th, and will be at the Hotel Bella Vista for the winter season.

Mrs. J. S. Morgan, Miss Ella Morgan, Mrs. E. F. Noble, and Miss Helen Noble sail on the *China* November 9th for a tour of the world.

Mr. and Mrs. John I. Sahin were in Paris at latest accounts.

Mr. and Mrs. George C. Boardman are in New York City.

Mr. Valentine Hush, of Fruitvale, returned from the East last Wednesday. Mrs. Hush and Mrs. Thomas Magee, Jr., will remain in New York for some weeks yet.

Mrs. W. E. Sharoo has been entertaining Mrs. Frank G. Newlands at her home in Piedmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher F. Ryer arrived in Paris a week ago.

Mrs. Stephen J. Field and Mrs. J. Condit Smith have returned to their home in Washington, after spending the summer months in Oakland with their sister, Mrs. George E. Whitney.

Mr. F. W. Macfarlane returned to Honolulu on the Japanese liner *Hong Kong Maru*, which sailed from here on November 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac L. Requa, of Piedmont, will leave for the East in about a fortnight, intending to remain away until after Christmas. Mrs. Requa will visit her sister, Mrs. Shaw, in New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Fortescue sailed from New York for Liverpool on October 24th on the White Star liner *Cymric*.

Mr. W. Frank Goad has gone south on a visit to his sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Martin.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Johnson expect to leave on Monday or Tuesday next for a short visit to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Miner, of Stockton, are guests at the California Hotel.

Mr. Winthrop Elwyn Lester returned from Europe and the East on Tuesday. Mrs. Lester is still in New York City.

Mr. G. D. Easton is up from Los Angeles and is at the California Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Page were in Washington, D. C., in the early part of the week.

Mr. Irving M. Scott and Mr. Laurence I. Scott will soon return from Washington, D. C., where they were waiting for the opening of the bids for six new cruisers to be built for the Navy Department, which took place last Wednesday.

Among the returning European travelers who arrived in New York last Wednesday were Mrs. Lincoln and Miss Ethel Lincoln, the Misses Schussler, and Dr. C. Max Richter.

Mrs. C. F. Ruoyon, Mrs. B. F. Runyon, Mrs. W. G. Barrett, Mrs. Ralph Lee, Mrs. George Tashiera, and Miss Helen Runyon were among last Monday's visitors to the Tavern of Tamalpais.

Mr. Daniel M. Hanlon, who has been spending the summer in St. Louis and Chicago, returned last week from a month's visit to Mr. A. Ames

Howlett, of New York, at the latter's shooting-box in the Adirondacks.

Judge William T. Wallace and his daughter, Mrs. Richard H. Sprague, left for New Orleans last Wednesday, intending to be away several weeks.

Dr. and Mrs. W. F. Jones, of San Rafael, made the trip to the Tavern of Tamalpais on Saturday, October 28th.

Mrs. W. K. Doremus and Miss Doremus, of Montclair, N. J., visited the Tavern of Tamalpais during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Bentz returned last Wednesday on the *China* after an extended tour of the Orient. They are now at the Palace Hotel, and will soon leave for their home in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant have closed their Burlingame home, and are in town for the winter.

Mrs. H. P. Gregory and Miss Gregory, of Oakland, are among the recent arrivals at the Hotel Richelieu.

General and Mrs. J. B. Frisbie and Miss Minnie Frisbie arrived from the City of Mexico on Thursday, and are guests at the Occidental Hotel.

Mrs. James Phelan has returned from San Mateo and is in town for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. McKittrick are at Bakersfield for a month.

Mrs. J. S. Dinkelspiel, of 2499 Scott Street, will hereafter be at home on the second and fourth Wednesdays.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. A. Jonas, of Oakland, Mrs. Risley and Mrs. Prince, of Canada, Mr. A. Behal, of New York, Mrs. A. Emerson, of Chicago, Mr. R. E. Allerdice, Mr. G. M. Richardson, Mr. Carl Hayden and Miss Sara Hayden, Mr. G. C. Price, Mr. J. E. Matzke, Mr. O. M. Johnston, and Mr. P. J. Frein, of Stanford.

Among the week's visitors to the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Morton, Mrs. W. H. Jones, Mr. Reuben G. Morton, Miss Ruth Morton, Mr. Meredith S. Morton, Mrs. W. R. Eckart, Mrs. C. F. Eckart, Mrs. G. W. Fuller, Miss Bessie Fuller, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Taylor, Mr. A. W. Scott, Jr., Mrs. John H. Hunt, Mr. J. L. Bromley, of Oakland, and Mrs. George L. Cole, of Los Angeles.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Brigadier-General Joseph C. Breckenridge, inspector-general, U. S. A., and major-general of volunteers, arrived in town from Washington, D. C., last Tuesday. His son and daughter accompany him, and the party is at the Occidental Hotel.

Admiral and Mrs. Albert Kautz, U. S. N., returned from San Rafael on Wednesday, where they have been spending the summer, and are at the Hotel Richelieu for the season.

Commander Fernando P. Gilmore, U. S. N., sailed on Wednesday last on the Japanese liner *Hong Kong Maru* for Honolulu.

Commander E. H. C. Leutze, U. S. N., has been detached from the command of the *Monterey* and ordered home. Commander C. C. Cornwell, U. S. N., of the *Petrel*, succeeds him.

Commander W. H. Whiting, U. S. N., and Mrs. Whiting arrived from Hong Kong on the *China* last Wednesday, and are at the Occidental Hotel. Mrs. Whiting, whose serious illness led her husband to resign his command of the *Boston*, is much improved in health.

Lieutenant-Colonel Louis M. Maus, chief surgeon, U. S. V., arrived from New York City last Wednesday, and is at the Occidental Hotel.

Lieutenant-Colonel Edward Field, Third Artillery, U. S. A., has been ordered before the army retiring board in this city.

Captain Louis Ostheim, First Artillery, U. S. A., late first lieutenant Sixth Artillery, U. S. A., has been ordered to this city.

Captain Charles B. Hinton, Eighteenth Infantry, U. S. A., and Mrs. Hinton are guests at the Occidental Hotel.

Don't fail to make a trip up Mt. Tamalpais on the Scenic Railway before the wet weather sets in. For Sausalito ferry time-table see "ad" elsewhere.

Louis Feusier for Treasurer.

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MUSICAL NOTES.

Reception to the Gilmans.

A reception was tendered to President Daniel C. Gilman, of Johns Hopkins University, and Mrs. Gilman by the regents of the University of California on Friday evening, October 27th, at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art. The reception committee consisted of Mr. Ernst A. Denicke, chairman, President Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Mr. Isaacs W. Hellman, Mrs. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Mrs. Ernst A. Denicke, and Mrs. Isaacs W. Hellman. During the evening an orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Henry Heyman, performed the following numbers:

March, "Stars and Stripes Forever," Sousa; overture, "Romanticque," Kela-Bela; waltz, "Artists' Life," Strauss; cornet solo, "Evening Star," Wagner; selections, "Faust," Gounod; serenade, Titi; gavotte, Eilenberg; sextet from "Lucia di Lammermoor," Donizetti; waltz, "La Serenata," D'Arcy; selections, "Robin Hood," De Koven; paraphrase, "Lorelei," Nesvadba; march, "Aida," Verdi.

A new Symphony Society has been organized, its first concert to take place at the Grand Opera House on Thursday afternoon, December 9th. The new leader is Mr. Henry Holmes, an English musician who has been here for a year past, and the committee which selected him comprises Professor William Carey Jones, of the University of California, chairman, Mr. H. B. Pasmore, Mr. Robert Tolmie, Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Odell, Mr. W. A. Sabin, Mrs. Alexander F. Morrison, Mrs. James E. Tucker, Mrs. J. N. Goewey, Mrs. C. O. Richards, and Mrs. J. J. Price. Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst has donated two thousand dollars to the new society.

Golf and Tennis Notes.

There will be an 18-hole tournament for men against bogey at the San Francisco Golf Club links on Saturday afternoon, November 4th, for which a large number of entries have been made.

The regular hi-weekly contest will take place on the San Rafael links on Saturday, November 4th.

Mr. Harry N. Goodwin, of the San Francisco Golf Club, and Mr. Peter E. Bowles, of the Oakland Golf Club, have completed their arrangements for the series of home-and-home matches to be played between the two clubs. The teams will consist of ten or twelve men each, and the contests will take place on the second Saturday in January, 1900, on the Presidio links, on the following Saturday at Adams Point, on the third Saturday in April at Adams Point, and on the following Saturday at the Presidio. The contest is the best three matches out of five, and if the four matches do not decide it, a fifth will take place on some neutral links—San Rafael or Burlingame—or on one of the two home links, as may be decided.

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*7.00 A	Shasta Express—Davis, Willows, Red Bluff, Portland.....	*7.45 P
*7.30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*6.15 P
*8.00 A	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Omaha, Chicago.....	*5.15 P
*8.30 A	San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, Folsom, Chico, and Red Bluff.....	*4.15 P
*8.30 A	"Milton, Oakdale, and Sonoma.....	*4.15 P
*9.00 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*11.45 A
*9.00 A	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.....	*9.45 A
*9.00 A	Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.....	*12.15 P
*9.00 A	Port Costa, Fresno, Mojave, and Los Angeles.....	*6.45 A
*10.00 A	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations.....	*7.45 P
*11.00 A	Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Sacramento, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville.....	*5.45 P
*11.00 P	Sacramento River Steamers.....	*8.00 P
*11.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*5.45 P
*11.00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*9.15 A
*11.00 P	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Oroville.....	*10.45 A
*11.00 P	Niles, San Jose, and Stockton.....	*7.15 P
*11.00 P	The Overland Limited, San Jose, New Bakersfield, Saugus for Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	*9.45 A
*11.00 P	Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.....	*12.15 P
*11.00 P	Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	*8.45 A
*11.00 P	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	*6.45 P
*11.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and San Jose.....	*7.45 A
*11.00 P	Vallejo.....	*12.15 P
*11.00 P	Oregonian Mail—Ogden and East.....	*8.50 P
*11.00 P	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Stations.....	10 55 P
*11.00 P	Oregon and California Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	*8.15 A

COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge). (Foot of Market Street.)

*8.15 A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	*5.50 P
*12.15 P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations.....	10 50 A
*4.15 P	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos.....	*9.20 A
*11.45 P	Hunters' Excursion, San Jose and Way Stations.....	17 20 P

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10.00 A. M., 12.00 *1.00 12.00 *3.00 14.00 *5.00 P. M.	

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*6.10 A	Ocean View, South San Francisco.....	*6.30 P
*7.00 A	San Jose and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only).....	*1.30 P
*9.00 A	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Surf, Lompoc, and Principal Way Stations.....	*4.10 P
*10.40 A	San Jose and Way Stations.....	*6.35 A
*11.30 A	San Jose and Way Stations.....	*5.30 P
*12.45 P	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.....	10 30 A
*13.30 P	San Jose and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P
*14.15 P	San Jose and Principal Way Stations.....	*9.45 A
*15.00 P	San Jose and Principal Way Stations.....	*8.30 A
*5.30 P	San Jose and Principal Way Stations.....	*8.35 A
*6.30 P	San Jose and Way Stations.....	*18.00 A
*11.45 P	San Jose and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"We're in a pickle, now," said a man in a crowd. "A regular jam," said another. "Heaven preserve us," exclaimed an old lady.—*Columbus State Journal*.

Sharp little thing: "Papa," said the missionary-worker's little daughter, "I am playing that my dolls are heathen." "That is nice, dear." "And—and—papa, I want ten cents to pay my salary."—*Puck*.

"And did you shake hands with Dewey when you were in New York attending the reception to him?" "No, but I succeeded in buying a rose that is warranted to have been run over by his carriage."—*Chicago Times-Herald*.

In old Missouri: *Mrs. Goodwin*—"Here's a quarter, poor man. But tell me, pray, whatever brought you to this miserable state?" *Dusty Rhoades*—"Me autermebeel, ma'am. I was tourin' t'rough Iowa, an' I axerently stray'd across de line, see?"—*Ex*.

"Did you ever earn an honest dollar in your life?" "Never," answered Meandering Mike. "Oncet I worked two hours for a dollar, but when I got it I found it had a plug in it, right over de head of de American eagle. Dat's what embittered me life."—*Washington Star*.

Russian official—"You can't stay in this country, sir." *Traveler*—"Then I'll leave it." *Official*—"Have you a permit to leave?" *Traveler*—"No, sir." *Official*—"Then you can not go. I give you twenty-four hours to make up your mind as to what you shall do."—*Tit-Bits*.

"Money talks," they observed. There came into the eyes of the trillionaire the wild, hunted look peculiar to his kind. "But it doesn't give itself away!" he cried, agonizedly. For the fear that he would die rich was haunting him in day and night shifts.—*Detroit Journal*.

"What is this?" exclaimed the rural editor, "'A golden head and eight ribs were found on the fairgrounds last night.' Is this a mysterious tragedy?" "No, sir," responded the item-writer, "they belonged to a red parasol one of the girls waved at the prize bull."—*Chicago News*.

Caddie—"Lemme carry yer clubs, boss. I kin be ez blind and ez deaf as er post!" *Golfer*—"I don't consider that any particular recommendation!" *Caddie*—"Not if yer playin' wid yer chum er yer mudder-in-law; but w'en yer playin' wid yer girl it pays ter hev er caddie wot knows his biz!"—*Puck*.

Housekeeper—"Why are apples so high in price?" *Market-man*—"Cause they're scarce, num." *Housekeeper*—"But the papers said the crop was so enormous that apples were rotting on the trees all over the country." *Market-man*—"Yes'm. That's why they're scarce. It didn't pay to pick 'em."—*New York Weekly*.

"Marry you?" the young woman scornfully exclaimed; "I wouldn't marry you if you were—" "Jupiter Olympus, the Czar of Russia, or the Count of Monte Cristo?" sarcastically interrupted the young man. "No," she rejoined, with increasing scorn, "not even if you were the man who sent Dewey to the Philippines!"—*Chicago Tribune*.

"Now, Morton," said one of the party who had gone deep into the Maine woods in search of adventure, "we know you've been a famous hunter, and we want to hear about some of the narrow escapes you've had from bears, and so on." "Young man," said the old guide, with dignity, "if there's been any narrow escapes, the bears and other fierce critters had 'em, not me!"—*Boston Christian Register*.

Sunday-school superintendent (pointing a moral)—"Yes, scholars, the great thing is to know one's duty and then do it. Admiral Dewey knew his duty when he entered Manila Bay and saw the Spanish ships, and the world has seen how nobly he performed it. Now, children, what is *our* duty in this bright holiday season? How may we emulate the great admiral? What should we do when we see about us the poor, the sick, and the suffering?" *Small-boy class* (in concert)—"Lick 'em!"—*Ex*.

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In extenuation: *Sally Gay*—"But, dear, he is a gambler." *Dolly Swift*—"Yes, I know, but he has such winning ways."—*Judge*.

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The Argonaut.

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So voluminous is the report of the Philippine commission that the people of the United States will scarcely venture to read it in its entirety, although in the substance and conclusions of it there will be general interest. Despite of its length, however, the report may be termed compact, for it deals not only with present conditions, but goes into historical data, and even hazards a few predictions, thus covering a period full of incident and possibilities. The collated evidence is used in showing that this country was forced into the position it now occupies; that all due efforts have been

made at conciliation; that the Filipinos are incapable of self-government; and, finally, that the forces of the United States could not honorably be withdrawn, or the sovereignty in any measure relinquished.

The report sets forth the details of Spanish rule which led to the insurrection of 1896, and to the breaking out of the existing insurrection, and its transfer to another country than the one against which it had been aimed; gives at length the impressions of the members as to the adaptability of the natives to self-rule; makes clear the relations between Aguinaldo and Admiral Dewey, denying that the Tagal leader was ever given the right to regard himself as an ally; relates the conduct and result of experiments in establishing municipal and provincial governments as showing that the intelligent native element must have the guidance of American leadership.

According to the report, the rebellion of 1896 was in no sense a struggle for independence, but only in protest against certain grievous wrongs. It was based upon a demand for the expulsion of the friars, restitution of lands, and division of the seas between native and Spanish priests. The Filipinos also fought for parliamentary representation, freedom of the press, an economic autonomy, and laws similar to those of Spain. The Katipunan society was then, and is yet, a powerful revolutionary force. Deeming that the rebellion could not be overcome by a less army than one hundred thousand, Spain consented to some concessions and settlement on a financial basis. The promises were not kept nor the money paid. All this time the sovereignty of Spain over the islands had not been questioned.

Before March a statement had reached Dewey that insurrection against Spanish authority existed about Manila. When the American squadron arrived in port, little sign of insurrection could be found, the rumored thousands of armed natives had vanished, and Aguinaldo was permitted to come to Cavite on the *McCulloch*. There he visited Dewey, and was allowed to land and organize an army. "This was done for the purpose of strengthening the United States forces and weakening those of the enemy. No alliance of any kind was entered into with Aguinaldo, nor was any promise of independence made to him, then or at any other time." Such are the words of the report. It was after Aguinaldo, at the request of General Anderson, had retired from Cavite to Bakoor that the idea of Filipino independence arose. Aguinaldo issued a proclamation offering it to his people on behalf of the American Government, but wholly without right to do so. From this time friction between the Americans and Filipinos increased. The report denies that there had been any coöperation against the Spanish, or any thought of it.

Aguinaldo's demand for the right to loot Manila is regarded by the commission as having been a scheme to obtain arms for attacking Americans. "Popular clubs" became numerous, and were quickly turned into militia. An element in the Filipino congress wished to ask McKinley not to abandon the Philippines, but Aguinaldo delayed the messages and continued to prepare for war. Next in the report follows a recital of events already familiar, culminating in the outbreak of February 4th. Here there is a conclusion projected into the midst of the report, as follows:

"Deplorable as war is, the one in which we are now engaged was unavoidable. We were attacked by a bold, adventurous, and enthusiastic army. No alternative was left to us except ignominious retreat. It is not to be conceived that any American could have sanctioned the surrender of Manila to the insurgents. Our obligations to other nations, and to the friendly Filipinos, and to ourselves and our flag, demand that force should be met with force. Whatever the future of the Philippines may be, there is no course open to us now except the prosecution of the war until the insurgents are reduced to submission. The commission is of the opinion that there has been no time since the destruction of the Spanish squadron by Admiral Dewey when it was possible to withdraw our forces from the islands either with honor to ourselves or with safety to the inhabitants."

Among others, these points are made: That Manila was in a state of anarchy until policed by Americans; that the issuance of the commission's proclamation had good effect; that anti-American feeling is confined to Tagalo provinces of Manila, Cavite, Laguna, Morong, and six others of less importance; that Filipinos of wealth and intelligence are op-

posed to the war; that the insurrection is not a national movement; that the trouble is almost wholly confined to Luzon, appearing elsewhere only at the instigation of Tagalos; that Aguinaldo secures recruits at the point of the bayonet, and his "war contributions" are in reality plunder.

Considerable space is devoted to an account of municipal governments set up at Bacoor, Imus, Paranaque, and Las Pinos, and the results pronounced satisfactory, although the natives fail to grasp the plan of free suffrage. The situation at the time the commission left is summed up as showing great improvement, with business increasing, schools flourishing, the anti-American sentiment on the wane, and the enemy's forces steadily disintegrating. Many islands were asking for American troops. In Negros the purely native government had been a failure, but under American direction, a success. The commission describes futile efforts at conciliation, and speaks of the difficulty due to the people not being a nation, but a collection of tribes, while those in revolt are "not seeking liberty, but arbitrary power." Their intellectual capacity is rated high, and their incapacity for practical affairs ascribed to the Spanish régime of subjection. The most to be expected of them is coöperation, with Manila as a centre, and American authority in control. At the end, the report says:

"Only through American occupation, therefore, is the idea of a free, self-governing, and united Philippine commonwealth at all conceivable. And the indispensable need, from the Filipino point of view, of maintaining American sovereignty over the archipelago is recognized by all intelligent Filipinos, and even by those insurgents who desire an American protectorate. The latter, it is true, would take the revenues and leave us the responsibilities. Nevertheless, they recognize the indubitable fact that the Filipinos can not stand alone. Thus the welfare of the Filipinos coincides with the dictates of national honor in forbidding our abandonment of the archipelago. . . . When peace and prosperity shall have been established throughout the archipelago, when education shall have become general, then, in the language of a leading Filipino, his people will, under our guidance, 'become more Americans than the Americans themselves.'"

Other topics touched upon embrace the richness of the islands, their commercial importance, and the humane character of war operations, but these can not here be more than mentioned.

The convention to be held in this city on Tuesday next is arousing considerable discussion, indicative of the interest that is taken in the question. This is as it should be, for there is no subject of wider interest to the people of the State. A communication published elsewhere in this issue of the *Argonaut* points out some of the difficulties that will have to be met and overcome. The National Irrigation Association is also active, and has sent out a number of letters and newspaper extracts setting forth their views as to the solution of the problem. The association will have a number of delegates present at the convention, who will strive to have their plans indorsed.

Two months ago the association held its annual congress at Missoula, Mont., and there formulated its plans in a series of resolutions. These plans are based upon federal instead of State action. They favor the leasing by the United States Government of the public grazing lands, the revenue from rentals to go to the States and Territories in which the lands are situated. The fund thus created is to be expended for the construction of irrigation systems under the direction of State engineering bureaus, where such bureaus exist; under the direction of the Federal Government in States having no such department. In addition, they favor the construction of reservoirs for the storage of flood-waters as a part of the federal system of internal improvements. The water impounded in these reservoirs is to be used for the reclamation of arid lands. As incidental to this they urge that the water in all streams should remain public property, and that the right to its use should inhere in the land reclaimed.

Where rivers flow through more than one State a national commission would adjust all differences arising from the appropriation and use of the water. Forest preservation and reforestation are also urged as important measures in conserving the water supply. There are other matters in-

in the resolutions, but these are the points with which the convention will be directly concerned.

As was pointed out in these columns recently, the purpose of the convention is the discussion of all plans that may be presented for the attainment of the object aimed at. We do not understand that the promoters of the convention have any plan agreed upon, or that they favor the adoption of any plan save that best suited to the purpose. Certain papers of Los Angeles—which city seems to have assumed control of the national association in this State—have objected to the *Argonaut's* advocacy of the convention, and have assumed that the *Argonaut* favors some particular system of water storage and some particular method of accomplishing the purpose. Such is certainly not the case.

Certain officials of the national association, also, seem to have assumed that the convention is an attack upon them, and have adopted an attitude of antagonism to it. This is most unfortunate. If their plan is the best that can be devised, they should have sufficient confidence that its merits will secure its adoption. If a better plan can be devised, or if their plan can be improved by amendment, they should be sufficiently devoted to the main purpose to accept such improvement or amendment. Friendly discussion may develop good results; acrimony and recrimination will repel new recruits to the cause and will divide its friends, with the result that nothing can be accomplished.

There is another phase of the matter that should not be ignored, in order to prevent misunderstandings and unfortunate results. Behind some of the communications to the *Argonaut* received from the Southland there seems to be the feeling that San Francisco's activity is, in some way aimed at the well-being of Southern California. It is conceded that a general irrigation system will benefit the southern part of the State more directly than it will San Francisco. At the same time this city is deeply interested in anything that will advance the interests of the whole State. The interest is not purely sentimental—perhaps sentiment has very little to do with it. The prosperity of San Francisco is bound up with the prosperity of the State, north and south. It will be a serious misfortune if any sectional feeling is allowed to crop out in the convention. Let all work in harmony and the work of the convention will result in advancing the cause, and the prosperity of the entire State will be materially promoted.

Seldom have the business interests of the Pacific Coast been so united as in the present demand for a representative on the Inter-State Railway Commission. With one accord the mercantile element of Los Angeles, of Portland, and other points, is giving voice to the feeling so marked in San Francisco, that the lack of a Western man as a member of this important body is not only a fact much to be deplored, but a manifest injustice, and the evidence of a strange neglect. It is pleasing to observe all Coast cities laying aside any sense of rivalry, and striving for the common good. Moreover, the choice has been made by those most nearly concerned, the indorsements forwarded, and if President McKinley shall fail to name W. R. Wheeler, he will disappoint the West, and doubly so, because the honor will fall to Mr. Wheeler, or go to the Middle-West, the section just now engaged in a scheme to cripple the jobbing trade of this State. That section has two representatives on the commission now, and the lawyer retained by the St. Louis jobbers resigned from the commission so as to undertake his present duties, and in their performance make profitable use of knowledge acquired while in his official station. The West will only with reluctance, if ever, accept as true the rumor that when Mr. Calhoun retired it was with the understanding that he would have the naming of his successor.

The desire here that Mr. Wheeler shall be selected is as hearty as advocacy of the proposition that the selection should be that of a typical man, identified actively with the commerce of Pacific seaports. Every commercial organization of San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland, and Seattle has sent to Washington the warmest commendations of him, because of a realization that he is peculiarly qualified to fill the place. He is familiar with traffic conditions throughout the vast expanse this side the Missouri River, an expanse traversed by many lines doing an immense business, constantly increasing. It is this territory that is naturally tributary to San Francisco and the other cities advocating Wheeler, and concerning which the East is ignorant and the Middle-West afraid. As it gains in people and production it becomes formidable, and if it can be kept subordinate commercially to jobbers to the east of it, all the acuteness, the enterprise, and the energy lying west will fail to attain their legitimate reward. Therefore, the importance of having such a man as Wheeler on duty becomes plain. A speech delivered by him at St. Paul, last May, proved that he held, and was competent to maintain, the correct idea as to the very principles for which

the St. Louis jobbers are now contending. He declared then that there should be recognition of the Pacific Coast as a commercial factor; the determination elsewhere is exactly the contrary. Jobbers of St. Louis do not propose that there shall be such recognition, and if the petitions pouring into the President from here be ignored, and the successor to Calhoun be another man of his training and environment, there will not be.

Mr. Wheeler's information does not pertain alone to the whole problem, but is extensive as to technical details. He is conversant with the "long and short haul," with the "less-than-carload-lots" contention, and in any gathering of railroad men or shippers considering these questions would be able to express and impress his views. Withal, Mr. Wheeler is a man of integrity, of boundless enthusiasm in behalf of any cause he advocates; consistent, logical, and possessing a strong magnetism, which would make him a valuable force were he to be asked to accept the office to which the community from San Diego to the Sound hopes he is to be called.

What is the reason that the Republicans have lost the day in San Francisco? Why did James D. Phelan defeat Horace Davis? Why did the apparently vigorous campaign result in such a dismal fiasco?

In 1896 San Francisco gave McKinley 31,041 votes to 30,649 votes for Bryan. In 1898 San Francisco gave Gage, for governor, 26,719 votes against 25,098 for Maguire. If San Francisco goes Republican both in Presidential and gubernatorial elections, why does it go Democratic in an election for the mayoralty?

Some may answer that the reasons are purely personal—that Phelan is popular, Davis is not. But this would be an error. Granting Phelan's popularity, Davis is not unpopular. And, furthermore, San Francisco has elected nearly the whole Democratic ticket. The result is therefore not due to personal reasons.

The Republican defeat is due to the almost incredible folly of the local Republican leaders and local Republican press. They dragged into this purely local campaign national issues. Nay, not national issues, but foreign issues. The question of imperialism is not yet even officially an issue in domestic politics. Therefore to drag it into an election for municipal officers in San Francisco is grotesque. Yet this preposterous folly the local Republican leaders perpetrated. They even went so far as to import hired campaign speakers from the East to declaim about Philippine archipelagos to audiences that wanted to hear about park panhandles. And apropos of that, the Philippine question has about as much to do with San Francisco municipal questions, her parks, and her park panhandles, as it has to do with the precession of the equinoxes.

But the folly of the Republican leaders did not stop with the dragging of local issues into a purely municipal campaign. They went so far as to threaten the electors of San Francisco. They declared that a vote in favor of the park panhandle meant a vote against Philippine annexation—that a vote in favor of Phelan meant a vote in advocacy of Aguinaldo. Reading such bald nonsense after the election, it seems incredible that the Republican leaders could seriously wage a campaign on such opera-bouffe lines. But they did wage such a campaign, and they have led their party into the ditch of defeat.

The danger of making such claims before the election is only to be equalled by the danger of failing to make them good. For if it were true, as the leaders claimed, that San Francisco must go Republican as an indorsement of the administration, the converse of the proposition must be true. If going Republican meant that San Francisco approved the administration's Philippine policy, by parity of reasoning going Democratic would mean that San Francisco disapproved of the administration's Philippine policy. Yet are the Republican leaders now willing to concede that San Francisco is opposed to the President's policy because Phelan beat Davis for mayor? And if San Francisco, a city which is profiting largely by the President's Philippine policy, disapproves of it at the polls—(according to this theory of the Republican leaders)—what will the rest of the country say?

The extent to which this foreign Philippine issue was pushed by the Republican leaders here is scarcely credible. For example, a circular was issued—with the approval of the Republican campaign committee—which said plainly to the voters of San Francisco that if they did not vote for Davis they would thus repudiate McKinley; that McKinley was spending millions of dollars in San Francisco for goods for the Philippines; that if San Francisco voted for Phelan, McKinley would stop spending these millions in San Francisco, and would spend them in Seattle and Tacoma. This circular was signed "Business Men's League." No names were appended. Possibly the members of the "Business Men's League" were ashamed of their production. We sincerely hope they were, and congratulate them upon the

fact of possessing a sense of shame. To attempt to bulldoze the voters of an American city; to threaten their city with the loss of federal patronage if they did not vote a certain way; to say that San Francisco is making so much money selling canned-goods to put into outgoing American soldiers' bodies, and coffins to put around returning American soldiers' bodies, that she hates to lose the trade; that the administration would take away her trade in canned-goods and coffins if she dared to elect local officials of her own choice—that these threats should be seriously made to American electors, in an American city, seems scarcely sane. Yet these threats were made.

To crown this pinnacle of folly, the Republican press and Republican leaders aligned the party in opposition to municipal improvements. With a crazy pest-house falling about the lepers' ears; with a city and county hospital reeking with disease germs, rotting with age, and filled with its own nurses and internes dying from diseases incurred within its filthy walls; with school-houses so unsanitary that the board of health has been compelled to close them—with these conditions staring them in the face the Republican leaders forced the party to oppose municipal improvements. And yet they wanted votes! Thousands of votes! Thousands of workingmen's votes! And they posed as the friend of the tax-payers!

Who pay the taxes? Certainly not the workingmen, yet they possess most of the votes. Most of the taxes are paid by a few rich people and corporations who possess few of the votes. So Phelan, who favored municipal improvements, got the workingmen's votes, and the Republican party, which opposed municipal improvements, got the votes of the rich people and the corporations. The workingmen want work, and do not care who pay the taxes.

The *Argonaut* has stoutly supported its party ticket, but not on the foregoing lines. The threats and claims of the Republican leaders, in our opinion, had the effect of losing votes for the party. This is proved by the figures at the beginning of this article concerning last year's election. The *Argonaut* made its fight on the only tenable grounds—the high character of the Republican nominee for mayor, the high character of the ticket generally, the necessity for loyalty to the party, and the danger of Phelan's upbuilding a powerful Democratic machine. Had the campaign been fought on these lines the Republicans might have been successful, as we were in 1898, and as we were in 1896. But the fruits of these victories have been lost in a day by the folly of the Republican leaders in formulating this campaign on impossible and obnoxious lines. They have lost the election in San Francisco; according to their own statement they have repudiated the President's policy; and they have inducted into office James D. Phelan, a shrewd young politician of boundless ambition, who will saddle upon San Francisco for many years a set of Democratic machine office-holders who will cling to her as persistently as Sinbad's Old Man of the Sea.

On Tuesday last elections were held in thirteen States. In some of them the full State ticket, including a governor, was voted for, in others legislative elections were elected, while in still others the contest was over candidates for the judiciary or the filling of some one of the minor State offices. As this issue of the *Argonaut* goes to press, the votes have been cast, the results are being tabulated, and only the earliest news from the Eastern States is before the writer. As usual, the first reports consist largely of estimates and indications evolved by State committees from incomplete returns, and these are liable to probable correction and possible contradiction by the full count. Such as it is, however, it is sufficient to form the basis for the expectation of a substantial Republican victory. Whatever the varying causes may be which has produced this result in the different States, the elections of last week may be considered a very satisfactory and propitious "kick-off" in the game of political foot-ball which will be played to a finish in the fall of 1900.

The election in Ohio has been the centre of interest. Of the six tickets in the field, those of any importance were the Republican, the Democratic, and the Non-Partisan, the latter having nominated Mayor Jones, of Toledo, for governor. The preliminary returns indicate that the Republicans, despite their factional differences and the dangers of the Non-Partisan ticket, have elected Judge Nash as governor, together with the whole State ticket, including a majority of the legislature, by a majority which is estimated as between 30,000 and 40,000.

New York has been engaged in the election of a legislature only. The first returns show that the Republican claims have been more than substantiated, for while they have lost three members of the legislature in New York City, the majority in the assembly has been increased from 24 to 36, and the Republican majority on joint ballot will be at least 40. Every doubtful district outside of the city has been carried by the Republicans. Gratifying gains were

made by the party in most of the large cities up the State, including Buffalo, Albany, and Troy, to which may be added the overthrow of the Democracy in the home county of ex-Senator David B. Hill.

The Republicans of Massachusetts report a complete victory for their entire State ticket, with a majority of 65,000. Notwithstanding that the Democrats made gains in and carried the city of Boston, the result in the State indicates the election of W. Murray Crane for governor, together with the whole Republican State ticket. The legislature will also remain Republican by the usual majority, there having been few changes made in either branch. Boston is Democratic by over 6,000 plurality—a straw which foretells the result in their city election which takes place next month.

Much interest surrounds the election in Kentucky, where Republican control was gained in 1896 and lost again in 1898. Thanks to the fierce factional contest which has raged in Democratic ranks, and the presence of an opposition Democratic ticket, the returns so far indicate that the Republicans have elected W. S. Taylor for governor by a majority which may be anywhere below 10,000, together with the entire State ticket. The legislature is still in doubt, and both sides are claiming a majority. Fortunately the election disorders which were anticipated did not develop, and the contest passed off with unusual quietness.

As was expected, Iowa remains in the Republican column. Governor Shaw has been reelected by more than 60,000, and with him the whole Republican ticket. Gains have also been made in the legislature which will give a Republican majority of about 80 on joint ballot.

The usual Republican record of Pennsylvania has been well sustained. The sole contest was for State treasurer. The candidate of the Republicans was Colonel James E. Barnett, who passed through San Francisco recently with his regiment, on his way home from Philippine service. He is accorded a plurality of more than 125,000 over his Democratic opponent. In the same election Philadelphia has authorized a \$12,000,000 improvement to the water supply by the overwhelming vote of ten to one.

Nebraska remains in the hands of the Fusionists by a majority of about 15,000, which is generally conceded. Omaha was probably carried by the same ticket, while the home county of W. J. Bryan has elected its entire Republican ticket, with the exception of sheriff. The State election was for a supreme justice, and the Fusionists have elected ex-Governor Silas Holcomb to that office.

Republican party strife and the defection of Baltimore have resulted in carrying Maryland back into Democratic ranks. The plurality will be about 10,000.

Kansas has gone Republican on a contest for the election of a supreme justice. The same party has elected 70 of the 150 county tickets.

In New Jersey, where there was no direct vote on a State ticket, a Republican legislature has been elected, with an increased majority in both houses.

Virginia and Mississippi have both been carried by the Democrats, and South Dakota has elected the Republican State ticket for supreme court judges, while Salt Lake City has elected a Republican mayor.

Five Congressmen have been elected to fill vacancies, and in each case the new members are of the same political faith as their predecessors. The vacancies were those caused by the resignations of Thomas B. Reed, of Maine, and Warren B. Hooker (Republican), of New York, and by the deaths of William M. Green (Populist), of Nebraska, Daniel Ermentrout (Democrat), of Pennsylvania, and Lorenzo Danford (Republican), of Ohio. This will leave the new Congress, which meets in December, with 186 Republicans, 162 Democrats, 7 Populists, and 2 Silverites in the House of Representatives—a total of 357.

A summing up of the results shows substantial Republican victories in the nine States of Ohio, New York, Massachusetts, Kentucky, Iowa, Pennsylvania, Kansas, New Jersey, and South Dakota. It shows an expected defeat in both Virginia and Mississippi. It shows a failure to carry Nebraska as was hoped. It shows a decided loss to the party in the defection of Maryland. But, on the whole result, if the advanced reports are confirmed by the final counts, the elections of last week may be justly termed those of a "Republican year."

While the *Argonaut*, being a good Republican paper, will have to get in line, and will be obliged to swallow the Philippines, expansion, imperialism, Mohammedanism, polygamy, slavery, the Sultan of Sulu, and the whole business, we must admit that the sultan rather sticks in our craw. But we shall doubtless have to swallow the circumcised dog, and look pleasant. In the interim, however, while the sultan is in the mid-oesophagic stage, the *Argonaut* may be pardoned for grinning at other Republicans who are also taking their black draught. But their puckered-up countenances, from

the mummer's standpoint, are as naught when compared to the smug smiles of the good, pious, administration Republicans—those who believe in benevolent assimilation and things. These gentlemen have made out our new fellow-citizen, the Sultan of Sulu, to be a cross between a Baptist elder and a Yale divinity student, and stoutly aver that he is not so very much married after all, but that the ladies who live under his roof-tree—over which floats the Stars and Stripes—are not really wives, but shameless hussies who have temporarily led the good man astray; that even if they were his wives, "polygamy is part of his religion"; and that as for slavery in Sulu, it is only "a mild type of feudal bondage."

One of the latest declarations from what we may call the Pecksniff faction of our Republican brethren is in the Washington letter of the *Chicago Times-Herald*, an administration organ. "A well-known Cabinet official" thus confides to the correspondent:

"It is absolutely false that this government has recognized slavery, or contemplates giving such recognition. Slavery can not be permitted anywhere under American jurisdiction. It is true that in the Southern Pine Islands and among the Sulus there is slavery, but as soon as peace is restored in Luzon arrangements will be made for ameliorating the condition of the slaves, and General J. C. Bates says that they will be able in the future more easily to gain their liberty."

These arguments of the Pecksniff Republicans strike us as being a little mixed. They are:

1. There is no slavery in Sulu.
2. Slavery can not be permitted anywhere under American jurisdiction.
3. The slavery in Sulu is only a mild form of feudal bondage.
4. The condition of the slaves is to be ameliorated.
5. The slaves will be able in the future more easily to gain their liberty.

These pseudo-syllogistic sayings bear a specious appearance of meaninglessness upon their surface, which is confirmed upon re-reading. They are reminiscent of the answer in that famous case *In the Matter of a Warming-Pan*, sixth volume of Easton & Eldridge's Reports, pages 4, 11, 44. Therein counsel contended:

First—We never borrowed your pan.
Second—Your pan was cracked when we got it.
Third—Your pan was perfectly sound when we returned it to you.

The *Argonaut* will of course swallow the sultan, and his peculiar institutions, as all good Republicans will bave to do. But he disagrees horribly. Our only consolation is the acute digestive disorder he is causing in the Pecksniff branch of the Republicans, who have already swallowed him.

Why would it not be well to elect him to Congress from the first district of Sulu? He might fill the empty chair of Congressman Roberts, of Utah, whom the women of America are going to exclude because he once was a polygamist.

Whatever sentiment of pity or of sorrow may be excited by the troubles in the Transvaal, the cold commercial judgment of civilization views the tragedy of war from a selfish standpoint, weighing the effect rather than the niceties of justice. While the outcome of the struggle between Briton and Boer can but be the overthrow of the latter, the length of time necessary to the accomplishing of this result and the influence on trade as the contest continues must be to a large extent problematical. Commerce with South Africa that is certain to be disturbed, possibly erased, perhaps enhanced, amounts to a considerable figure. Imports into the Transvaal during 1897, the latest year of which statistics are available, reached a total of more than \$100,000,000. Of this \$85,000,000 was from England, \$13,000,000 from the United States, \$5,000,000 from Germany, the remainder distributed among Belgium, Holland, and France. All of this had to reach the Transvaal through the ports of Cape Colony, Durban in Natal, or by way of Lorenzo Marquez on Delagoa Bay in Portuguese East Africa. Direct importations, via Cape Colony, were more than \$40,000,000; Durban, more than \$11,000,000; and Lorenzo Marquez, nearly \$13,000,000. Beyond this there were large supplies imported originally for consumption outside of the Transvaal, but ultimately finding their way into the Boer Republic.

Now the English ports will be closed to this traffic, and while the logical sequence will be the swelling of the stream of imports across Portuguese Africa there must be a serious falling off in the total. To the fullest extent practicable the Boers doubtless will try to subsist on their own products; but an endeavor to do this entirely would be futile. With industry at a standstill many imports would naturally cease for lack of demand, but in war, as in peace, the people must be fed, and a large proportion of the material brought from other countries into the Transvaal consists of breadstuffs. Both the South African Republic and Orange Free State are surrounded by English possessions, save at the east, where the neutral territory of Portugal gives an outlet to the sea.

This country has not so much trade to lose as England,

and that lost by England will in instances be profitable to the United States, for while the demand for various manufactures will be at an end temporarily, demands in other directions will be enlarged. The United States exported to Portuguese Africa, in 1897, goods to the value of \$1,800,000. The next year the figures had risen to \$2,897,000, of which more than half was for breadstuffs. Imports into the Cape of Good Hope in 1897 were \$86,000,000, of which \$10,000,000 was from the United States. Of this ten millions' worth, at least one-half was for the Transvaal. By way of Natal the United States sent in \$3,200,000 in goods out of a total of \$30,000,000, much of this also being forwarded to the Transvaal.

These facts make clear that United States merchants have a substantial interest in the trade of Africa, and in the present emergency there have much at stake. Even if dealers in certain commodities be for a time crippled, the passing of the Boer oligarchy will give to business a vitality and scope it has never known, creating new opportunity and offering new rewards to enterprise.

Local pride is certainly a most useful characteristic, and efforts for its development are to be encouraged. In this State the public schools aim at this by giving a course in the history of California. Perhaps it is this same local pride that has led Californians to believe that the history of this State is one of the most romantic and interesting of any State in the Union, and that a familiarity with its events would inspire high ideals. If so, this is an evidence of the weakness of State pride. There are other States the study of whose history might be more effective for this purpose. Take the State of Mississippi, for instance. A series of search questions in Mississippi history prepared for the county institutes this summer contains, among others, the following questions:

"What governor of Mississippi died of poison supposed to have been administered while dining with the President of the United States?"
"Who quit the church rather than cut off his queue?"
"What prominent Mississippian once spoke in a menagerie?"
"In what mysterious way did Andrew Jackson marry a wife in Mississippi?"
"What governor of the State is said to have strangled his son?"
"Who made five hundred thousand dollars in one lawsuit?"
"Who entertained in after years a mortal hatred to Governor Alcorn because he kicked a drunken young man out of a ball-room?"
"Who held the calf by the tail while the old lady milked?"

The history of Mississippi must indeed be filled with interesting incidents.

The progressive city of Chicago has brought many interesting people to the front, yet, for energy and audacious courage, it would be difficult to surpass Mr. Walter L. Farnsworth. In business this gentleman follows the occupation of manufacturer of candies and other sweets, which fact may account for the distinction he has earned in social lines. Cheerfully Mr. Farnsworth admits that he has had a marital experience calculated to arouse the envy and the sympathy of the auditor, according to the special predilections of the latter. Even Mr. Farnsworth has been unable to keep a count of the number of women he has married, but the most authentic census places the number at forty-two. So far as his memory serves him, there are eleven in Europe, four in China, three in Peru, one in England, and more than twenty in other parts of the world. Certain envious persons claim that there are also three in Chicago, and propose to prosecute him for bigamy on account of this last trio. Of course, the courts of this country can not take cognizance of the foreign spouses.

It is just here that Mr. Farnsworth proves that, had his genius not taken a matrimonial bent, he might have gained distinction in other lines. Witness the defense he advances. "The Sultan of Sulu," he says, "has many wives, and is under the protection of the United States Government. I also have many wives, but the police, not the government, have me in charge. This is not according to the constitutional provision guaranteeing equality to all. It denies special privileges to the residents of this country." Mr. Farnsworth announces his intention to take his case into the courts, and, if defeated here, to appeal to the executive. A good lawyer seems to have been spoiled by Mr. Farnsworth's chivalrous admiration for the fair sex.

The question whether education has an influence in reducing the tendency to commit offenses against the law has recently been taken up by Mr. Charles W. Wendte, who has proved to his own satisfaction that education and immorality advance together, reasoning from the criminal statistics of Italy, France, and Germany. The *Chicago Times-Herald*, however, calls attention to the fact that general prosperity and plenty of work will do more to decrease crime than any other influence, showing that the Joliet penitentiary has lost one-fifth of its inmates in the past four years.

A SHAKEN ATTACHMENT.

The Assistance of an Earthquake in a Momentous Decision.

The cannery cook looked nervously at his watch. Quarter-past eight and no fruit! He stooped to the tank-cock, and three experimental jets of steam sputtered up in impatient bubbles through the cold water. Somewhat relieved, he shut the valve and glanced at the clock on the wall. Apparently it had stopped like the rest of the works.

"The slowest gang of girls I ever saw!" he snorted. Dave was a high-pressure boiler, but he frequently let off.

A youngish, brown-whiskered man, in a pink golf shirt, jumped on the edge of the tank and balanced there perilously. He was the manager of the California Consolidated Apricot Company. Restlessness and vehemence boiled down, he often said he paid Dave extra wages to help him fume. One reason why the manager managed everything so well was because he knew so well how to manage the manager.

"Hang it, Dave!" said he, "the minute a girl gets to be good for anything, she quits and marries. If I could keep my best help, life would be worth living. Come, girls, come!"

It quickened the workers across the half-partition, this claxon call and the glimpse of the manager's tense face.

"The boss is getting cranky," said a brown-haired girl with rubber glove-fingers on, hurriedly poking a half-apricot through the little round hole in the top of the can. All the packers had their fingers protected against the cruel curve of the tin. White cotton rags would do.

"Have you noticed how the boss has duded up lately?" asked the blonde, who sozzled the syrup into the packed cans with the rubber lawn hose that came down from the vat in the attic. She was rather stately and ambrosial, and reminded one of Hebe on a frieze irrigating her row of gods with sweetened water. The California Consolidated had dumped a ton of sugar into its nectar pots that very morning.

"Don't you *sabe*?" asked another girl. "Jessie did, pretty pronto." Spanish adapts itself elegantly to slang in the South-West.

"Oh, you're locoed!" rejoined Hebe, swishing the nectarous nozzle from one little tin god to another with an elysian disregard of the spill. "The manager will look above Jessie!" she added.

"You see!"

Dave had turned the valve again, and the steam roared into one of the big tanks. Another hissed and growled, and the conversation of the girls was inaudible. The packers had caught up with the process-room, and the apricot factory was in full blast. How deftly the sealer blistered the yarn of solder around the can-tops, which spun on the revolving disks in front of him. The metal string ran down from a coil over his head, the whirling can caught it, and the hot iron tied the knot. The other workers might fall behind, but the sealer could stand in his tracks, hold his hands over the whirligigs, look pleasant, and keep caught up.

The manager drew a breath of satisfaction as he saw the platform of cans lowered into the hissing bath. "Give 'em forty-five minutes this time, Dave," he said, and passed into the labeling-shed.

If there was anything that pleased the manager more than another it was his labeling department; and perhaps he could not have told whether his labels or his labeled gave him the more pleasure. To the eye they were equally inviting. The cream-and-yellow undertones of the enameled wrappers appealed to one's imagination; they tasted good. Upon them the designer had ripened two juicy apricots, suggesting that the only bite in the world worth taking came from the fabulous orchards of California. "It's the label and not the stock that sells the pack," the manager would admit in a confidential moment. The golden apples of the Hesperides would have humbugged more people than they did had there been lithographers in those days.

Jessie's left hand picked up a glistening label and her right seized a can of fruit; one end of the label flirted daintily through a little pool of paste at the end of her bench; the can revolved once and rolled itself into the wrapper—done! An ugly tin had turned into a thing of beauty. Jessie had merely beckoned and it had jumped into its yellow jacket. Small wonder was it that the other girls thought she had beckoned the manager into his pink shirt.

He stood for a moment and admired her. The lines of her fair young face and blooming figure had not been hardened by the months she had spent in the cannery, earning her dollar and sixty cents a day. "I wonder if I shall lose her, too!" the manager said to himself. It would be hard to tell all that was in his thoughts then. Most of the time he was thinking of the success of the company and the difficulty of keeping good help. "By Jove!" he went on, his countenance lighting up with a business inspiration, "I'll put her picture on the new pie label!"

This enthusiastic intention was intended as a compliment and perhaps more. With his absorbing devotion to the fruit trade and his glory in the standing of his brands, possibly the manager could not have thought of a happier distinction than having one's face stamped in green and gold on the glittering labels of the California Consolidated No. 1 Pie Apricot. And, indeed, has not *la diva* been flattered into serving the less gorgeous designs of tooth-powder and soap?

There was a little hiss, an audible fermentation, then a pop and a slam. A pyramid of cans toppled over and a splash of yellow lusciousness was flung upon the manager's golf-shirt. Jessie wiped a sticky blotch from her rosy face. A box of freshly labeled tins was in disgrace.

"Cussed carelessness!" exclaimed the angry manager. "See here, Dave!"

"Sir?"

"Another burst. Can set away with a leak in it, again. Why don't you stop such slovenly work?"

"The mender went over 'em all," muttered Dave.

"With his eyes shut," commented the manager, savagely.

"Accidents will happen," the cook persisted.

"If there's another in your department, there'll be a shake-up."

The manager's tone closed the conversation with a sort of bang. It hurt Dave as though his finger had been caught against the door-jamb, and the worst of the pain was that Jessie had heard. The manager had not said anything so very bad if he had not said it before Jessie. Dave wondered if there was any foundation for the girls' gossip about the pink shirt and all that. He turned a flushed and injured face toward Jessie.

"Hurt, Jess?" he asked.

"No," she laughed, still beckoning to the cans. That was all, but it seemed to soothe Dave, and he laughed. Jessie laughed, too. The manager was in his office, seriously divesting himself of apricot juice and sugar.

It seemed cooler in the steamy kitchen, though the mercury was rising. Through the open door Dave soon saw the manager strolling among the hurrying cutters. Some of the girls could halve the 'cot and flip out the pit with one quick twist of knife and thumb. The motion seemed simple, but you could not understand it at first sight.

"Have 'em look a little sharper after their sorting, Miss Bumble!" the manager called, after a flash of his quick eye around the room.

"All right, sir!" said the "forelady," who was clicking a hole with a ticket-punch in the tag of a fat and wheezing cutter, who had brought her pile of pits to get credit for having finished a box of the 'cots. A hole in her tag was worth six cents to her. "My, ain't it hot!" she puffed, wiping her face with her apron. It was late in July and the sun beat remorselessly on the corrugated-iron roof. The fat woman wondered why the manager had not set some eucalyptus-trees around the works, as she stood in the doorway for a moment and gazed longingly at the mountains half hidden by a gray gauze of dust. "Looks like a Santa Ana," said the wheezy one.

"Trays!" sang out a shrill trio of sopranos in the cutting-room.

"Always short of trays! I believe the boys eat 'em!" growled the manager, passing through to the kitchen and shaking things up all along the line. The manager spent more time in the kitchen than in his office, not altogether to the gratification of Dave. The cooking was a critical process; and then from the back door of the kitchen the manager could keep one eye on the labeling. Privately, Dave had expostulated to Hebe that it didn't do the help any good to eye 'em all the time; whereat Hebe winked privately and luminously at the sealer.

The last batch of the forenoon had been put in to cook, and Dave scanned the water closely to see if a tell-tale bubble was escaping from a leaky can. Suddenly the water quivered. Dave felt a little jar, and heard a crash as if a tall stack of loaded trays had toppled over in the cutting-room.

True to his trick, the manager leaped up and stood astride a corner of one of the big tanks, peering across the half-partition, to see what the mischief—

There came a creaking sound. The building swayed, the partitions heaving and the boards grinding against each other. There was another jar, as if a freight-shifter had bumped into the cannery—then a tremendous splash, and sprays of water hissed upon the sealer's hot irons.

A second of staring, startling silence was followed by a chorus of shrieks that overwhelmed all things. After the earthquake was over, the girls had time to be frightened.

"My God!" yelled the sealer, "the boss is parboiled!"

For a quivering moment the whole cannery seemed horror-stricken, then all rushed for the tank. One woman fell in a faint, and the others swept by her. Dave stood as if paralyzed, but with a queer look on his face that was either lunacy or amused self-possession. There were sounds of a struggle in the tank, but no cry was heard.

With blanched face the sealer brushed by Dave and reached for the steam valve.

"No," said Dave, holding him back, "that's a cold tank."

The manager was clambering out, rejecting courtesies. He was dumb, pale, unreconciled. It was his weakness to take himself too seriously. If nobody else laughs at him, a man should jolly himself once in a while.

There was only one titter, and it came from the labeling-shed. The manager turned, colored, bit his lip, and wrung out his brown side-whiskers. Then one word of fire escaped him, and he hurried off, the pink shirt clinging to him like a shiny sticker on a can.

When the new pie label came out, it was decorated with a striking figure of a mountain lion showing his teeth and crouching for a spring—which was at once business-like and appetizing, the manager said to the artist.

"Jessie," Dave whispered, as they sat on the porch one September evening, after she had put on the ring, "would it have been any different if there hadn't been any 'quake?"

Jessie laughed. "Who knows?" she evaded. Jessie was always rather elusive; but Dave caught her in his arms and took several satisfactory answers.

HARRY E. ANDREWS.

SAN FRANCISCO, November, 1899.

SEVEN-DAY JOURNALISM.

How the Consistent English Christians Killed It in London.

Why did the attempt to establish seven-day papers in London fail? That question is surrounded by several apparent anomalies (says Robert Donald, managing editor of the *London Chronicle*). There are now, and have been for many years, a dozen Sunday papers in London. Three are owned by proprietors of morning and evening journals; three are devoted almost exclusively to a record of Saturday's news; one is given up to sporting and theatrical matters. Where, then, was the innovation? The *Daily Mail* and the *Daily Telegraph* gave a more attractive and better record of news on Sunday than any of the other journals. Why, then, did they fail when the less fit, from a journalistic point of view, are allowed to survive, and without a protest?

The object of the proprietor of the *Daily Mail* and the *Daily Telegraph* was to produce papers which contained full and entertaining accounts of Saturday's news, together with matter of general interest. They were illustrated; they included a page for women, a page was devoted to literature, some of the leading writers of the day were among the contributors, and a sermon was given as a hostage to Sabatarian feeling. They were much better than any of the week-day issues, and, produced on any other day but Sunday, would have added to the reputation of the papers and increased their circulation. But the spiritual, religious, and moral forces, at once brought into play to destroy them, considered that the more attractive and entertaining these papers were, the more dangerous they became; the people who started the campaign against them, on moral and humanitarian grounds, foresaw the consequences of success. They regarded a Sunday paper issued as a regular part of a daily paper as a demoralizing institution, which, once established, would revolutionize not journalism alone but life in England.

There had never been such a spontaneous, united, and vigorous outburst of public opinion, such a revolt of the national conscience. All churches and chapels were at one in condemning the seven-day journalism; all religious and reform associations raised protests, town councils passed resolutions against the system, and labor organizations stood up for the day's rest in seven, which they saw menaced by the new development. Petitions rolled into the offending papers from all quarters. The News Agents' Society presented a national petition to Parliament, and a national protest committee was formed, with the Archbishop of Canterbury—the head of the church—as chairman. The whole religious, spiritual, moral, civic, and labor forces of the country were in line, and it was easy to foresee that their influence would prove irresistible. But, even in face of these formidable forces, the new Sunday papers continued to appear and apologize for their existence. Neither of the two would give way first, and as they were not on speaking terms, negotiation was impossible. After Lord Rosebery had appealed to them to call a "truce with God," they persisted in their wickedness. Questions were asked in Parliament, and a deputation was sent to the home secretary, who deplored "the unfortunate departure," and regretted that Parliament could not stop it.

In the meantime, however, a weapon of tremendous import, when national sentiment is behind it, was brought into play and used with startling effect. This was the boycott. To punish the *Mail* and the *Telegraph* for publishing a seventh-day edition, the people ceased to buy the six-days issues. Every publication issued from the offices of the offending journals—and the proprietor of the *Mail* owns twenty publications—was boycotted. The boycott was preached in the press and from the pulpit. Sunday-school superintendents, Young Men's Christian Associations, religious bodies—as congregations and in conferences—all joined in the boycott. The *Daily Mail* and the *Daily Telegraph* were banished from free libraries. News agents pushed the sale of rival papers. There was absolute unity of action although all sections of public opinion were not animated by the same motives. The *Mail* and the *Telegraph* each boasted of having the largest circulation in the world. The sale of the *Mail* is half a million daily; the circulation of the *Telegraph* is much less, although it maintains its boast without backing it up by figures. The boycott soon made the circulation drop. It would soon have become a question whether the *Mail* and the *Telegraph* were to ruin themselves by trying to publish papers which were not wanted; but what hastened the end of the Sunday editions was a still more destructive form of boycott. Advertisers began to withdraw their advertisements from the *Telegraph* and the *Mail*, and the latter allied publications. A petition was got up from advertisers in the papers, declaring that all their advertisements would be withdrawn unless the Sunday editions ceased. The advertisers, in their petition, said that "seven-day journalism is calculated to revolutionize the industrial life of the country by adding another working-day to the week, and by depriving all concerned in the production and distribution of the papers of their one day of rest, and is, therefore, fraught with incalculable mischief to the industry, moral character and strength of our countrymen."

The rest is soon told; there was no alternative for the Sunday papers but to succumb. Nothing became the Sunday *Mail* so well as its valedictory address, in which it acknowledged that its death was a frank submission to the religious feeling of the country. The other died grudgingly, without a word of farewell, a week later. Never before had the boycott been used on so large a scale, or with such deadly effect in England; never had the people score such a splendid triumph in a sacred cause. The victory was not so much against Sunday papers in themselves as against seven-day journalism; not so much against that, even, as the other evils and demoralizing, secularizing influences the would have inevitably followed. As it is, no daily paper in England will again try to issue a Sunday edition.—*Outlook*

LONDON GRACE AND PARIS BEAUTY.

Elizabeth Miller Writes of Rival Standards—French Ideals of the Feminine Form—The Influence of Parisian Corsets—The Army and Navy Stores.

A year's residence in the French capital "makes one's eye" to the Parisienne's contours, so that on coming to the 'cross-channel metropolis one is apt to draw comparisons not in the favor of the Londonienne. I speak of the rank and file one sees on the street. On the stage I am ready to admit that there are some fine specimens of British womanhood—face, figure, and voice; the latter especially—each good of its kind. This impression was deepened the other night, listening to Violet Vanhugh as Lady Winifred in "Hearts are Trumps," Cecil Raleigh's play, that is being so successfully given at Drury Lane Theatre. Miss Vanhugh knows how to manage her long limbs with unequalled grace—a feat in this day of *jupes plates* and no petticoats so unbecoming as a rule to the board-like English girl. The same verdict can be pronounced on Mrs. Langtry and Lily Hanbury in Sydney Grundy's "The Degenerates," at the Garrick Theatre.

Concerning the question of the English *versus* the French figure, my own preference is decidedly for the latter. To what are her graceful curves due? Is she what she is because Frenchmen wish her so? One has the government one desires, so why not the figure? Or have artists made her come up to their ideal? Is it a process of natural selection, or is it prosaically due to the made-to-measure stays she wears? I am inclined to the latter theory. Wandering the other day through the colonial sections of the Earl's Court Exhibition, we came upon a glass case full of monstrosities that hailed from New South Wales. They looked like it; corsets on lay figures that seemed to have taken a hoar-constrictor as a model; a preposterous elongation of the body, with no development either above or below the waist—things that would give you bad dreams and make you forswear further acquaintance with Antipodean beauties if that was their style. I was reminded of a fondly loved black-and-tan dog, originally a small pet, whose skin in the process of stuffing was elongated into a veritable sofa.

But are you aware—leaving the misguided Australians to their exotic tastes—that a German has undertaken the rehabilitation of the corset? And a German physician into the bargain! Difficult to account for, is it not? This is the way it came about. Dr. Schlauz, until now a sworn enemy of the compressing steel and whalebone, had his eyes opened to the truth at—not a medical congress—but a painting exhibition. Studying the Lucas Cranach paintings on view at Dresden lately, he discovered that all the old master's women—Our Ladies, Venuses, and *bourgeoises* alike—had round backs. The reasoning Teutonic mind inquired why? If the faithful painter painted his heroines with this distressing flexion of the spinal column, it was because his models all possessed it. And Cranach is not the only painter whose women exhibit the deformity in question; the fair ones of his contemporaries are equally afflicted. If Albrecht Dürer's Adam is as straight as a pine, his Eve is as crooked as an interrogation point. The German thinker immediately set about constructing a hypothesis, as all well-inclined Germans naturally would do in his case. Cranach and Dürer's sitters must have been round-shouldered and round-backed, because the costume of their day failed to afford proper support to the trunk.

The theory once established, he determined to verify it. His profound studies on the conformation of the feminine torso at all ages and in all societies brought him to the conclusion that it is to the corset that woman owes her actual straight back. All honor, therefore, to the much decried article of torture. Somewhere or other Ernest Renan has spoken magnificently of the dressmaker; she collaborates, he says, in the divine work—the creation of beauty—by helping pretty women to enhance their charms, and ugly ones to conceal their defects. What shall we say of the *corsetière*, if Dr. Schlauz's investigations really have a scientific hearing? Do our women want to have the round back of Dürer's Eve, or the straight one of Herkomer's "Beautiful Miss Grant"? Would we rather look like the pretty women of the fourteenth, or of the eighteenth century? I ask this question with a vivid sense of anathemas about to be hurled at me by the Jenness-Millers of two hemispheres.

Have you heard of the scoffing foreigner who insisted that in the tall and angular frames of the *blondes filles d'Albion* he had found the "Wooden Walls of England" vaunted in the patriotic song? The sons of these women are fine specimens, that must be granted. At the same time something will have to be done to keep down the size of the present generation of young Englishwomen. In a day spent last week at that fascinating place, the Army and Navy Stores, I felt that Britain's forces ought to be recruited from the feminine population. For such an array of six-foot girls never before crossed my retina. One has a sort of feeling, from the name of the establishment, that one ought to encounter quantities of red coats and gold lace. Not a hit of it. The old Anglo-Indians laying in their supplies of curries and mango-chutneys jealously disguise their identity so as to throw the curious off the scent. I pointed out a very trampish-looking elderly man to a friend: "I am sure he is a distinguished personage; look at the outrageous fit of that shooting-coat, and the coarseness of his tweeds, and the thickness of his hoot-soles—" "Yes; and the color of his face"—for British raw-heef complexion struggled for the mastery with the remains of a hot-weather liver, producing an interesting mottled red and yellow, suggestive of Sienna marble. My diagnosis was confirmed when the shopman murmured, in a *pénètre* voice, to a fellow-employee: "Mind you have a good assortment of rock-crystal vinaigrettes for General R—," mentioning a name well known in military circles; "he is coming back to-morrow."

It is amusing to note how quickly one falls into the ways of a country. After a month in England one would as soon think of going without one's five-o'clock tea as of one's ice-cream soda on a New York July day. It does not in the least matter where you are, nor what you are doing, your tea you must have at any cost. The good shops vie with one another in providing artistic tea-rooms. I know none that are more amusing—though some are smarter—than those at the Army and Navy Coöperative. They are stormed from four o'clock on, when toasted muffins are announced. One feature of the shoppers here is their universal upper-class look. In this country where everybody is ticketed, labeled, and pigeon-holed, there is no danger of the "lower middle-class" invading the highly respectable portals of the Coöperative. To be sure, members and stockholders can and do give their card and number to friends. But no one below a certain recognized rank would dare to ask for such a favor. So no one ever sees in the Victoria Street heehive the proletariat that daily besiege the Louvre, the Bon Marché, or Whiteley's, making the air thick and locomotion difficult. "Store prices" do not seem to me to differ remarkably from non-store prices. But one has a sense of confidence in the wares one gets: "good value," as the shopman will assure you. You can furnish a house or fit yourself out for an expedition into the heart of Thihet equally well here. But to feminine eyes and purses the most attractive rooms are the Oriental ones with their Benares hrasses, Cingalese carvings, and Kashmir hangings.

In fact, the better one knows London, the more convinced one becomes that it is the world's mart. *Bibelots* that you have picked up in remote regions of the East and West and imagined *indit*, you can find on inquiry in some shop of the metropolis. The Californian can eat luscious Bartlett pears at threepence apiece at a fashionable West-End fruiterer's. The Southerner can delight in "roastin' ears" at sixpence a brace at the same shop. The only dish I have not yet run down is chicken *tamales*. But, I dare say, if one knew where to go—to the Mexican quarter—one could revel in them. American sweets are tremendously popular. Fuller has houses that wave the Stars and Stripes in every smart street, even in quiet New Court, opposite the Rothschild bank, away down in the thronged city. One wonders that Huyler is not represented here—it is only a question of time.

LONDON, October 17, 1899.

ELIZABETH MILLER.

KIPLING'S LATEST POEM.

"The Absent-Minded Beggar."

(A contribution to the cause of soldiers' families.)

(Mrs. Beerholm Tree is nightly reciting this poem at the Palace Music Hall in London, receiving five hundred dollars a week for her services and contributing this to the soldiers' fund. On Thursday night of last week her plea, "Pay, Pay, Pay," met with such a warm response that she was almost driven from the stage by the hail of silver thrown by the enthusiastic audience.—*ENDS.*)

When you've shouted "Rule Britannia," when you've sung "God Save the Queen,"

When you've finished killing Kruger with your mouth,
Will you kindly drop a shilling in my little tambourine
For a gentleman in khaki ordered South?

He's an absent-minded beggar and his weaknesses are great.

But we and Paul must take him as we find him:

He is out on active service vixing something off a slate,
And he's left a lot o' little things behind him.

Duke's son—cook's son—son of a hundred kings,
(Fifty thousand horse and foot going to Table Bay).

Each of 'em doing his country's work (and who's to look
after their things?)

Pass the hat for your credit's sake and pay—pay—pay!

There are girls he married secret, asking no permission to,

For he knew he wouldn't get it if he did:

There is gas and coals and vittles and the house-rent falling due,
And it's more than rather likely there's a kid.

There are girls he walked with casual; they'll be sorry now he's gone.

For an absent-minded beggar they will find him;

But it ain't the time for sermons with the winter coming on—

We must help the girl that Tommy's left behind him.

Cook's son—Duke's son—son of a belted Earl.

Son of a Lambeth publican—it's all the same to-day:

Each of 'em doing his country's work (and who's to look
after the girl?)

Pass the hat for your credit's sake and pay—pay—pay!

There are families by thousands far too proud to beg or speak,

And they'll put their sticks and bedding up the spout.

And they'll live on half o' nothing paid 'em punctual once a week,
'Cause the man that earned the wage is ordered out.

He's an absent-minded beggar, but he heard his country's call,

And his regiment didn't need to send to find him.

He chucked his job and joined it—so the job before us all

Is to help the home that Tommy's left behind him.

Duke's job—cook's job—gardener, haronet, groom—

Mews or palace or paper-shop—there's some one gone away.

Each of 'em doing his country's work (and who's to look
after the room?)

Pass the hat for your credit's sake and pay—pay—pay!

Let us manage so as later we can look him in the face

And tell him—what he'd very much prefer—

That while he saved the empire his employer saved his place,
And his mates (that's you and me) looked out for her.

He's an absent-minded beggar, and he may forget it all;

But we do not want his kiddies to remind him

That we sent 'em to the work-house while their daddy hammered Paul.

So we'll help the home that Tommy's left behind him.

Cook's home—Duke's home—home of a millionaire—

(Fifty thousand horse and foot going to Table Bay),

Each of 'em doing his country's work (and what have you
got to spare?)

Pass the hat for your credit's sake and pay—pay—pay!

(Copyright, 1899, by the London Daily Mail.)

A Boston dispatch to the New York *Times* states that at a session of the Universalist Conference in that city, on October 25th, the Rev. Dr. Powers, of New York, moved the following resolution: "Resolved, That we believe that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." [Laughter and applause.] He also proposed that a copy of the resolution be forwarded to President McKinley.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Alice Serher, of New York, the first woman granted the privilege of practicing in the United States District Court, is a Russian by birth.

Cardinal Moran, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Sydney, is an up-to-date prelate. The angelus bell of his cathedral is now rung by electricity.

King Oscar has signed the decree that gives Norway a new national flag, on the ground that he was obliged to by the constitution, the Storting having passed the measure three times.

Duluth has been added to the list of cities receiving from Mr. Carnegie gifts for the erection of free public libraries. The sum is fifty thousand dollars, to be expended upon a building, provided that the city gives a satisfactory site for it.

M. Pia-Makhiohi, preceptor of the young Prince Chakrahoo of Siam, who is at present studying in St. Petersburg as a member of the Czar's corps of pages, has been appointed envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of Siam at the Russian court.

Ladysmith is called after the wife of Sir Harry Smith, formerly commanding general in South Africa. She was a Spanish girl, to whom the general gave protection, when he was a subaltern in the Peninsular War, and who subsequently married him. Harris Smith is named after her husband.

Brigadier-General Frederick Funston has ordered his Topeka attorneys to bring proceedings against Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, for criminal libel, because of a statement attributed to the archbishop, in a recent interview, that General Funston had taken chalice from Catholic churches in the Philippines and sent them home to his wife.

General Maximo Gomez has collected a very large quantity of manuscript treating of the warfare in Cuba from 1868 to the present time, which he regards as his greatest treasure. Of late he has been going carefully through his diaries and papers, arranging all data bearing upon the subject, with the view of writing a history of the revolution, as he has known it internally and externally.

Miss L. Perine, the present owner of the house in Ripon, Wis., in which, it is claimed, the name "Republican" was first used as applied to the present party by a small company assembled there, has offered to sell the structure to the Wisconsin State Historical Society. The society, however, is without sufficient funds to accept the offer. The building was originally a school-house, and was altered into a dwelling-house. It was at one time owned by ex-Governor Peck, of Wisconsin.

Captain Ernest Andrée, of Sweden, brother of the missing explorer, in a letter to a friend in Mobile, shows that he has by no means given up hope of the explorer's safe return. The balloon, he thinks, may have come down in the unexplored region north of Alaska and the Parry Islands, from the remote parts of which a journey to these islands might consume two years, while another year might be added before a traveler following that route could communicate with civilization.

George Bartle, for nearly half a century the keeper of the great seal of the United States in the State Department, died at his home in Washington, D. C., on October 29th. He was eighty-five years old and had been in feeble health for more than a year. Mr. Bartle was born at Alexandria, September 24, 1814, and on the day of his birth the British fleet, which had partially destroyed the Capitol and the White House, sailed down the Potomac past his home. Under the administration of President Polk he was appointed an assistant-messenger in the State Department by James Buchanan, then Secretary of State. In 1852 he was appointed custodian of the great seal.

A prize of twenty thousand dollars will be given by three Parisian women to the inventor of the best device for saving life at sea. These women are Mme. Gustave Richelot, Mme. George Osteimer, and Mme. Gustave Paraf; and it is their earnest desire that Americans should enter the competition, while, through Commissioner-General Peck, they have requested the United States Navy Department to name an officer as member of the board of judges, who, it is probable, will be the naval *attaché* at Paris. This prize is in memory of the late Mr. and Mrs. Anthony J. Pollock, of Washington, D. C., who were lost at sea on the ill-fated *Bourgoigne* last summer. They were old residents of the capital, where they had many warm friends, and it is their nieces and heirs-at-law who take this philanthropic way of commemorating their loss.

The fact that the Czar has not yet acknowledged the morganatic wife of Grand Duke George, the late Czarowitz, is reviving the old story of the estrangement between the late heir to the throne and his mother, the Dowager-Czarina. The sad romance of the young Czarowitz has always been an open secret in court circles. It was during a visit to the Duke Constantine of Oldenburg that his imperial highness met his fate in the person of a beautiful young girl, the daughter of a Mingrelian princely family. An appeal to the late Czar was made, and before his death he gave his consent to the marriage. At the same time he gave the estate of Ahhas-Tuman to Grand Duke George and his heirs. On the death of the Czar the Dowager-Czarina exerted all her influence to prevent the publication of the marriage, and, it is said, even tried to persuade the Czarowitz to leave his wife. The Czarowitz, however, still clung to the young wife, thus widening the breach with his mother, and he died without its being healed. He retired more and more from court life, and gave his time to Ahhas-Tuman and his wife and children. Of the latter he had three. The wife was prostrated by his sudden death by the road-side, and still remains in the place where she was so happy waiting for recognition from the Russian sovereign.

A BRAVE VIRGINIAN.

The Career of Henry A. Wise, Orator, Statesman, Diplomat, and Soldier—Memories of Jackson at the "Hermitage"—The Graves-Cillely Duel—Against Secession.

The story of the career of one of Virginia's most brilliant sons is told in "The Life of Henry A. Wise," by his grandson, the late Barton H. Wise. Its pictures of the times, beginning with the early years of the century, its descriptions of historical events and characters, are well done, and there is no lapse of interest from the opening chapter. Six generations of the Wise family had lived upon the acres near the Maryland boundary which came by inheritance to Henry A. Wise, and although, for a time, he left that region, he returned to it with increased affection for the soil of his native State.

The boy at an early age had an opportunity to see and bear one of the great leaders of the young republic:

While Wise was a student at Washington College, in the fall of 1824, General Jackson was on his way to attend Congress, where the House of Representatives was to decide his success or defeat as a Presidential candidate, and traveled on horseback from Wheeling, via the Cumberland road, passing the little town en route to the capital of the same name. The populace flocked to see the hero, and among the hero-worshippers who crowded around him was the eminent and excellent Andrew Wylie, D. D., president of the college. Dr. Wylie made the remark to him that he had no apprehension about the certainty of his being chosen by the House of Representatives, unless Congress was corrupted or heguled by factious intrigues. Immediately General Jackson replied with flashing spirit, "Sir, no people ever lost their liberties unless they themselves first became corrupt. Our people are not yet, if they ever will be, corrupt; and the Congress does not decide this obligation by the intrigues of corruption, for the fear of their sovereigns, the people. The people are the safeguard of their own liberties, and I rely wholly on them to guard themselves. They will correct any outrage upon the political purity by Congress; and if they do not, now or ever, then they will become the slaves of Congress and its political corruption."

How General Jackson entertained is described in the account of Wise's wedding:

From Baltimore he drove in a one-horse gig, with a little hair trunk tied up behind by way of baggage; and his money, consisting of about eight hundred dollars, was carried in a belt around his waist, which caused him to arrive in Nashville considerably chafed at the end of the month's trip. On the eighth of October, 1828, the marriage took place, and the day following the wedding-party repaired to the "Hermitage" as the guest of General Jackson, who was a warm friend as well as parishioner of the Rev. Dr. Jennings, the father of the bride. The bridesmaids and groomsmen went on horseback, and the bride and groom in the gig. "We arrived at the 'Hermitage' to dinner," says Wise, "and were shown to a bridal chamber magnificently furnished with articles which were the rich and costly presents of the city of New Orleans to its noble defender. Had we not seen General Jackson before, we would have taken him for a visitor, not the host of the mansion. . . . He did not sit at the head of his table but mingled with his guests, and always preferred a seat between two ladies, obviously seeking a chair between different ones at various times. He was very easy and graceful in his attentions; free and often playful, but always dignified and earnest in his conversation."

Continuing his account of this memorable visit, Wise says:

The cost of the coming Presidency was even then very great and burdensome; but the general showed no sign of impatience, and was alive and active in his attentions to all comers and goers. He affected no style and put on no airs of greatness, but was plain and simple, though impulsively polite to all. Among the household at the "Hermitage" were several of Mrs. Jackson's family, Judge Overton, an intimate friend of the general's, and Henry Lee, half-brother of General Robert E. Lee, who resided there at the time, and was engaged in preparing Jackson's campaign papers. After a delightful visit of a few days the young couple returned to Nashville, where they made their home with Dr. Jennings, and Wise began the practice of law.

A year later Wise made a trip westward, with the intention of purchasing a plantation, giving these reasons in a letter to a friend:

"I may say, without a particular detail of circumstances, that I find it absolutely necessary to bring my slaves to this cotton country, and most advisable to settle them immediately on a plantation of my own, in order to assist my quota of fees in the profession in defraying the exorbitant expenses of this very fashionably extravagant city." [Nashville was at that date a town of four or five thousand inhabitants.] He visited the country bordering on the Mississippi, in the neighborhood of what he describes as "a very flourishing town called Memphis," and was on the eve of purchasing a rich tract of land, consisting of six hundred and fifty acres, for two thousand dollars. It was his intention to bring his slaves from "the old, worn-out sand-banks of the Mother of the Union" and settle them here, to plant cotton, and he expected to induce his brother-in-law, Tully R. Wise, to come out and take charge of the plantation for him while he remained in Nashville. The profits arising from cotton-planting in a new country, and the natural increase in a body of slaves, were very large, and Wise had high expectations; but his project was abandoned.

He returned to Accomack with his wife in 1830, and began his law practice amid the scenes of his boyhood:

"Such a lawyer," as said a distinguished jurist of our day [John Randolph Tucker], "lived upon his farm, which he cultivated, and attended the courts, without any strict devotion to business in his office. His library was not measured by the number but by the weight of his books. He read and mastered Bracton, Coke, Hale, and Blackstone. His reports were few—My Lord Coke's, Salkeld, Saunders, Atkyns's Equity Cases, and the like. He read history much and studied the human heart profoundly. Amid the mountains, hills, valleys, forests, and fields about his country home, he meditated much upon natural law. The principles of right and justice, implanted in the instincts of our nature and deducible from observation and experience, he evolved from his own native intuitions and reason. He wrought out by original thought what law ought to be, without learning much from the decisions of the judges, and thus, in ninety-nine cases in a hundred, he found what was the law in any special controversy. . . . The law he learned was that whose 'seat' is in the bosom of God, and whose voice is the harmony of the world."

Wise had early demonstrated his possession of oratorical powers, winning prizes at college and in debating societies, and before he was twenty delivering an impassioned speech from the hustings in advocacy of the election of "Old Hickory." He delivered the address at the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Jamestown, in his own congressional district, in which he used these words:

"Here the Old World first met the New. Here the white man first met the red, for settlement and colonization. Here the white man first wielded the axe to cut the first tree for the first log cabin. Here the first log cabin was built for the first village. Here the first village was to be the first State capital. Here was the first capital of our new State—here was the very foundation of a nation of freemen which has stretched its dominion and its millions across the continent to the shores of another ocean. Go to the Pacific now, to measure the progress and power of a great people!"

His first entry as a candidate in the field of politics was in 1833, when Richard Coke, of Williamsburg, the member of Congress for the district, asked reflection and openly espoused the South Carolina doctrine of nullification. Wise was induced to oppose him, and a bitter campaign resulted. Coke was defeated, and forced a duel upon Wise two years afterward for statements made during the campaign. The account of the affair given by Wise closes as follows:

"It will give me no more relief from anxiety and concern on my account than yourself to be informed that I have fought Coke and escaped unhurt. I wounded him through the right elbow-joint, the hall passio to the centre of his side, but not quite through his side. It raised a contusion, however, and cut the skin on a rib opposite his heart. He will soon recover, and I thank God sincerely that I did not kill him."

The two afterward became close friends:

After this exchange of shots the parties shook hands and the affair ended. Coke opposed Wise during the succeeding congressional campaign, but during the canvass announced his withdrawal, and ever afterward voted for Wise, and also visited him at his home.

It was a notable session in which Wise made his first acquaintance with the House of Representatives:

During the month of December, 1833, Wise took his seat as a member of the Twenty-Third Congress, a body which, as Parton observes, owing to the number of distinguished men it contained, has been called the "Star Congress." In the Senate sat Webster, Clay, and Calhoun, the great triumvirate, besides a number of other lights of scarcely less magnitude; while among the members of the House were John Quincy Adams, the "old man eloquent," Pierce, Choate, Cambreleng, Fillmore, McDuffie, Polk, Corwin, and Ewing. "Of the members of this Congress," says Parton, "five have been President; five Vice-President; eight Secretaries of State; twenty-five governors of a State." Wise was just twenty-seven years of age when he qualified as a member of the House, and his clean-shaven face and slender frame gave him an exceedingly boyish appearance, and Hambleton relates that when John Y. Mason introduced him to the Speaker, Andrew Stevenson, to take the oath, the latter inquired, "Where is Mr. Wise?" Mr. Wise was then standing before him, whom he took to be one of the pages of the House. Mr. Mason whispered to the Speaker and told him that was the gentleman to whom he had just been introduced. "The Speaker," continues Hambleton, "smiled and presented the Bible with a pleasant remark about his youthful appearance."

The young congressman soon gave evidence of his independence and fearlessness:

Prior to the assembling of the Twenty-Third Congress, and just after his second election, Jackson, in pursuance of his declared hostility to the Bank of the United States—the charter of which was to expire in 1836—had ordered the removal of the deposits, amounting to something like ten millions of dollars, which were transferred to the "pet" banks, as they were called. The withdrawal of this large sum necessarily compelled the bank to curtail its loans, in like proportions, and caused a stringency, almost amounting to a panic, in the money market. This act of executive usurpation, as many considered it, alienated from Jackson the support of seventeen Democrats in the House, besides several in the Senate, who, on account of their peculiar situation—acting neither with the administration nor the Federal opposition—were designated the "Awkward Squad." Among this number was Wise, whose maiden effort upon the floor of the House was an argument in favor of the restoration of the deposits and of a national bank, which last he considered as the best agency to secure to the country a safe and uniform currency.

It was in the year 1838 that Wise seriously compromised his reputation by acting as second to William J. Graves in his duel with Jonathan Cilley, which resulted in the death of the latter. The preliminary note from Graves to Cilley, which was so framed that it forced the duel and the challenge itself, had been drafted by Henry Clay. But, as Wise, acting against his own better judgment, had arranged the actual preliminaries of the duel, the public held him to account for its unfortunate termination:

Cordial political relations existed at the time between Clay and Wise, and the friends of the former were very anxious lest the part he had taken in the affair should be disclosed in the public prints, and mar his chances for the Presidency. Several years afterward, Wise wrote: "Mr. Clay's friends particularly were very anxious, for obvious reasons, not to involve his name in the affair. Thus many confidential facts remained unknown on both sides. Mr. Clay himself, it is true, while all his friends were trembling lest the part he took in it should be disclosed, boldly came to me and said: 'Sir, it is a misadventure! bubble! If they want to know what I did in the matter, tell them to call me before them, and I will tell them!' This excited my admiration at the time, and was effectual to prevent me from unnecessarily bringing his name before the committee."

The facts finally came out, and had an influence great enough to change the result of a national election:

For several years succeeding the duel Wise continued to hear the opprobrium visited upon him, until early in 1842, during a debate in the House of Representatives upon the resolution to censure John Quincy Adams for presenting a petition of certain citizens of Massachusetts praying for the dissolution of the Union, Adams, in a bitter personal attack on Wise, alluded to his connection with the duel, and declared that he had come into that hall "with his hands dripping with human gore, and a blotch of human blood upon his face." Wise replied that "the charge was as base and black a lie as the traitor was base and black who uttered it." Wise, whose relations with Clay were no longer friendly, published the circumstances of the duel in the *Madisonian* and *Intelligencer*, and called on Clay to declare the part which he had taken in it. This the latter admitted, in a letter over his signature, which was made use of by the New England Democratic press in the ensuing Presidential campaign, and was instrumental in defeating him.

Henry Clay had his revenge when, in 1843, President Tyler nominated Wise as minister to France. Largely through Clay's influence the nomination was rejected in the Senate. Wise was afterward made minister to Brazil, the opposition in the Senate being silenced by Senator Archer, of Virginia, himself a Whig.

Wise's greatest personal triumph was in 1855, when he ran for governor of Virginia on an "Anti-Know-nothing" platform. Toward the close of his term occurred the seizure of Harper's Ferry by John Brown, the capture of that fanatic, and his execution on December 2, 1859. Wise visited Brown in prison, and conceived a great respect and admiration for the dauntless old hero, but he did not consider him a fit subject for executive clemency.

In February, 1861, he was a member of the State convention, where he used all his influence to secure a compromise and a peaceable adjustment with the seceded States. When Virginia, however, joined the seceders he threw himself, with all his old energy, into the Southern cause. He was appointed brigadier-general, but was defeated by General Cox in the Kanawha Valley, and again by Burnside at Roanoke Island, N. C. After the war he resumed the practice of his profession, and died peacefully in Richmond, Va., on September 12, 1876.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$3.00.

A LITERARY CONVULSION.

New Blood in New York's Most Conservative Publishing House—S. S. McClure Enters Harper & Brothers—Effects of the Change.

Did you ever read Howells's "Hazard of New Fortunes"? If you have done so, you must remember Fulkerson. Basil March is the hero of the story, an insurance clerk with literary leanings, and to him comes the literary *entrepreneur*, Fulkerson, who has made money by buying articles from writers and peddling them out to a syndicate of newspapers, with a scheme of starting a new periodical, to be called *Every Other Week*, in which the syndicate principle shall be extended so that each contributor is to be paid a certain sum down for his stories or what not and also to receive a royalty on the cooperative plan. He wants, and eventually secures, March as editor.

Fulkerson was modeled on S. S. McClure, the moving partner in the young firm of Doubleday & McClure, who have recently formed a combination with the old publishing house of Harper & Brothers. Robert Louis Stevenson, who had had dealings with McClure, also put him in a novel, but if you wish to know S. S. McClure you should read of Fulkerson in "A Hazard of New Fortunes." He is there shown to be the embodiment of American snap and energy in the commercial way, as full of schemes as the immortal Colonel Sellers, but with this difference, that his schemes are practicable and actually produce the millions that are in them.

How he began life I do not know, but he first came into prominence about fourteen years ago in the fields of literary commerce. The first men to purchase articles from writers and farm them out to a number of periodicals were Tillotson & Son, of London. They could pay twenty-five dollars for an article and sell it to a dozen different papers, in as many different parts of the country, collecting five dollars from each of them, and make a handsome profit. The author was better paid, the papers got good matter at cheaper rates, and everybody was benefited—except the other authors who could not sell their productions. The business thrived, and other men began to conduct newspaper syndicates, McClure among them. He had the *flair*, the sense of news, and knew what to buy and where to sell it. With the profits of his syndicate he started *McClure's Monthly* something more than half a dozen years ago, using chiefly his syndicate matter in it, and later confining its contents to articles that were published nowhere else in the United States. It is unnecessary to tell you here that it has been astonishingly successful. Mr. McClure has brought to its management a business acumen that would have made him a railroad president by now, had he chosen that field of industry, and I am convinced that it is paying him an income beside which that of many a railroad president would seem almost insignificant.

But there were other profits for the merchant in literary wares besides those of the literary agent and magazine proprietor, and Mr. McClure has reached out for them. First he made a combination with a bookseller named Doubleday, forming the publishing firm of Doubleday & McClure, which is publishing most of the writings of Rudyard Kipling and several other authors of note and popularity, and now he has secured a large, if not a controlling interest in the best established and most conservative publishing house in the United States, that of Harper & Brothers.

There is a rumor that Mr. McClure has gained the ear of J. Pierpont Morgan and persuaded him to back up the new enterprise with some two or three millions of dollars of capital. Whether this be true or not I do not know. It has been formally negated by members of the firm of Harper & Brothers, but, on the other hand, it is confidently asserted that Mr. McIlvane, a nephew of Mr. Morgan, is vice-president of the London branch of Harper & Brothers, and that this would furnish a reason for Mr. Morgan's venture into the fields of publishing. In any case, Mr. McClure is now a potent factor in the various enterprises of Harper & Brothers, and many changes have taken place in the personnel of the Harper staff and its publications, with the probability of more to follow.

John W. Harper remains the president of the concern, the only one of the older generation who is still actively connected with the business. John Harper, the second vice-president, retires, and so does Franklin Harper, who had charge of the subscription lists. These two, sons of Joseph Abner Harper, who retired some years ago, are the only retiring members of the late firm. J. Henry Harper remains vice-president. Henry Sleeper Harper is still treasurer, Horatio L. Harper is manager of the book and periodical-making branch, James Harper and William Armitage Harper look to the correspondence, Joseph Harper, Jr., is the buyer, and Fletcher Harper, who succeeded McVickar as head of the London branch, is now back in this country, associated with Walter H. Page, former editor of the *Atlantic*, preparing a new encyclopedia.

The only change in the old firm's business which the public has yet seen is the discontinuation of *Harper's Round Table*. Albert Lee, its editor, is rumored to be the editor of a new monthly to be called the *Franklin Square*. Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster is no longer editor of the *Bazar*, J. H. Sears succeeding her, but she will still write for the Harpers, and is also engaged to contribute to the *Ladies' Home Journal* and the *Christian Herald*. Henry Loomis Nelson has yielded the editorial chair of *Harper's Weekly* to Henry G. Paine. Finally, several of the McClure writers—"skilled artisans in the McClure literary foundry," James L. Ford used to call them—have been moved over to Franklin Square, and Mrs. Isobel Strong—whose clever letters to the *Argonaut* from this city I have thoroughly enjoyed—is to have an editorial position where her own excellent taste and the training she must have received in her relations with her late step-father, Robert Louis Stevenson, will doubtless militate to the advantage of the new firm's clientele.

NEW YORK, November 2, 1899.

FLANEUR.

WIVES OF WELL-KNOWN AUTHORS.

Some of Them Are Gifted Writers, Content to Remain Modestly in the Background.

While the world knows all that is to be known of its great writers, it knows practically nothing of the wives who have shared their struggles and anxieties, and who have inspired much of their best work (says London *Tit-Bits*).

Few writers have been more loyally and sympathetically sustained in their work than Rider Haggard, who married the winsome daughter of Major Margitson, a Norfolk neighbor, when he was a strippling of twenty-four, without any thought of literary fame. The wooing and wedding were the episode of a short holiday; and he took his brave young wife to Natal to share with him the exciting and dangerous times that led to the crowning disaster of Majuba Hill. Those were days of terrible suspense for the young wife, for she lived amid daily alarms, and actually heard from her homestead the sounds of battle from Majuba Hill. No contrast could be greater than between those early days of danger and the quiet of her Norfolk home, to which Mr. Haggard brought her when the war was ended. Here she is ideally happy in the beautiful home of her girlish days, with her husband and children. Mrs. Haggard, who is a woman of considerable personal charms, with brown eyes and hair and gentle features, takes the keenest interest in all her husband's work, has a passion for botany, and is equally fond of horse-riding and travel.

Mrs. Marion Crawford, the daughter of one of the heroes of the Potomac army, is a woman of rare beauty, dark-eyed and golden-haired, with a figure full of grace and statuesque beauty. Before her marriage, Miss Berdan (as she then was) had traveled extensively in Europe, and had been as much of a nomad as her husband. Mrs. Crawford leads an ideal life with her husband in their home overlooking the beautiful Bay of Naples. Her mornings are chiefly spent in driving, riding, and bathing; the afternoons in yachting; and the evenings she devotes first to her children, whom she adores. When the children are in bed, Mr. Crawford generally reads to his wife what he has written during the day, and she criticises it with rare discernment and literary skill. Like many authors, Mr. Crawford draws much of his best inspiration from his wife.

Mrs. Guy Boothby is another wife of rare helpfulness to her husband. To make his work lighter for him she mastered the mysteries of the type-writer, and types her husband's novels as he dictates them. This division of labor accounts very largely for the phenomenal rapidity with which Mr. Boothby produces his books. Mr. and Mrs. Boothby have a charming house at Sunbury, and share the same recreations, from riding and cycling to breeding prize dogs.

Mr. Thomas Hardy, author of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," has found in his wife a literary "helpmeet" almost as gifted as himself. Many of his earlier novels she recopied and dispatched to the publishers; and there is no novel which does not bear some trace of her literary judgment. Mrs. Hardy keeps herself constantly *au courant* of the literature of the day, and her husband vows that she is an "encyclopædia in petticoats." She is also a clever artist, and has painted many pictures in illustration of her husband's novels.

J. M. Barrie, since his marriage with the charming young actress who won his heart in "The Professor's Love Story," finds life much more worth living than "When a Man's Single." Mrs. Barrie does not claim to be literary or to be of much assistance to him in his work; but she has done better work than this in bringing brightness into her husband's life, rubbing the corners off him, and "making a sociable creature of him," instead of the hermit into which he was degenerating.

No author gives a more merited meed of praise to his wife than Mr. "Max O'Rell"; of some literary ability herself, she takes the keenest delight in her husband's work, which it is a labor of love to her to translate into English. She is very jealous of his reputation, and proudly collects all the favorable notices of his books. Mrs. Blouet is a pretty, dark-eyed woman, an ideal housewife and hostess, and loves nothing better than to entertain her husband's many friends in her beautiful home in Acacia Road.

Count Tolstoy has paid some very charming tributes to the unselfish devotion and helpfulness of his wife. It is said that within the first eight years of her married life she made seven copies of her husband's novel, "War and Peace," a work in six volumes; and at the same time, as now, she conducted all her husband's business correspondence. The countess is an unsparing critic, and much of her husband's work has undergone great modification at her suggestion.

These, after all, are but types of many self-effacing wives, without whose inspiration and influence much good work in literature would be lost to the world.

New Publications.

Two essays, first published in the *Century Magazine*, with some additions, make up the volume "Christian Science, and Other Superstitions," by J. M. Buckley. The title gives not only the subject,

but the point of view of the author. Published by the Century Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

"The Return of the Fairies" is a volume of stories for boys and girls, written by Charles J. Bellamy. Published by the Little Folks Publishing Company, Springfield, Mass.

"The Bow-Legged Ghost, and Other Stories," by Leon Mead, is a collection of the author's humorous sketches and poems, and facetious paragraphs. There are many entertaining stories in the book. Published by the Werner Company, Akron, O.; price, \$1.25.

There is too much of trial, sorrow, and theological discussion in "Leo Dayne" to permit one to call it an entertaining story, yet the central figure is an attractive one. The author, Margaret Augusta Kellogg, displays no little skill in her character-drawing. Published by the James H. West Company, Boston.

The selections from Carlyle, Ruskin, Amiel, and Charles Kingsley offered in "Philosophic Nuggets," are choice thoughts that one can hardly know too well. The gatherer, Jeanne G. Pennington, has made a delightful volume of these paragraphs. Published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York; price, 40 cents.

In Appleton's Library of Useful Stories the latest issue is "The Story of the Living Machine," by H. W. Conn, professor of biology in Wesleyan Uni-

versity. The volume is a review of the conclusions of modern biology in regard to the mechanism which controls the phenomena of living activity, and is fully illustrated. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, 40 cents.

Four little volumes, beautifully printed and bound, are the latest issues in the What Is Worth While Series. "Miriam," by Gustav Kobbé; "To Whom Much Is Given," by Lucia Ames Mead; and "His Mother's Portrait" and "How Mr. Rhodda Broke the Spell," by Mark Guy Pearse, are the titles and authors of the four stories. Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price, 35 cents each.

The story Emma Rayner has written with the title "In Castle and Colony," is a stirring romance of New Sweden, as the settlers named the first foothold gained on the soil of Pennsylvania. The action comes through the invasion of the Dutch under Pieter Stuyvesant, and the fortunes of the characters are greatly influenced by the decisions of the director-general. Published by Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.50.

There have been many stories of Christmas time, yet the title "Christmas Stories," seems to belong of right to the great novelist who wrote, with such power to stir men's hearts, of the poor, and of innocent childhood. "Santa Claus's Partner," by Thomas Nelson Page, is a Christmas story, and it deserves to stand with those of Dickens. Its theme

is the same, and the pathos and the gladness of this are as simple and as true. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

A series designed for the use of all who wish to improve their education in any direction without the expense or insistent claims of a college course is the Home Study Circle Series, edited by Seymour Eaton. The first volume, "Literature," presents studies of Burns, Scott, and Byron, with readings from their works. The second volume, "Mathematics," gives elementary courses in mensuration, hinds and estimates, geometrical drawing, algebra, and geometry. Published by the Doubleday & McClure Company, New York; price, \$1.00 each.

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.

LITERARY NOTES.

Anthony Hope's New Story.

After fluttering like a moth in the white light that beats about a throne, Anthony Hope has flown into the very heart of the flame. In "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "Rupert of Hentzau" his hero masqueraded as a king, but in his latest story, "The King's Mirror," it is the ruler by divine right who is the central figure. The book mirrors clearly and unreservedly the thoughts and emotions that stir the royal youth, from his coronation at the tender age of six until he is safely wedded to the mate appointed for him by the councilors of the state.

The purpose of the story is to show the loneliness of those who dwell on the heights, and to this end the author has conceived an almost perfect king. In all his career he forgets the duties of his station only twice—once under the stress of a youth's first passionate love, and again in accepting a challenge to a duel. Even as a little boy, chastised by his stern governess, his kingship seals up the fountain of his tears, and when he is sixteen, and the one friend he has found is taken from him, lest he be contaminated by the other's liberal ideas, he accepts his fate without a murmur. Love, too, he must forego, for the woman whose beauty he adores and whose mind is in sympathy with his own, might wield an influence inimical to the interests of the state.

But this is not all. A king must marry as the interests of his country dictate. From the wild grief of his sister, handed bodily over to a man she has hardly seen before, he first learns the horrors of the marriage for state reasons, but it is in his own case that he realizes them most keenly. The bride appointed for him is a pretty, innocent child, rather awed by his grave manner, but enraptured at the prospect of unlimited pretty frocks and social adulation. At first he can not force himself to arouse in her the love he does not crave, and when at last he does attempt eager wooing he finds that her innocent heart has gone out to another. Still, she is content to be a loveless queen, and he accepts the duty of his station.

There are dramatic scenes in the story—love scenes with the intriguing American countess, gay midnight suppers with a beautiful singer and her admirers, even an early morning duel with a brilliant and sardonic politician. But the figure that remains most clearly in the reader's mind is that of the young king—brilliant, polished, courteous, but always a looker-on at the game of life in which he may not take a part.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Stockton with the Humor Left Out.

"The Vizard of the Two-Horned Alexander" is a most suggestive title for a story, by Frank R. Stockton, conjuring up anticipations of a tale that shall propound some Oriental parable as tantalizing as his "Lady or the Tiger?" But the reader's hopes are doomed to disappointment. The story is flat and unprofitable; full of possibilities in many lines, and worked out advantageously in none.

Briefly, the idea is this: The narrator, a young American returning from Europe, is restrained from taking to the boats, when the steamer collides with a derelict, by a mysterious stranger who has absolute confidence that the wrecked steamer will not sink. They are presently rescued, and when in his home in New York, the stranger relates the story of his life. He had been the vizard of the Two-Horned Alexander, an Oriental potentate who was contemporaneous with the Biblical Abraham, and, having drunk of a spring that gave eternal life, he had continued to be a man of apparently fifty-three years for something like fifty centuries.

Now the mental condition of a man with such a past is pregnant with interesting possibilities, but Mr. Stockton makes him a very ordinary person. He is learned and wise, of course, but his only notable mental peculiarity is a great fear of imprisonment, or of suffering some mutilation that shall make him a cripple through eternity; and even this Mr. Stockton does not develop as it well might be if the humorist were at his best. Again, such a person could have had many thrilling "scapes by flood and field, but this man's adventures are chiefly confined to keeping his skin whole and acquiring a new wife or two to the century. All that the book amounts to, in fact, is a series of shadowy sketches of life in by-gone times and distant countries, in which the great figures of history occasionally appear, though never in a particularly novel light.

Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

An Apprentice in Literature and Love.

The young man who comes up from the country to the city with the manuscript of a novel in his valise is not a new figure in fiction, but rarely is he subject to ordinary trials, and only fairly successful in his quest of fame and fortune. Too frequently his genius is of the superimposed order, his new acquaintances quite removed from classes understood, and his final victory the result of some unusual combination of circumstances. It is a pleasant fact that Brander Matthews has avoided theatrical expedients in "A Confident To-Morrow,"

and in this novel of New York presented a story that is real in characters and incidents, and ideal only in atmosphere and principles. His hero is a young newspaperman, who hopes to find in New York the opportunity to win literary success, but who learns his lesson slowly, and at no stage in his career becomes a proud and happy member of that gay circle of roisters that is invariably discovered in Bohemia.

Mr. Matthews introduces his readers to some interesting people. The young author who has written a novel of city life from knowledge gained while a hack-driver at Narragansett Pier, during his college days, and in two years of newspaper work in Kansas; the successful novelist and man of fashion to whom the beginner brings a letter of introduction; the three girls who admire their father but do not read his books; the artist whose tongue is as ready as his pencil; the old engraver who tries in vain to put his socialistic theories into practice; the engraver's daughter, who is an artist's dream of beauty and yet a real woman—all these are figures that enlist attention and hold it to the end, for they talk and act consistently. There is no lack of incident, the city views are sketched with graphic phrases, and the play of cross-purposes is brought to a happy conclusion. If the story is not strong, it is an entertaining chronicle, and is marked by the grace and sureness of touch which distinguish all of Mr. Matthews's work.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Had it not been for the receipts from "David Harum," which was published by D. Appleton & Co. after the author's death, the late David Noyes Westcott's estate would have yielded nothing for his family. Up to July 3d, however, these receipts exceeded eleven thousand dollars, and much has since been added, so that the three children will live comfortably upon the profits of their father's very successful book.

Paul Bourget is now traveling in the north of Italy, in order personally to gather material to enrich the pages of his new work on "Italie Septentrionale."

The London *Daily Telegraph* has deputed Lionel Decle, the author of "Trooper 3809," to cross Africa from the Cape to Cairo. As it happens, however, Mr. Decle is not going to accumulate information concerning the Boer war; but is to find out what is likely to be the practical value of Mr. Rhodes's transcontinental railway and telegraph lines.

The *Youth's Companion* has secured a new serial by W. D. Howells, to be entitled "A Pocketful of Money." They will also publish Bret Harte's reminiscences of California life entitled "How I Went to the Mines."

"Bleak House," Broadstairs, the favorite seaside home of Charles Dickens, is soon to be sold at auction. The place has not been altered in any way since the novelist left it.

"The Half Back," is the title of Ralph Henry Barbour's story of school, foot-ball, and golf, published by D. Appleton & Co.

The second number of Lady Randolph Churchill's "Anglo-Saxon Review" is on the press. Among the articles therein is one on La Bruyère, by the Earl of Crewe, and in another Lord Lovat describes a journey which he made through Asia. Mr. Stephen Phillips contributes a poem.

Bram Stoker, for many years Sir Henry Irving's right-hand man, has entered the literary arena. His story, "Dracula," which is soon to be brought out in this country, has received a cordial reception in England.

Mme. Sarah Grand's new novel will probably be completed before Christmas. It is said to differ entirely in its tone from "The Heavenly Twins" and "The Beth Book."

Tolstoy's new novel, "The Resurrection," is on sale in London in a strange form. It is issued by the Brotherhood Publishing Company in the form of a collection of tracts. It is unbound, being made up of a parcel of loose leaflets, wrapped in coarse paper and secured by a rubber band. On the cover of each of these smaller packets is a motto text from the New Testament. The different parts of the novel are sold at a penny each.

Frank T. Bullen's recollections of his first four years of sea life has just been brought out by D. Appleton & Co., under the title of "The Log of a Sea Waif."

Morley Roberts's London publisher, Edward Arnold, could not have chosen a more propitious moment in which to bring out the author's new novel, "The Colossus," for in the person of his hero, Eustace Loder, the great "Extender of the Empire in Africa" is so thinly disguised that the *Daily News* has been prompted to review the volume under the punning caption, "The Colossus of Rhodes."

A striking tribute was paid the learned Spanish critic and historian, Dr. Marcelino Menéndez y Pelayo, on the recent occasion of the twentieth anniversary of his appointment to the chair of litera-

ture in the University of Madrid. It consisted of a volume of fifty-seven essays, by admirers of his in his own and other nations, all dedicated to him for the occasion. One of the writers was the Englishman, James Fitzmaurice Kelly, editor of the sumptuous edition of "Don Quixote."

AUTUMN VERSE.

Autumn Leaves.

Precocious children of the town,
Too early in the year you came
To give the chestnut-tree her gown;
Precocious children of the town,
That sought spring skies, through smile and frown—

Your hurried life's dropped, like a flame;
Precocious children of the town,
Too early in the year you came.

For now, while still the country's green,
You strew the pavement—burnt to gold;
Already barren boughs are seen—
For now, while still the country's green,
Lo, brown buds show where you have been—
Poor children dying young—yet old!
For now, while still the country's green,
You strew the pavement—burnt to gold.

Your death's reflected down the street,
In seared young faces—sharp, with care;
Old faces ev'rywhere I meet—
Your death's reflected down the street,
In eyes too anxious to be sweet,
On brows too fervid to be fair;
Your death's reflected down the street,
In seared young faces—sharp, with care.

Sleep, withered leaves, too early sent
To brave this sorry town of ours;
Even in towns Sleep brings content—
Sleep, withered leaves too early sent—
Sleep with those souls too quickly spent
By strain to gain, and use their powers;
Sleep, withered leaves, too early sent
To brave this sorry town of ours.

—Elsie Higginbotham in *Literature*.

Ode to Autumn.

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness!
Close bosom friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;

To bend with apples the moss'd cottage trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel-shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding now
And still more later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For summer has o'erbrimm'd their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drows'd with the fume of poppies, while thy book
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers;
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?

Think not of them, thou hast thy music, too,
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river shallows, borne aloft,
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

—John Keats.

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LITERARY NOTES.

A Rag and a Bone and a Hank of Hair.

To take a quaint legend from the mythology of Japan, and to create its parallel in this nineteenth century, is a daring feat, but John Luther Long has done it, and done it well, in "The Fox-Woman." The fox-woman, be it known, is a beautiful vampire who, having been given no soul, vengefully preys upon and devours the souls of men, and in this story she is realized in the person of a blue-eyed, blonde-tressed young woman from the great country across the west-ocean, America.

Mr. Long will be remembered as the author of "Miss Cherry-Blossom of Tokyo," and in this second story he has even surpassed that exquisite picture of Japanese life and thought. He has taken as the three central figures of his tale a Japanese artist, his pretty little wife, and a gorgeously beautiful American girl. First we see the painter, Marushida, happy in his art and his wife, Jewel. She is exquisitely pretty in body and in mind, and she practices all the arts of the Japanese toilet to enhance the one, while her great love warms and nourishes the other till she is a constant inspiration to him. But in painting his favorite theme on his Satsuma vases—the return of the Sun-Goddess, with the Fox-Woman lurking near—he has always had an unconfessed admiration for the vampire's gorgeous coloring—her purple eyes, her poppy-red lips, her hair like hurnished brass—and when the American girl, embodying these charms, comes into his life, a mad infatuation seizes him, and he forsakes his art, the faith of his fathers, even the love of Jewel.

In the legend the sun-goddess shines with a light from within, while the fox-woman has no soul, and they are paralleled in Jewel and the American girl. The latter amuses herself with the dwarfed artist's adoration as she might with some strangely hideous toy, and even makes him send his dainty wife to be her servant, a degradation no Japanese wife may suffer and retain respect. The artist's very nature is changed under the cruel foreign woman's spell, and it is only at the sight of blood that his reason is restored and he sees how little is left of the great treasure he had had when he attempts again to take up the broken threads of his life.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.25. Jabart

A Monument of Shakespearean Appreciation.

Shakespearean scholars will welcome the recent translation of Dr. George Brandes's great work, "William Shakespeare: A Critical Study," and readers who desire to have a better knowledge of the master's life and works can hardly afford to pass this volume by. The Danish student and critic has accomplished what has rarely been attempted; his study brings out the personality of the poet-dramatist and surveys it in all the light of history shed on his surroundings, his associates, and his times. Dr. Brandes contends that the critics are at fault who assert that they know nothing of the man, having forty-five important works written by his hand, and in which his whole individuality may be found if they are read with a receptive mind, sane judgment, and simple susceptibility to the power of genius.

In his preparation for this book the critic has left no authority or reference of value in any language unstudied; historians, antiquarians, and biographers have each given of their store, and the great mass of testimony has been sifted for illuminating facts with patience and discrimination. The horizon of Shakespeare's life is kept in view at all periods, and note is made how English circumstances and conditions group themselves about him. To present his conclusions with force, Dr. Brandes has included in his volume searching views of Elizabeth and her courtiers, of James and his many favorites, of the contemporary writers and dramatists, and these pictures give new suggestions to color the great plays and strengthen the shadowy figure behind them.

There is something more than patient industry and sympathetic insight to commend in the work. Dr. Brandes is gifted with a rare power of expression, and his translators (William Archer, Mary Morison, and Diana White) have been more than ordinarily successful in preserving his thought in its beauty and strength. The study is rich in allusions and instructive quotations, and the life-story it tells is made so full of interest that it vies with romance in its charm. The plays are taken up one by one in chronological order, and, with the poems, regarded as literature, and then as reflections of problems and the moods they produced in the mind of the poet. And in all there are no vague speculations, no wild flights of fancy, but a steady loyalty to the truth, a conscious reverence for the fading memories of the past, and a gracious dignity that befits the subject.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$2.60. Jabart

A Peasant Maid of Hexenfels.

The late Blanche Willis Howard (Mme. von Teufel) won something more than appreciation with "Guenn" and "One Summer," and in "Dionysius the Weaver's Heart's Dearest" there are new charms that will keep her in remembrance for a long time. The story is more of sunshine than of shadow, though there are seasons of the deepest gloom in the fortunes of the central figure. The author gave her readers no more charming heroine

than this light-hearted, self-willed, affectionate Swabian maiden, and the home in which her girlhood was passed is a picture that will not soon fade away.

Dionysius, the weaver, was a peasant with a rarely just and kindly nature, and of all his children none so nearly approached his patience, his native dignity, his many gifts, as Vroni, his heart's dearest. The lithe, warm-colored beauty of the girl brought her many lovers, even in that hamlet in the barren land of the Rough Alps between the Danube and the Neckar, but not one of them touched her fancy. From her village home she goes in service to the town, where an old French chef in a noble family takes her under his protection, and, finding her a willing pupil, teaches her the secrets of his craft. Soon she succeeds to his position and reigns as the autocrat of the servants' hall; but here she finds her duties insufficient to fill her mind at all times, and insidious temptation enters. The sorrows that come are swept away at the end, but the lesson is a bitter one.

There are many good portraits in the book. Vroni's parents, her brothers, and her brother's wife, are drawn from life, and there are some figures in the gay outside world that come in touch with these simpler people. The Countess Nelka, who wins Vroni's devotion, and is more than repaid, is a convincing sketch. The art with which the story is told, and the quaint speech of the villagers set down, is far above ordinary effort. Among the novels of the season there have been few so original, so strong, and so daintily fashioned.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50. Jabart

A New Volume on Yale.

Those who are interested in college life will find "Yale: Her Campus, Class-Rooms, and Athletics," by Lewis Sheldon Welch and Walter Camp, an excellent source of information and entertainment. Except in athletics, where the history is complete, the body of the book is a story of modern Yale, the past being drawn upon only as it seemed necessary to set forth the present. But for those who desire a book of reference, chronological tables have been arranged, covering not only the history of the college and the different departments, but with records of attendance and of scholarships, figures of sectional representations, and a table of gifts which made possible the beginning of Yale and her history. On the side of strictly student life, the histories of institutions which are particularly characteristic of it have been given in condensed form, including the history of periodicals and publications of all sorts of societies, of intercollegiate debating contests, the origin of customs, and the story of the growth of Yale's voluntary religious work. No attempt has been made to speak particularly of Yale's relation to Harvard, Princeton, Columbia, Cornell, or to the great universities of the South and West.

The parts of the book which deal with the scholastic side and student life and customs are by Lewis S. Welch, editor of the *Yale Alumni Weekly*, and in order to set forth the subjects clearly, he enters the reader as a freshman, taking him first to the campus—into the society of Yale—and then into their courses and laboratories and museums—into the workshop of Yale. The third division of the book, devoted to athletics on field and river and in the gymnasium, is by Walter Camp, an excellent authority on this branch of Yale's college life.

An important feature of the book is its many well-chosen illustrations showing portraits of professors, groups of departments, and college characters, pictures of buildings, campus scenes, reunion groups, and successful crews, nines, and teams.

Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price, \$2.50. Jabart

New Publications.

The third edition of "California Fruits and How to Grow Them," by Edward J. Wickson, has just been brought out. Published by the Pacific Rural Press, San Francisco; price, \$2.50.

"A Short View of Great Questions" treats of such themes as the theory of creation, eternal justice, reincarnation, etc. Orlando J. Smith is the author. Published by the Brandur Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

A text-book, fresh and up-to-date in matter, is "A First Manual of Composition," by Edwin Herbert Lewis. It is designed for use in the highest grammar grade and lower high-school grades. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 60 cents.

A strong story of the black insurrection in Hayti is "A Roving Commission," by G. A. Henty. There are few more entertaining writers for boys than Mr. Henty, and this volume is one of his best. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

Two translations from the German of Wilhelm Busch are offered in "Max and Maurice" and "Plish and Plush," stories in rhyme, with illustrations as unmistakably German as the humor in the stories. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, 75 cents each.

Of three recent novels, "Lady Blanche's Salon," by Lloyd Bryce; "Shem," by J. Breckenridge Ellis; and "The Ides of March," by Florence Willingham Pickard, the first-named is worthy of notice as a

well-done trifle. Published by F. Tennyson Neely, New York; price, \$1.00 each.

One of the recent issues in the authorized edition of Kipling's works is "Departmental Ditties and Ballads and Barrack-Room Ballads." The volume is not only revised, but contains some new verses. Published by the Doubleday & McClure Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

A romance, quite in the present fashion, of knight-hood and chivalry in France in the early days of the last Empire is "For the Sake of the Duchesse," by S. Walkly. It is full of intrigue, mystery, and passion. Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

The history of that memorable May morning in the Philippines has been written many times in the past year, and the end is not yet. "The Hero of Manila" is Rossiter Johnson's contribution to the literature of the subject, and the book is well done. It aims to give Admiral Dewey's plan and purpose, and the result, and its references to naval history are authoritative. The illustrations are notable. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

Books for boys are plentiful, but the volumes one would choose and recommend are not numerous. Among the best may be placed "Camping on the St. Lawrence," by Everett T. Tomlinson, a story of a summer of adventure and fun, clean and bracing (\$1.50); "An Undivided Union," by "Oliver Optic," is the last volume that will bear that name, loved of youth, as this work was unfinished at Mr. Adams's death, but has been completed on the author's plan (\$1.50); "Beck's Fortune," by Adele E. Thompson, is the story of a self-willed girl, whose path was not an easy one until her fortune came (\$1.50); "Henry in the War, or the Model Volunteer," is by General O. O. Howard (\$1.25); "Grant Burton, the Runaway," by W. Gordon Parker, tells of adventures that improved a boy's temper and judgment (\$1.25); "To Alaska for Gold," by Edward Stratemyer, is a realistic account of a trip to the Klondike (\$1.00). Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston. Jabart

Florence Marryat's Death.

Florence Marryat, the novelist (Mrs. Francis Lean), who died in London on October 27th after a long illness, was one of a family of ten children of the illustrious Captain Frederic Marryat, of the royal navy, whose stirring sea stories are famous the world over. Miss Marryat produced no fewer than seventy-five works, the first story which brought her name before the public being "Love's Conflict," published in 1865.

Miss Marryat first married Colonel Ross Church, of the Madras Staff Corps, with whom she traveled over a great portion of India. On her return to England "Gup" (the Hindoostani for "gossip") was published. It contained many sketches of Anglo-Indian life and character gained from personal observation. After she married her second husband, Colonel Francis Lean, of the Royal Marine Light Infantry, she took an interest in theatrical affairs, and won high praise as a singer and actress. She was caught in the wave of spiritualism that overswept London, and the fruits of her thought on this subject are found in her books "There Is No Death," "The Risen Dead," and "The Spirit World." Among her other books are the following: "Too Good For Him" (1865), "For Ever and Ever" (1866), "Her Lord and Master" (1871), "Life and Letters of Captain Marryat" (1872), "My Own Child" (1876), "A Harvest of Wild Oats" (1877), and "Facing the Footlights" (1883).

Miss Marryat was also for some years prominent on the operatic stage, wrote several successful dramas, and was well known as an entertainer and lecturer. During 1872-1876 she was editor of *London Society*. Many of her books were translated into French, German, Russian, and Swedish. Jabart

Frank Norris has in contemplation a trilogy of novels which will symbolize our national life on a broad scale. The volumes (says the *Bookman*) will not be held together by a continuity of plot, but simply by the central symbol, American wheat, which he has selected as emblematic of American prosperity. The first volume will treat of wheat in the grain, and will portray life on the vast farming-lands of the San Joaquin Valley, a region which Mr. Norris revisited last summer expressly to collect material for his new work. The octopus-like grasp of the Western railroads, adjusting their rates so as to absorb the giant share of the profits, in good years and had alike, will form an important motif of the book. The second volume shows us the wheat brought to market, and will deal with the gigantic speculations of the Chicago wheat-pit. The third deals with the final distribution of the wheat; the scene is shifted across the Atlantic to some small Continental town in a year of famine, the aim being to show the far-reaching effects of our prosperity, as the wheat rolls eastward, in a vast, unbroken flood, filling the groaning ships and pouring across the ocean, to feed the mouths of hungry Europe. It is a large subject, but Mr. Norris has already shown that he is not afraid of large subjects, and he may be safely trusted to develop it effectively. There is every likelihood that the new series will be called, respectively, "The Octopus," "The Pit," and "The Wolf."

D. Appleton & Co.'s
NEW BOOKS.

By the Author of
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of a Sea Waif

Being Recollections of the First Four Years of my Sea Life. By FRANK T. BULLEN, F. R. G. S., author of "The Cruise of the Cachalot" and "Idylls of the Sea." Illustrated. Uniform edition. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.50.

The brilliant author of "The Cruise of the Cachalot" and "Idylls of the Sea" presents in this new work the continuous story of the actual experiences of his first four years at sea. In graphic and picturesque phrases he has sketched the events of voyages to the West Indies, to Bonihay and the Comorand coast, to Melbourne and Rangoon. Nothing could be of more absorbing interest than this wonderfully vivid account of folk's humanity, and the adventures and strange sights and experiences attendant upon deep-sea voyages. It is easy to see in this book an English companion to our own "Two Years before the Mast."

A Story of
School and Football
The Half-Back

A Story of School, Football, and Golf.
By RALPH HENRY BARBOUR. 12mo.
Illustrated. Cloth, \$1.50.

This breezy story of outdoor sport will be read with the most intense interest by every healthy boy, and by many girls. Mr. Barbour's hero is introduced to the reader at a preparatory school, where the serious work and discipline are varied by golf and football matches and a regatta. Later the young half-back of the school earns a place upon a Varsity team, and distinguishes himself in a great university game, which is sketched in a most brilliant and stirring chapter.

By Clark Russell

A VOYAGE AT ANCHOR. By W. CLARK RUSSELL, author of "The Tragedy of Ida Noble," &c. No. 274, Appletons' Town and Country Library. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.00; paper 50 cents.

This new novel is characterized by those qualities which have won for its author his fame, and withal has a flavor all its own. Mr. Clark Russell takes his reader to spend a two months' holiday in an old hulk off the Kentish coast, on the stretch of water between Deal and Walmer on the one side and the Goodwin Sands on the other, which is known as the South Downs. The novel experiences of the holiday party are related in the delightful style of which Clark Russell is a past master. A very striking feature in the story is the burning of a ship at night.

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of the Fishes

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By MARK W. HARRINGTON. Appletons' Home-Reading Books. 12mo. Cloth, 65 cents net.

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LATEST BOOKS LOWEST PRICES



It is said that the reason Nance O'Neil did not make a success in London was because her repertoire consisted of such poor and old-fashioned pieces. Even the effete monarchies find "The Jewess" a little antiquated and "Camille" a trifle hackneyed. So the magnificent Nance has had to go prospecting for new plays, and as the result of her search puts forward "a modern society drama" called "The Shadow."

Having sat under the shade of "The Shadow" on Monday evening for three hours, I find myself still in doubt as to whether it was worse than "The New East Lynne" or only about as bad. Of one thing, however, I can be certain, and that is that it reached that point of absurdity when it became exceedingly amusing. I would not have missed the last act for anything. It was fully worth the price of a seat to see Miss O'Neil go striding out, head up and eyes to the front, to her watery grave, or to hear Henri, Marquis de Frondeville wailing, as he clutched his head: "Oh, Thérèse, my love! my love!" Such a banshee wail as it was! But wailing and clutching his head were about all that Henri, Marquis de Frondeville did from first to last.

"The Shadow" is the story of a lady with a past. It is closely allied to "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," and is in some scenes suggestive of both "Camille" and "Magda." Its author, Paul Lindau, had seized upon and molded into good stage-shape an exceedingly dramatic plot, full of possibilities. In many ways its treatment of the theme was superior to Piner's. It was nobler in intention, less cynical, less brutal, and the heroine—a perfectly possible character—was a dominating figure of strong sympathetic interest. In the working out of the imbroglia several situations—old-fashioned, it is true, but keyed to a high pitch of emotional intensity—unfold themselves, and these follow each other in logical sequence as natural developments of the initial situation.

But, unfortunately, Paul Lindau does not possess the dramatic sense in all its ramifications. He knows how to make a good *scenarion*, but not how to write a good scene. He was continually bringing his characters up to situations with which he was unable to cope. The play is a wreck of lost opportunities. In every act the dramatic tension tightened, the audience waited breathlessly for the thrilling *dénouements* and critical climaxes, which always faded away into the flattest commonplace; the players struggled to lend the tones of agony to the lengthy stretches of dialogue that took the place of the few fiery words that men and women interchange in the terrible moments of life.

In fact, Paul Lindau has ruined in the making a fine play. In the beginning, where the tone is lighter and the surroundings have a Bohemian frivolity and tawdriness, he was extremely successful. The whole act is amusing, fresh, and moves briskly. It provokes the audience's curiosity at once and stimulates its interest. The coming tragedy is indicated, the shadow casts its first faint film of darkness over the careless happiness of the stage queen and her aristocratic lover. The entire act is molded and worked up under the influence of the younger Dumas. There is the same movement of people, the sharply drawn and cynical picture of the third-rate friends of the popular singer, the atmosphere of careless luxury and brilliance, of witty *insouciance*, and irresponsible *bonhomie*.

The scene is full of piquancy and color. The hustle and hurry of the evening, when Thérèse Duliame makes her *début* in a new part, lend to the stage a fictitious and fascinating excitement. From the servant arranging the candles to the waiting guests all feel the thrill of anticipation in a moment of triumph. The sordid sponsors of the successful star eat their supper with a keener relish as they talk over their *protégée's* early struggles. They gobble down the delicate viands as they recall days when the lean kine had possession of the land, and champagne and *pâte* were things undreamed of. It was a telling touch on the picture and its opposing sides to have them visible in the background, snoring in a surfeited sleep, when Thérèse is confessing to her lover the secrets of the past, of which they alone are cognizant. Even though the act is much broken by inharmonious exits and entrances, it is unquestionably attractive and brilliant. Nance O'Neil's own entrance—sweeping in flushed and triumphant with her arms full of flowers—is followed by an almost instantaneous exit, which, though rather an original way of treating a star heroine, intensified the suggestion of gay flury and excitement that pervaded the scene.

From this act on the piece steadily deteriorates. Toward the end it passes from the realm of the

hysterically melodramatic to the unintentionally comic. The author is unable to handle the situations he has created, and scene follows on scene, each one flatter than the last. Everybody is miserable and discourses on their misery in the most long-winded and discursive manner. Deadly enemies confront each other, and give vent to their animosities in arguments on questions of ethics. The past of the Marquis de Frondeville keeps popping up every few moments, and the poor marquis has nothing to do but knit her brows, strike a tragic attitude, and assume that expression of face which, on the stage, is supposed to indicate a sudden, deadly pallor. The most irritating part of the performance was the continual disappointment of the audience in its expectation of frantic scenes in which Miss O'Neil would give them a specimen of her dramatic power.

The nearest approach to anything of this sort was in the third act, where the gentleman who made all the mischief appears as the suitor of Thérèse's new sister-in-law. Here Dr. Lindau evidently resolved to break loose from the aristocratic reserve that had held him, and write a slashing scene that would shake the audience to its core. But slashing scenes are evidently not his strong point. Without preamble Thérèse went for her old lover in a way that must have made that gentleman congratulate himself that he parted with her without loss of life or limb. She did give it to him! Nance O'Neil is so large, and has such a large voice rolling out of her splendid, broad chest, and does so love to rant and rave, that her outbursts of righteous indignation are things to frighten a braver man than Paul Bidard appeared to have been.

When she had berated him well, and was ending up with a sort of air of saying, "Now, will you be good!" her husband, the head-clutching marquis, came bustling in. Here was a situation! The audience had not yet lost hope, and we all stared in tense expectation of something tremendously melodramatic. For once we were not disappointed. With her most grandiose gesture, Miss O'Neil, indicating Paul, told the marquis, that here, before him in the flesh, stood the shadow. The marquis, for the one and only time, refrained from clutching his head, and made as if to fall upon the shadow, uttering a hoarse, guttural growl of rage. But the marquis had not married into the aristocracy for nothing. She intervened with an air of noble calm, took her husband by the arm, and led him forth as she might have led some naughty little boy who was to be stood in the corner. The curtain fell upon them pacing out, the Amazonian marquis bolding the marquis firmly by the elbow. Singularly enough, in this utterly ridiculous act occurs the one sentence in the piece that is striking, and it is so striking, so instinct with emotion, that it continued to vibrate in the memory long after the curtain had fallen.

"Where," says Paul, "is all this ruin you say I have made? I don't see it."

"Here," says Thérèse, laying her hand on her heart. The expression of the sentiment is so different from everything else in the play that one is forced to the conclusion that Dr. Lindau found it somewhere else.

The last act neatly rounds off the absurdity of the piece with an absurd suicide. Thérèse feels herself in the way, and another young woman having gone out of her way to tell Thérèse that she is the victim of a hopeless love for the marquis, Thérèse decides that there is now no excuse for her remaining to cumber the ground. A large lake or river, surrounded by an ornamental balustrade and dotted over with cakes of ice, forms the view from the marquis's back windows, and into this Thérèse makes up her mind to throw herself. For one thrilling moment we all thought that she was going to climb up on the balustrade and jump off, but the author had decided against all vulgar realism, and after having written one of those farewell letters which are dashed off in three seconds, Thérèse goes to her death with pallid dignity. We did not even hear the splash. In less than five minutes a wayfarer comes in and says: "I found her body by the bridge, quite dead!" The marquis for the last time clutches his head and utters a wail, and the curtain descends.

I have done my best for Miss O'Neil, believed in her when she played "East Lynne," and woke to ecstasy the living lyre when I saw her as "Peg Woffington," but even my patience will give way if I have to see anything like "The Shadow" again. It is impossible to say whether she is bad or good in it, because the wretchedness of the piece so dominates everything—that a woman of any intelligence should allow herself to be put forward in such a play is amazing. That a manager of McKee Rankin's experience should not realize the absurdity of it all is inconceivable. If Miss O'Neil wants to play this kind of "society drama," let her get some one to translate one of the Dumas plays, or even such a piece of Augier's as "Le Mariage d'Olympe." She might try "Denise" or "L'Etrangère." They are old and the fashion has passed them, and the modern American point of view is not in sympathy with that of their author or their country. But, nevertheless, they are the work of a master playwright, and even the company that Miss O'Neil has supporting her could hardly spoil them.

It is an amazingly bad company. I was wondering as "The Shadow" passed through its various stages whether a good company could have done anything with it. Outside Barton Hill and Mr.

Becks there was not a person in it that was in intelligent sympathy with the part they played. Mr. Vroome, as the marquis, was at first gloomily stiff and then so hopelessly crushed by the weight of misery he was supposed to be struggling against that he became irresistibly ludicrous. It is very seldom that an audience greets a dramatic climax with the titter of laughter that passed through the California on Monday evening when Mr. Vroome, with an ugly snarl, was about to precipitate himself upon the throat of Paul Bidard, the very substantial Shadow. George Beck, as the old friend of Thérèse's sordid girlhood, was more in touch with the spirit of the piece than any one else in the cast. But as a whole the company was hopelessly inadequate to the work of the evening.

For Miss O'Neil there was nothing to do save fly at Paul in the third act, which she did with much gusto. In the first act she showed that she had been making laudable efforts toward the cultivation of a more tranquil style by her manner of treating the scene where she makes the confession of her part to the marquis. To see the wild, untrammelled Nance sitting down by a table and telling a tale of woe in a quiet undertone, was as gratifying as it was surprising. In this act, however, the dominating emotion was a womanly tenderness, a quality of which Miss O'Neil possesses little. So that, in the one scene which is acceptable, she has no opportunity for the display of those talents which have made people take her seriously and critics predict for her a brilliant future. I wonder why she does not make an attempt at the legitimate? Why does not Mr. Rankin put her forward in one of the great tragic rôles? I confess that I have a deep desire to see her try Juliet. It would probably be the most remarkable performance on earth, but I am certain it would not be dull, and there is a possibility that it might be magnificent. GERALDINE BONNER

MUSICAL NOTES.

Mr. Wismer's Concert.

Mr. Hother Wismer, violinist, gave a concert at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall on Tuesday evening, October 31st. Mr. Wismer had the assistance of Mrs. Alfred Abbey, soprano, Mrs. Mathilde Wismer, mezzo-soprano, Mr. Armand Solomon, violinist, and Mr. Fred Maurer, pianist, in presenting the following programme:

Sonata, op. 45, C-minor (for violin and piano), allegro molto ed appassionato, allegretto espressivo alla romanza, allegro animato, Grieg, Messrs. Hother Wismer and Fred Maurer; song, "Adeleide," Beethoven, Mrs. Mathilde Wismer; violin concerto No. 8, "Gesangs-scene," allegro molto recitativo, adagio andante (recit.), allegro moderato, Spohr, Hother Wismer; violin duo, op. 153, in C-major, allegro andante, menuetto, rondo allegretto, Spohr, Messrs. H. Wismer and A. Solomon; songs—lyrics from "Told in the Gate," by Arlo Bates, set to music by G. W. Chadwick, (a) "Sweetheart, Thy Lips are Touched with Flame," (b) "Dear Love, When in Thine Arms I Lie," Mrs. Alfred Abbey; violin solo, two Hungarian dances, Brahms-Joachim, Hother Wismer.

The Minetti Quartet.

The second in the fourth season of the Minetti Quartet's chamber-music concerts will take place at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall next Friday afternoon, November 17th, at 3:15 o'clock. The programme will include Dvorak's string quartet in F-major, op. 96, by the quartet, comprising Mr. Giulio Minetti, first violin, Mr. Eugene Carlmuller, second violin, Mr. Charles Heinsen, viola, and Mr. Arthur Weiss, cello; Bach's "Charconne," by Mr. Minetti; and C. Frank's piano quintet in F-minor, Mr. Otto Bendix, pianist, assisting the quartet.

The Byron Maury musical evenings are now commencing the fourteenth season. Last Friday night Mr. Roscoe Warren Lucy gave a pupils' evening, and next Friday Mr. Joseph Beringer will give a recital of his pupils. Invitations can be had at the hall.

Next year it is expected that Rome will draw as many visitors as the Paris Exposition. According to calculations which have been made by the Vatican secretary of state, at least 1,200,000 pilgrims will visit Rome—an average of 3,000 a day. The amount of Peter's pence they will bring is expected to reach \$10,000,000, while the amount of money they will spend in Italy is reckoned at \$300,000,000. JABART

An entertainment for the benefit of the Silver Star Free Kindergarten, under the direction of a number of young society people, will be given in the kindergarten rooms, 806 Sansome Street, on Saturday evening, November 11th.

Lexington, Mass., is making preparations for an elaborate celebration it is intended to have April 19, 1900, of the one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of the battle there. JABART

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Popular Prices—25c and 50c.
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Beginning Monday Night, November 13th. Broadhurst's Great Laugh Loosener.

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Seats on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Music Store, on and after November 16th.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

"Why Smith Left Home."

Mathews and Bulger in "By the Sad Sea Waves" give way on Monday evening to George H. Broadhurst's "Why Smith Left Home," a lively farce which pictures the trials and tribulations of a recently married couple, whose connubial bliss is disturbed by visits from relatives galore. Since its production here last season at the California Theatre, the farce has been produced in London, where it scored a big success. However, instead of the original company, which included Maclyn Arbuckle, Annie Yeamans, Dorothy Usner, and other favorites, we are to have an entirely new one composed of Frank Tannehill, Jr., Eugene Redding, C. J. Williams, Frederick Roberts, Gilbert Gardner, Carina Jordan, Nellie Maskell, Jennie Engle, Lottie Williams Salter, Rose Hubbard, Belle Chamberlain, and Lizzie May Ulmer.

"Why Smith Left Home" runs for two weeks and will be followed by Jacob Litt's elaborate revival of "Shenandoah."

Second Week of "The Merry Monarch."

"The Merry Monarch" has scored a deserved success at the Grand Opera House, and will be continued another week. William Wolf as King Anso, the rôle made famous by Francis Wilson, and Arthur Wooley as Sirocco, the royal astrologer, shared the honors of the performance, and kept the audience convulsed with laughter at their droll antics. Editb Mason, as Lazuli, makes a pretty picture in her spotless white doublet and hose, and, as usual, sings all her numbers well. Hattie Belle Ladd, as the princess, has a rôle to her taste, and her song, "When I Was a Little Girl of Three," is encored nightly. Bessie Fairbairn, one of the best character actresses we have had in comic opera for a long time, makes the most of Casis, while Winifred Goff is equally good as Herisson, the ambassador. Too much praise can not be bestowed upon the chorus, the stage management and the beautiful scenery.

Rice's popular extravaganza, "Evangeline," will be the next elaborate production.

Return of Harry Corson Clarke.

Nance O'Neil closes her engagement at the California Theatre this (Saturday) evening in "Camille," and next week Harry Corson Clarke will be seen in his laughable farce, "What Happened to Jones," in which he has been starring for several seasons. As the droll drummer, who dons a bishop's garb in order to escape arrest, and tries to carry out the deceit, Mr. Clarke is at his best. He has surrounded himself, it is said, with an excellent company, the most prominent members being Ida Banning, Marie Bishop, Cecilia Castelle, Minette Barrett, Laura Crews, and Carroll Marshall.

"Von Yonson," with Arthur Donaldson in the title rôle, follows, after which the new Frawley Company return for an extended engagement.

The Tivoli's Double Bill.

The patrons of the Tivoli Opera House will be offered a genuine treat next week, when Gilbert and Sullivan's tuneful comic opera, "Patience," will alternate with Verdi's historical opera, "The Masked Ball." The cast of "Patience," which will be given on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings, and Saturday matinee, will include Ada Walker in the title rôle, Caroline Knowles (the new character actress) as Lady June, Charlotte Beckwith as Lady Angela, Julie Cotte as Lady Saphir, Susie Kruger as Lady Ella, Alf C. Wheelan as Bunthorne, Phil Branson as Algernon Grosvenor, and Tom Greene as the Duke of Dunstable.

The "Masked Ball," which is to be the bill on Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday nights, will be sung by Salassa, Avedano, Schuster, Anna Lichter, and Signorina Poliini, the contralto, formerly with the Lambardi Opera Company.

At the Orpheum.

Among the new-comers at the Orpheum next week will be Ryan and Richfield, two clever comedians, who will present an original sketch entitled "A Headless Man," which is said to be full of bright lines and laughable situations; Cheriadah Simpson, a charming sonnette, who will introduce some novelties; Burton's Aromatic Dogs; and Vinie De Witt, the noted cornet-player and vocalist. Those retained from this week's bill are Mlle. Marguerite Cornille, the Parisian beauty who has scored a big hit with her French songs and rag-time ballads; Jerome and Alexis, "the frog and the lizard"; Leo Carle, who plays a comedy alone, assuming eight characters and making twenty changes during his performance; Goggin and Davis; and the Biograph.

Zangwill's Suit against Acton Davies.

Israel Zangwill has brought suit for libel against Acton Davies, the witty dramatic critic of the *Evening Sun*, on the ground that Mr. Davies, in a recent review, accused him of a sacrilegious orgy in his play, "The Children of the Ghetto," and he asks the courts to compel Mr. Davies to pay him ten thousand dollars for the hurt to his religious feelings. Why he should have selected Mr. Davies, as an especial mark of his pretended wrath is rather difficult to understand. Davies

said little more, in fault-finding, than that the play was dull, stupid, and insufferably boring to the Gentile part of the audience. Compared to some of the other criticisms, his review was remarkably reserved. "That Zangwill should have selected him for the defendant in his 'fake' libel suit would seem to indicate," remarks New York *Town Topics*, "that this Englishman doesn't know who his real friends are."

COMMUNICATIONS.

Storage Reservoirs, Irrigation, and Bonds.

WRIGHTS, Cal., November 1, 1899. EDITORS ARGONAUT: On November 14th next there will be held in this city a convention to consider the subject of irrigation, which is well. There is no subject more important to California, and we can not interchange views thereon too often or too earnestly. The movement is promoted by some very vigorous men, and the convention gives promise of being large and influential.

The avowed object of the promoters of the movement is to create a public sentiment in favor of issuing State bonds for the construction of storage reservoirs, and, if I am not mistaken, "irrigation works." The amount proposed is not stated in the published announcement, but the sum stated to me in the early stages of the movement was "twenty or twenty-five millions of dollars." Very likely ten or fifteen millions will be all that will ultimately be proposed.

While I presume that no such proposal would have any chance of carrying in the popular vote, which will be necessary, it can do no harm to state, in an academic way, the objections which may be argued against any such bond issue at the present time, without assuming that it might or might not be desirable in the future.

Storage reservoirs and irrigation canals and dams are two entirely different things, and can not well be discussed in the same connection. I will therefore dismiss the "irrigation works" end of it with the remark that before any such proposal could carry, it would have to be made perfectly evident that by no possible means can the bond-holders of defunct or moribund irrigation districts unload their properties, or any part of them, on to the State. It has been alleged that a great part of the vigor of the present movement has been imparted by the hope of those interested that they might do so. I know nothing about it, but mention it as one of the things which those influential in the movement should make clear. "Irrigation works" should be a charge solely on the land irrigated, and should be built only when the products of the land can be made to bear the entire cost.

Storage-reservoirs stand upon a different footing. It is probable that it will sometimes be found economically prudent to construct them as a public charge, as we improve rivers and harbors, and upon the same principle. The United States will be by far the greatest beneficiary, and should, and in due time will, contribute largely to the expense. I do not say that the State should not also contribute. At any rate, the land to be irrigated can not at present alone bear the expense.

The fundamental objection to any such construction by the State, at present, is that no human being can now state who would "own" the water so impounded. The State should not spend one dollar until it is known that the public, and not the owners of ditches or of land held for speculative purposes, will be the beneficiaries. The building of a storage reservoir at public expense must not be permitted to raise the price of land or the cost of water to the settler on land. Until such guaranty can be given—and in the present state of the law it can not be given—it will not become a proper public enterprise.

The conditions of land ownership and existing ditches are not alike in any two irrigation basins in this State. Each storage reservoir would be a proposition by itself, to stand or fall upon its own merits, and it is not likely that there is a man in the State who could now state correctly all the essential elements in a single district. The public, at any rate, could not now vote intelligently upon the subject. The bonds would necessarily be voted in a lump sum, to be allotted by the legislature on the report of a "commission," and we all know that the money would be expended, not necessarily, or even probably, where it ought to go, but where it should happen to go as the result of the "log rolling"—if nothing worse—which would take place.

There is an investigation now about to begin by the United States Government, which will include all irrigation problems in this State, including legal conditions. When that is completed we shall know something as to the amount of the waters of the State and the claims upon them, and possibly something as to the ownership of land and other properties to be benefited by the proposed expenditure. When we have found this out we can perhaps judge what it will pay to do. We can not so judge now.

But whatever we may learn as to these things, those of us who do not live in arid districts and who yet might willingly tax ourselves for the general good, will assuredly oppose any issue of State bonds for such purposes, until we have so organized the machinery of our government that it can honestly and wisely disburse large sums of public money without extravagance and without scandal. We are not so organized now.

The subject is certainly not one to be considered in a special session of the legislature, should one be called. I have heard that in such case its inclusion in the proclamation would be urged. Some have even claimed that of itself the subject justified an extra session. It is always best to be very deliberate about incurring debt. EDWARD F. ADAMS.

Thirty pictures from the brush of Charles Rollo Peters, of this city, are now on exhibition at the art gallery of the Union League Club of New York.

OLD FAVORITES.

John Burns of Gettysburg.

Have you heard the story that gossips tell Of Burns of Gettysburg? No? Ah, well; Brief is the glory that hero earns, Briefer the story of poor John Burns; He was the fellow who won renown—The only man who didn't back down When the rebels rode through his native town; But held his own in the fight next day, When all his townsfolk ran away, That was in July, sixty-three, The very day that General Lee, Flower of Southern chivalry, Baffled and beaten, backward reeled From a stubborn Meade and a barren field. I might tell you how, but the day before, John Burns stood at his cottage-door, Looking down the village street, Where, in the shade of his peaceful vine, He heard the low of his gathered kine, And felt their breath with incense sweet; Or I might say, when the sunset burned The old farm gable, he thought it turned The milk, that fell in a babbling flood Into the milk-pail, red as blood, Or how he fancied the hum of bees Were bulleis buzzing among the trees, But all such fanciful thoughts as these Were strange to a practical man like Burns, Who minded only his own concerns, Troubled no more by fancies fine Than one of his calm-eyed, long-tailed kine— Quite old-fashioned and matter-of-fact, Slow to argue, but quick to act. That was the reason, as some folks say, He fought so well on that terrible day. And it was terrible. On the night Raged for hours the heady fight, Thundered the battery's double bass— Difficult music for men to face; While on the left—where now the graves Undulate like the living waves That all that day unceasing swept Up to the pits the rebels kept— Round-shot plowed the upland glades, Sown with bullets, reaped with blades; Shattered fences here and there Tossed their splinters in the air; The very trees were stripped and bare; The barns that once held yellow grain Were heaped with harvest of the slain; The cattle bellowed on the plain, The turkeys screamed with might and main, And brooding barn-fowl left their rest With strange shells bursting in each nest.

Just where the tide of battle turns, Erect and lonely stood old John Burns. How do you think the man was dressed? He wore an ancient long buff vest, Yellow as saffron—but his best; And, buttoned over his manly breast, Was a bright-blue coat, with a rolling collar, And large gilt buttons—size of a dollar— With tails that the country-folk called "swaller." He wore a broad-brimmed, bell-crowned hat, White as the locks on which it sat. Never bad such a sight been seen For forty years on the village green, Since old John Burns was a country beau, And went to the "quiltings" long ago. Close at his elbows all that day Veterans of the Peninsula, Sunburnt and bearded, charged away; And striplings, downy of lip and chin— Clerks that the Home Guard mustered in— Glanced, as they passed, at the hat he wore, Then at the rifle his right hand bore; And hailed him, from their youthful lore, With scraps of a slangy *répertoire*: "How are you, White Hat?" "Put her through." "Your head's level," and "Bully for you!" Called him "Daddy"; begged he'd disclose The name of the tailor who made his clothes, And what was the value he set on those; While Burns, unmindful of jeer and scoff, Stood there picking the rebels off— With his long brown rifle, and bell-crown hat, And the swallow-tails they were laughing at. 'Twas but for a moment, for that respect Which clothes all courage their voices checked, And something the wildest could understand Spake in the old man's strong right hand; And his corded throat, and the lurking frown Of his eyebrows under his old bell-crown; Until, as they gazed, there crept an awe Through the ranks in whispers, and some men saw In the antique vestments and long white hair The Past of the Nation in battle there; And some of the soldiers since declare That the gleam of his old white hair afar, Like the crested plume of the brave Navarre, That day was the oriflamme of war. So raged the battle. You know the rest: How the rebels, beaten and backward pressed, Broke at the final charge and ran. At which John Burns—a practical man— Shouldered his rifle, unbent his brows, And then went back to his bees and cows. This is the story of old John Burns. This is the moral the reader learns: In fighting the battle, the question's whether You'll show a hat that's white, or a feather!

—Bret Harte.

One of the most delightful destinations for an outing during these pleasant autumn days is the Tavern of Tamalpais. The accommodations are excellent and the view from the summit of the mountain is incomparable.

—SUPERIOR TO VASELINE AND CUCUMBERS. *Creme Simon* marvelous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections; it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. Simon, 13 Rue Grange Bateliere, Paris. Druggists, perfumers, fancy-goods stores.

THE SUPPER ROOM.

A New Feature at the Palace.

The Palace Hotel management will, on November 18th, open their new supper-room for the accommodation of those who desire refreshments during the evening.

The room to be devoted to this new feature has an entrance from the main office and another from the grand court. When completed, the luxurious furnishings, the artistic finish, together with the display of tropical palms, will make it one of the most beautiful rooms in the hotel. Myriads of incandescent lights will be employed to show the color effects and the harmony of the decorations.

Each evening between nine-thirty and twelve o'clock, orchestral concerts will be rendered by the best musical talent under the direction of Mr. C. H. Randall. Among the distinguished performers who will assist are Signor Pietro Marino, Messrs. Ford and Regensberger. The concerts are to be of a high order, and will be greatly appreciated by the patrons of the supper-room.

The tapestry-room adjoining is being refurbished, and will be converted into a cloak-room, where a maid will attend to the comfort of lady patrons.

The conservatory will be fitted up as a waiting or lounging-room, and smoking will be permitted there as in the supper-room.

The perfection of the *cuisine* and service, combined with the moderate charges that have given the Grill Rooms at the Palace an international reputation, are to be in evidence in the supper-room, which in itself is sufficient to justify us in making the prediction that the new departure will be a success from the start.

The Peaceful Invasion of the Sudan.

The prediction made some time ago, when the British and Egyptian troops were making their successful march to the Sudan, that the "Ubiquitous Cook" would soon be leading armies of tourists to Khartum and Omdurman was a true one, for Tbos. Cook & Son have arranged to extend their Nile steamers and rail service to Khartum this season.

Particulars can be obtained at Cook's Tourist Bureau, 621 Market Street, San Francisco.

COPPER

12,000 ACRES OF RICH COPPER LAND

Greatest Property in America.

Millions of Tons of Copper

Boston & Texas Copper Co.'s Great Showing.

The property of the Boston & Texas Copper Company has been largely developed in the last six months, showing up in excess of the most sanguine expectations of the company. Eleven mines have been opened and developed, exposing large bodies of rich ore and clay; and a territory of ten miles square has been opened and tested. The ore and clay is found so generally as to prove that copper exists in the entire tract, and evidencing millions of tons of copper marl, averaging five to fifteen per cent., and large bodies of ore, ranging from fifty to seventy per cent. It is apparent that this property will turn out millions of dollars.

A party of New England capitalists who have just returned from an examination of the mines, in conjunction with one of the ablest mining engineers in the country, report the property to be one of the largest and best in America, and to contain inexhaustible quantities of rich copper deposits.

The shares of the company are being fast taken. Over \$50,000 has been raised and put into the property in the last three months, and the shares which are now offered at \$5.00 (par value \$10.00) will soon be advanced, and there are those who believe that they will sell for \$10.00 before January 1st, and ultimately have a value many times their par.

Those who want shares should make immediate application to the Boston & Texas Copper Company, Tremont Building, Boston. The price is \$5.00 per share. There is no better investment than copper securities and there is no better or stronger new company in America than this.

It is officered by strong men, who have invested their own money in the enterprise, and it is managed by F. M. Spaulding, one of the ablest and most reliable executive officers in the country.

The company is about to establish a town site on the property, and the Wichita Valley Railroad Company, a branch of the Denver and Fort Worth R. R., have offered to build a spur into the property, nine miles, within thirty days upon request.

The company owns 12,000 acres in one tract, and it has large value for agricultural and town-site purposes, outside of its copper-bearing qualities. Copper is near the surface, and is easily and cheaply mined and converted into metal, and no expensive plant and machinery is required. The company can easily earn \$5,000 a day net, with a moderate cost plant.

As stated above, the price of shares is \$5.00 (par value \$10.00), and those who want a choice and safe investment should make their application at once to the company.

BOSTON & TEXAS COPPER CO.
TREMONT BUILDING,
BOSTON, MASS.

VANITY FAIR.

The vestry of St. John's Church at Washington, D. C., are considering the advisability of presenting Admiral George Dewey with a pew for life. Unless one knows what a very difficult thing it is to secure a pew in St. John's Church, one can not appreciate the extent of this proposition (writes the Washington correspondent of the New York Mail and Express). The church is very small, and is known as the "Old Court Church," for the reason that up to the time of Lincoln every President who had resided in Washington had attended service in this edifice. Even President Adams, who was a Unitarian, always went there as a matter of court etiquette. After Lincoln, President Arthur was the only chief executive who was a regular attendant at St. John's. After President Arthur's death the church put up a memorial window to the New Yorker, which is immediately above what is known as the "chief executive's pew." This pew is the only one in St. John's which is not rented or put up at auction. It is almost an impossible thing to secure even half a pew at this fashionable church. It is a quaint little edifice, very small, looking more like a little meeting-house in a Southern town. Yet it is said that, next to Old Trinity, it represents more money to the square inch than any parish in America. It does tremendous church work, supporting over six mission churches, besides having established seven independent parishes throughout the District of Columbia. The pews are not rented, as they are in most parishes, but are owned by families who keep them from generation to generation. The annual rent of the pews is not more exorbitant than that in any other fashionable church, but when one accidentally becomes vacant, it brings many thousands of dollars at public auction. In spite of the reputation that it is a rich man's church, there are many impoverished families who have pews there. These pews were bought when the families were in affluence, and are held by some of the proud old families in the District, who have since lost their fortunes. The only way that a pew can be secured is at public auction, which happens very rarely. Only one pew has been sold during the present administration. So valuable are these pews considered that when a family has inherited one it will make any sacrifice to keep it. Occasionally, some family leaves the District of Columbia, or else the last member of the family dies, in which case the pew reverts to the church, and is put up to the highest bidder. It may be only a few months, and it may be several years before the vestry will have an opportunity of presenting the admiral with a pew.

Next to the chief executive's pew, and one which always attracts attention, is that owned by the British Government. It is directly across the church from the Arthur window, and usually has in it some distinguished people. For years the British ambassador tried to secure another pew, but has been unable to do so. The one he has now is too small, even for his own immediate family, and when distinguished Englishmen are in Washington, some of the Pauncetotes have to remain away if their guests attend service. The President's pew is occupied during this administration by the family of Secretary Long and that of J. Addison Porter, the President's secretary. Whenever a President belongs to another denomination, the pew is assigned to any one whom he may designate to occupy it. Secretary Long himself is a Unitarian, but his wife and daughters attend St. John's. The President and Mrs. McKinley also occasionally attend St. John's, to keep the executive mansion and the Old Court Church in touch. It is customary for the families of the executive mansion to attend service in St. John's on Christmas Eve. Mrs. Cleveland always occupied the Presidential pew on this occasion, and the President has done so likewise. A fortnight ago Rev. Mackay-Smith made the morning service one of thanksgiving for the admiral's safe return, and the latter was deeply moved by the eulogy paid to him by the rector. When the offertory was taken up the admiral voluntarily arose from his seat, and, taking one of the plates, passed through the congregation with it. The closing hymn was the one they always sing in Annapolis in the little church there "For Those in Peril on the Sea," in which the whole congregation joined, an unusual thing for fashionable St. John's.

There is as much a fashion in bridesmaids as there is in floral decorations, the cut and shape of the wedding-gown, and the wedding breakfast (points out the *Bazar*). Evening weddings in New York are what the French call *démodes*, an expression which an Englishwoman would liberally translate as "frumpy." The hour for the church ceremony is now four o'clock in the afternoon. Three of the most fashionable weddings recently—those of Miss Amy Bend and Mr. Courtlandt Bishop, Miss Mary Turner and Mr. Duncan Cameron, and Mr. Francis Pell and Miss Ellen Van Buren Morris—took place in the late afternoon. Two of these were house weddings and the other a church ceremony. The absence of bridesmaids at all of these affairs was a characteristic. Miss Bend had her sister as maid of honor, and Miss Morris followed the same custom. There were no bridesmaids at the wedding of Miss Julia Dent Grant and the Prince Cantacuzene.

The rule, however, is not arbitrary, and there have been a few exceptions, but these are generally when the bride is a recent *débutante*, and the bridesmaids are from the same coterie of girls who assisted at her coming-out tea. Engagements have only been announced a short time before the wedding, and this is the custom especially if the bride has been out several seasons and has been a social success.

According to the Springfield Republican, some of the young persons in the social swim who have prolonged their stay in Newport hit upon a novel plan to entertain themselves recently. When a "haby party" was announced, Mrs. William Post, who had issued the cards, was besieged with inquiries. Miss Daisy Post, her daughter, explained that the guests would be expected to wear baby garments at dinner and at the dance that would follow. The guests kept from the others all knowledge of how they intended to dress, and when they met in the reception-room of the Post villa and were received by Mrs. Post and her daughter, the scene was ludicrous. Miss Edith Gray was the last to arrive, and her entrance was triumphal. She wore a long, white christening robe, that extended to the floor, and a lace cap encircled her chubby face. The "infant" was reclining in an improvised baby carriage, which was pushed by Robert L. Gerry, attired in plaid kilts and a black blouse. A plaid Scotch cap completed his costume. Miss Fifi Potter looked pretty in a short red dress, which reached just below her knees. A white pinafore and a red sun-bonnet completed the costume. Miss Potter carried a tiny shovel and pail, as if ready for a morning on the sands of the beach. Miss Edith Clapp was clad in a blue gingham Kate Greenaway frock, and carried a rag doll and dragged a tiny cart. J. Ellis Postlewaite looked like the whistling boy in the "Old Homestead," clad in a brown Holland frock and wearing a blonde wig. Potter Palmer, Jr., looked "cute" in a little Lord Fauntleroy rig of blue velvet, with a broad white linen collar and cuffs. A bang wig with flowing blonde curls graced the cherubic face of the young Chicagoan. Miss Elsie French made a hit in her baby costume of white muslin over red, with a dainty hat to match. After dinner the young folks played baby games, and later danced to the music of a Hungarian orchestra.

Any one who fears that smoking is on the increase among women or that women's clubs are liable to promote that sort of exercise should ponder upon the confession of a London club-woman, in a recent number of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, with regard to the smoking-room in her club-house. It seems that the smoking-room was only established because one-half of the members felt that it was "the thing to do." The other half declared that they could never, never belong to a club that contained a smoking-room, but a compromise was finally effected by establishing a room sacred to smoke, all right enough, but so far up under the roof that nobody would know it were there except those who wanted to know. The compromise was further strengthened by the discovery that not one of the half of the members who were in favor of the room could smoke if they would, which was a great consolation to the other half, who would not have smoked if they could. "It is a good thing that our smoking-room has its name painted on the door," says the confession; "there is nothing about it that remotely suggests what it is there for. Any ordinary smoking-room, for instance, might reasonably be expected to smell of smoke. Our smoking-room smells strongest of stale box-leather, whitewash, and linoleum, and the strongest of these is linoleum. . . . Some one, with an eye to effect, has put a copy of *Finance* on our smoking-room table. This was really clever, for it has such a mysterious, masculine air about it. It is some weeks old now, but no one has replaced it by another. . . . I must not forget to mention the ash-tray, which is to be found coated with dust on the smoking-room mantel-shelf, for it is an old *habitué* of the club. For years we original members have known it as a pin-tray in the dressing-room, and it is pleasant to feel that after a life of real toil and trouble it is ending its days so peaceably in the idle retirement of our smoking-room."

When the public restaurant orchestra was the subject of controversy, a year ago, it was evident that the regular dinner-out was opposed to having his dinner served to popular music, and the occasional dinner-out, who wanted all the entertainment afforded by the occasion, was in favor of it (remarks the New York *Sun*). The increase of restaurant orchestras indicates, however, that the proprietors have solved the question to their own satisfaction. London has been opening some new hotels recently, and the London papers have just taken up the restaurant orchestra as a subject for serious debate. The managers of the hotels and restaurants are in doubt as to the advisability of employing orchestras. The Hotel Metropole's manager has issued an order that there shall be no music in his dining-room during the dinner hour. One of the large London papers has interviewed many people on this subject, and it finds that there is strong objection to orchestra or hand music during dinner, because most people want to talk at that time. A comparatively new hotel, whose proprietor is evidently wise, has one dining-room

where his patrons may have their dinners with an excellent orchestra concert as an accompaniment, and another dining room where no music is allowed. Several of the most successful cheap restaurants in New York owe their prosperity to the good music which they furnish.

The popularity of golf has evolved a number of pretty golf figures. At a dance given by Mrs. Edwin Gould at Ardsley Casino, golf-sticks trimmed with carnations were presented to the women, and golf-balls decorated to match to the men. Caddy-bags of scarlet satin filled with flowers are novel and effective. With a clever leader a tally-ho figure can be made, with four or six women in hand, harnessed with ribbons of various colors, the ends being given to different men to unwind at the finish in order to secure their partners. Arches of roses were used at a dance in Boston last season, the men holding them while the women walked under them. For a country dance boughs of autumn leaves (says the *Bazar*) would be equally pretty at this season of the year, and later Christmas greens and bright ribbons would prove a charming and inexpensive substitute. A cardboard dice-box three feet high will be used this winter in cotillion figures. The men will throw dice of proportionate size, two men for each woman, the winner dancing with his prize. At the dance which Mr. William K. Vanderbilt gave at the Golf Club at Newport last summer an exceedingly pretty and novel figure was introduced. In it women were tied with ribbons to an immense rose-bush, from which the men released them, a dance with the woman he set free being each man's reward. Outdoor sports suggest any number of favors. For a hunt ball, silk waistcoats of hunting-pink will be used this season for the men, and for the women scarlet caps to match, which may afterward serve for work-bags. Crops, horseshoes, horns, and various things associated with hunting will all be popular.

Mother's Milk

Is best for any baby, but after that comes Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk for young infants. Thousands of letters are received telling of its successful use. Book "Babies" sent free. Borden's Condensed Milk Co., N. Y.

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions for the week ending Wednesday, November 8, 1899, on the Stock and Bond Exchange were as follows:

	BONDS.	Closed.
Contra C. Water	90,000 @ 107 1/4-108 1/4	108
Market St. Ry. 6%	4,000 @ 128 3/4	
Market St. Ry. 5%	5,000 @ 116 1/2	116 1/2
N. R. of Cal. 6%	1,000 @ 116	
N. R. of Cal. 5%	12,000 @ 113	113 1/2
N. Pac. C. Ry. 5%	1,000 @ 113	
Oceanic S. Co. 5%	25,000 @ 105 1/2-107	106 1/2
Omnibus C. R. 6%	1,000 @ 126 1/4	125
S. F. & S. J. Ry. 5%	33,000 @ 115 1/2	
S. P. Branch 6%	2,000 @ 123	123
S. V. Water 6%	8,000 @ 114 1/4-114 1/2	114 1/2
S. V. Water 4%	15,000 @ 103	103
	STOCKS.	Closed.
Contra Costa Water.	2,387 @ 71 1/2-76 1/2	76 1/2
Spring Valley Water.	290 @ 100-101 1/2	99 1/2
	Gas and Electric.	
Equitable Gaslight	1,025 @ 5 1/4-6 1/2	6 1/2
Mutual Electric	385 @ 13-14	13 1/2
Pacific Lighting Co.	10 @ 40 1/2	40 1/2
S. F. Gas & Electric.	2,225 @ 55-60 1/2	56 1/2
	Banks.	
Bank of Cal.	5 @ 407	
Cal. S. D. & T. Co.	10 @ 97	98
	Street R. R.	
California St.	20 @ 120	120
Market St.	135 @ 62 1/2-64 1/2	62
	Powders.	
Giant Con.	1,280 @ 85-90 1/4	89
Vigorit	2,805 @ 2 1/2-3 1/2	3
	Sugars.	
Hana P. Co.	1,030 @ 10 1/2-11 1/4	10 1/2
Hawaiian	25 @ 95	96
Honokaa S. Co.	2,650 @ 34 1/2-35 1/4	34 1/2
Hutchinson	1,185 @ 28 1/2-29 1/4	28 1/2
Makaweli S. Co.	935 @ 48 1/2-49 1/4	49
Onomea S. Co.	50 @ 38	38 1/2
Pauahau S. P. Co.	1,360 @ 34-35 1/4	34 1/2
	Miscellaneous.	
Alaska Packers.	75 @ 118 1/2-119 1/4	118 1/2
Oceanic Steam Co.	410 @ 90 1/2-91 1/4	91 1/2

The gas and electric stocks were weak, San Francisco Gas and Electric selling down five points to 55, but closed up at 56 1/2. Pacific Gas Improvement closed at 56 bid and 58 asked, but no sales were made. Mutual Electric sold down to 13 1/2, but closed at 13 1/2 bid. Equitable Gas was in good demand, and sold up to 6 1/2, closing at 6 1/2 bid, 6 1/2 asked.

The powder stocks were strong, Giant Consolidated selling up five and one-half points to 90 1/4 closing at 89 1/4. Vigorit Powder sold up to 3 1/2, but closed off at 3 bid, 3 1/2 asked.

The sugar stocks were quiet and about held their own. Hana was in better demand, and sold up three-quarters of a point to 11 1/4, closing at 11 sales. Contra Costa Water was very strong, and advanced on large buying orders five points to 76 1/2, closing strong at 76 1/2 bid.

INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-California Banks.

SIG B. SCHLOSS, A. W. BLOW, Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

A. W. BLOW & CO. Tel. Bush 24. 238 Montgomery Street, S. F.

Domestic Economy
has no better aid than

Armour's
Extract
of
Beef

SOLD BY ALL
Grocers and Druggists
Armour & Company,
CHICAGO.

These trade-mark cross lines on every package.

Gluten Grits AND
BARLEY CRYSTALS,
Perfect Breakfast and Diet Health Cereals.
PANSY FLOUR for Biscuits, Cake and Pastry.
Unlike all other goods. Ask Grocers.
For book or sample, write
FARWELL & RHINES, Watertown, N. Y., U.S.A.

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Gout, Lumbago
AND OTHER DISEASES CAUSED BY URIC ACID IN THE
BLOOD positively cured. Send for booklet.
THE SWISS-AMERICAN CO.
OR WINDSOR ONLY. 609 BROAD ST. DETROIT, MICH., U.S.A.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.
Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,187,617.90
Capital actually paid up in cash.....1,000,000.00
Deposits June 30, 1899.....27,656,513.03

OFFICERS—President, E. A. BECKER; First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNAY; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODFELLOW.
Board of Directors—Jen. Steinhart, Emil Rohde, D. N. Walter, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, and John Lloyd.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

532 California Street.
Deposits, July 1, 1899.....\$34,920,305
Paid-up Capital.....1,000,000
Reserve Fund.....205,215
Contingent Fund.....442,763

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERV, Vice-Pres.
LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH, Cashier.
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THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,
SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL.....\$2,000,000
SURPLUS.....1,000,000
PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.....2,365,968
October 1, 1899.

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier
IRVING F. MOULTON.....2d Assistant Cashier
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary

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Virginia City, Nev.....Agency of the Bank of California
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Paris.....Messrs. de Rothschild Frères
Berlin.....Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft
China, Japan, and East Indies. Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China
Australia and New Zealand.....The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

WELLS FARGO & CO., BANK

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$6,250,000
JNO. J. VALENTINE, President; HOMER S. KING, Manager;
H. WADSWORTH, Cashier; F. L. LIPMAN, Asst-Cashier;
H. L. MILLER, Second Asst-Cashier.
Directors—John J. Valentine, Benj. P. Cheney, Oliver Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, Geo. E. Gray, John J. McCook, John Birmingham, Dudley Evans.
Branches at New York, Salt Lake, and Portland.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.
OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$3,702,300; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$2,112,546.

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.
COLIN M. BOYD, Agent for San Francisco,
411 California Street.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

"It is a constant wonder to me," said the student of human nature, "to see how quickly the minds of some men act. I met a man the other evening who had an intellectual grasp that was astounding. I met him in the hall just as he was reaching for an umbrella. 'Is that your umbrella?' he inquired. 'No,' replied I. 'In that case,' he answered, 'it's mine.'"

Tom Corwin had an enormous mouth. He once said he had been insulted by Deacon Smith. The good brother asked for further explanation. "Well," said Corwin, "when I stood up at the lecture-room to relate my experience, and I opened my mouth, Deacon Smith rose up in front, and said: 'Will some brother please close that window and keep it closed?'"

William T. Stead was moved to send a copy of his brochure, "Shall I Slay My Brother Boer?" to two London editors. One reply ran somewhat thus: "DEAR MR. STEAD: What, in heaven's name, have I to do with your family affairs? Yours sincerely, ———." And the other: "MY DEAR SIR: 'By all means—if he insists upon it. Yours faithfully, ———."

John I. Blair, in his earlier days, owned a Western railroad along the route of which he established a series of lunch-rooms, at which employees of the road were to be charged fifty cents and all passengers seventy-five cents. Mr. Blair once dined at one of these places, and, concluding his meal, laid down a half dollar. "Hold on!" cried the cashier, "you don't belong to this road." "I know that," replied Mr. Blair, "the road belongs to me."

The Senate has always been controlled by lawyers, and Blaine was at a disadvantage because he did not belong to the profession. The law-lords were disposed to disparage and flout him, but he was disrespectful to the verge of irreverence. "Does the Senator from Maine think I am an idiot?" roared Thurman, in reply to an interrogatory Blaine put to him one day in the Pacific Railroad debate. "Well," bellowed Blaine, "that depends entirely on the answer you make to my question!"

Once when Edouard Pailleron, the author of "Le Monde ou l'on S'ennuie," dining at Mme. Auberon de Neville's, ventured to interrupt by a subdued murmur one of Caro's lengthy perorations, he was promptly quenched by their hostess: "By and by, Pailleron; you shall speak in your turn." Caro's discourse only finished when dessert was on the table. At its conclusion, Mme. Auberon turned encouragingly toward the interrupter: "Now it's your turn, Pailleron. What was it you wished to say?" "I merely wished to ask for a second helping of peas," was the unexpected rejoinder.

One day Bunsen sat with another shining light of Heidelberg University, who like him had had the highest honors bestowed upon him that could be gained in a scientific career. Bunsen was cool and taciturn, while his colleague never ceased to chatter of his financial losses, suffered through the great fall in Turkish bonds. Bunsen remained silent while the other went on to console himself in this wise: "I can get a certain amount of consolation for my bad investments out of the fact that the great Helmholtz himself invested pretty heavily in Turkish bonds, and has lost a lot of money, too." Then, at last, Bunsen broke his silence with the laconic words: "I didn't think Helmholtz was so big a fool."

An old Irish laborer walked into the luxurious studio of an artist, and asked for money to obtain a meal. He explained that he had just been discharged from the county hospital and was too weak to work. He was given a quarter and departed. One of four young ladies, art-students, who were present, said: "Mr. Madder, can't we hire that old man and sketch him?" Madder ran out and caught him, and said: "If you can't work, and want to make a dollar, come back to my rooms. The young ladies want to paint you." The Irishman hesitated, so Madder remarked: "It won't take long, and it's an easy way to make a dollar." "O! know that," was the reply, "but O! was a wonderin' how th' devil O!d git th' paint off afterward."

Murat Halstead, the great journalist of war-times, went to General William T. Sherman's headquarters once for the "latest news from the front." Halstead was armed with many fine introductory letters, but decided to rely mainly on one given him by Thomas Ewing, Sherman's brother-in-law. He found the general and presented Ewing's letter. The general opened it somewhat impatiently, read a few lines, folded it, and said: "Ah, you come from Ewing, and you desire to have 'all the latest news'—the 'next probable move' of our army—eh? Well, there's a train leaving this town for Cincinnati at two o'clock. Here, take this ticket, and step over there and get your dinner—and then get on that train." "Well, but, General Sher-

man—" began the newspaper man; but Sherman waved him off. "Go over and get a good dinner; we have plenty and always strive to treat our friends well. But be sure you don't miss that two-o'clock train!" And Halstead wisely obeyed.

CLARK'S SECRET WEDDING.

A Bachelor's Attempt to Outwit His Friends.

There dwelt at the town of San Cristobal, situate in the evening shadow of Pike's Peak, a man whom we can not do better than to call by the name Clark. He was a bachelor, perhaps approaching the age of thirty, and extremely popular.

But though a man widely known and of many friends, he was singularly averse to publicity. If he bought a new horse, it was usually a month before he could induce himself to drive it, and when he got a new suit of clothes, he would always send it to a brother in Denver, who would wear it a fortnight to take off the "new" and return it to him.

Naturally, when Clark found himself in a position to contemplate his wedding-day, he became somewhat nervous. He had always been rather fond of attending other people's weddings, and it occurred to him that he had never been backward about bestowing such delicate little attentions as may be encompassed in a handful of rice; and he shook his head as he remembered that he had once helped strap up a friend's trunk at the railroad station with white satin ribbon. The recollection made him shudder; it brought a vision of his own trunk wearing white satin ribbon, and he could almost feel rice rolling gayly off his hat-brim and tumbling down the back of his neck. What made the prospect worse was that, while personally he would gladly have been married by telephone, he knew as well as anybody the inborn love of a wedding, as opposed to a plain marriage, which abideth in the soul of woman. But he was to be agreeably surprised on this point. When he visited his future bride that evening, he said:

"Dora, what do you say to a very simple wedding, or a—er—just a sort of getting married, you know—quiet—no display—no—er—this stuff, you know—rice—no rice. You remember I don't like rice much."

"I know," answered Dora. "I discovered it at Mabel's wedding—by the way you threw it."

"Ha! ha!" said Clark, in a weak attempt at laughter. "That's good; though you threw as much as I did. But that was different, you see. Now what do you say?"

"Well, I'm not particular about a wedding," answered the young lady. "Arrange it just to suit yourself, dear."

"We can announce a wedding, you know," went on Clark; "and then the day before we can just get married, and go away, and—leave 'em with the rice on their hands!"

The details were accordingly very craftily arranged later on by Clark. He set the hour at ten o'clock in the morning.

"It's pretty early," he said; "but it'll have to be at that time so we can catch the ten-thirty train. I will call for you, and we'll just drive around to the dominie's and have it over with in five minutes. I'll send my trunk to the station the night before, and give it out that I'm going up to Denver on business; and I can telephone early for an expressman to call for your trunk. We can send back announcement-cards from Denver—and I'll just have engraved down in one corner, 'No Rice.'"

But of course the plan of the ingenious Clark got out. This was as inevitable as the rising of the morning sun. It got out, though to this day no man knoweth exactly how it got out. But Clark has always sagaciously suspected the Hereditary Enemy of Lovers—the girl's small brother.

The night before the day set for the clandestine marriage, one or two hundred of Clark's friends held a secret meeting down-town in a hall. Mabel's husband presided. Most of those present had the advantage of that exuberance which goes with youth or early life, and they had all long breathed the exhilarating mountain atmosphere of Colorado. Nothing was forgotten.

The next morning, when Clark, after a hasty toilet, glanced out of the window, he observed two scoundrelly looking men wearing pasty clothes, who were posting bills with great industry on the fence across the street. He thought he caught his own name printed in big, red letters. He snatched up an opera-glass and read:

SECRET WEDDING OF

JIM CLARK

To-day at ten o'clock. You are invited.

BRING A BASKET OF RICE.

See small bills.

Mr. Clark with difficulty kept from fainting. But he pulled himself together at last, and started out. There seemed to be nothing to do but to see the thing through. A small boy was throwing hand-bills in all the front yards, and gave one to him. He stopped and read:

"The many friends of the justly popular James McC. Clark take pleasure in announcing his absolutely and profoundly secret marriage to-day at ten o'clock. Twenty-five per cent. reduction on rice at all grocery stores. Per order, COMMITTEE."

He hurried on down to his office. Newsboys were crying the morning papers—"All about the secret wedding of Jim Clark!" He caught glimpses on the first pages of "scare heads" over long articles presumably giving the details. One of the big, red posters was pasted on his office door. He went in and tried to look over his mail.

At half-past nine he returned home. The streets were deserted and ominously quiet. He got his carriage, and drove around after his bride. Together they proceeded to the clergyman's. They went in, and the simple but beautiful ceremony was soon finished. As they stepped out of the house, they found the street blocked with their friends. The rest of the population of the town was coming around the corner in a long procession. Two or three brass bands seemed to be somewhere about the neighborhood. The horses had been taken off the carriage, and a long rope attached. They took their seats, and the willing hands of friends drew them toward the station. The crowd followed. All of this time the air remained foggy with rice.

At the station they found the train waiting. Their trunks were somewhat conspicuous on the roof of the baggage-car, so decorated with bows of white ribbon that they looked like big chrysanthemums. As they mounted the car platform the engineer sounded a long blast on the whistle, and the crowd gave three cheers for Jim Clark. Then there was a call for a speech. A pint of rice rolled off of Clark's hat as he removed it and simply said:

"I thank you. I will never try it again."

The train moved off, and the rice rattled on the car roofs and against the windows. Clark's quiet little wedding was over.—Hayden Carruth in November Harper's Magazine.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

The Sulu Sultan's Harem.

Above a sultan's harem

Old Glory now doth float,

And o'er a Sulu slave-mat

The Stars and Stripes we note;

They're there by formal treaty

In which we sanction free

The harem and the slave-mat

As things that ought to be!

For woman's degradation,

For man's enslavement vile,

Old Glory now is lifted

In a distant Sulu isle;

Hurrah for our new empire;

Hurrah for our new creed!

A harem and a slave-mat

Means liberty indeed!

—St. Louis Republic.

Time and Attraction.

At 8 P. M. the gas-light's gleam

Reveals young Cholly Smart,

He's calling on his lady fair—

They sit this far apart.

At 10 o'clock the question's popped,

Their souls are filled with bliss,

If we could peep, we'd see that they

Are sitting close as kith.

—Baltimore American.

Cycling Comedy.

Callow curate, cycling, calling,

Courting coy Clarissa comes.

Consternation! Carriage crawling,

Captain Corker! Crickey! Crumbs!

Coachman, calling, crying, chiding;

Coasting cleric cannot clear;

Crash colossal, clean colliding,

Checking cleric's crazed career.

Caleb Corker, countless captain,

Carelessly Clarissa calls,

Coarsely cursing charging chaplain,

Called contemptuously "Chawles."

Calm Clarissa comes condoling,

Censures Caleb's contumely;

Curate's crimson cuts consoling,

Comforts "Chawles" consumedly.

Captain Corker, circumvented,

Creeps crestfallen, can't compete;

Clariss cheerful, "Chawles" contented,

Consummation, cure complete.

—London Truth.

The New Explosive.

Thorite, the new explosive, has been distinguishing itself by passing through a 4½-inch Harveyized steel plate. If its success continues, it will make as great a record for itself in the military world as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has in the medical world. So far nothing has appeared which can equal this wonderful medicine in its speedy and permanent mastery of all diseases of the stomach, liver, or kidneys. It's a good remedy to try when everything else has failed.

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OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:
Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for
YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,
Calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with Steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
Steamer, From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1899.
Doric (Via Honolulu).....Friday, November 17
Coptic (Via Honolulu).....Wednesday, Dec. 13
Gaelic (Via Honolulu).....Saturday, January 6
Doric (Via Honolulu).....Thursday, February 1
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

International Navigation Co.'s Lines

AMERICAN LINE.

New York and Southampton (London, Paris), from New York every Wednesday, 10 A. M.
New York.....November 15 | St. Paul.....November 29
St. Louis.....November 22 | New York.....December 6

RED STAR LINE.

New York and Antwerp. From New York every Wednesday, 12 noon.
Southwark.....November 15 | Kensington.....November 29
Westernland.....November 22 | Noordland.....December 6

EMPIRE LINE.

To Alaska and Gold Fields.

For passage and freight apply to International Navigation Company, G. D. FAHNESTOCK, General Agent Pacific Coast, 30 Montgomery Street.



S. S. Australia, for Honolulu only, Wednesday, Nov. 15, 2 p.m.
S. S. Alameda sails via Honolulu and Auckland for Sydney, Wednesday, November 29, 1899, at 8 p.m.
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 114 Montgomery St. Freight Office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:
For Alaskan ports, 20 A. M., November 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, December 2, change to company's steamers at Seattle.
For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 10 A. M., November 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, December 2, and every fifth day thereafter.
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 2 P. M., November 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, December 5, and every fifth day thereafter.
For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports, 9 A. M., November 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, December 2, and every fourth day thereafter.
For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 A. M., November 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, December 4, and every 4th day thereafter. For further information see folder.
For Mexican ports, 10 A. M., seventh of each month.
The company reserves the right to change without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates and hours of sailing.
Ticket Office 4 New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel).
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., 10 Market St. S. F.



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Nippou Maru.....Saturday, November 25
America Maru.....Thursday, December 21
Hongkong Maru.....Tuesday, January 16, 1900

Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market Street, cor. First.
W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

WHITE STAR LINE.

AMERICAN SERVICE.

The New Twin Screw Steamship
OCEANIC
The Largest Vessel in the World.
17,040 tons, length 704 feet, width 68 feet.
28,000 horse-power.

TEUTONIC and MAJESTIC
Twin Screw.
10,000 tons. 582 feet long.

CYMRIC
Twin Screw, 12,552 tons, 600 feet long,
one of the largest steamships afloat.

GERMANIC
Well known to ocean travelers, and now completely refitted.

Wednesday sailings from New York.

S. TENNEY FRENCH, G. W. A.,
94-96 Dearborn Street, Chicago.
For passage apply to G. W. FLETCHER, 613 Market Street, or to official railway and steamship offices on Pacific Coast.

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Bicycle and Golf Suits. Opposite the P. O.

SOCIETY.

The Keyes-Salisbury Wedding.

The marriage of Miss Kate Thornton Salisbury to Mr. Alexander D. Keyes took place on Tuesday afternoon, November 7th, at half-past four o'clock, at the home of the bride, 1414 California Street. The bride is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Salisbury, and Mr. Keyes is the son of the late General Keyes. Mr. Keyes is an attorney in this city and a member of the University Club, and both he and his bride are well known in society.

The wedding was a very quiet affair, only members of the Salisbury, Thornton, Crittenden, Robinson, Cresswell, Keyes, and Loughborough families and a few intimate friends being present. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father Prendergast, of St. Mary's Cathedral, and, in the absence of her father, the bride was given into the groom's keeping by her uncle, Mr. Cornelius Robinson. The maid of honor was the bride's sister, Miss Margaret Salisbury, and the bridesmaids were Miss Olive Holbrook, Miss Josephine Loughborough, Miss Frances Baldwin, and Miss Azalea Keyes. Mr. Winfield Scott Keyes officiated as best man.

After a wedding repast, Mr. and Mrs. Keyes left for the south. On their return they will reside on Devisadero Street, near Pacific Avenue.

The Stubbs Tea and Dinner.

Mrs. J. C. Stubbs will receive a large number of her friends at a tea which she is giving at her home, 2519 Pacific Avenue, on Saturday afternoon, November 18th, from three until six o'clock. It will introduce to society her daughter, Miss Edith Stubbs, and in the evening a dinner will be given in the *débutante's* honor. The dinner will be served at half-past seven, and covers will be laid for forty, the guests being:

Miss Irene Baker, Miss Margaret Collier, Miss Ethel Cooper, Miss Katherine Dillon, Miss Charlotte Field, Miss Elizabeth Huntington, Miss Jeanette Hooper, Miss Mary Josselyn, Miss Stella Kane, Miss Helen Kline, Miss Ruth McNutt, Miss Alma McClung, Miss Elizabeth Mills, Miss Edith Preston, Miss Margaret Salisbury, the Misses Stubbs, Miss Helen Thomas, Miss Leila Voorhies, Miss Lillian Woods, Mr. Raymond Armsby, Mr. Thomas Bishop, Mr. John Carrigan, Mr. Alexander Center, Mr. Aylett Cotton, Mr. Earle, Mr. Robert Foster, Mr. Ralston Hamilton, Mr. Frank King, Mr. Percy King, Mr. Joseph King, Mr. A. Lewis, Mr. William McLean, Mr. Horace Platt, Mr. Roy Pike, Mr. William Smith, Mr. Chester Smith, Mr.

Ellery Stowell, Mr. Walter Scott, Mr. Van Fleet, and Mr. Howard Veeder.

The Preston Dinner-Dance.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar F. Preston gave a most enjoyable dinner on Thursday evening last in the main parlor of the second floor of the Palace Hotel. The dinner was given in honor of their second daughter, Miss Edith Preston, who is one of this season's budes. The table was prettily decorated with autumn vines and roses, and the dinner was followed by a dance. Those at table were:

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar F. Preston, Miss Preston, Miss Edith Preston, Miss Lillie Spreckels, Miss Denman, Miss Margaret Cole, Miss Cadwalader, Miss Thérèse Morgan, Miss Ruth McNutt, Miss Olive Holbrook, Miss Mary Josselyn, Miss Florence Josselyn, Miss Elizabeth Ames, Miss Helen Thomas, Miss Hush, Miss Florence Hush, Miss Hamilton, Mr. Adolph Spreckels, Mr. James Reid, Mr. George Cadwalader, Mr. Bertram Cadwalader, Mr. Frank King, Mr. Maxwell McNutt, Mr. Horace G. Platt, Mr. Howard P. Veeder, Mr. E. M. Greenwood, Mr. Bruce Cornwall, Mr. Clarence Folliis, Mr. William Denman, Mr. Harry Poett, Mr. Walter Magee, and Mr. George Martin.

A Dinner in the Red Room.

One of the prettiest dinners of the early season was that given on Saturday evening last in the Red Room of the Bohemian Club by one of the members to a number of his friends. The table and room were both exquisitely ornamented with rare blossoms and autumn leaves, and an orchestra of mandolins, guitars, and flutes played during the service of the dinner. Among the guests were:

Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. M. P. Maus, Miss Georgie Hopkins, Miss Edna Hopkins, Miss Scott, Miss Van Ness, Miss Josephine Loughborough, Miss Edith Preston, Miss Thérèse Morgan, Miss Ethel Hager, Miss Mollie Thomas, Miss Lillie Folliis, Miss Bernie Drown, Miss Kate Dillon, Miss McBean, Miss Caro Crockett, Lieutenant-Colonel M. P. Maus, First Infantry, U. S. A., Mr. Walter S. Martin, Mr. Augustus C. Taylor, Mr. Harry Poett, Mr. Samuel H. Boardman, Mr. Bertram Cadwalader, Mr. Frederick W. McNear, Mr. Harry N. Stetson, Mr. Peter D. Martin, Mr. Emile Bruguière, Mr. Clarence Folliis, Mr. A. B. Williamson, Mr. Gerald Rathbone, Mr. Lawrence E. Van Winkle, Mr. W. N. Drown, Mr. Francis Bruguière, Captain Charles du P. Couderet, commissary, U. S. V., and Mr. E. M. Greenwood.

The Doctor's Daughters' Doll Show.

The third annual Model Doll Show, held under the auspices of the Doctor's Daughters in aid of

their charities, will be opened to the public in the Maple Room of the Palace Hotel next Friday morning, November 17th, at ten o'clock, remaining open until ten o'clock that evening, and again during the same hours on Saturday.

The dolls, which are exhibited by amateur as well as professional dressmakers, will be gowned in the height of the *modiste's* art, and their number is expected to reach into the hundreds. The exhibits will be arranged in ten classes, and in each class a prize of ten dollars will be awarded. The judging will take place on Thursday, so that the prize-winners will be ticketed when the show opens. Most of the dolls will be for sale, though none are to be removed until the show closes, and those that remain unsold on Saturday night will be disposed of at public auction. There will be a raffle held on Saturday evening for a beautiful French mechanical toy which has been donated by Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy. There will also be for sale several handsome posters painted for the show by artist members of the Bohemian Club.

Each afternoon and evening there will be an orchestral concert, and tea, coffee, and lemonade will be served, champagne-punch being added on Saturday evening. The refreshments will be served under the direction of Mrs. Samuel G. Buckbee, Mrs. Frederick W. Tallant, and Miss Bowman, who have secured Mrs. Marion P. Maus, the Misses Hager, the Misses Hopkins, the Misses Morgan, Miss Buckbee, Miss Clara Hamilton, Miss Katherine Dillon, Miss Daisy Van Ness, Miss Alice Colden Hoffman, Miss Mollie Thomas, and Miss Bernice Drown to pour tea.

Among the patronesses of the show are Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, Mrs. George Crocker, Mrs. C. B. Alexander, Mrs. Joseph Sadoe Tobin, Mrs. William G. Irwin, Mrs. John D. Spreckels, and Mrs. Ira Pierce, and the committee of the Doctor's Daughters who are conducting the affair are Miss Jennie Blair, manager, Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow, Mrs. Alfred S. Tubbs, Miss Susie McEwen, Mrs. J. Stow Ballard, Mrs. Frank D. Bates, and Miss Bruce.

The show is open to the public, an admission fee of fifty cents for adults and twenty-five cents for children being charged.

The Needle-Work and Lace Exhibition.

An exceedingly interesting exhibition of needle-work and laces was opened in the Maple Room of the Palace Hotel last Thursday. Among the pieces displayed are the first specimens of the Deerfield Society's blue-and-white work ever seen on this coast, rare tapestries lent by Mrs. Phebe A. Hearst, Spanish drawn-work from Santa Barbara, church vestments from Manila, rich Japanese embroideries, and other beautiful handiwork. The process of lace-making, and also of carding and spinning yarn, is shown, and there are also dolls and fancy-work suitable for Christmas gifts, many of the articles being for sale.

Tea is served by Miss Taylor, Miss Boss, Miss Genevieve Carolan, Miss Crockett, the Misses Hopkins, and Miss McBean, and on Saturday evening, November 18th, when the exhibition will be open from seven o'clock until ten, there will be music. The patronesses of the exhibition are Mrs. Beverly MacMonagle, Mrs. William H. Taylor, Mrs. Robert J. Woods, Mrs. Hall McAllister, Mrs. Austin C. Tubbs, and Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe. An admission fee of twenty-five cents is charged, the proceeds going to the Associated-Charities.

Reception to Mr. Ticknor.

A reception was tendered to Mr. Howard Malcolm Ticknor, M. A., of Boston, at the Berkshire last Wednesday evening by Mrs. Cornelius Woodward Truesdell and the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association. The reception committee which assisted Mrs. Truesdell in receiving the many guests included Mrs. Sara E. Reamer, Mrs. Lovell White, Mrs. John H. Jewett, Mrs. Carr, Mrs. A. D. Sharon, Mrs. W. H. Mills, Mrs. S. L. Foster, Mrs. Mariner-Campbell, Mrs. Mary E. Hart, Mrs. Ella M. Sexton, Mme. Guido Spitz, Mrs. Ada H. Van Pelt, Mrs. M. E. Murfey, Mrs. Doone, Miss J. M. Long, Miss Harriet M. Skidmore, and Miss Auguste Friedrich.

During the evening an orchestra under the direction of Mme. von Meyerinck played concert selections, there were solos by Miss Florence Julia Doone, Miss Isella Van Pelt, Miss Neamata Van Pelt, Miss Clara Heyman, and Miss Julia Sharp, and songs by the Occidental Quartet.

Coaching Parties at Tanforan Park.

The Burlingame and San Mateo contingent turned out in force on Saturday, November 4th, at the opening of the new race track at Tanforan Park under the auspices of the Western Turf Association. Several coaching parties had been made up for the occasion, and they made a brave showing.

Among the amateur whips who drove four-in-hands were Mr. George A. Newhall, Mr. E. Duplessis Beylard, Mr. Walter Scott Hobart, Mr. Henry J. Crocker, Mr. Joseph Sadoe Tobin, and Mr. Charles N. Dunphy, the latter on the Burlingame Club coach, and Mr. Richard M. Tobin, Mr. Bailly-Johnson, and several others drove tandem teams. Several dinners were given after the races, among them a stag dinner at the Burlingame Country Club by Mr. Henry J. Crocker.

Pears'

It is a wonderful soap that takes hold quick and does no harm.

No harm! It leaves the skin soft like a baby's; no alkali in it, nothing but soap. The harm is done by alkali. Still more harm is done by not washing. So, bad soap is better than none.

What is bad soap? Imperfectly made; the fat and alkali not well balanced or not combined.

What is good soap?

Pears'.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

THE GREAT LEADER OF

CHAMPACNES

G. H. Mumm & Co.'s Extra Dry

WHILE words tell, statistics prove.

The importation of G. H. MUMM & CO.'S EXTRA DRY in 1898 aggregating 86,855 cases, or 52,649 cases more than of any other brand, is certainly the most striking evidence of the great popularity of this famous brand of champagne, and particular attention is called to the fine quality, purity, and natural dryness of the wine now coming to this market.

Used at almost all notable banquets, balls, weddings, etc.

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First-class quiet Family Hotel.
D. W. JAMES, Proprietor,
Late of Paso Robles Hotel.

The Saving of
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Baking Powder is considerable. Royal is economical, because it possesses more leavening power and goes further.

Royal saves also because it always makes fine, light, sweet food; never wastes good flour; butter and eggs.

More important still is the saving in health. Royal Baking Powder adds anti-dyspeptic qualities to the food.

**There is no
baking
powder so
economical
in practical
use, no
matter how
little others
may cost,
as the Royal**

Imitation baking powders almost invariably contain alum. Alum makes the food unwholesome.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant, who closed up their Burlingame place on Saturday, November 4th, expect to leave next week for the East on a short visit.

Dr. and Mrs. Beverly MacMonagle left for New York on Sunday, November 5th.

Mrs. Joseph S. Tobin has returned from her visit to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Gerstle and Mr. and Mrs. Will Gerstle are expected to return from New York very shortly.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Marks have taken an apartment at the Palace Hotel for the winter. They are expected in San Francisco in a few days, after a long stay in Europe.

Mrs. Edward Barron, of Mayfield Park, Mayfield, has closed her country home for the winter, and is occupying an apartment at the Palace Hotel.

Colonel and Mrs. Southard Hoffman and Miss Alice Colden Hoffman will go to the Occidental Hotel next month for the winter, and their house at 276 Pacific Avenue will be occupied by Mr. and Mrs. John G. Kittle. Captain and Mrs. W. B. Collier, the Misses Collier, Mr. W. B. Collier, Jr., and Mr. Page Collier are at the Hoffmans' former residence, 2509 Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. McWilliams will remain at The Colonial through the winter, and in the spring will move into the new home they are having built on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. John R. Glascock will spend the winter at the Hotel Bella Vista. Their Oakland home will be occupied during their absence by Mr. and Mrs. John Hays.

Mrs. Lewis Allen, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Kittle, at her residence on Pacific Avenue and Steiner Street, will return next Wednesday to her home in Portland, Or.

President and Mrs. Daniel C. Gilman, of Baltimore, were among the visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Gaston M. Ashe are in town, visiting Mrs. Caroline L. Ashe at her home at 2375 Sacramento Street.

Judge and Mrs. John H. Boalt left on Saturday, November 4th, for the East, where they will pass the winter.

Mr. Latham McMullin, who has been in New York City for several weeks, will return to San Francisco about November 15th.

Mrs. John Boggs has closed her country house in Colusa County, and with her daughter, Miss Alice Boggs, has taken rooms for the winter at 1222 Pine Street.

Miss Grace Howe McKinley, daughter of the late James McKinley, of this city, is visiting her uncle, President McKinley, in Washington, D. C. It is expected that she and Mrs. McKinley's niece, Miss Ida Barber, will make their *début* at a tea at the White House early in the winter, and many dinners and dances for young folks are predicted to follow.

Mr. Harold Wheeler and Mr. Lansing Mizner are occupying the Wheeler cottage in Sausalito.

Mr. and Mrs. John T. Harnes and Miss Belle Harnes have taken an apartment at the California Hotel for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry B. Ainsworth (*née* Mullins) have returned to their home at Redondo, after a wedding-trip to Portland, Or., where they visited Mr. Ainsworth's relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Seth Mann enjoyed a visit to the Tavern of Tamalpais in the early part of the week.

Miss Susie Le Count returned from Colorado Springs early in the week, and is with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Le Count, at The Colonial.

Mr. and Mrs. John E. de Ruyter returned last Tuesday from their Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker left on Wednesday for New York, where they will spend a few weeks, and thence go to Washington, D. C., for the rest of the winter.

Mrs. William H. Avery returned on the Occidental and Oriental steamer *Doric* last week from a five months' trip to Japan and China. Mr. and Mrs. Avery are at the Occidental Hotel for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Werner Stauff returned on Wednesday from a brief visit to friends in Sonoma County.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Hecht, of Chicago, are at the California Hotel.

Mr. Summit L. Hecht, from Boston, is here to attend the wedding of his sister, Miss Elsie S. Hecht, next Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Vos (*née* Graham) and Miss Graham returned from Honolulu on the Occidental and Oriental steamer *Doric*, and are at the California Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. George B. Cooksey and Miss Cooksey, of Irvington-on-the-Hudson, N. Y., have leased the Edgar Mills residence at Menlo Park, meanwhile they are at The Colonial for a few weeks.

Mr. E. W. Hopkins and Miss Hopkins are in New York City.

Mrs. Edie, wife of Dr. Guy L. Edie, U. S. A., accompanied by her sister, Miss Mary Kip, sailed last Thursday for Manila, where they will remain until May.

Mrs. A. Christeson returned during the week from Paris, whither she had gone to fetch her daughter. They are now with Mr. Christeson at The Colonial for the winter.

Mrs. William Wayne Belvin has been visiting Mrs. Frederick H. Green at her home in San Rafael.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. F. Winstanley, of Los Angeles, Mr. T. S. C. Lowe, of Pasadena, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Poyson and Mr. P. W. Poyson, of Chicago, Mr. H. M. Soule, of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Glasselle, of Los Angeles, Mr. S. E. Bell, Mr. E. B. Bromley and Mr. H. W. Bromley,

of Honolulu, and Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Lauterbach, of Chicago.

Among the visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais last week were Mr. and Mrs. John Brooks, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Spencer, Mrs. R. P. Pierson, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Gilmartin, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Huber, Mrs. E. H. Merrill, Mrs. A. A. Allen, and Mr. F. W. Parcells, of San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Willets, of New York, and Mr. Edwin S. Barnes, of Boston.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Major-General Nelson A. Miles, commanding the United States army, arrived in town on Thursday from Washington, D. C., by way of Portland, Or. He is accompanied by Mrs. Miles and Miss Miles, Miss Hoyt, Lieutenant-Colonel Francis Michler, assistant adjutant-general, U. S. V., and Mr. B. Frank Hill, and the party is at the Palace Hotel.

Admiral George Dewey, U. S. N., was married in Washington, D. C., on Thursday, November 9th, to Mrs. Mildred Hazen, daughter of Mrs. Washington McLean and widow of the late General Hazen, Signal Service, U. S. A.

Commander Franklin J. Drake, U. S. N., and Mrs. Drake came down from Mare Island early in the week and registered at the California Hotel.

Lieutenant-Commander Alfred B. Canago, U. S. N., has been detached from the bureau of steam engineering and ordered to the Asiatic Station.

Major John W. Hannay, Third Infantry, U. S. A., Mrs. Hannay, and Miss Hannay returned recently from Manila, whence the major was invalided home, and are at The Colonial.

Captain Joseph H. Dorst, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., and Mrs. Dorst will remain at The Colonial until the captain goes to Manila, when Mrs. Dorst will return to her home in Denver.

Captain George C. Reiter, U. S. N., late in charge of the life-saving service at Portland, is at the Occidental Hotel. He has been assigned to duty on the *Philadelphia*.

Lieutenant Benjamin Tappan, U. S. N., now on the *Callao* at Manila, has been promoted to be lieutenant-commander.

Lieutenant Chester M. Knepper, U. S. N., and Mrs. Knepper are guests at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. McClelland, wife of Captain E. J. McClelland, Second Cavalry, U. S. A., and Mrs. Scott, wife of Lieutenant W. S. Scott, First Cavalry, U. S. A., are at The Colonial for the winter.

Surgeon Lucien E. Heneberger, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Indiana* and ordered home on waiting orders.

Lieutenant C. C. Heiss, Twelfth Infantry, U. S. A., returned on furlough from Manila on the *St. Paul* last Tuesday.

Lieutenant Percy Thompson, of the revenue cutter *Bear*, has joined his family at the Hotel Lenox for the winter.

Lieutenant D. P. Foley, U. S. R. S., has returned from Alaska, and will spend this winter at the Hotel Lenox with his family.

Mrs. Beatty, wife of Lieutenant-Commander Frank H. Beatty, U. S. N., of the *Monterey*, arrived from the Orient on the Occidental and Oriental steamer *Doric* on Monday, November 6th, and is at the Occidental Hotel.

Golf Notes.

The first general reception and opening of the San Francisco Golf Club's pretty club-house, on the edge of the Presidio Reservation, will be held on Saturday afternoon, November 11th, from two o'clock until five. It will be called a "donation tea," and members have been requested to bring with them, or send, various articles that will contribute to the appearance and comfort of the rooms, from a piano to sugar-tongs, and from ash-trays to deer-heads.

During the afternoon, tea will be served by Miss Edith McBean, Miss Alice Colden Hoffman, Miss Carrie Taylor, Miss Mary Scott, the Misses Morgan, Miss Genevieve Carolan, Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss Caro Crockett, and other members.

At the same time there will be a ladies' 18-hole handicap contest on the links for the Winslow medal and three prizes. The player making the lowest net score will take the medal and first prize, the second lowest second prize, and the third lowest, third. Some eighteen or twenty ladies are expected to compete, some of those who have already entered being Mrs. W. J. Miller, Miss Alice Colden Hoffman, Miss Carrie Taylor, Miss Cheseborough, Miss Edith McBean, Miss Thérèse Morgan, Miss Moody, and Miss Maud Mullins.

In the bogey tournament played at the Presidio links on Saturday, November 4th, over 18 holes with a bogey score of 39, Mr. Harry B. Goodwin (scratch) and Mr. R. H. Gaylord (handicap 3) tied for first prize with a score of 2 up, the other players being Major Hugh J. Gallagher, chief-commissary, U. S. V. (handicap 3), Mr. Leonard Chenery (9), Lieutenant Miller (12), Mr. Louis F. Monteagle (18), Mr. Charles Page (3), Mr. R. Gilman Brown (3), Mr. R. V. Watt (22), and Mr. C. F. Mullins (9). The two leaders played off the tie on Tuesday last, Mr. Goodwin defeating Mr. Gaylord by 4 up and 2 to play.

The second contest of the Oakland Golf Club men for the Macdonald Cup, which was postponed on November 4th, may come off on Saturday, November 11th; but it is by no means certain, as the Oakland players seem to prefer instruction under their new professionals to tournaments just now.

The bogey tournaments at the San Rafael links

last Tuesday were over 18 holes for both men and women, the bogey for men being 50 and for women 59. Mr. R. A. Parker (handicap 20) took first prize for men with a score of 3 up, and Mr. R. Gilman Brown (handicap 7) and Mr. Carter P. Pomeroy (handicap 12) tied for second place, with 1 up. The other contestants were Mr. J. J. Crooks (handicap 11), Mr. G. Hazen (16), Mr. Clement Arnold (17), Mr. E. L. Griffith (18), Mr. A. A. Curtis (22), Mr. W. G. Curtis (22), and Mr. Frank S. Johnson (30). Mr. Hazen won the men's driving contest with a clear drive of 153.1 yards, with Mr. R. Gilman Brown second, 149.3, and Mr. Brown won the men's approaching contest—the average of best three out of five strokes at 100 feet over a two-foot net—with a record of 16.3 feet, Mr. Parker coming second with 18.3.

In the ladies' handicap Mrs. R. G. Brown (handicap 3), Miss Alice Colden Hoffman (handicap 4), and Mrs. J. J. Crooks (handicap 20), tied with a score of 4 down, the other contestants being Miss Eleanor Morrow (handicap 13), Miss T. C. Morgan (16), Mrs. J. T. Burke (16), Mrs. F. S. Johnson (16), Mrs. A. A. Curtis (22), and Mrs. Albert Kautz (22). Mrs. Brown won the ladies' driving contest with 260 feet, Mrs. Crooks and Miss Morrow tying for second place with 258. Mrs. Brown also won the ladies' approaching contest—the conditions being the same as for the men—with an average of 11.6, Miss Hoffman being second, with 14.9.

Notes and Gossip.

Announcement is made of the marriage of Miss Elsa Anita Wolf, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Wolf, of San Francisco, to the Cavaliere Augusto Macchetta d'Allegri, of Milan, Italy.

Miss Frances Schutelm arrived on the *China* last week from a tour of the world, and left on Wednesday for New York, where she is to be married on Wednesday, November 22d, to Mr. George W. Pease. The prospective groom is a brother of Mr. R. H. Pease, of this city, and the young couple will make their future home in this State.

Among the luncheons to be given in the coming week are one by Miss Maud Mullins in honor of Miss Ethel Hager, another by Miss Cadwalader in honor of Miss Mary Scott, and a third by Miss Edith McBean.

The opening hop of the season at the Hotel Lenox took place on Monday evening, November 6th.

Mrs. Henry J. Crocker gave the second of her dinner-dances at her home at Laguna and Washington Streets on Friday evening, November 10th.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin entertained at dinner on Sunday last at her residence on Broadway Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Whittier, Miss Carroll, Miss Josephine Loughborough, Miss Ethel Keeney, Colonel John H. Wholley, U. S. V., Mr. E. M. Greenway, and Captain C. du P. Coudert, U. S. V.

The Misses Loughborough gave a very pretty luncheon at their home, on the corner of O'Farrell and Franklin Streets, last Thursday. Those present were Miss Azalea Keyes, Miss Thérèse Morgan, Miss Caro Crockett, Miss Lillian Folliis, Miss Schneely, Miss Leontine Blakeman, Miss Ethel Keeney, Miss Bernice Landers, Miss Ethel Cooper, Miss Hager, Miss Ethel Hager, Miss Florence Josselyn, Miss Margaret Salisbury, Miss Bernice Drown, Miss Spreckels, Miss Leila Voorhies, Miss Helen Wagner, and Miss Olive Holbrook.

Mrs. W. S. Wood gave a luncheon at the University Club recently, in honor of Mrs. McKenna, wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Frank B. McKenna, U. S. V. Her guests were Mrs. McKenna, Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mrs. E. S. Pillsbury, Mrs. Harry C. Benson, Miss Eleanor Wood, Miss Mamie Kohl, and Miss Pillsbury.

A new literary and social club, Van Ness Seminary Sorosis, has just been organized. The officers are Mrs. William Cluness, Jr. (*née* Creagh), Mrs. Frank Burnham (*née* Kinney), Mrs. Clarence Mann (*née* Gage), Miss Clarisse Sheldon, Miss Helen Pray, and Miss Agnes Sadler.

Mrs. Daniel McLeod will receive on Fridays in November at her new home, 2366 Broadway.

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Death of Austin C. Tubbs.

The death of Austin C. Tubbs by heart disease took place suddenly on Wednesday afternoon at his country-home in San Mateo. He was forty-one years of age, and for some years has been president of the Tubbs Cordage Company, which was founded by his father in 1856. He is survived by a widow—who was Miss Anne Tallant—and three young sons. Mr. Tubbs was respected by the business community and cordially liked by his friends, especially in the Pacific-Union, University, Burlingame, Cosmos, and Union League Clubs, of which he was a member.

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LEAVE	FROM OCTOBER 29, 1899.	ARRIVE
7:00 A.	Benicia, Suisun, and Sacramento....	7:45 P.
7:00 A.	Marysville, Oroville, via Woodland, Elmira, Vacaville, and Rumsey....	7:45 P.
7:00 A.	Shasta Express—Davis, Willows, Red Bluff, Portland....	7:45 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa....	6:15 P.
8:00 A.	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Omaha, Chicago....	5:15 P.
8:30 A.	San José, Livermore, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, and Red Bluff....	4:15 P.
8:30 A.	Milton, Oakdale, and Sonoma....	4:15 P.
9:00 A.	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations....	11:45 A.
9:00 A.	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East....	9:45 A.
9:00 A.	Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno....	12:15 P.
9:00 A.	Port Costa, Fresno, Mojave, and Los Angeles....	6:45 A.
10:00 A.	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations....	7:15 P.
11:00 A.	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations....	2:45 P.
12:00 M.	Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Sacramento, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville....	4:15 P.
11:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers....	8:00 P.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations....	5:45 P.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa....	9:15 A.
4:00 P.	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Oroville....	10:45 A.
4:30 P.	Niles, San José, and Stockton....	7:15 P.
5:00 P.	The Owl Limited, Tracy, Fresno, Bakersfield, Saugus for Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles....	9:45 A.
5:30 P.	Stockton, Merced, and Fresno....	12:15 P.
5:30 P.	Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East....	8:45 A.
5:30 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East....	6:45 P.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José....	7:45 A.
6:30 P.	Vallejo....	12:15 P.
6:30 P.	Oriental Mail—Ogden and East....	8:50 P.
7:00 P.	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Stations....	19:55 P.
8:05 P.	Oregon and California Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East....	8:15 A.

COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).
(Foot of Market Street.)

7:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations....	5:50 P.
12:15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations....	10:50 A.
4:15 P.	Newark, San José, Los Gatos....	9:20 A.
6:15 P.	Hunters' Excursion, San José and Way Stations....	17:20 P.

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—
7:15 9:00 11:00 A. M. 1:00 2:00 3:00
4:00 5:00 6:00 P. M.
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—
10:00 A. M. 12:00 1:00 2:00 3:00 4:00 5:00 P. M.

COAST DIVISION (Broad Gauge).
(Third and Townsend Streets.)

10:10 A.	Ocean View, South San Francisco....	10:30 P.
7:00 A.	San José and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only)....	1:30 P.
9:00 A.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Surf, Lompoc, and Principal Way Stations....	4:10 P.
10:40 A.	San José and Way Stations....	6:35 A.
11:30 A.	San José and Way Stations....	5:30 P.
12:45 P.	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove....	10:36 A.
13:30 P.	San José and Way Stations....	7:30 P.
14:15 P.	San José and Principal Way Stations....	9:45 A.
15:00 P.	San José and Principal Way Stations....	10:00 A.
5:30 P.	San José and Principal Way Stations....	8:35 A.
6:30 P.	San José and Way Stations....	18:00 A.
6:15 P.	San José and Way Stations....	7:30 P.

A for Morning. P for Afternoon.
* Daily. † Sunday excepted. ‡ Sunday only.
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

She—"What's the difference between a dimple and a wrinkle?" He—"Oh, about thirty or forty years."
—Town Topics.

Clevertown—"When you told her father you loved her, did he show much feeling?" Dashaway—"Oh, yes; I don't know when I have been so moved!"—Life.

Miss Dimple—"Reggie, did you ever smell powder?" Reginald—"Oh, often." Miss Dimple—"Manila or Cuba?" Reginald—"Sachet."—Ohio State Journal.

Twitter—"I hear you had a sneak thief at your house last night. Did a pretty fair job, didn't he?" Trotter—"Well, yes. In fact, he left nothing to be desired."—Town Topics.

Lecturer—"And what man is most apt to reach that elevation whence the earth may be viewed 'as one vast plain?' " Voice (in the audience)—"The one that works in a powder-mill."—Life.

"Marriage," said the proverb-quoter, "is a lottery." "Yes," answered the Sultan of Sulu as he sadly waved his hand toward the harem, "and there's a bunch of blanks."—Washington Star.

A gentle hint: Frank—"Blanche pinned a tiny flattery on my coat last night." Dick—"Do you know what that means?" Frank—"No." Dick—"Why, she wants you to press your suit."—Chicago News.

"I want to see Mrs. Smythe," said the visitor. "You can't," said the servant; "she has the toothache." "You must be mistaken," the man replied; "I am her dentist, and I have her teeth here in this package."—Ex.

Getting matters adjusted: "You are half an hour late at our appointment, Mr. Thompkins." "Yes; I stopped to get my luncheon." "Well, be kind enough to sit down and wait while I go out and get mine."—Chicago Record.

Optician—"I've been swindled with a counterfeit twenty-dollar bank-note." Great detective—"Go home and say nothing. Your business will be ruined if it becomes known that you can't see better than that."—Jewelers' Weekly.

"Can't the Democrats of this town get together?" inquired the political exhorter in Kentucky. "Get together!" answered the man with court-plaster on his ear; "why, it takes eleven deputy-sheriffs to keep 'em apart!"—Washington Star.

Fated: The restful one—"My dear, I wish you would not be so energetic. Will you never rest?" The fussy one—"I never expect to be able to rest till I get in my grave, and then it will be just my luck that the next day will be the Resurrection."—Life.

"I dunno how Bill's a-goin' to vote in this election," said the campaign-worker; "I've heard tell he's on the fence." "He wuz thar," replied his neighbor, "but one o' the canditates let fall a dollar on the off-side o' the fence, an' Bill got dizzy, an' fell over!"—Atlantic Constitution.

"Now, General Aguinaldo," inquired the interviewer, "do you think that the Filipinos can possibly get the better of the Americans?" "In the long run," yes," and the general's eyes danced as he watched his army preparing for a ten-mile dash into the deeper recesses of the forest.—Detroit Free Press.

A manly boy of fifteen entered the office of a London merchant and asked for employment. He gave satisfactory answers to a few questions, and then the merchant inquired: "What is your motto?" "Same as yours, sir," the boy replied; "just what you have on your door—'Push.'" He was promptly engaged.—Tit-Bits.

Excitement is often the cause of strange telegrams, as well as other queer manifestations. A man who had been one of the passengers on a shipwrecked vessel was rescued almost by a miracle. On arriving at a place from which he could send a telegraphic message, he forwarded the following dispatch to his brother: "I am saved. Try to break it gently to my wife."—Tit-Bits.

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Nearly a week after the election finds the results of State elections given on the first figures generally confirmed and with little chance of any material change, except in Kentucky.

As we write there is no news of the total vote in Ohio cast for the various tickets. In consequence it is difficult to make any deductions regarding gains or losses, or whether the formidable independent candidacy of Mayor Jones, of Toledo, drew most heavily from the Republicans or the Democrats. It is certain, however, that the Republican candidate for governor, Judge Nash, has been elected by a plurality exceeding 50,000; that the whole State ticket is elected with him; that the Republican majority in the legislature will be eighteen—an increase of three over last year—and that Mayor Jones, having polled 100,000 votes, was a

very serious factor in the election. Since the plurality of 28,165 given to Governor Bushnell two years ago and the plurality of 47,497 given to President McKinley in 1896 have both been exceeded by the results this fall under trying circumstances, it is a fair conclusion that a very substantial Republican victory has been gained in Ohio.

In Iowa Governor Shaw has been elected by the Republicans by a majority more than double that of 29,987 which he received two years ago, and the Republicans have gained seventeen votes on joint ballot in the legislature.

New Jersey elected a Republican governor last year by a plurality of 5,499, and this year by over 16,000. The Republican control in the legislature has also been increased by two or three votes.

So far as a test has been had in the late election of the popularity of the expansion policy of the administration, it is confined to the results in the three States named, and to those of Massachusetts and Nebraska. In these five States the issues upon which the election turned were national ones, and the main question was the approval or condemnation of the McKinley policies. There has been no talk about silver anywhere, and what has been urged in regard to trusts has been wholly perfunctory and without effect. In the States of Ohio, Iowa, and New Jersey, the election may be considered a substantial indorsement of the President and his expansion policy. Massachusetts is a Republican State and has elected a Republican governor and State ticket; but it is to be noted that the question of expansion has reduced the plurality of the party thousands of votes. In 1896 the State gave McKinley 173,265 plurality on the financial issue; in 1897 and 1898 a Republican governor was elected on local issues by 85,543 and 83,186, respectively. This year the plurality has been reduced to 65,000—a loss to the party of 20,000. The Nebraska election also proceeded upon national issues, with the result that the fusion plurality, which was 2,721 last year, has been swollen to 15,000 this fall. It is a notable fact that the State, which was suspected of a tendency to swing back into Republican ranks, has given a fusion plurality greater than that of 13,576 which Bryan received in 1896. As we have stated before, there were Republican victories in New York, Pennsylvania, Kansas, and South Dakota, but while they are gratifying to the party and promise victory to the Republicans in 1900, they were not contested upon national issues and are by no means conclusive of the attitude which those States would assume in a Presidential election where the question at issue should be the approval of the expansion policy of the present administration.

The effect of the voting last Tuesday upon next year's campaign will be only general at the best. It points toward the election of a Republican President. It suggests the probability that neither silver nor trusts will be serious issues. It improves President McKinley's chances of re-nomination to the extent that he was not turned down in his own State, but even there his policies have not received such a hearty acclaim as the Grecians gave to those of Titus Flamininus when it is said that "crows fell down dead" out of the atmosphere from the shock of men's voices. There is still room for a competitor in the national convention, and there is no good reason why it might not be occupied by Admiral Dewey if his recent marriage to an ambitious woman with strong political connections should cause him to change his mind. A campaign with the gallant admiral would surely shake the crows out of the ether.

Although the electoral vote of Pennsylvania may be counted on for the next Republican candidate for President, it is equally true that the administration can draw little consolation from the voting in that State since its inauguration. Pennsylvania gave McKinley a plurality of 295,000 in the interest of sound finances. The Republican plurality fell to 144,000 in 1897 and to 118,000 in 1898, while this year the leading candidate, who was a soldier just from the Philippines, where he had fought creditably with his regiment, ran 30,000 votes behind his ticket.

A change has come over the first reports from Kentucky, which announced a Republican sweep by 10,000 plurality.

On the final count the governorship is claimed by both Taylor, the Republican candidate, and the notorious Goebel. Fraud is being charged on both sides, accompanied by threats to assume the office by force of arms if necessary. Irrespective of party control the State will be fortunate if it escapes the withering clutch of this man Goebel. No man with more dangerous political conceptions to back his ambitions has appeared as a public candidate in many years, if ever. He it was who by his own personal influence passed an election law in Kentucky creating a board of election commissioners in each county of the State, which should absolutely control local elections without embarrassment from minority representation. To complete his scheme of absolute boss-ship, Mr. Goebel's bill provided that the governor should have the appointment of the boards, and then Mr. Goebel forced his nomination on the Democratic party for the office of governor. Naturally, and fortunately, the people will not submit to such a cinch. His party is divided by it, with the chances that the Republican may succeed to office, while Mr. Goebel, who proposes to assume the office, "in spite of Bill Bradley's bayonets," is becoming more and more a stench in the nostrils of the decency of Kentucky and an incubus to his own faction in the State.

Jahart

What will practically be the first case of arbitration since the Peace Conference will be submitted to Dr. Asser, a leading Dutch jurist, at The Hague, shortly. Though the hearing will not take place before the tribunal agreed upon at that conference—which can not be established until the contracting nations have ratified the agreement—it is appropriate that the dispute to be settled is between Russia and the United States—the nation proposing the conference, and the nation foremost in urging arbitration there. The question to be settled has been in dispute about eight years, and arises out of the seizure of three American sealers in the Behring Sea, off the Siberian coast.

The fact of seizure is almost the only point in common between this case and the dispute that this country had with England over the capture of British vessels some years ago. These latter vessels were taken on the high seas, and the contention of this country was that the Alaskan seal herds belonged to us wherever they might be found. Great Britain claimed that the ownership was limited to the jurisdictional zone of three miles from shore, as recognized by the rules of international law. After considerable diplomatic discussion the question was referred to a board of arbitrators sitting at Paris and by them decided in accordance with Great Britain's contention of the three-mile limit. In the dispute with Russia the point at issue is somewhat different. The three American vessels were seized at points more than three miles distant from the coast, but the Russian contention is that the three-mile limit has become too narrow and that it should be extended to seven miles.

The history of this rule is interesting, and has a bearing upon the Russian contention. During the sixteenth century, when international law first came into existence, it was held that property in the high seas could be acquired in the same manner as property in land, and Spain and Portugal asserted claims to nearly all the waters of the earth. The general extension of commerce, however, tended to break down these extravagant claims, and the new theory was developed that the extent of the dominion over the sea was limited to that portion covered by effective possession or by treaties. The necessity for effective protection against the numerous pirates caused the leading nations to cling to the theory of property rights, but as the seas became safer the jurisdiction was confined within narrower and narrower limits. In time only those claims came to be recognized which affected waters supposed to be necessary to the safety of the state. The principle that controlled the development of the rule was that maritime occupation in order to be valid must be effective, and thus as to marginal waters it came to be limited to the fringe that could be protected, either by guns or by a coast-guard, and this was fixed at three miles.

In view of the improvements of modern ordnance

If the United States must, despite of precedent, tradition, and the wishes of many citizens, be forced to abide by the policy of expansion, it would be folly not to make the best of it. Expansion springs from commercial ambition, and if this ambition be thwarted, becomes at once a costly failure. Therefore, the one at heart an anti-expansionist must be glad to see the most made of new opportunities, even if the creation of the opportunities seemed to him a

The courts of Illinois have rendered another decision affecting trusts, and, like former ones emanating from the tribunals of that State, it lacks any coloring of comfort for promoters of these combinations. The decision declares that no corporation can, against the protest of a stockholder, transfer stock to another with a view to the formation of a trust. The customary process had been for the majority thus to

Ordinarily, courts are not harsh beyond the point clearly demanded by justice. An offender arraigned for the first time, unless for some act of heinous character, meets pity rather than censure, and from the tribunal passing sentence receives words of kindly counsel. If in prison he repent he is certain to obtain the commendation of his keepers, and even while yet detained is treated with consideration. It is when for a second or third time he is condemned to stripes that patience ceases, and he goes to prison unattended by any hope or desire of emerging a better man. It is for

such convicts the long sentence has been devised, and vainly will they repine against it; society also has rights.

Criminals reach a stage at which reform is impossible. For such no sentence can be too long. There are men in San Quentin and Folsom who, turned loose in the community, would be more terrible than so many ravening beasts. Nevertheless, people do not want the felon unduly oppressed. They would have him accorded treatment to fit his particular case, the better ones not suffering for the misdeeds of the worse, nor the worse escaping their deserts because others merit clemency.

Jabart

Recently there was filed for probate in San Francisco the will of one Stanislas Strozynski, wig-maker. Strozynski was a ladies' hair-dresser of great skill, and was probably the only man in San Francisco who dared to "boss" San Francisco's bossiest grand dames. It is said that the husbands of some of our society ladies, hearing Strozynski reprove their wives, have gazed upon the man with a mixture of envy and awe, and have gone forth weeping bitterly, bewailing their fate that they also could not safely seize their wives by the hair. In short, Strozynski was a replica of the fantastic hair-dresser, Stephanie, in Gustave Droz's clever sketches, "Monsieur, Madame, et Bébé," "Entre Nous," and others. In fact, he might have been the original of that curling-tongs despot whom Droz so deftly drew.

But it is not of the life of Stanislas Strozynski that we wish to speak, but of his death. He died leaving an estate valued at \$30,000. It included \$11,000 worth of bonds, a small city lot, and a hair-dressing business. He left no wife or children. He bequeathed to his nephew, B. Rybicki, and to Miss Lulu McCloskey, his head assistants, each a half-interest in his hair-dressing business. He said that his success in business was due to the faithful services of these two assistants and his other employees. To fifteen young women who were, or had been, in his employ, he left \$500 each. He did not even forget four young women who had left his employ and married. They also received \$500 each. To various distant relatives he left legacies of from one to three thousand dollars. To his Chinese servant he left \$250, and the rest of his estate went to the children of his two sisters.

What an admirable will! How few childless men make such wills! The man who has children has no right to will away his belongings from them. But how often the man who has no children leaves a will bequeathing everything to some distant collateral relative, or dies intestate so that his property under the laws of succession goes to collaterals. How often does a millionaire pass into the other world leaving nothing to his most trusted employees, not even to a body-servant. Yet this humble hair-dresser forgot none of his employees, even his Chinese cook.

There will linger around the memory of Stanislas Strozynski a pleasant odor like to that which arose from his oils, his essences, his unguents, and his pomade-pots. Let this not be construed as a sneer, for his will shows that he was a kindly and a generous man, if his allotted task in life was merely the making of wigs and the dressing of hair.

How much more pleasant to read of such a will than that of Cornelius Vanderbilt, "good man" and millionaire, who in his will attempts to disinherit one son and to make of another a multi-millionaire; who from the grave strives with his dead hand to cling to that

"Gold, gold, gold,
Spurned by the young but bugged by the old
To the very verge of the church-yard mold."

When Gabriel sounds his trumpet and we all appear for judgment, leaving behind us our wigs and our wig-hocks, our New York Central Railways, our body-servants, our Chauncey Depews, our brown-stone houses, our coin and stocks and bonds, and when, clad only in our winding-sheets, we appear before the great white throne, which will stand on the right, and which on the left—Cornelius Vanderbilt, millionaire, or Stanislas Strozynski, barber?

Jabart

Many people have doubtless been surprised at the grave apprehension caused in Great Britain by the Boer war. The United States is waging a similar war with a distant people, yet the actual warfare excites but a feeble interest. Odd as it may seem, more interest is apparently taken here in the British-Boer War than in the American-Philippine War. We remarked a fortnight ago that Great Britain's apparent perturbation excited some wonder here, and much speculation as to what she would do if she had to face great powers instead of petty Boer republics. Some light is shed upon the matter, however, in a recent article by Arnold White, a well-informed English publicist. He says that Great Britain is not fighting for gold mines, but for her imperial life; that if Buller is beaten by the Boers, India, Australia, and Canada would lose faith in the British Empire; that Australia would become a republic or a series of republics; that Canada would become a part of the United States; that in India

BOER WAR
ALARMS
ENGLAND.

the great feudatory princes would revolt against British rule; that with the loss of these colonies Russia, France, and Germany would seize the opportunity to fall upon Great Britain and wrest from her other colonies which they covet. In short, says Arnold White, "The British empire must either heat the Boers or burst." These pregnant lines are instructive as well as interesting. Great Britain is a great colonial empire; a war with a handful of farmers shakes her empire to its foundations. The United States is a great republic; a war with some millions of Orientals excites but a languid interest. When the United States becomes a great colonial empire, as is Great Britain, will our great nation also tremble at petty wars?

Jabart

The parallel between the political careers of Mayor Phelan, of this city, and ex-Mayor Pingree, of Detroit, is striking. The latter is an older man—he was born in Maine in 1840—and has been in politics longer. It is natural, therefore, that he should have advanced further along the lines that have been followed by them both. There is a difference also in their earlier lives. Pingree went to Detroit in 1865, after having served through the Civil War, and was then comparatively a poor man. By the time he entered politics, however, he had amassed a fortune at least equal to that which Mr. Phelan possessed. Both, therefore, appeared in the political arena as rich men championing the cause of the poor man. Both declared war against the political bosses, and, by defeating them, built up machines of their own that were stronger than any the bosses had known. Both declared their opposition to corporations, and strengthened themselves with the opponents of quasi-public corporations by fighting in favor of municipal ownership of public utilities. The famous potato-patches of Mayor Pingree might be paralleled by Phelan's scheme to help the unemployed by the construction of the Dewey Boulevard. Pingree was elected mayor of Detroit in 1889, and reelected in 1891 and 1893; Phelan also has been elected to the mayoralty of this city for the third time.

Here the parallel ends for the present so far as achievements are concerned, for the reason that Phelan has not had time to advance so far as his prototype, but the subsequent career of Pingree has been along the lines that Phelan aspires to follow. His machine was extended beyond the confines of Detroit, until he secured unlimited control throughout the State. At the expiration of his third term as mayor, he elected himself governor. In 1898 he was reelected for a second term by a plurality of seventy-five thousand, though McKinley's majority had been less than fifty-eight thousand. His attempt to reduce the street-railway system of Detroit to municipal ownership was along the lines of Phelan's policy in this city. Is his failure to be taken as prophetic of what will happen to his far-western disciple? It is certain that should Phelan fail in his campaign for the acquisition of public utilities, it will not be for the lack of striving. The corporations fought him at the election; he was successful, as were nearly all his candidates for the board of supervisors. The corporations may look forward to having several very bad quarters of an hour.

Jabart

The supply of suitable material for college presidents must be very nearly exhausted at the present time.

During the last few weeks there have been inaugurated, besides President Wheeler at the University of California and President Hadley at Yale, President Barrows at Oberlin, President Faunce at Brown, President Harris at Amherst, and President Hazard at Wellesley. During the coming summer Mount Holyoke will also inaugurate a new president.

In the Eastern States considerable discussion was aroused in educational circles by Yale's abandonment of its old rule of confining its presidents to the ranks of the Congregational clergymen and its selection of a candidate who is primarily an economist. This has been increased by the tone of President Hadley's address. "The Yale of the future," he said, "must count even more than the Yale of the past in the work of city, State, and nation. . . . She must evoke in the whole body of her students and alumni that wider sense of their obligation as members of a free commonwealth which the America of the twentieth century requires." In furtherance of this idea he insisted that it is the highest purpose of the university to develop character.

In the same line of thought were the remarks of President Wheeler in his address at Berkeley. "It is what goes over into spinal marrow, into real life, that makes us; and what we are going to get out of our university life is not bits of knowledge, . . . but after all it is that one thing which we talk so much about and understand so imperfectly—it is character."

The coincidence in the views of these two presidents, developed in different schools, and speaking on opposite sides of the continent, is not so surprising as it might appear. They, in reality, express only the fact that the colleges are

growing more and more into the life of the nation. Earlier in this century, which is swiftly drawing to a close, the college graduate became a clergyman or followed one of the learned professions. The higher education was never thought of as a preparation for a business career. To-day the business man who has not had the mental drill that comes from attendance at college is apt to fall behind in the race. The universities offer special courses leading to careers that were not considered in the institutions of higher education only a comparatively few years ago. That even the poorest may not be denied these advantages, scholarships and other systems of assistance have been developed. In this connection, however, President Hadley points out the danger of pauperizing the pupil by too much assistance, and of creating class distinctions of rich and poor. "What shall it profit us if we gain the whole world and lose our own soul; if we develop the intellectual and material side of our education and lose the traditional spirit of democracy, and loyalty, and Christianity?"

Jabart

There has been not a little flopping on the Philippine question in these United States, and the *Argonaut* admits as gracefully as possible that it has done some flopping itself. However, our conscience is clear. This journal was the first in the United States to declare for annexing the Philippines, but that was when Mr. McKinley assured us that the Filipinos wanted to be annexed. When they refused to be annexed we recalled Mr. McKinley's words last year in his message to Congress—"I speak not of forcible annexation—that would be criminal aggression"—and being good McKinley Republicans we declared against forcible annexation. But we have been with difficulty able to keep pace with Mr. McKinley as he vaults from side to side of the Philippine fence, and the *Argonaut* now finds itself again on the other side and will be compelled painfully to climb over to where Mr. McKinley and the Republican party are—if they are.

But of all the vertiginous, dizzying, and kaleidoscopic flopping we have witnessed, that of *Harper's Weekly* is the most kaleidoscopic and vertiginous. It seems but yesterday that we were reading measured editorials in the "Journal of Civilization" declaiming bitterly against forcible annexation. Yet to-day we rub our eyes as we read in the same Journal wild cries against the anti-expansionists, denunciations of the "unimaginative and timid, who take an academic view of our institutions," and loud barbaric yaws for "national strenuousness," and "our great mission in developing civilization."

In the humorous speech of the two great Anglo-Saxon nations—now engaged in improving and civilizing with machine-guns—the *Argonaut* is forced to admit that "we dunno where we are," and as for the Republican party, we don't know where it is at.

Jabart

Day by day the number of discharged volunteers in this city is increasing. They have been returned here from the Philippines, and discharged with more or less money in their pockets; in some cases they have enough to pay transportation to the places where they enlisted, in many cases they have not enough. In a great number of cases, whether they have much or little money to begin with, they spend it in the cheaper class of saloons, or lose it to sharpers, male and female. Then they become charges upon the community and help to swell the army of the unemployed which is always too large here during the winter. It has become a matter of daily occurrence for citizens to be stopped on the streets by discharged soldiers who want assistance. They attempt to sell relics from the Philippines, or even to get a few dollars for parts of their uniforms, with which to buy drinks. This does not apply, of course, to the better class of the discharged soldiers, but, unfortunately, there are too many who do not belong to the better class.

The question is what is to be done with this increasing army of dependents. If they are permitted to remain here through the winter, they will undoubtedly furnish many recruits for the criminal classes. They should be sent to their homes as soon as possible. It will be far cheaper to the people of this city and far better for the soldiers themselves than if they are allowed to remain here. When the California volunteers were about to return, a considerable sum of money was raised for their reception. They have been received and cared for, and there is, we believe, quite a large balance still in the fund. This money could not be used for a better purpose than to pay for transportation to the Eastern States for these stranded soldiers. By all means let it be put to that use.

Jabart

The signature of the editor is appended to every article in this issue written, dictated, or inspired by him, in accordance with the "signature law," enacted during the last session of the legislature.

SEND THE
SOLDIERS
HOME.

A MATCH-MAKER'S CAMPAIGN.

Wiles that Could Not Win an American Heiress.

Toward the end of last May my wife and I were about to rise from table—my mother-in-law dines only once a week with us—when a letter bearing an American post-mark was put into my hands.

"Ah, news from Georges!" said my wife, opening the envelope with a hair-pin.

Georges is my mother-in-law's nephew; some years ago he married a Philadelphia heiress, who made him promise never to leave America. We consider him a vanished, sacrificed being; yet, when we compare his opulence with our modest fortune, we feel a certain admiration for him which Mme. de Chauneville never fails to underline, holding him up to me as a model of cleverness. I read the letter aloud while my wife served the coffee. In a laconic style, that showed the influence of his new country, her cousin wrote:

"Enid sails on the next steamer for Baïreuth. She wants to stop a month in Paris. Will you meet her at the St. Lazare station and take her to a hotel where you will have already engaged a suite for her? After that she will be off your hands; she is used to taking care of herself, and besides has hundreds of friends on the other side. Hold a New York Herald in your hand at the station so that Enid can recognize you. Kind regards to yourself and to my aunt, as well as to Jerome.

Affectionately yours,
GEORGES."

There was nothing difficult in the mission; with plenty of good hotels in Paris, and four or five *louis* a day to spend on one's living, it would be a simple matter to install Enid Walton. We knew from Georges's rare letters that his sister-in-law is twenty-five, not pretty but charming, adoring gayety, balls, flirtations, and pleasure parties—everything, in fact, that belongs to her calling as an American girl.

My mother-in-law had not breathed a word during the reading of the letter. Antoinette and I discussed hotels that would suit Enid—and ourselves into the bargain. The "Washington," on Boulevard Haussmann, patronized by wealthy fellow-countrymen of hers, suggested itself. The only objection, it was really too near our own *appartement*.

The next day at lunch Mme. de Chauneville re-appeared—a breach of our *modus vivendi*. I thought at first we were going to have a scene—alas, it was something far worse!

"I did not close my eyes last night!" she exclaimed, dropping on a chair. She can give points in matters of health to a Tyrolean mountaineer. Surprised, I expressed a polite interest in her symptoms. "I am not ill!" she exclaimed. "You do not seem to realize that concern for other people's happiness can keep one awake. Since last night I have thought of nothing but Jerome and Miss Walton."

Jerome de Chauneville is quoted by his mother on all occasions as a model son and model artillery lieutenant. He has never ventured to rebel against maternal authority. At all stages of his career he has been a paragon—at the Polytechnic, at Saint-Cyr, he will be a paragon of a husband when the competent authority will have found him a wife. Left to himself he would preserve the bloom of bachelorhood indefinitely. He neither smokes nor drinks coffee or wine. He is the most polished, exquisite, refined product of his generation.

"So I gather that you wish Miss Walton and her millions to enter the artillery?" I inquired.

"Why not?" said my mother-in-law, drawing off her gloves, the signal for a warm engagement. "Would you be jealous of Jerome's good luck?"

"I am capable of baser sentiments, as you know, *belle-mère*. It is a little early to be jealous. Just now I am only amused, recalling the disgust that filled you at Georges's marriage. What didn't we hear then about America and the Waltons!"

"Georges sold himself. He deserted family, friends, and country to go and live on his wife in Philadelphia. Do you fancy that is what I dream of for Jerome?"

"No, indeed!" I replied. "I know that, on the contrary, it will be Miss Walton who will beg and pray to be allowed to live in the garrison at Bourges. To tell the truth, I am convinced that she is bound for France with this alone in view."

My mother-in-law's eyes rolled furiously. My wife murmured: "What a horrid tease you are!"

Not wishing to drive matters to the point of apoplexy, I was prudent enough to calm *belle maman*: "Don't imagine I shall prevent Miss Walton from marrying Jerome, if she shows the faintest inclination."

I was requested to engage the suite at the "Washington." The next day my wife and her mother, escorted by Marquis de la Pérade, inspected my choice.

Let me here say parenthetically that Fernand de la Pérade is my *bête noire*; this does not prevent him, however, from being constantly at our home. He is a bachelor who claims thirty-five years but must deserve many more. My dead father-in-law's boon companion, pretexting that he ruined himself for M. de Chauneville, while he merely ruined himself with him, Fernand has won *belle maman's* confidence; he is her oracle. The people who have lent him five *louis* can not be reckoned up; but he never denies his debts; his honor, officially considered, has remained untainted. If he has given up the way to his clubs, it comes of not paying his dues. Two things about him excite my admiration, not my sympathy: he is the best-dressed and the wittiest man in Paris. I insist that in his situation he ought to flaunt fewer new coats and *bons-mots*.

He declares that he will die single—and no one doubts it. Hence he never compromises any one. He can be seen for twenty days with the same woman without calling forth comments. People chaff him on the subject, and he joins in the laugh. "Il connaît Dieu et le Diable." By good luck he has preserved his slim figure, and is younger than the youngest when he rides, skates, plays tennis, leads the cotillon, recites monologues, organizes charity bazaars, drawing-room comediettas, and country-house parties. His wit has the reputation of "making a dead man laugh."

When the express pulled into St. Lazare station, my wife and I were on hand flourishing New York *Heralds* as if we had them on sale. A tall girl, admirably made and graceful, stepped unhesitatingly toward us, held out her hand, and in the purest of French asked us how we were. We might have parted only the day before. She announced that she was ready to accompany us, expecting her maid to grapple with the customs officers. But the *soubrette* did not understand the language of Racine any better than Racine himself would if he came back to the world to-day.

"You stupid thing! How provoking!" exclaimed Miss Walton, stamping her slim foot.

All at once a providential personage dropped as from the clouds. It took La Pérade two minutes to shake hands with me—pretending he had run across us by chance—get an introduction to Enid, and conclude: "I was waiting for a friend who must have missed the train. I trust Miss Walton will allow me to come to her maid's assistance" (he knew English, the plotter!) "while she goes to her hotel to rest. By the way, where are you stopping?"—to Enid.

As the ladies turned to go, the clever dog whispered to me: "Mme. de Chauneville sent me to reconnoiter. *Mazette!* I can assure her she is going to have a charming daughter-in-law."

It had been decided that Miss Walton should dine with us *en trio* that evening. But she proved so desirous of showing her gratitude to La Pérade for his kind offices that he had to be wired to make up the quartet. I must admit that, thanks to him, the new arrival passed the evening in a gale of laughter. The parasite showed himself a clever diplomat, too. He managed to praise my mother-in-law most naturally. He told touching anecdotes of Jerome's childhood and youth. A French boarding-school girl would have dreamed all night of the fascinating officer.

But Enid was neither French nor boarding-school girl. Not a sign of insomnia could be discovered the next morning on her radiant face, when we went to lunch at her hotel. She had invited the marquis, of course. Fernand pronounced a single English sentence, and Enid at once expressed the wish of meeting my mother-in-law. I inferred that La Pérade had put the idea into her head. What an invaluable friend!

The ill-effects of our proximity to the "Washington" were soon evident. Enid and my wife became inseparable. I must admit my personal duties were light. La Pérade was their usual escort. I don't know how the man always manages to have his pockets stuffed with tickets for theatres, private views—all sorts of interesting places.

The American girl was continually lunching and dining with us. My wife insisted that it was out of the question to set our *pot au feu* before an heiress accustomed to the luxuries of the country of dollars, especially when the aim was to bring this heiress into our family. To judge from the cook's bills, it was an inheritance, not an heiress, that had dropped on us from America. But, after all, a rich brother-in-law is not a bad thing to have. And shall I add: the prospect of seeing my mother-in-law tackling an American girl dyed-in-the-wool would have reconciled me to greater sacrifices.

The introduction took place. Jerome dropped in on us accidentally one evening at dinner, in full uniform. The uniform was my mother-in-law's idea; she considered Jerome particularly fetching in his war-paint. A complete failure! Miss Walton, who sometimes indulged in the frankness of an *enfant terrible*, explained to us that the military career—at least in the lower grades—is looked down upon in her country. The conversation came to a standstill, and for a whole quarter of an hour—the first—I did not hear Enid's laugh. I saw her eyes turned with amazement upon Jerome's glass of water. Latterly we had drunk nothing but champagne from one end of the meal to the other, following the American fashion.

The campaign against Enid's heart had begun feebly. The artillery, if not routed, bad, at least, caused no ravages. We joyfully noted that Jerome was luckier at the next meeting, on the following Sunday. He had not been able to resist a lively admiration for the young American girl. Enid, with charming grace, gave the first signal for a flirtation, but Jerome, a Frenchman to the marrow, had not the faintest conception of this special New World art. He heaved sighs, accompanied by long, tender glances, instead of going to laugh and chaff with Miss Walton in a certain cozy corner that the experienced marquis had prepared purposely by means of a screen and a palm. He himself made use of it more than once while Chauneville was kept in his garrison at Bourges.

The young foreigner's *naïveté* infallibly caused one to pardon certain defects of education or taste. I recall an instance that others perhaps will condemn more harshly than I did. I admit that it amused me, an amusement largely due to my mother-in-law's convulsed, indignant face. Miss Walton has procured me other satisfactions of the same nature, and I am not a man to forget a turn done me.

It was one evening—at my house, of course—as we were leaving the table. Jerome, my mother-in-law, and the marquis were our guests. At some trifling jest of Enid, La Pérade and Jerome placed their pocket-books in her keeping. On Jerome's was simply inscribed the initials "J. C.," his family being of old and excellent blood, but without a title. On the marquis's portfolio, on the contrary, was stamped a coronet that might have served for a napkin-ring.

Enid expressed great admiration for the heraldic attribute and its charming effect on one's *lingerie*, for La Pérade, intoxicated by his success, had displayed his pocket-handkerchief. He went no farther than that, luckily, in articles of clothing; but we were successively treated to a view of his *porte-monnaie*, his watch, his hat-band, his cuff-buttons, and the knob of his cane. At each fresh coronet, Miss Walton broke into cries of admiration, while Mme. de Chauneville's bows drew closer together.

Enid, seeing the old lady's marble face, inferred that she was condemning this enthusiasm as plebeian. "You must excuse me," she said, sweetly. "I am not used to marquis' coronets."

"Neither are the La Pérades, mademoiselle," replied Mme. de Chauneville, disdainfully. "That is why they make an abuse of the ornament."

The original La Pérade received his title—and his name too, for the matter of that—in 1829, in the person of Fernand's grandfather, a fact voluntarily forgotten by the ex-young man. Our marquis said nothing, having nothing to say; but the expression of his eyes suggested that he would not soon forget the scratch to his *amour propre*. The evening ended coldly. From that time on we saw far less of the man with the crest, though there was no absolute breach. Miss Walton began to know Paris like a book, and no longer troubled my wife to accompany her—nothing strange so far as an American girl is concerned.

It was June; Jerome had a fortnight's leave, and was making the most of it to accomplish Enid's conquest. Mme. de Chauneville was sanguine.

"Jerome is getting on," she repeated. "It is now only the question of the occasion for his declaration. With American girls everything depends on the occasion. Jerome has had no opportunities."

"Not my opinion at all," I replied. "What more does he need? Not later than yesterday I sent the two of them off to the Eiffel Tower! Must I arrange a boating-party, so that Miss Walton can be rescued from a watery grave by your son's strong arms?"

Belle-mère detested my irony, and usually retreated at the first dose, but this time she merely returned with quiet bitterness: "Perhaps you had better arrange something—a hop, for instance, to amuse the girl. She has told you how she adores dancing, and you know what a *valseur* Jerome is. This is what any truly affectionate brother-in-law would do. But—"

A sigh, an upward toss of the head finished the sentence. I retorted in a smothered rage:

"Very, well, madame! You shall have your dance. Otherwise, till the end of time you will declare I was the one who prevented your son from marrying his *Américaine*, if by chance she should not be touched by his true sentiment!"

For a few days the house enjoyed a treacherous, halcyon calm. We saw less of Enid than usual; Jerome was fearfully cut up about it, of course. If he complained to her—alas! in too discreet terms—that she was invisible for days together, "I live at Worth's," she would reply; "the horrid man is late with my frocks. And I am leaving soon!" "Alas!" sighed the artilleryman, with a sigh that blew away Enid like a rose-petal in a breeze.

I said one day to my brother-in-law: "Why don't you accompany Enid to Worth's?"

"Oh!" protested my mother-in-law, with an outraged blush.

"*Cher ami*, you must really come to the front more. Before the *soirée* you must dine with us, *au champagne*; I forbid you a drop of water. This time you must not miss the opportunity. I expect you to conduct yourself like a hussar of the old school, do you hear?"

The morning of the great day the house was given over to pillage. The carpets were removed, the floors waxed, chairs, music-racks, and a platform were brought. While two major-domos turned my dining-room into a banquetting-hall, sconces filled with innumerable candles appeared on the walls, and potted plants fell into groups as if at the touch of a magician's wand. I was giving neither a *sauterie* nor a *soirée dansante*, but a great ball.

I went for my wife, who, at the first words, dissolved into a flood of tears. But my bad humor was to no purpose. All I could do was to clap on my hat and rush to luncheon at the club. I spent the day out of the house and dined with a friend. But as after all I had to receive my wife's guests, about half-past nine I went home to dress. A letter delivered a few hours earlier was awaiting me. I read it, and immediately my room echoed with cries of savage, infernal joy. Then I got into my clothes as eagerly as a lover going to a rendezvous. By ten I was pacing up and down the antechamber, not with the resignation of a host awaiting his guests, but with the feline pad of a tiger watching the spring where the gazelle will come to drink. The gazelle was my mother-in-law.

At last she appeared, escorted by irresistible Jerome. With a smile she hardly seemed prepared for, I offered her my arm. The three of us entered the dazzling drawing-room. My wife was there before us, looking extremely well in a fresh toilet. Standing before the hearth with my eyes planted on my mother-in-law's face, where I still read defiance, I improvised the following speech: "Madame, do you know why my life has been distraught for the last six weeks? Why my table has become that of a Rothschild? Why I lavish gold in fashionable restaurants? Do you know above all why I am giving this 'hop' that will cost me two hundred *louis*? It is to prevent Miss Walton and her millions from going back to where they came from. Very well, madame, congratulate yourself; the thing is done; we have succeeded. The charming American girl is about to become an adorable Frenchwoman. We can soon wish her joy. Listen to what she has just written me:

"CHER MONSIEUR, you have always been so kind to me, you and yours, that I wish you to be the first to learn of my engagement with Marquis de la Pérade. Be good enough to announce it to your family. But my fiancé and I would prefer the engagement not to be known for a little, so that we can be present at your ball, a pleasure to which we have long looked forward.

Sincerely yours,
"ENID WALTON."

Poor Jerome had turned so pale that I could not but pity him from the bottom of my heart. As to my mother-in-law, I beheld her checkmated for the first time. But I soon caught the warlike flame beginning to glow in her eyes. Her lips moved; she was about to speak. God knows the sweet things I was going to hear! Fate was against her. Two bands encased in white cotton gloves opened the drawing-room door, and the stentorian voice of the *annonceur* cried: "Miss Walton! M. le Marquis de la Pérade!"

Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Léon de Tinséau.

TREATMENT OF TUBERCULOSIS.

An Argonaut Reader Writes of a Varied Experience in Seeking a Climate Cure—Many Health Resorts in Europe—A Sanatorium in a Rhine Forest.

Recent articles in these columns on tuberculosis make interesting the publication of the following letter with its inclosure. It discusses the treatment of tuberculosis in the great European sanatoria :

HEILANSTALT HOHENHONNEF (SIEBENGEBIRGE).

HOHENHONNEF, A. RHEIN, October 12, 1899.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Alluding to your editorial, "Quarantine against Tuberculosis," in your issue of September 25th, Nordrach alone is mentioned as a cure for consumption, whereas there are some forty-odd institutions in Germany and Switzerland devoted exclusively to the treatment of tuberculosis, and, experience leads me to believe, with most excellent results, especially where the disease has not passed beyond the primary stages.

I am one of the deluded unfortunates sent from the East to California, and after an experience of two and a half years spent in your State seeking "climate cure," I feel competent to express the opinion that climate, unattended with the common-sense treatment as applied at such sanatoriums as Hohenhonnef and others (a brief description is given in the article inclosed) should be better understood in America, and that the establishment of institutions similar to this in various sections of the country should be encouraged. Where the treatment is applied, almost every State in the Union has a suitable climate—good air, not warm air, as generally believed. As the tuberculosis resorts of both Germany and Switzerland are usually overrun with applicants, there is no necessity for advertising them, and in sending the article written by Dr. Weatherly (a stranger to me), I am prompted to do so through my interest in mankind and a desire to see such admirable journals as the *Argonaut* interest themselves in this new field.

I am one of your subscribers and send these few lines with the understanding that my name shall not appear in print.

Very truly,

The article referred to by our correspondent is from the *British Medical Journal* for July 29, 1899, and may be condensed as follows :

"No subject has excited more general interest during the last few months in England than the modern treatment of consumption, a treatment which can for all practical purposes be summed up in three words—air, food, rest. The moment it is recognized that this battle has to be fought, the all-important question 'What shall be done to place the patient under the most advantageous circumstances, and thus enhance the chance of victory?' becomes the dominant idea in the minds of the anxious relatives. From my own practical experience, I unhesitatingly say that the answer to this question is: Remove the patient as soon as possible from home surroundings and place him or her in one of those sanatoria which during the last few years have been built, and in which is to be found every advantage science can think of toward the carrying out to the minutest detail the right and proper treatment of consumption.

"It has been said that to be afflicted with the same disease, to have but one topic of conversation, their temperature and their symptoms, and a general more or less rigid discipline, must have a depressing effect upon each patient; in very many cases the reverse happens, and the patient, who at home or in a hotel has been irritated by the restrictions placed upon him, and the ever patent fact that he can not do as those about him are doing, and who has been made discontented by having to listen to the details of pleasures that have fallen to the lot of his more fortunate companions, becomes reconciled to his position, realizes the urgent necessity of the observance of all rules and regulations, and slides easily into the 'general discipline' of the institution."

The writer asks his readers not to fall into the common mistake of looking upon a sanatorium as a place to go for a few months, with an almost certain hope of complete recovery :

"That some cases, taken in their very earliest stage, do get completely well, and in a short time, I have evidence to prove, but in the large majority of cases I consider the sojourn in a sanatorium as a means of educating the patient into those rules, regulations, and habits of living by which alone he can expect in time to drive the dreaded enemy entirely from him. It may take months to do this, it may take years.

"Unfortunately, so far, the demand for vacancies in these institutions in England and on the Continent is far greater than the supply, and consequently it often happens that no vacancy can be obtained for weeks or even months. In looking out for a suitable sanatorium no doubt relatives and medical men will be guided, first, by personal experience, if possible; secondly, by statistics; and thirdly, by cost and distance. As to cost, I fancy there is not much difference when all things are considered, but distance must of necessity be an element in the choice in many cases."

Dr. Meissen chose the site for Hohenhonnef sanatorium well :

"Honnef, Rolandseck, and Mehlem are in front, to the right towers the romantic Drachenfels, while behind and to the left stretch the pretty woods of the Siebengebirge. The Rhine, with its constant steamboat, tug, and barge traffic, the railways on the right and left banks of the river, help to make up a moving, living scene, always lovely, always full of interest. The building cost some \$450,000, and is replete with every modern comfort, and accommodates over one hundred patients.

"We enter at the north of the institution, under the bridge which connects the fine dining-hall with the main block. On this floor we have the large waiting-room, the drawing-room, music, reading, and billiard-rooms, consulting-rooms, the laboratory, and dispensary. Adjoining the porter's lodge on the one side are the offices of the institution, while on the other is the post and telegraph department. The two other stories, almost all the rooms of which face southward, are reached by a fine main staircase, as well as by a lift. All are simply but well furnished, and ventilated to perfection, while the heating apparatus enables one to regulate the temperature to a degree. The double French windows open into the room and have double top flaps, which when open admit plenty of fresh air without draught, and most of them have balconies. There are electric lights and electric bells, and the number of pleasant and willing female servants on each landing secures almost immediate attention, while double doors make the rooms very quiet. The rooms vary in size, and consequently in price (40 cents to \$1.60 a day). The best rooms are very fine, and have two beds, and in no hotel that I have been in could I be more comfortable. Even on the top floor the rooms are capital; and here are double-bedded rooms with lovely views at 70 cents a day. For board, attendance, and medical care the invalid is charged \$1.60 a day, while the relative or friend pays \$1.50. The food and cooking in this sanatorium is of the best.

"Under the floor first entered are situated the Liegehallen. The Hohenhonnef reclining chair is most comfortable, and with the little table by its side, the electric light behind, the electric bell fastened to it, and a writing-table when wanted, the invalid's open-air dwelling-place is replete with comfort. These halls can be kept cool in the summer by streams of water on the roof. In the woods we have others. Photography is a great amusement here, and the institution has a capital dark-room. There is a library of German, French, and English books, and a shop at which almost everything the invalid may want can be obtained. The water comes direct from a deep well in the Asbach Valley. The drainage of the building is perfect; the closets are large and splendidly ventilated by windows with upper flaps."

The patients may be divided into three classes :

1. Those who have to keep entirely to their own rooms.
2. Those who are allowed to get up after breakfast and go to bed before supper.
3. Those who are up and out all the day long. The patients who are

allowed to keep their rooms are visited by Dr. Meissen and his resident officers three times a day, and the greatest grumbler could not find cause for complaint with the quality of the food or the way in which it is served. If a patient has any idiosyncrasies with regard to his food, they are taken notice of, and orders are immediately sent by the medical man to the kitchen department. Eat, eat, you must.

"The usual day's routine of the invalid able to lead an outdoor life is as follows: At 7, or soon after, he gets up, is rubbed down with the wet sheet or the gloved-hand and spirit, dresses and adjourns to the dining-hall for his 'first breakfast': from 8 to 8:30, coffee, tea, or cocoa, plenty of milk, rolls, white and brown bread, rusks, eggs, or ham if he wishes, butter and honey. After this meal the patient goes to his Liegehalle, perhaps en route looking into the reading-room for a glimpse at the German, Italian, French, Russian, and English papers to be found here. Maybe, he now takes a short walk through the woods or round the gravel paths of the garden, and from 10 to 10:30 a second breakfast has to be got through, consisting of milk, rolls, bread, rusks, and butter. Back again to his Liegehalle, and about 12 o'clock a walk or a game of croquet is indulged in. At a quarter to 1 the high electric bell in the garden rings for dinner, which meal commences punctually at 1 P. M.—soup; Rhine salmon, with melted butter, caper sauce, and potatoes; venison, with cream sauce, potatoes, and beet-root salad; asparagus and ham; boiled turkey, with fruit salad; Roman punch pudding; dessert. After this he lies down in his Liegehalle, and has an afternoon nap. Tea, at 4 P. M., consists of tea and coffee, and the usual rolls, bread, and butter. Until 6:45 he occupies his time in his chair, or with a walk, croquet, etc. Supper, which commences punctually at 7, consists of soup, hot roast or boiled meat and vegetables, cold veal, beef, ham, and salad, and rice and milk, with stewed fruits. After this, back to the Liegehalle, and to bed by 10. In the summer the supper is half an hour later, and the call to bed varies from 10:30 to 10:45.

"The invalid takes his temperature by the mouth four times a day, and records it on his chart, and the slightest rise above normal is reported to the medical man."

The amount of exercise is laid down by Dr. Meissen, and as progress toward recovery is established the patient is allowed to do more :

"Perhaps he may have a drive or walk down to Honnef, a trip to Rolandseck, the Drachenfels, or the Petersberg; but the doctrine of avoiding fatigue is especially preached. The walks in the woods are many and very beautiful. To the healthy and strong man such a life seems no doubt terribly monotonous, but I do not believe the invalid finds it so. The day passes wonderfully quickly. He is sure to find genial and kind companions, and the feeling that he is himself helping forward his betterment is an important factor in his contentment.

"Dr. Meissen, a pupil of Dr. Brehmer, an assistant of Dr. Dettweiler, has been all his professional life a student of the most scientific treatment of consumption, and impresses one with his learning, his practical experience, his sound common sense, and his utter hatred of anything pertaining to quackery."

There are valuable hints in the foregoing for the treatment of the consumptives now in California. They can not be driven away. But we adhere to our belief that it is folly to invite consumptives here, and turn our fair State into a breeding-ground for tuberculosis, the White Plague. JABARI

ENGLAND'S ANSWER.

We do not want your Fatherland,
Your starry veldt, your golden Rand;
We have an Empire stretching far
Beyond the evening, morning star;
And all within it, like the sea,
Majestic, equal, living, free.

Once ye were noble, men who died
Sooner than crouch to tyrant's pride;
For desert isle, for Marken sand,
Content to quit your Fatherland;
Ye shook the Spaniard's world-wide throne
One strip of earth to call your own.

Why are you altered? Can it be
That freemen grudge another free?
Ye gag our voices, hold us down
Beneath your fortress' savage frown.
Was it for this we freedom gave,
Ourselves to dig our freedom's grave?

Talk not of raid! It was downed.
In blood and prison the wrong atoned.
Say not, ye seek apart to dwell!
Ye love our ingots far too well.
By all ye promised, all ye swore,
Give us our right! We ask no more.

What do we ask? To use the tongue
That Hampden spoke, and Milton sung;
To shape the statute, share the power
That clips our freedom every hour;
Proud of a sovereign right to own
No liege, no lord, but law alone.

Why do we ask it? Is't to live
Pleased with the drole that despots give;
To blush, the shame that freemen feel
Salaaming at a master's heel;
And, bitterest sting of all, to know
Our own weak hands once dealt the blow?

Our hands, once weak! Now one and all
Are joining. Hark! An Empire's call,
That says, "Not ours the blood or race
To brook ignoble biering place."
A stain on us is stain on them,
Besmirching England's diadem.

Australia, Canada, cold and heat,
New Zealand's isles the voice repeat,
That everywhere beneath the sun
All Saxon hearts in this are one;
Born of the tameless Northern sea
They must be, like its waters, free.

One must be first, yet but in name;
A common flag is common fame;
Knit on to us, they make a part
Of freedom's universal heart:
Heart whose vast framework, broad and high,
Is all thy temple, Liberty.—*The Spectator.*

In his volume on "Admiral George Dewey," John Barrett says that the manner in which Dewey disposed of the fresh supplies received from Hong Kong during the blockade of Manila Bay proved that he was an eminently practical as well as a theoretical diplomatist. He adds :

"When Admiral Dewey wanted to make Admiral Von Diederichs, the German commander, penitent, he sent him a leg of frozen mutton, and straightway there was a temporary lull in German activity; when he wanted to show his appreciation of the hearty sympathy of Captain Chichester, he sent him over a leg of mutton, and forthwith Sir Edward strode from his cabin and took his bearings to see if the *Immortalité* lay between the *Kaiser Wilhelm* and the *Olympia*."

Some one has noted that the year "1888" was one of the hardest to write in Roman numerals. It took thirteen letters—thus, MDCCCLXXXVIII. Next year we are to get on much easier—thus, MCM. JABARI

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderhilt has sent to the New York police pension fund her check for five thousand dollars, in recognition of the services of the police on the occasion of her husband's funeral.

M. Louhet, the president of the French Republic, has received the Order of the Chrysanthemum from the Emperor of Japan. It is conferred in commemoration of the recent French treaty of commerce with Japan.

The Duca Gaetan Caracciola de Castagneta, of the Italian Embassy, is considered the greatest matrimonial catch among the diplomats at Washington, D. C. He is handsome, agreeable, a duke, and rich. He is just twenty-one years old, and is Washington's proudest dandy.

Judge Isaac Story, of Summerville, Mass., a relative of the famous commentator of the constitution, is the second oldest judge in his State. The other day he celebrated his eighty-first birthday in vigorous health. He has been on the bench twenty-six years, and rarely missed a session of court.

One of the special correspondents of the *London Mail* in South Africa is Lady Sarah Wilson, the aunt of the Duke of Marlborough and wife of Captain Wilson, who was ordered to Mafeking some time ago. Recent dispatches from Cape Town spoke of a journey of two hundred miles from Mafeking made by her on horseback in an attempt to get news for her journal.

The Bourbon Duke of Parma, who was obliged to quit his duchy in 1859, has a larger family than any other royal personage in Europe. By his first wife, a princess of Bourbon-Sicily, he had nine children, all of whom survive except the eldest, the late Princess of Bulgaria. By his second wife, who was a princess of Braganza and a sister of the Hereditary Grand Duchess of Luxembourg, he has nine more children.

Herr von Vollmar, the leader of the Bavarian Socialists, is the son of one of the oldest families of the Bavarian aristocracy. He entered the army at the age of fifteen and served through the Austrian war of 1866, and afterward as a volunteer in the army of the Pope. When the war with France was declared he reentered the Bavarian army, and at the age of twenty-one received a wound so severe that he was left a cripple for life. Then he determined to study for the church, but suddenly, in the midst of his studies, announced his conversion to the doctrines of socialism. Since then, for more than twenty years, he has devoted his time to the spread of socialism among the Democrats of Bavaria.

President Steyn, who occupies the highest position in the Orange Free State, has risen (says *M. A. P.*) through his own determination of character and his untainable honesty from the lowest to the highest position in the state. For six years he studied law in England and Holland, and returned to his native country in 1882, when he was twenty-five years of age. From that point he never looked back. Young Steyn was raised to a judgeship when he was only thirty-two years of age, and a year before that he had been appointed attorney-general, and a year before that he had declined the mayoralty of Bloemfontein. He had a brilliant career on the bench, and when the president, Mr. Reitz, now the chief adviser of President Kruger, resigned, Mr. Steyn was elected by a large majority.

Next to Queen Victoria, the Prince of Wales has cost England more money than any other member of the royal family. Since 1863, the year in which he attained his majority, he has drawn from the country nearly \$15,000,000. When he became twenty-one he came into accumulated revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall amounting to \$3,008,605. Since then, the average yearly payment to the Prince of Wales from the duchy revenues has been \$306,160. In addition to this, the nation pays him the annual sum of \$81,080 as compensation for the abolition of certain ancient dues on tin coinage. Altogether the rents and royalties of the duchy land exceed \$410,000 a year. In 1850, Marlborough House was settled upon the prince by Parliament, the public expenditure on which amounts to \$18,600 a year. His royal highness's military appointments are, of course, numerous, the majority of them bringing him in a respectable income. Then he draws an annual income of \$50,000 from his private landed property. On his marriage in 1863, \$117,275 was granted, to pay expenses, while the princess, who brought no dowry, was granted a life annuity of \$50,000 a year from the Consolidated Fund, and should she survive her husband, this grant will be increased to \$150,000 per annum.

Cecil Rhodes's sister is (according to the *Bazar*), next to Olive Schreiner, the most interesting woman in South Africa to-day. Her eccentricities are numerous, and she is as famed for her dislike of men as is her brother for his of women. She is so decidedly of the masculine type as to attract attention at once. In complexion and manner she closely resembles the English squire of sporting prints, and she has been endowed with a voice to match. Indeed, there is nothing feminine about her except her deference to the social conventionalities in always having a woman companion in close attendance upon her. As she has an ample fortune, many peculiarities are forgiven her, while her impulsive generosity wins her many friends. On board a steamer going down to Cape Town recently she regulated the handicaps for the running-matches, umpired the chicken-fights, and was particularly active in inciting to extraordinary efforts the contestants in a tug-of-war. Her home, "Groot Schuur," is a beautiful country place near Cape Town, where she has made a zoological collection that includes almost every wild animal native to South Africa. She has a better understanding of the politics and statecraft of South Africa than many a member of the colonial office. Of course her views are the exact opposite of those of Olive Schreiner, the Boers' champion.

THE TRAMP PROBLEM.

Josiah Flynt's Studies of Vagabond Life—His Experiences with the German "Chausségrabentapezirer," the Russian "Gorion," and the American Tramp.

Under the title of "Tramping with Tramps," Josiah Flynt has collected a number of the studies and sketches of vagabond life which he contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Harper's Magazine* and *Weekly*, and the *Forum*, with considerable additions of new matter. Mr. Flynt adopted the tramp life with deliberate scientific and sociological interest, and, during the past ten years has from time to time been the traveling companion, not of unemployed workmen seeking to better their condition, but of confirmed tramps, his many outings in their company in the United States, England, Germany, and Russia, having varied in length from a few weeks to eight consecutive months. On these expeditions he succeeded in passing himself off as a genuine tramp, dressed as his companions dressed, begged and starved or feasted as they did, and was even condemned to jail with them, as a professional vagrant. In his preface, Mr. Flynt tells how he came to undertake these investigations:

"During my university studies in Berlin I saw my fellow-students working in scientific laboratories to discover the minutest parasitic forms of life, and later publishing their discoveries in book-form as valuable contributions to knowledge. In writing on what I have learned concerning human parasites, by an experience that may be called scientific, in so far as it deals with the subject on its own ground and in its peculiar conditions and environment, I seem to be doing similar work with a like purpose. This is my apology, if apology be necessary, for a book which attempts to give a picture of the tramp world, with incidental reference to causes and occasional suggestion of remedies."

Love of liquor is the main cause for vagabondage in Russia. There are two types of tramps there, which Mr. Flynt classifies as the authorized and the unauthorized:

The first are the so-called religious mendicants, who are protected by the church and tolerated by the police; the second are the common vagabonds. It is these last who constitute, from the Russian point of view, the tramp problem. The religious beggars are considered an inevitable church class, and are taken care of almost as conscientiously as the priests. The common tramps, on the other hand, are looked upon as a very unnecessary burden, and ever since the conversion of Russia to Christianity laws have been passed and institutions founded for their suppression and reform. It is estimated that in European Russia alone they number over nine hundred thousand, and in Siberia their class represents an even greater proportion of the population.

Their national name among themselves is *Gorions*—mourners, or victims of grief. The word is an invention of their own, but is supposed to come from the Russian word *gore*, meaning sadness. In Russian proper they are called *brodiagi*:

If you ask them why they do not work—and the great majority are perfectly able to do so—they reply in the forlornest voice mortal ever heard: "Master, I am a *gorion*—a victim of sorrow." They seem to have accepted the philosophy that a certain number of human beings are predestined to a life of misery and sadness, and they pose as members of this class. On many of their passports I saw such expressions as "Burned out," "Has lost all his relatives," "Has no home," "Will die soon," "Is possessed of the pitiful spirit," and others of a like nature, which they brne officials to write, or themselves forge. I could have had similar explanations put on my own passport.

One of the queer customs of the *gorion* is the way each one takes care of his boots. The reason is unique:

In St. Petersburg, thanks to his boots, the *gorion* can be enrolled as a torch-bearer or mourner at funerals, and this is one of his most lucrative employments. The agencies which manage funerals recruit from the tramp class so many mourners for each interment; about thirteen thousand are employed in this way every year. The agencies furnish the suitable clothes and pocket-handkerchiefs—everything, in fact, but the shoes, which the tramp must be able to show on his feet, or he will not be hired. When the funeral is "on," the tramps gather at the Nikolski market, and are selected by an employee of the agency. Those chosen are conducted to the house of the deceased, and there, under a porch, in a shed, or even in the court, ten, twenty, or thirty of them, according to the elaborateness of the funeral, undress themselves entirely, even in the dead of winter, and put on the mourner's garb. Their own clothing is rolled up in a bundle and taken to the cemetery in a basket, where, after the ceremony, it must be put on again. The promised wage for this service is about twenty-five cents a man, but with tips and drinks it usually amounts to fifty cents.

The *chausségrabentapezirer*, or upholsterer of the ditches, as the German tramp is called, numbers about one hundred thousand:

He is a fairly intelligent fellow of not more than average tramp education, more stupid and less vicious than his American confrère, and with the traits of his nationality well stamped upon him. He is cautious, suspicious to a degree, ungenerous, but fairly just and square-dealing in the company of his fellows. He is too much of a Bohemian to be a Social Democrat, but has not enough patriotism to be easily fired with enthusiasm for his Kaiser. . . . In regard to the public on which the German tramp lives and thrives, it is only necessary to say that it is even more inane generous than its counterpart in the United States. With all its groans under taxes, military and otherwise, it nevertheless takes upon itself voluntarily the burden of the voluntary vagrant—the man who will not work. This is the more surprising when one recalls that the entire theoretical treatment of beggars in Germany is founded on the supposition that each one is a *bona-fide* seeker of labor.

The population of Hoboland in the United States is kept up, and in fact annually increased, by children, some of whom are afflicted with "Wanderlust," and go there voluntarily, but the majority of whom are lured there by older tramps. These children are initiated into all the mysteries of the fraternity, and as soon as they get old enough become full-fledged tramps themselves and "snare" other "kids" to enter the ranks. Mr. Flynt says:

In Hoboland the boy's life may be likened to that of a voluntary slave. He is forced to do exactly what his "jocker"—the man with whom he is traveling—tells him, and disobedience, willful or innocent, brings down upon him a most cruel wrath. Besides being kicked, slapped, and generally maltreated, he is also loaned, traded, and even sold, if his master sees any money in the bargain. There are, of course, exceptions, for I have known some "jockers" to be almost as kind as fathers to their boys, but they are such rarities that one can never count upon them. When a lad enters trampdom he must be prepared for all sorts of brutal treatment, and the sooner he forgets his home gentleness the better it will be for him. In payment for all this suffering and rough handling he is told throughout his apprenticeship that some day he, too, will be able to "snare" a boy and make him beg and slave for him, as he has slaved for others. This is the one reward that tramps hold out to their "prushuns," and the little fellows cherish it so long that when their emancipation

finally comes they nearly all start off to do the very same thing that was done to them when they were children. . . . In this way the number of boys in Hoboland is always kept up to a certain standard. Every year a number are graduated from the "prushun" class and go out into the world immediately to find younger children to take the places they have left. In time these do the same thing, and so on, until to-day there is no line of outlawry so sure of recruits as vagabondage. Each beggar is a propagandist, and his brethren expect from him at least one convert.

In the tramp class, or so near it that the separation is almost imperceptible, are to be found any number of criminals associating freely, either for purposes of business or sociability, with their less ambitious brethren. In speaking of the nationalities of criminals, Mr. Flynt makes a statement which is sure to cause discussion:

Concerning their nationalities, I must say that most of them are indigenous to the countries in which they live. In this country it is often said that foreigners are the main offenders, and a great deal has been written about the dumping of European criminals on American shores; but the main offenders, in the open at least, are natives, and are generally of Irish-American parentage. In England unmixed blood is a little more noticeable. Ireland is said to be the least criminal land in all Europe, and this may be the case so far as local crime is concerned, but more criminals trace their ancestry back to that country than to any other where English is spoken. Indeed, in America it is considered something quite out of the ordinary if the criminal can not attach himself in some way to the "Emerald Isle," and nothing has hindered me more in my intercourse with him than the fact that my own connection with it is very slight."

In closing his chapter on criminals, Mr. Flynt adds:

If I have studied the criminal to any purpose, it is with the resulting conviction that he is physically, mentally, and morally responsible, and that, though unhappy in his birth and environment, the very energy which has enabled him to get away from his poverty is the "promise of potency" of a better life. And human hope looks forward to a day when, in the regeneration of his class, he shall be born into a better thing than crime.

One of the greatest factors in the tramp problem in this country has been the railroad:

Before the Civil War there were comparatively few tramps in America, and practically no railroad tramps. After the war there suddenly appeared on the scene a large class of men who had become so enamored of camp life that they found it impossible to return to quiet living, and they took to wandering about the country. Occasionally they worked a little to keep themselves in "pin-money," but by 1870 hundreds of them had given up all intention of working, and had founded the organization known to-day as the "hobo-push." By that year, also, they had discovered that our turnpikes, particularly in the West, were very poor roads to travel on, and they began to walk on the railroad track.

If, at this time, the railroad companies had had laws passed, such as are in force to-day in Great Britain and on the Continent, forbidding everybody but an employee to walk on railroad property, except at public crossings, we should have learned ere this to obey them, and the tramp would not have been developed. These laws not being enacted, it was not long before it became very clear to the tramp that it would be much more comfortable to sit in a box-car and ride, than to "drill" over the ties. An appreciation of this character is acted upon very soon in Hoboland, and by 1875 the majority of the professional vagrants were taking lessons in jumping on and off moving freight-trains. The trainmen, partly because they thought that many of these trespassers were deserving but penniless out-of-workers, and partly on account of the inborn willingness of every American to help a man in unfortunate circumstances, made practically no serious effort to keep the tramp off their trains, and by 1880 the matter was accepted by railroad companies as an unavoidable nuisance on railroad property.

As a result, the railroads spread the tramp nuisance over a much greater stretch of territory than would be the case if the tramps were limited to the turnpikes. In speaking of the tramp "geographically," Mr. Flynt says:

One of the reasons why Massachusetts is such poor territory for the usual class of vagrants is its jail system. In many of these jails the order and discipline are superb, and work is required of the prisoners—and work is the last thing a real tramp ever means to undertake. I can not help looking forward to very gratifying results to trampdom from the influence of the present Massachusetts jail system. For anything which brings the roving beggar into contact with sobriety and labor is bound to have a beneficial effect. New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Michigan are all fairly good tramp States, and all swarm with allowed beggars. The most remarkable feature of vagrancy in New York State is that wonderful town known among vagrants as the "City" and also as "York." This is the most notorious tramp-nest in the United States. . . . One rather odd phase of tramp-life in New York is the shifting boundary-line that marks the charity of the town. Several years ago Eighty-Ninth Street was about as far up-town as one could secure fair rewards for diligent begging. Now one can see tramps, on a winter night especially, scattered along One Hundred and Twenty-Fifth Street, not because this street is the only "good one," but because it is so "good" that better profits are realized than in those further down. And for clothes, I have always found Harlem more profitable than other parts of the city. New York is also one of the best places in the country for "snaring a kid"—persuading some youngster to accompany an older beggar on the road. There are so many ragmuffins lying around loose and unprotected in the more disreputable quarters of the town that it is only necessary to tell them a few "ghost-stories"—fancy tales of tramp life—to make them follow the story-teller as unresistingly as the boys of Hamelin marched after the Pied Piper. Almost every third boy that one meets in American vagabondage hails from New York. . . . Over in Jersey I think there are more tramps to the square mile than in any other State except Pennsylvania. The neighborhood around Newark is simply infested with beggars, who meet there on their way to and out of New York. . . . It is surprising, too, how well they are fed when one remembers that they have "battered" this community for years.

It is in Pennsylvania, however, that the tramp is best fed, although he gets more money in New York City:

I do not know of a town or village in the Keystone State where a decently clad roadster can not get all that he wants to eat without doing a stroke of work in payment. The jails are also a great boon to the fraternity. In the majority of them there is no work to do, while some furnish tobacco and the daily papers. Consequently in winter one can see tramps sitting comfortably on benches drawn close to the fire and reading their morning paper and smoking their after-breakfast pipe as complacently and as calmly as the merchant in his counting-room. Here they find refuge from the storms of winter and make themselves perfectly at home.

Mr. Flynt believes that a great help in the solution of the tramp problem would be the closing of the railroads against the wandering brothers:

It is probably impossible ever entirely to eliminate the vagrant element in a nation's life, and no such hope is held out in connection with the reform advocated in this article; but this much is certain: had all the railroads been as closed to tramps as one of them has recently become, one man, at least, would not have attempted any free riding and would not have found so many tramps to study.

The sketches, which give graphic pictures of various phases of tramp life, include "Old Boston Mary," "Jamie the Kid," "One Night on the 'L,'" "A Pulque Dream," and "A Hobo Precedent." The volume is brought to a close with an interesting chapter on "The Tramp's Jargon," which is supplemented with a glossary.

Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

THE AUTOMOBILE PARADE.

Horseless Carriages Make a Great Showing in New York—They Take the Place of the Coaching Parade—The Fight over Their Legal Status.

The Automobile Club of America is in a very complacent mood. Its parade on Saturday was an eminently successful affair, affording much pleasure to the members who took part, reflecting glory on the club, and demonstrating the perfect adaptability of the horseless carriage to urban uses, and moreover, it is quite confident that it has won its fight before the park commissioners for the privilege of using the machines in Central Park.

The club is but recently formed, but it already numbers about one hundred members, and some time ago it determined to make a demonstration in the form of a club run, the date being set for Saturday last. The Waldorf-Astoria was the place of meeting, and shortly before one o'clock in the afternoon horseless vehicles of all kinds began assembling there. One after the other they rolled up to the entrance of the great caravansary and deposited their passengers, afterward being dexterously run around to Astor Court, where a great crowd assembled to examine them and discuss the merits of the various models and makes. The members and their guests meanwhile had a light luncheon in the ball-room on the Waldorf side of the hotel, and each owner of an automobile was given a numbered badge denoting his place in the line.

Shortly after two o'clock the start was made. General Avery D. Andrews, president of the club, had the place of honor with an electric victoria, having as his guest Mr. Jefferson Seligman. General Andrews is adjutant-general of the State militia, and a thoroughly progressive man. It was at his suggestion that the corps of bicycle policemen was organized, and though laughed at at first, it is now conceded to be a very useful innovation. Next to him came the vice-president, George F. Chamberlain, and S. H. Valentine in a gasoline carriage, and after them came horseless vehicles of all kinds. Including a gasoline tricycle, they numbered thirty-five, twenty-two using electricity for power, four using steam, and nine gasoline. As to their shapes, they included victorias, hansoms, phaetons, runabouts, dog-carts, dos-a-dos carts, and most of the other accepted forms of pleasure vehicles. Though the club had not wished to make the parade a "society" event, still it made a very brave showing. Ladies, as gayly gowned as for the coaching parade, were on several of the carriages, and the men were all in correct afternoon dress. As these vehicles cost some six or eight hundred dollars at the least and as much more annually to run them, their owners possess at least one of the factors in fashionable life; and, in point of fact, several of those in the parade are to be classed socially with the Four Hundred.

The gasoline and steam carriages emitted a little chug-chug sound as they moved smoothly away, but on the whole the pneumatic-tired vehicles made less noise than as many four-in-hands would have done. The streets were crowded in the vicinity of the hotel, but no accidents occurred, nor were there any throughout the parade, which extended down to Madison Avenue, to Twenty-Sixth Street, to Fifth Avenue, around Mount Morris Park, and up Fifth Avenue and so to Claremont by the Boulevard, and Riverside Drive and return, after a stop and refreshments at Claremont. At first the parade moved along in line, to the admiration of the crowds that lined up on the streets to see them pass, but as they got further uptown, the line was broken and occasional spurts and little races were made, especially on the hills. Many spirited horses were passed, but, except that one or two shied a little, they gave no evidence of fright.

After this the Automobile Club has little fear that it will fail to gain admission for its vehicles to Central Park. President Clauson, of the Park Commission, had two members of the club arrested a few days ago for taking an automobile into the park, but the magistrate before whom they were tried found that no regulation had been passed by the commissioners barring horseless vehicles from the park. Thereupon President Clauson persuaded his colleagues on the commission to make such a rule, and the club has since been trying to have it rescinded. The matter came up for argument before the commission yesterday, and the club is very confident that it will gain its point. About a dozen persons spoke for the automobile, and as many opposed it. One man told of having made an automobile run of four hundred miles from the White Mountains to New York, and even in the country, where the new vehicles are almost unknown, only one horse he met ran away. Another had traveled one thousand miles in an automobile in France, and he found that the machine frightened very few animals. The parade of Saturday was also adduced in favor of granting the desired permission. The opposition came chiefly from liverystable-keepers and hackmen, who met the statement that their enemy to the automobile was based on fear that it would hurt their business with the *tu quoque* argument that the champions of the automobile were all shareholders in concerns that manufacture the new vehicle. The only witness who seemed quite unbiased by pecuniary considerations was a woman. She was against the automobile.

The commissioners reserved their decision, but there is little doubt that it will be favorable to the automobile, for President Clauson appears to be thawing in his opposition. It came out yesterday that he had taken a ride in an automobile since he offered his resolution barring such vehicles from the park, which in itself should weaken his prejudice. Further, it was in Mr. Richard Croker's automobile and at Mr. Richard Croker's request that he so rode. Now Mr. Croker is a heavy stockholder in an automobile company, and he is also a power in politics. It seems scarcely credible that so eloquent a gentleman as Mr. Croker will not be able to win President Clauson over and persuade him of the injustice of excluding the horseless carriage from the park.

NEW YORK, November 8, 1899.

FLANEUR.

LITERARY NOTES.

Poems of Life and Art.

A new volume of verse from the pen of Louise Chandler Moulton is a gift of worth at any season, but it seems particularly appropriate now, and will not be passed heedlessly by any who can recall the charm of her earlier poems. Her latest offering is entitled "At the Wind's Will," and it contains more than a hundred lyrics, sonnets, rondels, and quatrains. In all the many forms of verse, Mrs. Moulton's art finds no difficulties; the lines flow smoothly, while the thought is always clear, and the simple quatrain and the sonnet of stately beauty are alike finished in expression. There is music and passion in her verse at all times, and not rarely a strength of force restrained and conquering will. In these poems there is more of memory and anticipation than of present joy, but the sentiment is never strained, the sorrows and hopes of life are voiced without affectation.

This selection, which the poet has marked, "after Shipka," and headed by the quotation from Vereschagin: "Every one kept holiday—except the dead," is one of the striking poems in the first division of the volume:

DEAD MEN'S HOLIDAY.

Who dares to say the dead men were not glad,
When all the banners flaunted triumph there
And soldiers tossed their caps into the air,
And cheered, and cheered as they with joy were
mad?

Proudly the general galloped down the line,
And shouted praise and thanks to all his men,
And the free echoes tossed it back again,
And the keen air stung all their lips like wine.

And there, in front, the dead lay silently—
They who had given their lives the fight to win—
Were their ears deaf, think you, to all the din,
And their eyes blinded that they could not see?

I tell you, no! They heard, and hearing knew
How brief a thing this triumph of a day,
From which men journey on the same old way,
The same old snares and pitfalls struggle through.

Theirs the true triumph, for the fight was done;
And with low laughter called they, each to each—
"We are at rest where foemen can not reach,
And better this than fighting in the sun."

The volume contains many sonnets, all beautiful and inspiring, and those in memory of Lowell, Holmes, Browning, and Philip Bourke Marston are worthy of the masters. Here is the tribute to Lowell:

SUMMONED BY THE KING.

He was at home in Courts and knew the great,
Himself was of them. Ofttimes Kings have sent
To call him to their presence; and he went,
A welcome guest, to share their royal state,
For earth's high potentates a fitting mate.
He was of all men honored—crowned of Song,
And crowned of Love—and high above the wrong
Of envy, or the littleness of hate.

And now the mightiest King—to summon him
To that far place whereto all souls must come—
Has sent swift Azrael, Heaven's Chamberlain—
Beyond the ultimate sea's remotest rim,
Where all the voices of this earth are dumb,
The Courtier journeys—called to Court again.

On many pages in the book there are refrains that carry an echo not easily forgotten. This poem holds one of the strongest:

THOUGH WE REPENT.

Though we repent, can any God give back
The dear, lost days we might have made so fair—
Turn false to true, and carelessness to care
And let us find again what now we lack?

Oh, once, once more to tread the old-time track,
The flowers we threw away once more to wear—
Though we repent, can any God give back
The dear, lost days we might have made so fair?

Who can repulse a stealthy ghost's attack—
Silence a voice that doth the midnight dare—
Make fresh hopes spring from grave-sod of despair—

Set free a tortured soul from memory's rack?
Though we repent, can any God give back
The dear, lost days we might have made so fair?
Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

Richard Burton has won an audience for his muse, and by right. His verse has ringing qualities and gains in power. His phrases are not always musical, but his thought is never obscure or wayward. "Lyrics of Brotherhood," the new volume of his poems, contains a number that have appeared in the magazines, but they do not lose in strength when brought into companionship. Among them is this picture from nature, which is true in color, though by no means faultless:

CLEAR HEAVENS.

The sky is wind-swept, and the golden air,
Rain-washed, is crystal-clear and keen to breathe.
The hills since yesterday have shaken off
Their dim aloofness, and uprise so near,
Clean-cut and purple 'gainst the hrow of morn,
They startle you. There is a brilliancy
Set like a seal on earth and heaven; it seems
As if all Nature made her ready for
Some festival, some august guest to come
And tarry for a day. Some joy-to-be
Haunts in the field, inhabits all the woods,
And thrills the blue; nor e'en night's darker mood
Dispels the strong illusion: since the stars
Shine brighter than their wont, and breezes blow
The message, "Patience, it will all come true,"

Among his lyrics there are many that will be sung over and over again, though the fancy is often fairer than the dress he has given it. This is one with an old-time thought, yet with no little charm:

THE WAYS RETURN.

Many the ways that man must fare
The roads run up and down;
Some thrid the country hillside fair,
Some slink within the town.

Some tortuous are and hard to keep,
But others slip along
Where gardens grow and fountains leap
And speech is sweet and song.

Some stretch away 'midst alien sights,
'Midst strange, far-lying things;
Others he near the native lights,
Nor reck of journeyings.

And oh, the lingering, long quest,
The stumblings, triumphs, pain,
The while man fares it east and west
Ere he return again.

But one boon, one, is sure to be,
How far so'er he roam:
At last the wandering ways agree,
At last they lead him home.

The most extended effort in the volume is "A Legend of the Moon," in blank verse, which has many fine lines, and is a striking piece of work as a whole.

Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston; price, \$1.00.

New Publications.

"A Gentleman Juror," by Charles L. Marsh, is a novel of American life. Published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.25.

"Messenger No. 48," by James Otis, is a lurid tale of detective talent and boyish bravado. Published by the Werner Company, Akron, O.; price, 75 cents.

A story of a child is well told in "Quicksilver Sue," by Laura E. Richards, and it appeals to all readers who have not lost interest in youth. Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

Two addresses given before the Society for Ethical Culture, of Philadelphia, on views of the poet in two aspects, are included in the volume entitled "Walt Whitman," by William Mackintire Salter. Published by S. Burns Weston, Philadelphia; price, 25 cents.

Edward H. Mitchell has followed his colored mailing-cards with a less pretentious set of twelve views which are bound to be popular. They are clear, half-tone photographs, and picture the Cliff House and beach, ferry-boat approaching San Francisco, Fort Point and Golden Gate, Seal Rocks, main drive and Scott Key Monument of Golden Gate Park, Parrott Building, the Geysers, a general view of Yosemite Valley, Hotel del Monte, ox-team hauling logs in the mountains, and the Mission Dolores. All the scenes are typical of California

and are sure to be appreciated by those to whom they are sent. Price, 25 cents per set.

The essays and allegories in "Things as They Are," by Bolton Hall, concern the deepest problems of the time, and they are thoughtful messages, every one. Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

Mrs. Alexander's stories never disappoint those who have come to know her style. Her latest novel, "The Step-Mother," is worthy of a place with those which have preceded it. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.25.

In "Betty Leicester's Christmas," by Sarah Orne Jewett, an old acquaintance of young readers is brought forward, as Betty made many friends some years ago. The new story is an entertaining one. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.00.

"A Primer of Forestry," by Gifford Pinchot, is a little volume of practical information and suggestion, with many good illustrations. The writer knows the trees of American forests and their enemies, and has described them well. Published by the United States Department of Agriculture.

Omar has been the cause of the ruin of much white paper and black ink. Now comes "The Apistophilon," by Frank D. Bullard, containing one hundred and forty quatrains. The lines are neither musical nor profound. Published by the R. R. Donnelley & Sons Co., Chicago; price, \$1.50.

The Youth's Companion Announcement for 1900 is so full and rich that but few of its features can be noted here. A glance at the topics to be treated will indicate the scope of the new volume:

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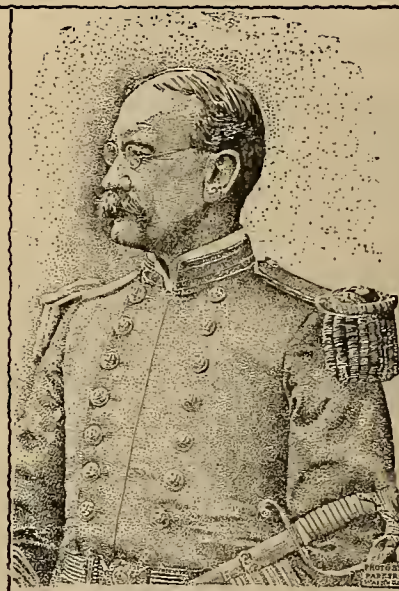
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cc 17

LITERARY NOTES.

Crawford's "Via Crucis."

It is a glowing picture of the Christian knight of the Middle Ages that Marion Crawford has drawn in Gilbert Warde, the hero of "Via Crucis." He possesses in perfection "the inward grace of the gentleman, which," as Mr. Crawford says, "can not manifest itself outwardly save in good manners, modesty of bearing, and fearlessness; and such things in earlier days were profoundly associated with the inward principles and outward rites of Christianity." In addition to these, though only a youth of twenty years, he has great height and strength and a perfect mastery of his weapons to fight the world physically, and a clear head and simple honesty to save him from pitfalls. Given such a hero in the troublous times of the Second Crusade, one may well imagine that his adventures are worth the telling.

Love, fighting, and religion made up a gentleman's life in those days, and Gilbert Warde has all three a-plenty. He leaves a little sweetheart behind in England when he is driven from home by his stepfather, and in France Queen Eleanor fairly throws herself at his head. Inheriting from her father the indomitable and lawless spirit that had made him invincible alike in war and in love, and being the fairest woman of her day, she has an utter contempt for her "spoon-faced monk" of a husband. But Gilbert, in his honest simplicity, will not recognize her passion and can not understand her anger at his inquiries for the little English maid, Beatrix, who he knows has fled to Queen Eleanor's court for protection. It becomes a duel between the two women, but the maiden conquers, and the proud queen yields up the one man who has touched her heart.

As for the fighting, the clash of arms rings in almost every chapter. First the youth has a duel with the murderer of his father, and is left for dead on the field. Then, returning from Rome, he gayly joins in an assault, knowing neither whom nor for whom he is fighting, but slaying many men in the mere lust of blood. But it is after he has reached Asia with the crusaders that the real carnage comes. He is chosen to spy out the country for the advancing army, and is in the forefront of the fight in one mighty battle, when the Saracens ambuscade the Christians, and are themselves caught in the trap, both sides hacking and thrusting with sword and spear until the narrow gully in which the battle centres becomes a river of blood.

But neither the love nor the fighting makes "Via Crucis" a cloak-and-rapier romance. It is rather the picture of a Christian gentleman in the Middle Ages, moving in brave pageants such as Mr. Crawford loves to describe, and growing from a youth sturdy and clean in mind and body, to the full stature of a man.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

Jahart

By the Aid of Modern Keys.

Think of possessing a type-writing machine with such peculiar qualities of mechanism, or sympathetic action, or what-not, that it commends itself to the shades of illustrious people of the dim past that may chance to visit the busy haunts of men in these days of rapid transit. Imagine the pleasure and profit of seeing page after page of reminiscence, philosophy, or criticism turned off neatly and signed while you sit by, with the privilege of reading and making use of the stuff as your judgment may incline. If such a possession and such pleasures and profits seem attractive to you, you will envy John Kendrick Bangs, who has had them.

In "The Enchanted Type-Writer" Mr. Bangs describes the manner in which the machine came into his possession, and the alarm and amazement with which the first clicking of the keys in an inexplicable way in the darkness was noted by him on his return from a club dinner at three o'clock one morning. What follows is simple enough. Boswell and Xanthippe used the machine in his presence frequently during a period of several months, and their notes and compositions are faithfully rendered. Some recollections of Munchausen among them are of especial interest, but there is no little wit and humor throughout their reflections and the comments of their host.

Mr. Bangs is to be commended for his care in preserving these unique records, and his generous gift of them to the public in this volume.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25.

Jahart

War Correspondent à la Stephen Crane.

Stephen Crane is a very curious literary phenomenon. Unquestionably he has ability of a high order, but he needs mental development and training in his art. He is a remarkably acute observer and reproduces—in English that is often uncouth but always effective—what he sees, with the fidelity of a photograph. But he makes his readers neither feel nor think. And yet his best work is that which was most purely imaginative. His "Lines" were the most curious little productions imaginable, being to the "pastels in prose" what a grotesque bit of Japanese carving is to a Dresden statuette. His "Red Badge of Courage" was like one of Verestchagin's great battle-pieces, a panorama of carnage and horror, conceived by a college lad who had known no other battle-ground than the foot-ball

field and yet describing sights and sensations such as only veterans have known. But when Crane attempts to make books of the life in which he lives, he becomes uninteresting.

Rufus Coleman, in "Active Service," is the "Sunday Supp." editor of a yellow journal in New York, and when Marjory Wentworth, the girl he loves, goes to Greece with her father, a college professor, and a party of students, Coleman gets an assignment to go to the same country as correspondent of his paper, there being every probability that war will break out between Greece and Turkey. War does come, the Wentworth party gets lost within the Turkish lines, and Coleman is commissioned to find them. That he does so goes without saying and also that he marries Marjory, but before that happy consummation they meet with many adventures. They do not get mixed up in actual battles, but skirmishers send bullets flying uncomfortably close to their heads, and in one lonely inn they are mobbed by Turkish peasants.

The war part of the story is well enough, being in all probability a transcript of Crane's own experiences as war-correspondent of the New York Journal, but the "human interest"—the love-affair and its complications—is tiresome, through the unreality of the personages. They are all vulgarisms masquerading in the guise of their betters. Perhaps Mr. Crane paints people as faithfully as he does inanimate objects, but if that be so, one can not envy him his associates, nor does one care to meet them in his books.

Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

Jahart

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

James M. Barrie has at length completed the sequel to his "Sentimental Tommy." It is to be called "Tommy and Grizel," and its opening chapters will appear in the January Scribner. Grizel has become a woman and Tommy is celebrated even as the story opens. The action takes place in London.

It is understood that Joel Chandler Harris is at work upon a new story, an historical romance of the American Revolution.

John Sartain's "Reminiscences of a Very Old Man, 1808-1897," which D. Appleton & Co. are soon to publish, promises to be an agreeable mélange of art and literature, as the engraver's acquaintances numbered almost as many men of letters as artists.

The last novel from the pen of the late Florence Marryat is just published in London, and is entitled "The Folly of Alison."

"The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson," edited by Sidney Colvin, have just been published by Charles Scribner's Sons. They are in two volumes and contain twice as many letters as appeared in magazine-form.

Mr. Baring-Gould has nearly completed a volume of fairy-stories to be entitled "The Crock of Gold."

Rudyard Kipling continues to take himself very seriously as the seer and poet of the empire. The Daily Mail, of London, recently published a martial poem by him, to which peculiar conditions are attached. The poem, which appeared in last week's issue of the Argonaut, was bought by the Mail for twelve hundred and fifty dollars, but, although the copyright was to be at the simultaneous service of any other paper paying twenty-five dollars, Mr. Kipling refused to take one penny for himself, directing that the money should go to a fund for the wives and children of army reservists sent to South Africa.

The fourth edition of F. Marion Crawford's romance of the Second Crusade, "Via Crucis," which has just been brought out by the Macmillan Company, is in preparation.

"A Winter in Berlin," by Marie von Bunsen, has been translated into English, and is coming out in London.

"A Corner of the West" is the title of the new novel by Edith Henrietta Fowler, the sister of the famous author of "A Double Thread" and "Concerning Isabel Carnaby."

Adolph von Pichler, the Tyrolean poet, celebrated his eightieth birthday recently.

Louis Becke has edited a "human document" of early Australia, entitled "Old Convict Days." It was written by one William Derricourt, or Day, as his own experiences. He was sent out to Australia under "the system," but contrived to rise above his surroundings.

Hamlin Garland's "Boy Life on the Prairies" is to be published by the Macmillan Company this week.

Ian Maclaren's "Life of Christ" is to be profusely illustrated by color process with pictures specially secured in Palestine and from the great European galleries. The sum of ten thousand dollars has been paid for the serial rights.

A novel which promises to compete with the success of "Richard Carvel," "David Harum," and "When Knighthood Was in Flower," is Paul Leicester Ford's "Janice Meredith." Though issued only a few weeks ago, it has already reached its

sixtieth thousand. An interesting fact concerning all these popular stories is that they are by American authors.

Edwin Markham will reside hereafter in Brooklyn, N. Y., where he has taken up a residence.

T. Gallon, author of "Tatterley," one of the most promising of the new English writers, has finished an important novel called "The Idol of the Blind," which will be published immediately by D. Appleton & Co.

Jahart

MAGAZINE VERSE.

The Open Heart.

Would you understand
The language with no word,
The speech of brook and bird,
Of waves along the sand?

Would you make your own
The meaning of the leaves,
The song the silence weaves
Where little winds made moan?

Would you know how sweet
The falling of the rill,
The calling on the hill—
All tunes the days repeat?

Neither alms nor art,
No toil can help you hear;
The secret of the ear
Is in the open heart.

—John Vance Cheney in November Century.

Sine Die.

As far as earth is from the sky,
So Love is high.
Where Alpine lakes their vigils keep
Is Love more deep.

In Nature there no boundaries are
That tell how far Love goes;
Love's measure, as each countless star,
God knows.

One only thing we know: Love comes to stay;
Though God's to give, it is not even His
To take away.

—Marian Alden in the Outlook.

Love's Offertory.

If when I raise my heart to Thee, the thought
Of her comes o'er me in suffusing flame,
Count not amiss, High God, nor grievous, aught
That love of her should waken with Thy name.

And when my soul upon the pallid heights,
In realms Thy contemplation rarefies,
Feels Thy pure tension failing, lend Thy lights
To her that I may worship through her eyes.

Alone to Thee, Great Father, I'd confide
My wavering thoughts, save for the witchery
That wraps my languorous senses in its tide:
This unworthy incense I must offer Thee.

—Thomas Walsh in November Cosmopolitan.

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New Century (weekly) \$1.50 yearly, Editor Katherine A. Tingley; Universal Brotherhood Magazine (monthly) \$2 yearly, Editors Katherine A. Tingley and E. A. Neresheimer. Publications devoted to teachings of Brotherhood on the broadest lines, "Key to Theosophy," by H. P. Blavatsky, \$2.50; "Ocean of Theosophy," by W. Q. Judge, 50c. For information of the work and book list, address E. A. Neresheimer, 144 Madison Avenue, New York; Pacific Coast Agency, 819 Market Street, Room 30.

LITERARY NOTES.

A "Guinea-Pig" and His Wife.

When E. F. Benson conceived the idea of his new story, "Mammon & Co.," he doubtless had in mind much the same theme that the late Harold Frederic exploited in "The Money-Market." Both centre on the flotation of stock shares on the London market, but the two treatments of the subject are very diverse. Mr. Frederic showed how a clever manipulator could form a company for the development of a valueless franchise, put the stock on the market, and "milk the shorts" to the tune of millions. Mr. Benson, doubtless, started with a similar central idea, but, as was to be expected of the author of "Dodo," the "guinea-pig" side of the story—that which dealt with the titled gentlemen who allow their names to be used as directors for the sake of the guinea fee paid them after every meeting—drew him from the city grubs to the butterflies of Mayfair, and the resulting story is a vivid picture of certain aspects of the smart set of London society.

The opening pages are not inviting. The conversation of the two titled ladies on whom the curtain rises is strained, and their efforts to make it epigrammatic and paradoxical do not come off. But this improves—or, perhaps, one gets used to it—as the tale proceeds, and the fortunes of Lord Conyheare and his wife, he striving to replenish their depleted coffers through the assistance of a shrewd old promoter, and she doing her best to get the most possible pleasure out of life, become matters of absorbing interest. Lord Conyheare is, of course, a secondary figure in the financial plot to the promoter, Alington, but the stock operations develop very dramatically, while her ladyship's escapades provide all the other interest necessary in a strong drama.

Indeed, "Mammon & Co." puts one in mind of Pinero's and Jones's plays. There are several dramatic scenes in it—as when Lady Conyheare sets a trap for Alington, and is herself caught by him in the crime, cheating at haccarat—and the consequences of the same lady's escapade with Lord Comber fairly bristle with dramatic situations. Then, too, the personages are all good stage figures—handsome and cynical Jack Conyheare; his pretty wife, who balks at nothing that will provide her an emotion; the smug old promoter, whose hypocrisy deceives even himself; the foppish Lothario, Ted Comber; sturdy Toby and the sensible American girl he marries; and, for the comedy element, Mrs. Murchison, with her atrocious conversational slips and the social bee buzzing loudly in her bonnet. Finally, after the first pages, the dialogue is of that quality of cleverness that may be enjoyed on the stage as well as in a book.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$7.50.

Caught in Nets of Silk.

Few of the short-story writers are so uniformly successful in society sketches as Louis Evan Shipman. His point of view is always well chosen, his cynicism is not obtrusive, and his wit is not labored. "Predicaments," his latest volume, contains four sketches and one story, but the title applies to each and all. There are serious entanglements in every one, but only in "A Bundle of Letters" does the shadow of a tragedy fall across the scene. The book will serve to pass an hour pleasantly, and if taken up a second time, will show no loss of charm. The illustrations, by C. D. Gibson and T. K. Hanna, Jr., are quite in the author's spirit, and may be accepted as portraits.

Published by Life Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

Another Story of Mean Streets.

While Arthur Morrison was writing "Tales of Mean Streets" and "A Child of the Jago," he designed another story that should also tell of life in the eastern part of London, and present a series of pictures complementary to those he had drawn in his earlier volumes. That story he has named "To London Town," and in its telling there are the same graphic descriptions, the same character sketches instinct with life that made his earlier works distinctive, with an added touch of the tenderness that beautifies homely faces and pinched lives.

The story begins at a tiny cottage in the edge of a forest a dozen miles from London, where an old postman, now retired on a pension, cares for his nephew's wife and her two children, a boy of fourteen and a crippled girl a little younger. The old man is an entomologist, and the specimens he captures by night and day in the woods are sold in the city to swell the income, which with all barely suffices for the household. At the death of this brave and kindly provider, the widow is left to struggle for her own, and goes down to London, where she can open a little shop and watch over her boy, now old enough to learn a trade. The introduction of Johnny to the great engine-building works where he begins an apprenticeship, the founding of the enterprise in which Mrs. May nearly loses all her slender capital, the surroundings of dingy Harbour Lane, a little way from the busy river traffic, are made real to the reader, and the scenes are full of human interest. New acquaintances come in, some of them rough but kindly, some of them outwardly sympathetic but inwardly selfish and cruel, but all are convincingly alive. There is much of gloom and sordid oppression, but the sun breaks through the clouds

at intervals, and there are unlooked-for pleasures for those who deserve them.

John May walks the straight path in his apprenticeship, and his reward, if not a fortune speedily won, is equal to his needs; and he has his romance too. Gray-eyed Nora Sansom, who has a burden of sorrow to bear in the infirmity of a parent, comes into John's world, and the burden is lifted and joy takes its place in the end. Prosaic enough, and almost commonplace is the story of these two lives, yet the author has made it seem worthy of the time it asks. He has told it simply, but with strength, and its truth strikes home.

Published by Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.50.

Max Müller and the Philosophy of India.

The vision of India—a picture of the men, women, and children stepping down the ghats to bathe in the Ganges—that came to Professor Max Müller while he was a boy at school, never faded from his memory, and it must have been one of the strongest impressions of his youth, for it changed the current of his life, and made him an ardent and industrious student of the letters, philosophy, and religion of that far-off country which he has never yet seen. He fell in love with Sanskrit at the University of Leipzig, later went to Berlin to continue its study, and then to Paris, attracted by the fame of Eugène Burnouf.

Through Professor Müller's knowledge and industry and the beneficence of the Maharajah of Vizianagram, a six-volume edition of the Rig-Veda was published, and for the first time the Hindoos were able to secure complete copies of their sacred book. Although India was anxious for its Bible, it is mentioned that the arrival of the edition printed in England created a tremendous commotion in the East. The ancient literature of India having been entirely mnemonic, there persisted through centuries a deep prejudice against the circulation of manuscripts. Formerly it was even forbidden to write the Veda, or to sell copies of it. That a more than sacred work should have been published for the first time by a barbarian, and that hundreds of copies of it should suddenly be for sale in the streets of Benares, Bombay, and Poonah, was at first a very great shock to the orthodox. It is said that the opposition was so great that the Brahmins at Poonah would not even touch Professor Müller's book. They called an assembly, and a man who was not a Brahman read out the edition. That their respect was compelled is shown by the fact that from this reading they corrected the manuscripts in their possession.

In the second volume of "Auld Lang Syne," just brought out, Professor Müller tells of his studies and triumphs, of the many educated and unselfish East Indians he has known, and then devotes a large portion of the book to extracts from and expositions of the Vedas. No other scholar of an alien race has such knowledge of these compositions, the oldest known to literature, and Professor Müller's chapters will awaken new interest in them. Though this volume of recollections has not the wide personal interest of the first of the series, it is a work of enduring value, not only profound, but genial and engaging throughout.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$2.00.

New Publications.

"The Life of the Spirit," by Hamilton Wright Mabie, is a volume of graceful essays on religious topics. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

Dainty booklets, in quaint cardboard covers, are "The Georgics of Virgil, Done into English Prose," by J. W. Mackail, in two volumes. Published by Thomas B. Mosher, Portland, Me.; price, \$1.50.

Biographical sketches of interest and value to young readers, and old readers as well, make up the volume entitled "Historic Americans," by Elbridge S. Brooks. Twenty-six honored names appear in the list of sub-titles. Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

A collection that will brighten many an hour in the library is "The Poetry of American Wit and Humor," selected by R. L. Paget. The old favorites are preserved in the book, and many rhymes perhaps half-forgotten. From Holmes and Saxe to Sam Walter Foss, the poets of gaiety are represented, and the list is a long one. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

Alleyne Ireland has thought the time auspicious to bring out a volume entitled "Tropical Colonization," and it may be said truthfully that he writes of knowledge gained by experience in regions described. His book discusses the questions, how to govern a tropical colony, how to obtain the reliable labor absolutely necessary, and the value of tropical colonies to the sovereign state. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$2.00.

G. W. Stevens, who wrote "With Kitchener to Khartoum," a volume of more than ordinary merit, has made a book of the great military event of the year in France and named it "The Tragedy of Dreyfus." The work is something beyond a dramatic narration of the proceedings of the court-martial at Rennes, as the events that led to the trial are described with care, and a consideration of the effect of the affair upon the nation is added. Pub-

lished by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25.

Two volumes full of the vernacular dialect of the railroad, and with an average of two lively incidents to each chapter, are "Tales of the Telegraph," by Jasper Ewing Brady (\$1.25), and "Stories of the Railroad," by John Alexander Hill (\$1.50). Published by the Doubleday & McClure Company, New York.

"A California Idyl" is a poem by Ernest McGaffey, which has been illustrated with nineteen drawings by W. H. Bull and handsomely bound in holiday garb. The verses are not idyllic but tragic, and they are well adapted to the genius of the artist. The booklet complete is a pretty specimen of artwork, and will find favor with those in search of gift-season tokens. Published by the Channing Auxiliary, San Francisco; prices, 50 cents and \$1.00.

The site of Fort Amsterdam, where in 1666 the first buildings of the settlement on Manhattan Island were begun, is marked by a tablet facing Bowling

Park, New York City. There are many other mementos of the past about the great city, ancient buildings and other landmarks that are passing away. In "Nooks and Corners of Old New York," Charles Hemstreet has written of these vanishing relics, and his book is full of interest, even to those whose knowledge of the metropolis is slight. There are numerous illustrations by E. C. Peixotto, and the volume is a handsome one. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$2.00.

While we can not do without cooks, it would seem that the supply of cook-books was ample, yet every new one has some attractive feature. "Salads, Sandwiches, and Chafing-Dish Dainties" is the title of the latest offering for popular favor, and the delicious fancies called up by the name are made more real in the book. Janet Mackenzie Hill is the author, the work is all it claims to be, and its numerous illustrations and complete index are added evidence of care and judgment in its making. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

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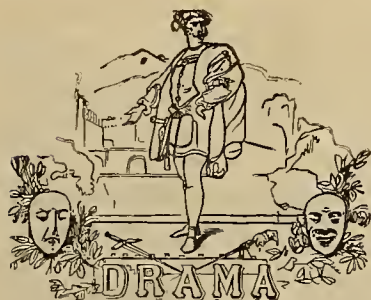
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It was the accusation that her muse could only deal in the polite, rose-water, and pearl-powder style of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" that prompted Mrs. Burnett to write "A Lady of Quality." She was evidently desperate, for in breaking away from the Fauntleroy tradition she broke with a crash. What would have been the feelings of the mature Fauntleroy if he ever could have met with Clorinda Wildairs, in all the law-defying glory of her black satin breeches, her stable-boy manners, her varied vocabulary of oaths, and her raven tresses, six feet long?

In writing "A Lady of Quality" Mrs. Burnett intended to right herself in the eyes of a world that was inclined to deride her gushing sentimentality. She determined to fly in the face of her detractors, and to fly with a flourish. Fauntleroy would have avenged. So the Lady of Quality was conducted through the vicissitudes of an alarmingly unconventional career, to emerge triumphantly in the end, the mother of many beautiful children, the wife of one of the greatest nobles and loftiest gentlemen of his time, the patron of numerous charities, and the star of a stately home. There was no poetic justice served out to Clorinda Wildairs. No matter what she did, she always came out on top, whether it was controlling the dying convulsions of her inebriate father, breaking in untamed steeds, or murdering old lovers who appeared at inopportune moments. The book might have called out violent protest, but it was so naively, so delightfully melodramatic and impossible, that no one took it with any more seriousness than they do Jules Verne or H. G. Wells.

One idea that it contained was worthy of comment and consideration—this was that of depicting Clorinda as claiming a man's right to independence of action, and at the same time exercising a man's stern truthfulness of word, if not of deed. In "A Lady of Quality," Mrs. Burnett endeavored to give a picture of a girl freed from all conventional restraints and false modesties, untrained, unguarded, and uneducated, allowed to grow to womanhood in an atmosphere of brutal coarseness, but of brutal bonesty, and working out her own salvation through the bitter mediums of her own ignorance and another's iniquity. But Clorinda, with a masculine breadth of view, determines that she will not allow one mistake to ruin a life that nature meant to be a thing of conquering splendor. She goes her way, triumphing over all obstacles, high-handed, daring, and successful, to the loftiest heights of happiness and the highest seats of the mighty. The one thing in her career that both she and the author seem to regard as most unfortunate was the murder of Sir John Oxon, which was a really serious *faux pas*, as Sir John, being six feet high and broad in proportion, was a somewhat unhandy thing to hide. But Clorinda Wildairs could be counted upon always to be equal to the occasion, and every one who has read the book remembers the description of how she carried him down-stairs in her arms, and had his mortal remains walled up in the back cellar.

But apart from the nonsensical features of the story, the character of the woman has a crude or lurid reality, and the extravagant actions that the author imputes to her have a sort of melodramatic possibility. It is this that gives to the flimsy and sensational play its attraction. Clorinda is much more comprehensible and alive in the drama than in the book. She has gained greatly in being transplanted to the stage. Moreover the continual panegyrics with which Mrs. Burnett cheered on her triumphant progress, are perforce done away with, with an immense increase of dignity in the central figure. It was very wearying the way the authoress danced along in front of her heroine sounding the tom-tom and clashing the cymbals. We did get sick of Clorinda's beauty and the mad adorations that strewed her path. I think the most irritating thing about her was the lock of hair six feet long, that Sir John Oxon used with such sinister effect. I imagined him carrying it about in a receptacle about the size of a Gladstone bag and at intervals uncoiling it with laborious slowness. In the play it is a sensible, short, little lock which Sir John keeps in a black leather pocket-book. I never knew before that the gift of a lock of hair was such a diabolically deadly blow to the giver's character. Perhaps manners and customs were different in the reign of Queen Anne.

Outside Clorinda there is not much in the piece. The only other character is Sir John Oxon, a sort of five minutes sketch of a professional lady-killer. The only thing that would make the stage Sir John in the least comprehensible would be that he should be a personage of superlative good looks. When the hero of a play appears dressed up in a laced coat

and satin breeches, a three-cornered hat and a wig so luxuriantly curly that it covers his head like a mop, and swaggers about discoursing on the fact that no woman has ever been able to resist him, he has to be exceedingly handsome to escape the derisive disbelief of the audience, if not the open jeers of the gods. The character is most crudely delineated, Sir John being forced continually into describing his own merits and demerits, and descanting on his own moral worth. It seems as if the hearth-destroying villain could not be put upon the stage without forcing him to convict himself out of his own mouth. It is like the hero in "Saints and Sinners," who was always saying to the heroine, "I am a bad man—a very bad man," in a casual society tone, as if he could think of nothing else to say.

The play, despite the fact that it is thin and a regulation piece of stage-carpentering, is interesting. It certainly does not bore one, and there are one or two scenes which are picturesquely melodramatic. The first act, wherein Clorinda is introduced in the unregenerate, breeches-wearing, loud-swearing, whip-snapping stage in her career, is full of color and noise. The latter especially, as everybody is more or less intoxicated, and those people who are sober in the beginning are depicted as hopelessly drunk before the end. Here Clorinda has a fencing scene with Sir John Oxon, and here, having drunk a health to the days of her ill-mannered youth, she forswears breeches and oaths, and appears in the full panoply of a gorgeous scarlet-satin brocade, with a wreath of red flowers crowning her six-foot hair.

In act two there is a good scene in the rose-garden. A conversation takes place by an old, rose-covered sun-dial, which reveals John Oxon as the villain he has always declared himself to be. There is scope here for an actress of dramatic power. It is the kind of scene Nance O'Neill would rise to with impassioned intensity. "Back to your kennel, cur," is the sort of sentence Nance would deliver with rapturous frenzy. Even Miss Blair, who is quite a different kind of person, being a stoutish, pretty, pink-and-white lady, put some acid into it. The setting and general color has a distinctly picturesque Burnett quality. The idea of the discarded beauty decking herself with the rose-wreath she has woven, and standing thus, crowned and calmly contemptuous, flinging her scorn on the man who has scorned her, is vividly effective.

The great act of the piece is, however, the third. To this all the others work up. It follows the book closely, representing the scene in which Sir John threatens Clorinda and shows her the lock of hair. Clorinda, maddened at the thought that her happiness is to be kept from her, raises the riding-whip in her hand and strikes him a smashing blow on the head. Owing to the fact that Mr. Bramwell does not want to nightly endanger his life, the blow has to be a very gentle one. It is a pity that for the sake of realism Mr. Bramwell does not wear a protective pad of some sort under his wig and let Clorinda deal him a blow that might kill something larger than a fly. As it is she gives him two little taps with the handle of the whip, and down he goes with a fractured skull. Clorinda runs about the room in aghast horror, and finally, when somebody comes and knocks for ten minutes at the door with that persistence observable only on the stage, she rolls the sofa over the dead man and opens the door.

The situation calls for a display of throttling terror, which gives way to that cool and desperate daring which Clorinda Wildairs was supposed to possess. Miss Blair, while she is pretty in a white-skinned, gazelle-eyed, cozy sort of way, is not the kind of actress to be successful in such a scene, or, in fact, with such a character. She has none of that mettlesome splendor of appearance or spirit that carried the Lady of Quality on to success over all obstacles. There is nothing about this purring, soft-eyed, domestic-looking lady to suggest such a fund of nervous energy and such an amount of Amazonian courage. The tenderly feminine is more her line than the defiantly spirited. Moreover, she is neither in style nor figure quite young enough for the girl in the first scenes. The only thing that makes Clorinda tolerable in the first act is her youth. As a slender, half-grown girl she may carry the sympathy of the house. But when she appears as a plump, comfortable-looking woman who, whatever her age, maybe is old enough to know better than to behave the way she does, it is very difficult for her to win the audience to her cause.

In the other acts she is an acceptable if not an ideal interpreter of the rôle. She looks handsome, and wears some exceedingly handsome clothes. One might take exception to that remarkable garment in which she greets her friends in the third act. It is a sort of sublimated overcoat, without form from head to heel, and sewn over with spangles, lace, and jet arabesques. Her other costumes are all picturesque, and the one she wears in the murder scene is very gorgeous. In fact, the costumes are one of the strongest points in the performance. They are not alone pretty, but they are fresh. The fine feathers of many of the companies that cross the continent to play here are sadly bedraggled by the time they reach San Francisco.

The company is a fair one, better, in fact, than I expected. The Sir John Oxon of William Bramwell was not ill done, especially considering the extremely bald dialogue that fell to his share. No

other character is sufficiently developed to need painstaking interpreting. They stalk in and stalk out, sing the praises of the resplendent Clorinda, and, in the intervals when she is absent, unravel the plot by means of a dialogue which is at least neither long-winded nor pretentious.

GERALDINE BONNER.

ENGLISH WAR-SONGS.

Those in Vogue at the Music-Halls.

Stirring and patriotic "war-songs" are all the rage in London, and so great is the demand that song-publishers can not print the music fast enough. Even numerous editions of such songs as "Tommy Atkins" and "The Soldiers of the Queen," three or four years old though they may be, are selling like wildfire (says the *London Mail*).

Every one must have heard "Tommy Atkins," and during the Diamond Jubilee year "The Soldiers of the Queen," or, at any rate, he perfectly familiar with their respective choruses; but the up-to-date ballads with patriotic refrains may not be so familiar.

A distinct outcome of the Boer troubles can be traced in "Under the Same Old Flag," and even the highly colored lithographed cover of the song overflows with loyalty, depicting as it does a New South Wales lancer ready to do and die for the mother country, and in the act of singing:

"Let your voices ring for England,
And your banners wave on high;
Brave hearts are burning,
Ready there to do or die.
When the sword is drawn for freedom
There's not a 'boy' behind will drag;
England's our mother, and we know no other—
Under the same old flag!"

"Another Little Patch of Red" is a song that is having an enormous sale; and this is even more up to date than the one just quoted, for it contains a verse that takes in the Transvaal situation right up to President Krüger's ultimatum, followed by a chorus the significance of which can not be mistaken:

"If they want to get the pull on old John Bull,
They'll have to get up early out of bed;
As again they've had a slap,
We shall paint a certain map
With just another little patch of red!"

A third ballad of the same order, but one whose popularity has waned somewhat on account of the rumor that Irishmen are serving under the Boer flag, is "Irishmen Must Be There." But the chorus is not wanting in the right sentiment:

"And what a dear old land to fight for,
What a grand old nation still!
When you read your history
Don't it make your heart's blood thrill?
We don't know if the quarrel's right or wrong,
Bedad! an' we don't care,
We only know there's going to be a fight,
And Irishmen must be there!"

A song which Mr. Leo Stormont sings to enthusiastic audiences is entitled "Take the Muzzle Off the Lion." The following are the first verse and chorus:

"The note of fierce defiance has been burred,
And we must prove our rights before the world;
To make our just demands we did not cease
Until the brutal Boers disdained our peace.
They've tried the game of bluster, bounce, and brag,
And thrown their dirty insults at our flag;
Now they must fight, and pay—the die is cast,
And we wipe out the errors of the past.

"Then take the muzzle off the lion,
And let him have a go!
Is Boer or Briton going to rule?
That's what we want to know!
Whisper to him 'Majuba Hill,'
Then at his chain he'll pull;
There's only room for one out there,
And that's John Bull."

Tea Poisoning.

Victims of tea poisoning are becoming alarmingly prevalent. Women demand the life and variety of Health, and instead of doing it naturally by building up their systems they resort to tea. They should take Hostetter's Stomach Bitters instead. By strengthening the digestive organs this brings beauty and good spirits. It tones up the nerves, drives away the blues, regulates digestion, and cures all forms of dyspepsia. All druggists sell it.

Lafayette is to have a monument in Paris, and it is to be erected by Americans during the exposition. For the monument fund an issue of fifty thousand silver dollars, engraved as Lafayette souvenirs, was authorized by Congress, and the coins will be delivered from the mint and sold at two dollars each for holiday presents.

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Crème de Lis outpoints all similar cosmetics. As it contains no poisons its results are unequalled, for it purifies and beautifies the skin at once. It contains all the qualities necessary to create and preserve youthful beauty.

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Popular Prices—25c and 50c.
Telephone for Seats, Bush 9.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.

The Popular House.
Sunday Night, November 19th, and all Week. Matinées Saturday and Sunday. Thall & Kennedy's Everlasting Anglo-Swedish Dialect Success,
-- YON YONSON --
The Landslide of Laughter.
Popular Prices—75c, 50c, 25c. Matinée, 50c, 25c.
Sunday Night, Nov. 26th.....The Frawley Company

COLUMBIA THEATRE.

Beginning Monday, November 20th. Second and Last Week. Broadhurst's Gleeful Plenitude,
-- WHY SMITH LEFT HOME --
The Comedy Now Creating Laughter in All Quarters of the Globe.
Prevailing Prices—\$1, 75c, 50c, 35c, 25c.

Monday, November 27th....."Shenandoah."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

TELEPHONE MAIN 532.
Week of Monday, November 20th. Colossal, Sumptuous, Costly, and Thoroughly Up-to-Date Production of Rice's World-Famed Extravaganza,
-- EVANGELINE --
March of Patriotic Colors by 100 Handsome Girls.
Popular Prices—50c, 35c, 25c, 15c, and 10c. A Good Reserved Seat at Saturday Matinée 25c. Branch Ticket-Office Emporium.

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Cora Stuart and Company; Little Mignon; Rice & Elmer; Lucie Verdier; Hamilton Hill; Ryan & Richfield; Cherish Simpson; Burton's Acrobatic Comedy Dogs; and Cornille.
Reserved seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box seats, 50c. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday.

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OAKLAND RACE TRACK.

Winter Meeting, 1899-1900, Monday, Nov. 20th, to Saturday, Dec. 2d, inclusive.

Racing Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday.

OR MORE RACES EACH DAY.

5 Races start at 2:15 P. M. sharp. 5

Ferry-boats leave San Francisco at 12 M., 12:30, 1:00, 1:30, 2:00, 2:30, and 3:00 P. M., connecting with trains stopping at the entrance to the track. Buy your ferry tickets to Shell Mound. All trains via Oakland Mole connect with San Pablo Avenue electric cars at Seventh and Broadway, Oakland; also all trains via Alameda Mole connect with San Pablo Avenue electric cars at 14th and Broadway, Oakland.

Returning—Trains leave the track at 4:15, 4:45 P. M. and immediately after the last race.
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SCENIC RAILWAY. (Via Sausalito Ferry.)

Leave San Francisco, commencing October 1, 1899.

WEEK DAYS—8:30 a. m. and 1:45 p. m.

SUNDAYS—8:00, 10:00 a. m., and 1:15 p. m.

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ROUND TRIP from San Francisco, \$1.40

Taylor Cook, a murderer in the Kansas penitentiary, has asked Governor Stanley to order the warden to hang him, in accordance with the sentence of the court. Cook says death is preferable to life imprisonment, and he thinks hanging is an easy way to die.

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MAJOR HOPKINS'S WELCOME TO DEWEY.

A Sequel to His Poem Delivered at the Famous Farewell Dinner in Washington Two Years Ago.

On October 28th, 1897, a dinner was given to Commodore George Dewey, on the eve of his departure to assume command of the Asiatic station, at the Metropolitan Club, Washington, D. C., by a number of his friends, members of the club. A poem in honor of the occasion (reprinted in the *Argonaut* of October 2d) was read by Major Archibald Hopkins, the clerk of the court of claims, concluding with this prophetic stanza:

"And when he takes the homeward tack
Beneath the Admiral's flag,
We'll hail that day that brings him back,
And have another jag."

In accordance with the understanding expressed in the parting toast, the same gentlemen entertained Admiral Dewey on the twenty-eighth ult. The same room was used and the same menu enjoyed as on the first occasion, and although the first gathering was two years ago, and many of those present are in the military service, all but five of the original party attended the dinner.

During the evening Mr. Hopkins read another original poem, prefacing it with this stanza:

I wrought a God-speed for a friend, whom I knew
Was loyal to duty, courageous, and true;
He has come back a victor, his sword in its sheath,
And I drop at his feet just a crude little wreath.

The remainder of the poem runs as follows:

Fill all your glasses full again,
We filled them once before,
And drained them to the bottom when
We pledged the Commodore.

With all our hearts we drank, "here's luck."
We backed him from the start;
We knew his sterling Yankee pluck,
Cool head and generous heart.

We knew his mind well-trained and keen,
His battle-tested skill;
We knew beneath his quiet mien
There dwelt an iron will.

No peril checked his bold advance,
Past forts and mines he steered;
He took a fighting captain's chance,
And as the foe appeared,

Said calmly, "Gridley, you may fire";
A cyclone rent the air,
And when the signals flew "retire,"
No Spanish fleet was there.

His orders were "Destroy the fleet";
His answer well himself portrayed;
Terse, modest, sailor-like, complete,
"Your order, sir, has been obeyed."

And through the waiting months that came,
Alert and still, 'midst all the noise
He justly won a statesman's fame
By his consummate tact and poise.

His "victory without a flaw,
Shall without faltering be maintained";
There is no reason and no law
That hids us yield what we have gained.

What means the crowds, the marching men,
The flags when he appears?
First, welcome to the Admiral, then,
There rings through all the cheers

Not only praise for victory won;
There is an undertone
Exultant in new life, begun
Not for ourselves alone.

He left us hut an outside power
'Mongst those that rule the world;
He made us with the greatest tower
Where'er the flag's unfurled.

We have expanded; that is done,
No matter who may fume or prate;
The booming of his opening gun
Was hut the echoing voice of fate.

Paul Jones, a fighter unsurpassed,
Our Farragut beyond all praise,
And Dewey, from Manila last,
To share with them undying lays.

No heroes ever trod a deck,
Or sailed the rolling seas
Through stress of battle, storm, and wreck,
More glorious than these.

An epoch struck on Time's great clock
The day he won his fight;
Henceforth our Anglo-Saxon stock
Keeps step for law and right.

Henceforth with kin beyond the sea
We hid oppression die,
And pledge the better days to be
Where'er our standards fly.

We've got our Admiral safe and sound
Just where he likes to be,
So stand and join your hands around
And give him three times three.

The country hids him welcome back,
No more henceforth to roam;
Our welcome holds what others lack—
We hid him welcome home.

Then fill your glasses to the brim,
Let no one fall or lag;
We're in good trim and promised him
We'd have another jag.

The laurel with the vine is twined;
Give freest rein to cheer,

For Fate is kind, we've dined and wined,
And got George Dewey here.

And now, to make our toast complete—
It leaps to all your lips,
Here's to the captains of the fleet,
The men who fought the ships.

And fill us up one humper more,
Till every glass o'erruns;
Drink if you never drank before;
The men behind the guns.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Rice's "Evangeline" at the Grand.

Crowded houses will doubtless be the rule at the Grand Opera House next week, for Rice's popular extravaganza, "Evangeline," is to be revived on an elaborate scale. Edith Mason will be seen in the title-role, Hattie Belle Ladd will appear as Gabriel, Winfred Goff makes his first appearance as a female impersonator as the lovely Catherine, Bessie Fairhair is cast as Eulalie, Georgie Cooper as Felician, William Wolff as Le Blanc, Arthur Wooley as Captain Dietrich, and Fred Cooper, the noted comedian, will re-appear here, after an absence of nine years, in his successful impersonation of the Lone Fisherman. Joe Weston and Joe Clarke, a popular dancing team, will be the front and hind legs of the intelligent beifer, the "roles" in which Nat Goodwin and Henry Dixey scored one of their earliest successes, and Jack Robertson will be the rebellious calf. There are over twenty other lesser characters, which will be strongly cast.

Judging from the gorgeous manner in which "El Capitán," "The Three Conspirators," "The Merry Monarch," and other recent revivals have been put on at the Grand Opera House, it is safe to predict that "Evangeline" will equal any extravaganza, from a scenic standpoint, which has been seen here in recent years. The stage manager, Charles H. Jones, is to introduce his latest Amazon-march creation, "The March of Uncle Sam's Colors," in which one hundred pretty girls will take part. There will also be numerous ballets, minuets, and fancy dances.

Arthur Donaldson in "Von Yonson."

On Sunday night "Von Yonson," the oldest and most popular of the Swedish dialect comedies, will begin an engagement at the California Theatre limited to one week. Arthur Donaldson, who plays the title-role, is hy-hirth a Swede, and his portrayal of the big-hearted Scandinavian is said to be the best that has been given since the days of Gus Heege. Besides being an actor of ability, he is also an accomplished singer. It will be remembered that only a few years ago he was a great favorite at the Tivoli Opera House. One of the features of his performance is his singing of Swedish folk-songs in their original tongue. Another musical treat will be the original Lumberman's Quartet, which for the past nine years has been associated with "Von Yonson."

The Frawley Company will begin an extended engagement at the California Theatre on Sunday, November 26th, when they open in "The Sporting Duchess."

Second Week of "Why Smith Left Home."

George H. Broadhurst's clever farce, "Why Smith Left Home," enters on the second and last week of its stay at the Columbia Theatre on Monday night. The new company, which includes Frank Tannehill, Jr., Eugene Redding, C. J. Williams, Frederick Roberts, Gilbert Gardner, Carina Jordan, Nellie Maskell, Jennie Engle, Lottie Williams Salter, Rose Hubbard, Belle Chamberlain, and Lizzie May Ulmer, has proved itself a capable one, and the farce goes with a dash and spirit that is refreshing.

An elaborate revival of Bronson Howard's stirring military drama, "Shenandoah," will follow "Why Smith Left Home."

At the Tivoli.

The grand opera season comes to a close at the Tivoli Opera House next week, when all the greatest successes will be revived, with Salassa, Avedano,

Wanrell, Fonari, Zani, Anna Lichter, and Signorina Politini in the rôles in which they have scored such successes. The operas will be, Tuesday, "Othello"; Thursday, "Ernani" or "Trovatore" (to be announced Monday); Saturday, "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci"; and on Sunday, Verdi's "Aida." During the remainder of the week—Monday, Wednesday, and Friday nights, and Saturday matinee—Vincent Wallace's beautiful hallad-opera, "Maritana," will be sung, with Ada Walker, Charlotte Beckwith, Christine Stockmeyer, William Schuster, Phil Branson, Hubert Sinclair, J. Fogarty, and Tom Greene in the cast.

At the Orpheum.

The leading attraction at the Orpheum next week will be Cora Stuart and her company in a sketch based on Rosina Vokes's famous comedietta, "The Circus Rider," which is entitled "The Fair Equestrienne." Among the other new-comers are Little Mignon, a dainty dancer; Rice and Elmer, the well-known comedians, in their own original specialty, "A Rube's Visit to Chinatown," in the course of which they introduce some clever work on the triple horizontal bar; Lucie Verdier, who plays on everything from the bass-drum to the violin; and Hamilton Hill, the Australian haritone.

Those retained from this week's bill are Ryan and Richfield, Cheridah Simpson, Burton's Dogs, and Mlle. Cornille.

The Races.

On Monday the racing scene changes from Tanager Park to the Oakland Track, where the California Jockey Club has arranged an excellent programme for the next fortnight. Six interesting races will be run each day. A selling handicap for three-year-olds and upward over a distance of one mile and a quarter has been announced for Saturday, November 25th. On Thanksgiving Day, Thursday, November 30th, there are to be two special events which are sure to attract attention: "The Oakland Cup," a selling handicap for three-year-olds and upward, for a purse of \$500, the distance being two miles and a quarter, and the Paxton, a free handicap, for three-year-olds and upward, for a purse of \$500, with the distance one mile and a furlong.

The looked-for shower of meteors the first of the week did not come, and many observers were disappointed. While there was no certainty of the celestial show, astronomers confidently expected it, the following statement by Professor Burkhalter summing up the situation: "The meteor swarm from which the Leonids fall comes in contact with the earth between the thirteenth and fifteenth of November every year. The Leonids are supposed to be scattered along a path in the form of an ellipse extending out and beyond the planet Uranus. At one point in the ellipse they are more numerous than at any other. It is supposed that point is where the final dissolution of a comet took place, of which comet the Leonids are the debris. This comet is supposed to have had a period of thirty-three years, therefore this particularly rich part of the stream passes the nearest point to the earth about every thirty-three years, at which period occurs what is known as 'the fall of the Leonids.' It is the lack of exact data on this particular point that leaves astronomers somewhat in doubt as to the exact time of the contact of the earth with the rich part of the stream."

The Peaceful Invasion of the Sudan.

The prediction made some time ago, when the British and Egyptian troops were making their successful march to the Sudan, that the "Ubiquitous Cook" would soon be leading armies of tourists to Khartum and Omdurman was a true one, for Thos. Cook & Son have arranged to extend their Nile steamers and rail service to Khartum this season. Particulars can be obtained at Cook's Tourist Bureau, 62r Market Street, San Francisco.

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body of all ages as the

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Greatest Property in America.

Millions of Tons of Copper

Boston & Texas Copper Co.'s
Great Showing.

The property of the Boston & Texas Copper Company has been largely developed in the last six months, showing up in excess of the most sanguine expectations of the company. Eleven mines have been opened and developed, exposing large bodies of rich ore and clay; and a territory of ten miles square has been opened and tested. The ore and clay is found so generally as to prove that copper exists in the entire tract, and evidencing millions of tons of copper marl, averaging five to fifteen per cent., and large bodies of ore, ranging from fifty to seventy per cent. It is apparent that this property will turn out millions of dollars.

A party of New England capitalists who have just returned from an examination of the mines, in conjunction with one of the ablest mining engineers in the country, report the property to be one of the largest and best in America, and to contain inexhaustible quantities of rich copper deposits.

The shares of the company are being fast taken. Over \$50,000 has been raised and put into the property in the last three months, and the shares which are now offered at \$5.00 (par value \$10.00) will soon be advanced, and there are those who believe that they will sell for \$10.00 before January 1st, and ultimately have a value many times their par.

Those who want shares should make immediate application to the Boston & Texas Copper Company, Tremont Building, Boston. The price is \$5.00 per share. There is no better investment than copper securities and there is no better or stronger new company in America than this.

It is offered by strong men, who have invested their own money in the enterprise, and it is managed by F. M. Spaulding, one of the ablest and most reliable executive officers in the country.

The company is about to establish a town site on the property, and the Wichita Valley Railroad Company, a branch of the Denver and Fort Worth R. R., have offered to build a spur into the property, nine miles, within thirty days upon request.

The company owns 12,000 acres in one tract, and it has large value for agricultural and town-site purposes, outside of its copper-bearing qualities. Copper is near the surface, and is easily and cheaply mined and converted into metal, and no expensive plant and machinery is required. The company can easily earn \$5,000 a day net, with a moderate cost plant.

As stated above, the price of shares is \$5.00 (par value \$10.00), and those who want a choice and safe investment should make their application at once to the company.

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PACIFIC COAST AGENTS.

VANITY FAIR.

In an extremely interesting article in the November issue of *Scribner's Magazine*, entitled "American Society and the Artist," Aline Gorren discusses at length the gulf which lies between the two classes, despite the fact that they are instinctively attracted toward each other. She says: "The average society man or woman knows little of life; the average artist knows little of the world. One perceives, then, insuperable difficulties—difficulties temperamental and, one might almost say, physical—that stand in the way of the two, deriving, in the vast majority of cases, any true and durable satisfaction from mutual association, in spite of certain causes which lead them to draw near to one another. . . . The growing fashion of having 'entertainers' at social functions has thrown this entire situation into clearer relief. Society's disbursements for the entertainment of its guests are often of generous proportions, and singers, players, readers, it may be argued, must live. This certainly is an argument that has weight. But an artist lives on other things besides bread—for instance, on the sense of his own genuineness. What is, after all, the first duty that he owes to himself, as an artist? The duty of avoiding those surroundings in which it is impossible that he should find nutriment, and which stunt and cripple him instead of developing and enlarging him. It happened to the novelist Alphonse Daudet to be accosted as a youth in a Parisian drawing-room, where he had recited some verses, by an elderly Mentor, who whispered to him, solemnly: 'Young man, beware of salons!' It is, as a rule, good advice. Good in Paris, and still better with us. Better with us than anywhere else. Money fashionable American society possesses, and is willing to lavish upon the artist, in unparalleled abundance. But it ought to be understood more generally than it is, that of other forms of riches so indispensable to artistic health and artistic integrity, it has less to offer than any other society. . . . It is poor in intellectually fruitful leisure, in stimulating craftsman-like talk, in the prevalence of general ideas, in picturesque and variety of impressions. Abroad the artist may willingly work as hard as he does here for one-quarter of the price that he exacts in this country, but the world around him yields enough, in pictorial and emotional directions, to indemnify him a hundredfold.

"To sum up," continues Aline Gorren, "the verdict of every serious artistic worker in any line is unanimous in this, that what is called society in America is a medium in which the artist is in a state of perpetual discomfort, is continually ill at ease. Sometimes he is snubbed; but that is not the chief trouble. He could stand snubbing, especially equal and systematic snubbing, and be none the worse for it. What is really fatal to the artistic life is the fulsome and hysterical adulation which breaks out spasmodically to centre upon certain individuals, and in which all feeling for proportion, all instinct for measure and accuracy, are overborne and carried away by a sweep of sentiment that has something half savage, something almost brutal, about it. We shall learn presently, perhaps, that these great outbursts of so-called artistic enthusiasms to which we are prone are a thing that we may be a little ashamed of. They sickened and would eventually emasculate those whom they are intended to flatter; and they do not invigorate—far from it—those who experience them. . . . The ordinary society woman uses the artist for the prestige which he confers upon a drawing-room, and for the fact that he is a picturesque lion in a doorway, and there, in most cases, concern with him ceases. It is not an entirely disagreeable position for the lion, while it lasts, for the lion-hunter and her friends have often a charming way with them. But the result of it all for him is a relaxing of the mental fibre, and a fatigue, flat, stale, and unprofitable. Nor is the mental injury the worst part of the matter. The moral antagonisms aroused on both sides, although kept decently below the surface, are sometimes laughable, generally undignified, and in every case a foolish waste of the wine of life."

Sir Thomas Lipton attended several dinners in New York, at each of which the speakers exhausted their stock of adjectives in telling what a thorough sportsman he was. The last challenger for the cup is not an orator, and he was wise enough not to attempt to answer at length the many complimentary speeches which were made at him. The members of one organization that entertained Sir Thomas and his party were very much amused at the way in which one of his friends turned the flow of compliments. Sir Thomas responded briefly to the welcome, and talked modestly. Apparently he was somewhat embarrassed at the many kind things which had been said about him by Dr. Depew and other able talkers. He evidently did not feel himself equal to a proper response, and he selected a young Irishman in his party to do some complimentary talking for him. The speaker proved quite equal to the occasion (says the *New York Sun*). He took Dr. Depew as his subject, and he did his best to make him feel just as pleasantly embarrassed as Sir Thomas had felt while Depew was talking. His young man had not kissed the blarney stone, so he of his ancestors had. His style was not florid, but it was flowery, with just a faint suggestion that

it might be a parody of the preceding speeches. He called Dr. Depew the Demosthenes of America, and then he proceeded to annex him to England with an Anglo-Saxon alliance. The other guests enjoyed it hugely, and Sir Thomas looked as if he was pleased to see Dr. Depew taking a big dose of his own pleasant medicine.

London is quite amazed over the action of the Prince of Wales, who has taken to the "American" custom of lunching and dining at restaurants. Nobody remembers to have seen him entertaining or being entertained in public rooms before this year. He broke the record by lunching a few Sundays ago at Claridge's, and shocked many of the conservative subjects by this claimed desecration of the Sabbath. He lunched with the Grand Duke Michael and the Countess Torby, and in his honor there was an elaborate device of the Prince of Wales feathers cleverly done in ice. The music, which is there delightfully soft, was much enjoyed by the prince. There were, of course, the usual number of Anglo-Americans, who find new occupation now by following the prince around to the different restaurants. Mr. and Mrs. Bradley-Martin, Lord and Lady Craven, Mr. Reginald Ward, and Mrs. Arthur Paget were all at tables near the prince.

The decline of the chrysanthemum as a flower of fashion seems more pronounced every autumn. They still bring good prices and are admired in moderation, but only the stage dandy clings to them nowadays as the emblem of modishness. This year some of the florists have made an attempt to attract fresh attention to the flowers by supplying them with lace-paper collars that appear to increase their circumference by an inch or more, but have the disadvantageous effect of destroying their beauty of outline and richness of color at the same time. Probably the device will be abandoned soon, just as an attempt made to increase the beauty of violets by external means failed several years ago. One florist began to tie them up with purple ribbons, and within a short time no violets were considered fit for wear unless they had this adjunct. Even from bunches of artificial flowers the ribbons dangled. This feature was prized first because it was taken to indicate their purchase in a certain shop, but its general adoption soon robbed it of that significance. The ribbons disappeared after a while, and the violets made their former appeal with only the beauty that nature and cultivation had given them. Every year brings some similar attempt to make more striking the beauty of flowers popular at certain seasons, and that these attempts do not succeed in accomplishing that result does not prove their failure.

The following paragraph from a letter to the *New York Commercial Advertiser* from Rome will be read with interest by those who met the Count of Turin, the young nephew of King Humbert of Italy, during his brief visit to the Pacific Coast: "Apropos of the Count of Turin, who has been mentioned as one of the suitors of the Princess of the Asturias, the elder sister of King Alfonso the Thirteenth, I can only say that his father's experience in Spain is not very encouraging to him, and I doubt whether he would consent to reside in Spain even as king-consort. As for leaving his heart in America he can only have left a bit of it there. Other bits are divided among several Roman ladies, some of whom are still pining for his return. An ambassador's daughter was the object of his attention last year, and things were looking rather serious when papa interfered in time, and removed the fair one away from temptation. The Count of Turin, in fact, is the most fascinating of all the princes of his family, and strong-minded, indeed, must be the woman who can resist his charm. I am told that England, Germany, and Austria would encourage the Count of Turin's proposal for the hand of the Princess of the Asturias. The Pope proposes Louis of Orleans and Braganza. Henri of Orleans is supported by the French, but would be opposed by other European powers. A nephew of the King and Queen of Italy, a prince of Bavaria, is also talked of, and seems to have as good a chance as any."

After having been side-tracked for several seasons, the popularity of canes is once more in evidence. During the present autumn, it is expected, the walking-stick will receive more attention than has been the case in any season for many years. Formerly the cane served as the badge of the "gentleman," but to-day the wearing of walking-sticks is not confined to any particular class of society. Nowadays the cane is regarded as almost an indispensable feature of genteel dress by both young and old. Some men who would not think of carrying canes on business days would feel ill at ease on Sunday minus the walking-stick. About five years ago there existed a cane craze. Everybody carried one. The craze died away. Of course, there were some who continued the use of the cane, but the comparison in point of numbers was striking. Large scale international events seem to stimulate the popularity of canes. The Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, in 1876, and the Columbian World's Fair at Chicago, in 1893, boomed the use of walking-sticks considerably. The Paris Exposition is probably responsible for the revival of the cane fashion. Dealers attribute the increase in business to

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the fact that a large majority of men attending exhibitions of the character mentioned invariably provide themselves with canes. As a souvenir, the walking-stick is generally a large seller. A cane much favored this season is made of either penang or partridge wood. These slender, rigid sticks promise to supplant the popularity accorded bamboo and whangee canes last spring. Penang and partridge woods are of fine grain, of dark-brown color, and are highly polished. Silver and gun-metal trimmings are quite effective. Inlaid work is preferred to applied ornamentation. Curved natural handles are the mode for canes made of penang, partridge, and congo woods. The English furze is a heavy cane, and is, as a rule, expensive. Rhinoceros horn and ivory handles show to good advantage when banded with inlaid silver. A novelty furze cane has a handle resembling the head of a golf stick, but made of ebony and rimmed with gold, reproducing in effect the brass-rimmed golf club. Black and white thorns share popularity with the weichel canes. Hickory sticks are also winning some attention. According to the *Boston Herald*, light-colored, flexible canes are done for, at least for this season. The vogue pronounces it bad form to wear a cane showing the natural bark. Blackthorns are an exception, being in favor only with the bark on.

Johari

Charles Broadway Rouss, the blind millionaire of New York, will shortly erect a mausoleum in his lot in Mount Hebron Cemetery, Winchester, W. Va. It will be the finest mausoleum in America, and will cost one hundred thousand dollars. This structure is to be of Doric architecture and a perfect model of the Theseum in Athens. It is to be built of the best Vermont granite, and the interior will be finished in colored marble.

Johari

Jones—"What's the most popular song in Lady-smith to-day?" Brown—"Why, 'Yule Remember Me.'"—*Philadelphia North American*.

The Teething Period

Is the trying time in baby's life. Proper feeding then is most essential. To secure uniformity of diet use Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. Book "Babies" free. Borden's Condensed Milk Co., N. Y.

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions for the week ending Wednesday, November 15, 1899, on the Stock and Bond Exchange were as follows:

BONDS.		Shares.		Closed.	
				Bid.	Asked.
Contra C. Water 5%	50,000	@ 108 1/2	108 1/2		
U. S. Coup. 3%	1,000	@ 107 1/2-108	108		
Los An. & Pac. Ry.					
5%	1,000	@ 104	104		
Market St. Ry. 5%	20,000	@ 117	117 1/2		
N. R. of Cal. 5%	4,000	@ 113	113 1/2		
Oakland Gas & Ed 5%	5,000	@ 109	108		
Oceanic S. Co. 5%	16,000	@ 107 1/2-108 1/2	108 1/2		
Omnibus C. R. 6%	13,000	@ 127 1/2	128 1/2		
S. F. & N. P. Ry. 5%	6,000	@ 115	114 1/2		
S. F. & S. J. Ry. 5%	11,000	@ 115 1/2	115 1/2		

Stocks.		Shares.		Closed.	
				Bid.	Asked.
Contra Costa Water.	4,645	@ 76 1/2-77 1/2	77 1/2		
Spring Valley Water.	960	@ 97 1/2-98	97 1/2		

Gas and Electric.		Shares.		Closed.	
				Bid.	Asked.
Equitable Gaslight	110	@ 6 1/2	6		
Mutual Electric	215	@ 13 1/2-13 3/4	14		
Pacific Gas Imp. Co.	50	@ 57	57		
S. F. Gas & Electric.	920	@ 56 1/2-57 1/4	56 1/2		
S. F. Gas.	180	@ 3 1/2	3 1/2		

Banks.		Shares.		Closed.	
				Bid.	Asked.
Cal. S. D. & T. Co.	35	@ 95 1/2-97	96 1/2		
Market St. R. R.	215	@ 62-62 1/4	62		

Powders.		Shares.		Closed.	
				Bid.	Asked.
Giant Con.	365	@ 89-90	89 1/2		
Vigorit	1,000	@ 3-3 1/2	3 1/2		

Sugars.		Shares.		Closed.	
				Bid.	Asked.
Hana P. Co.	375	@ 10 1/2-11	10		
Hawaiian	120	@ 95	94		
Honokaa S. Co.	350	@ 34-35	34 1/2		
Hutchinson	1,675	@ 27-28 1/2	27		
Makawell S. Co.	360	@ 49-49 1/4	46		
Onoua S. Co.	505	@ 36-37 1/2	36 1/2		
Paahau S. P. Co.	2,490	@ 31 1/2-32	31 1/2		

Miscellaneous.		Shares.		Closed.	
				Bid.	Asked.
Alaska Packers	45	@ 117 1/2-119	118 1/2		
Oceanic Steam Co.	330	@ 91 1/2-92 1/2	92		

The sugar stocks have been weak, selling down from one-half to three points, and about 6,000 shares changed hands, Paahau leading the fall to 31 1/2, Hawaiian to 95, Onoua to 36, Honokaa to 34, and Hana to 10 1/2, the market closing at nearly the lowest prices on small transactions.

Contra Costa water was strong, and advanced to 79 1/2 on report of the company having bought the

Berkeley and Alameda Water Companies plants, by which it is claimed the revenues of this company will be largely increased; but the stock closed off at 78 1/2 ex-dividend, being one-half point decline from the highest point reached.

INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

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Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,187,617.90
Capital actually paid up in cash.....1,000,000.00
Deposits June 30, 1899.....27,656,513.03

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532 California Street.

Deposits, July 1, 1899.....\$24,920,395
Paid-Up Capital.....1,000,000
Reserve Fund.....205,241
Contingent Fund.....442,763

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres.

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THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL.....\$2,000,000
SURPLUS.....1,000,000
PROFIT AND LOSS & CO-OP. FUND.....2,365,968
October 1, 1899.

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CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
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Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$6,250,000

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H. WADSWORTH, Cashier; F. L. LIPMAN, Asst. Cashier;

H. L. MILLER, Second Asst. Cashier.

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OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$3,702-300; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$2,112,546.

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.

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411 California Street.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Some time ago Nat Goodwin had an opportunity to witness Alf Hampton's imitations of himself in his favorite rôles. Hampton, knowing Goodwin was present, outdid himself, but at the close of the *stance* Goodwin had never a word to say. At last an intimate friend ventured to ask how he liked it. "Well," replied Goodwin, "all I can say is, one of us is d—n had."

Prince Henry of Orleans when he travels takes with him a physician, a scientist, an editor, a historian, and a photographer, each of whom makes a daily contribution to the book which is to describe the journey. In describing his method at a Paris *salon*, a friend ironically asked: "And what is the bard work which you do for your book?" "The hardest of all," said the prince; "I have the overwhelming duty of making the various accounts agree."

Lieutenant-Governor Timothy L. Woodruff, of New York, it is said never violated his rule to live frugally and to devote himself to business until his income was fifty thousand dollars a year. When he reached this point he entered political life. Once, in debating with a wealthy politician, the latter said: "Wealth gives you no advantage; I'm as rich as you are." "Yes," replied Mr. Woodruff, "but you made your fortune out of politics, and that's where I'm spending mine."

A grand wedding was being solemnized at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, London. On each side of the strip of carpet that extended from the church-door to the kerb was a crowd of people watching the guests arrive. In the wake of a procession of equipages of the most aristocratic and well-appointed character came a four-wheeled cab, dingy and disreputable beyond belief. "Here! here!" shouted the policeman in charge, "you can't stop here! We're waiting for the Bishop of ——" The cabman regarded the officer with a triumphant leer, as he climbed down from his seat and threw a ragged blanket over his skeleton steed. "It's all right, guv'nor," he said, "I've got the old buffer inside!"

It is related of Rev. George Macdonald, Rudyard Kipling's maternal grandfather, that in the days when he was courting the lady whom he afterward married, the father-in-law to be—an aged Methodist with extremely strict notions in regard to the proprieties—was injudicious enough on one occasion to enter the drawing-room without giving any warning of his approach. The consequence was that he found the young lovers occupying a single chair. Deeply shocked by the spectacle, the old man solemnly said: "Mr. Macdonald, when I was courting Mrs. Brown, she sat on one side of the room and I on the other." Mr. Macdonald's reply was: "That's just what I should have done, sir, if I had been courting Mrs. Brown."

President Krüger is minus the thumb of his left hand. In his youth it was badly wounded, and rather than nurse the troublesome member, he cut it off. Some time ago, in discussing the present situation, and wishing to illustrate how he would do with Sir Alfred Milner, as he had with his predecessors, he began with the little finger of his left hand: "I was too much for Sir George Gray." Then, annotating with his third finger: "I was too much for Sir Howard Berkeley." Passing to the middle finger: "I was too much for Sir Bartle Frere." Next with the index finger: "I was too much for Sir Hercules Robinson, and I shall be too much for Sir—*alle maagte!*" he exclaimed, for he had come to the place of the missing thumb. The incident is said to have depressed him not a little, as he is very superstitious.

An old bed-ridden fisherman at a Scotch watering-place was frequently visited during his last illness by a kind-hearted clergyman, who wore one of those close-fitting clerical waistcoats which button behind. The clergyman saw the near approach of death one day in the old man's face, and asked if his mind was perfectly at ease. "Oo, ay, I'm a' richt," came the feeble reply. "You are sure there is nothing troubling you? Do not be afraid to tell me." The old man seemed to hesitate, and at length, with a faint return of animation, said: "Weel, there's just ae thing that troubles me, but I dinna like to speak o't." "Believe me, I am most anxious to comfort you," replied the clergyman; "tell me what it is that troubles and perplexes you." "Weel, sir, it's just like this," said the old man, eagerly; "I canna for the life o' me mak' oot hoo ye manage tae get intae that westkit."

Colonel Sheffield Phelps, owner of the *Jersey City Journal*, was the richest newspaper man in America several years ago. From his father, the late William Walter Phelps, he inherited a fortune of several millions, but after he was graduated from Yale he began active newspaper work as a reporter on the *World* in New York. Once he was sent to report the wedding of the daughter of a Wall Street man. The reporters were met at the front door by a servant, who quickly separated them from the guests

and led them to the host's private room, where the banker met them in person and gave them type-written slips containing the information they were sent for. Then champagne was opened and the banker took some cigars from a drawer in his desk. "Have one," he said to Phelps; "they're genuine conchas. I import them myself." "Thanks," said Phelps, pleasantly, as he took the cigar; "have one of mine. They're real *osuro maduros*." *John*

AN ELECTION ROMANCE.

Flossie Flannagan's Blighted Hopes.

It was evening in Tar Flat.

The horned moon clomb slowly up the sky. As she passed in her flight through the blue empyrean over that portion of San Francisco, her silver beams illumined the house of Phelim Flannagan, one of the striking features of Tehama Street. Over the gate of the Flannagan mansion there leaned a fairy form—Florence, called "Flossy" Flannagan, sole scion of her father's house. As she gazed down the street she involuntarily breathed hard. The dwellers on Tehama Street are subject to strong emotions, the street to strong odors.

The scene was passing fair. In the gutter, in amiable rivalry, struggled two charming children—representatives of the houses of Mulcahy and O'Flaherty. Encouraged by their respective papas, who fondly gazed upon them from the sidewalk, they gouged each other right manfully. A few paces further down the street, like the troubadours of old, might have been seen the "Brannan Street crowd." With accordance and triangle they wooed some chaste and inexpressive she. The strains of "I Want Yer Ma Honey" rose to the lattice behind which lay concealed the fair object to whom was warbled their song. Far down, near the grocery at the corner, childish forms tripped gayly on, now an ewer, now a kettle in band, seeking the foamy beer. From the backroom of the grocery arose merry shouts of laughter, as Michael Maginnis playfully stamped on his wife, who bad come to interrupt his convivial pleasure.

Ah, 'twas a charming scene! Flossy Flannagan drank in its beauty and the Tehama Street perfume like rare wine.

Suddenly a form was to be seen turning the corner of the street. Flossy strained her eyes. It was her lover, Terence McMulligan.

As he approached, her affection welled forth. She opened the gate and passionately basted to meet him.

"Ob, Terry," she murmured, "I thought you wasn't never comin'."

"Aw, cheese it!" said Terence, not unkindly, "what you givin' me—see?"

"Taffy," said the beautiful girl, with a brilliant blush; "hut oh, Terry, tell me—did you git the nommashun?"

"Did I git it? Well, I guess yes. Haint my name McMulligan? Haint the old man an Ainsworth Hibernian? Haint I a native Californian? Don't I run with the Brannan Street crowd? Haint I a tough from Toughville? See?"

"But will you git elected, Terry?"

"Why, cert. No one stands a ghost of a show with me in this here election. See?"

Apparently oblivious of his inquiry as to her comprehension, the fair girl resumed:

"Oh, Terry, if you're elected we'll git married, won't we?"

"I haint got no objection," replied her lover, with that inborn courtesy which characterizes the true gentleman, though he be lowly born.

"And we'll go to all the picnics, and all the balls there is a-goin', won't we?"

Terence deliberately rolled a brown-paper cigarette, lit it to his satisfaction, and puffed a while. Then, with lover-like eagerness, he said:

"S'pose so. But you gotter quit mashin'—y'understan'?"

He crooked his right arm, she crooked her left; placing his arm in hers they walked stily yet not ungracefully down the street. As the lovers strolled on in the mellow moonlight envious damsels nudged each other and said:

"Look at Floss Flannagan and her feller. He's goin' to be elected fur—"

Ah, who can tell what the morrow may bring forth? As a not undistinguished journalist of San Francisco remarked, who can prejudge the future in advance? Ah, who!

The morning dawned, and heavy was the fog upon the morn of that eventful day—the great, the important day. All day long the battle raged. Where the fight was hottest, there was the red head of Terence McMulligan to be seen, glinting in the sun like the white plume of a certain French monarch, whose name will readily occur to the reader.

Again the shades of evening fell over Tehama Street. Again fair Luna hung like a silver lamp in the blue vault above. Again Flossy Flannagan gazed down the street, awaiting him she loved. At last he came.

There was a frown upon his brow, and his old-gold locks were not "puffed" with the usual accuracy. As he entered the portal of the Flannagan mansion, he kicked her papa's yellow dog. Woeful would have been the scene had the Flannagan been there, but he was far away. Overcome with his

labors, he was in sound though stertorous slumber upon the grocery floor. Wrapped in dreams and sawdust, he fought the battle o'er again.

"Oh, Terry," said the maiden, kneeling at his feet and gazing fondly at him, "is it all hunky?"

"Nit," he replied, repelling her with a gesture indicative of strong emotion.

Flossy picked herself out of the corner, and holding her exquisitely curved nose, whence the bright blood streamed redly, murmured:

"Look out, young feller, or I'll smack yer cross the jaw!"

She did but jest. 'Twas only to dissemble her wealth of love. Ah, woman, woman, in adversity thou art man's true comforter! But we digress.

Terence watched her moodily while she stanchd the flow. Then in milder tones, he said:

"Go git some beer."

Even at that moment of emotion Flossy did not lose her presence of mind. She held out her hand. "See me!" she said, calmly but firmly.

Terence having gazed upon her, she hastened to the grocery with the requisite ten cents. Under the genial influence of the beer Terence unbent. Flossy seized the opportunity:

"Hain't you elected, Terry?"

"Nit."

"And we can't git married?"

"Nit."

He gazed gloomily upon her. Sinking his voice to a hoarse whisper, he hissed:

"I got to go to work next week."

Flossy Flannagan fell fainting to the floor.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Expansion.

"I would not have expansion,"

Said Lawyer Thomas Reed,

"I would not spread around so much,

It looks to me like greed.

"I am against expansion

In any form or shape——"

And then he held his breath the while

His tailor used the tape.

"You've got to have expansion,"

The tailor said. "Suppose

You tell me how else you expect

You'll git a fit in clothes.

"Your girth's increasing daily,

The cloth must stretch—that's what."

When Thomas saw the tailor's point,

He thought, and thought, and thought.

—Baltimore American.

Song of the "Average American."

Who says the cruel war is done?

He never fired a fiscal gun;

Or ought a tariff stamp:

He never fed the War Machine

With sticky steaks of red and green,

Eight thousand miles from camp.

I feed it!—durn it!—every day,

And lick, and date, and paste away

On lading, bill, and cheque:

And say, with every two-cent shot—

"Some Filipino's gone to pot;

He's got it in the neck!"

And though my proxies antedate,

My telegrams pay extra freight—

But carry just as far:

The porter's eye is never lax

And some one pays the Wagner tax—

For Mars is in the car.

So, everything we buy has riz:

For 'war is Hell,' but biz, is biz.—

And neither seems to cease.

Why can't they call the war-dogs off?

And let us cough an untaxed cough,

And smoke an untaxed Peace?

We envy those heroic men

Who only have to tax the pen,

With tales of "army beans"—

For they could lick the Spanish scamps

While we may only lick the stamps,

And read the magazines.—*Life*.

WM. WILLIAMS & SONS

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Scotch Whisky

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AMERICAN LINE.

New York and Southampton (London, Paris), from New York every Wednesday, 10 A. M.

St. Louis.....November 22 | New York.....December 6
St. Paul.....November 29 | St. Louis.....December 13

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FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

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YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,

Calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and

connecting at Hong Kong with Steamers for India, etc.

No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1899.

Doric. (Via Honolulu) Friday, November 17

Coptic. (Via Honolulu) Wednesday, Dec. 13

Gaelic. (Via Honolulu) Saturday, January 6

Doric. (Via Honolulu) Tuesday, February 1

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

For freight and passage apply at company's office,

No. 427 Market Street, corner First Street.

D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

S. S. Alameda sails via Honolulu and

Auckland for Sydney, Wednesday, November 29, 1899, at 8 p. m.

S. S. Australia, for Honolulu only, Wednesday, Dec. 13, 2 p. m.

J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 114 Montgomery

St. Freight Office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.



Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:

For Alaska ports, 10 A. M., November 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, December 2,

change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 10

A. M., November 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27,

December 2, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 2 P. M.,

November 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, Decem-

ber 5, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports, 9 A. M.,

November 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, December 2, and every

fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa

Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11

A. M., November 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, December 3, and

every 4th day thereafter. For further information see folder.

For Mexican ports, 10 A. M., seventh of each month.

The company reserves the right to change without pre-

vious notice, steamers, sailing dates and hours of sailing.

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No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Nippon Maru.....Saturday, November 25

America Maru.....Thursday, December 21

Hongkong Maru.....Tuesday, January 16, 1900

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W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

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10,000 tons. 582 feet long.

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For passage apply to G. W. FLETCHER, 613 Market Street, or to official railway and steamship offices on Pacific Coast.

SOCIETY.

The Weil-Hecht Wedding.

The marriage of Miss Elsie Sarah Hecht to Mr. Irwin J. Weil took place at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Isaac Hecht, at the corner of Jackson and Octavia Streets, on Wednesday, November 15th. The ceremony was performed by Rabbi Jacob Voor-sanger. The bride was given into the groom's keeping by her brother, Mr. Bert R. Hecht, and she was attended by her cousin, Miss Edith Hecht, as maid of honor, and by her little niece, Miss Dorothy Katbryn Fries, as bridesmaid. The groom was attended by his brother, Mr. Eli Weil, as best man. After congratulations had been showered on the young couple by the relatives and few intimate friends who had been invited to witness the ceremony, an elaborate wedding-breakfast was served.

Later in the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Weil left for the southern part of the State, where they will pass their honeymoon. On their return to town, they will make their home with Mrs. Hecht.

The Huntington Tea.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Edward Huntington and Miss Elizabeth Huntington will be at home at 2840 Jackson Street on Saturday, November 18th, from four until seven. Mrs. Huntington will be assisted in receiving by Miss Katherine Dillon, Miss Jeanette Hooper, Miss Azalea Keyes, Miss Leila Voorhies, Miss Alma McClung, Miss Edith Stubbs, Miss Alice Colden Hoffman, Miss Anna Voorhies, Miss Blakeman, Miss Ella Bender, Miss McNeil, Miss Della Mills, Miss Mary Stubbs, Miss Marie Wilson, and Miss Bernice Landers.

Mrs. Huntington will receive on the first four Fridays in December.

The Doll Show.

The model doll show held under the auspices of the Doctor's Daughters was opened to the public in the Maple Room of the Hotel on Friday morning, November 18th. The exhibition will be open all Saturday until eleven o'clock in the evening. The proceeds of the exhibition are to be used by the Doctor's Daughters in their charitable work.

The exhibition of model dolls is even handsomer than it has been in previous years. The little figures are exquisitely gowned in the most modish garments, some being in ball-gowns, others in afternoon toilets, others again in golf costume, and so on through the gamut of the feminine wardrobe. Prizes of ten dollars each were awarded in ten classes on Thursday, and the winning dolls are now all properly labeled. Many of the dolls are for sale, and there are artistic posters also to be purchased. Dolls bought at private sale in the afternoon or at auction in the evening will not be removed until the close of the sale.

An orchestra discourses music during the afternoon and evening, and light refreshments—tea, coffee, lemonade, and punch—are served at all hours by a bevy of young society women.

The Friday Fortnightly.

The first dance of the Friday Fortnightly Club during the present season took place at Cottillion Hall on Friday evening, November 18th. The members and guests were received by Mrs. Monroe Salisbury and Mrs. W. F. McNutt, and a few round dances were enjoyed until ten, when the cottillion began. This was led by Mr. E. H. Seldon and Mr. Lloyd McRobbins, and three pretty figures were danced. The young ladies in the first set were Miss Bernice Drown, Miss Edna Hopkins, Miss Georgina Hopkins, Miss Grace Spreckels, Miss Margaret Salisbury, Miss Caro Crockett, Miss Anna Voorhies, Miss Ruth McNutt, Miss Josephine Loughborough, and Miss Azalea

Keyes. Supper was enjoyed at midnight, and then the pleasant affair came to an end.

Chitchat Club Banquet.

The members of the Chitchat Club celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary on Monday evening, November 13th, by a banquet given at the Merchants' Club. Mr. Frank Symmes presided, and there were seventy-five members and guests present, representing the Pacific-Union, Bohemian, University, and Cosmos Clubs. Mr. Arthur Rodgers reviewed the club's history; President Benjamin Ide Wheeler, of the University of California, spoke on "The Progress of Education"; President David Starr Jordan, of Stanford University, spoke on "Science and Life," and addresses were also made by Mr. F. H. Wheeler and the Rev. Horatio Stebbins, D. D.

Notes and Gossip.

Mr. and Mrs. James Moffitt, of Oakland, have announced the engagement of their youngest daughter, Alice, to Mr. George Doubleday, of New York. Miss Moffitt is California's champion woman golf player. Last July she captured the Burlingame trophy, and then went south, where she carried off all the honors. She is a sister of Dr. Herbert Moffitt, who recently married Miss Marguerite Jolliffe, and of Mr. James K. Moffitt.

Dr. and Mrs. William J. Younger announce the engagement of their daughter, Lucille, to Baron Carl Gall, of Vienna, first-lieutenant in the Imperial Austrian Army. The date and place of the wedding have not yet been determined, but it will take place in the early summer, either at Dr. Younger's house in Paris or in Vienna. Miss Younger is now visiting her sister, Baroness Nugent (formerly Miss Alice Younger) in Hungary.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Alice F. Herrick, of Oakland, to Mr. Josiah Stanford, of Warm Springs. Miss Herrick is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Herrick, a sister of Mrs. Mark L. Requa, and Mrs. Ross, and a niece of Mrs. Albert Miller. Mr. Stanford is the only son of Mrs. and the late Mr. Josiah Stanford. His father was a brother of the late Senator Leland Stanford. Mr. Stanford is a widower, his first wife having been Miss Gertrude Gordon.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Bessie Lincoln, of Boston, to Mr. Murray Anthony Potter, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward E. Potter, of this city.

The marriage of Miss Caroline Coit, of Oakland, to Lieutenant Howard S. Avery, Fourteenth Infantry, U. S. A., is to take place, not as had been announced at Hong Kong or Manila, whither Miss Coit was to journey, but at Miss Coit's home in Oakland, soon after the return of Lieutenant Avery, who has cabled from Nagasaki that he will come home on the transport *Sheridan*.

The wedding of Miss Linda Elizabeth Hill and Mr. Marshall Hobbs will take place at the residence of the bride's parents, in Oakland, on November 28th. It will be a strictly private affair, only the families of the young people being present. Mr. Hobbs is now established in business in Chicago, and returns here only for a few days to claim his bride. The wedding will be followed by a reception at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hobbs, 1911 Buchanan Street, on the afternoon and evening of Saturday, December 2d.

Mrs. Charles Josselyn is giving a tea at her home on Gough Street on Saturday afternoon, November 18th, to introduce to society her second daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott have issued cards for an "at home" Saturday, November 25th, from five until seven o'clock, at their residence at the south-west corner of Clay and Laguna Streets, when their daughter, Miss Scott, will be formally presented to their friends. Miss Georgina Hopkins

receives with them. Fridays in January from three o'clock until six will be their reception days.

Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas have issued invitations for a dinner which they will give on Tuesday evening, November 28th, in honor of Miss Ethel Preston, at their home at 2614 Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. R. T. Carroll has sent out invitations for a dinner to be given at the University Club next Wednesday evening.

Owing to the illness of Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, she and Mrs. Herbert Charles Moffitt have postponed their reception days, which were the last two Fridays in November.

A reception to President and Mrs. Benjamin Ide Wheeler will be given by the trustees of the San Francisco Polytechnic, the post-graduate medical department of the University of California, on Wednesday evening, November 22d, at 410 Ellis Street.

Miss Maud Mullins gave a luncheon in honor of Miss Ethel Hager on Friday, November 17th, at her home at 1809 Gough Street. Her guests were Miss Ethel Hager, Miss Josselyn, Miss Mary Josselyn, Miss Edith Preston, Miss Azalea Keyes, Miss Georgina Hopkins, Miss Blackmore, Miss Charlotte Ellinwood, Miss Colburn, Miss Polhemus, and Miss Ghiradelli.

Miss Ethel Hager gave a luncheon at the University Club on Wednesday, complimentary to Miss Eleanor Poole, who is here from Japan on a visit. Those invited to meet Miss Poole were the Misses Loughborough, Miss Georgina Hopkins, Miss Maud Mullins, Miss Marie Josselyn, Miss Virginia Jolliffe, and Miss Alice Hager.

Mr. Edson Adams gave a dinner recently at his residence on Jackson Street, Oakland, in honor of Mr. A. S. Macdonald, who is to be married to Miss Tucker next month. The others present were Mr. George Wheaton, Mr. George W. McNear, Jr., Mr. A. P. Brayton, and Mr. George Greenwood.

Mrs. Edgar J. Bowen and Miss Bowen held an "at home" at their residence, 900 Sutter Street, on Monday, November 13th, from four o'clock until six.

A reception to the Rev. G. G. Eldridge, the new pastor of St. John's Presbyterian Church, was held on Thursday evening, November 16th, by the ladies of the congregation at the home of Mrs. Kittle, at the south-west corner of Pacific Avenue and Steiner Street. Mrs. Kittle was assisted in receiving by Mrs. W. H. Taylor, Mrs. George D. Boyd, Mrs. Hobson, Miss H. L. Reed, Mrs. McLean, Mrs. George W. Tindall, Mrs. Frank Fredericks, Mrs. William Craig, Mrs. Blake, Mr. A. W. Foster, Mr. George A. Newhall, Mr. F. Walker, and Mr. E. W. Newhall, and a musical programme was rendered during the evening.

Death of Andrew D. Martin.

The death of Andrew Donahue Martin took place on Wednesday morning, November 15th, at his home at Palm Springs, in San Bernardino County. He had been a sufferer from tuberculosis for three years past, but his friends had no idea the malady had gone so far. He was married less than two months ago to Miss Genevieve Goad, who was with him at the time of his death, as were also his brother-in-law, Mr. W. Frank Goad, and Mr. Addison Mizner. Mr. Peter Martin, Mr. Walter Martin, and Mr. J. Downey Harvey, brothers and half-brother of the deceased, went to Los Angeles on Wednesday to bring the remains to San Francisco, where the funeral took place Friday. Andrew D. Martin was the youngest son of Mrs. Eleanor Martin and a nephew of the late Colonel Peter Donahue and of ex-Governor John G. Downey. He was a graduate of Georgetown College, and was twenty-three years of age. The value of his estate, inherited from his father and his uncle, is estimated to be five hundred thousand dollars.

Jabart

Recent Wills and Successions.

The will of the late Henry Williams, who died on October 31st, disposes of an estate valued at \$250,000. To each of decedent's two sons, Mr. Henry A. Williams and Mr. Philip A. Williams, is left \$25,000, the testator stating that he thinks it best for them to succeed in life through their own exertions. The remainder of the estate is devised to the widow, who is appointed executrix.

The will of Miss Lydia Woodworth, who died in Maine last September, was filed for probate in this city recently. The property here that she owned was a fourth interest in real estate on the south-west corner of Market and Second Streets and on the south side of Washington Street between Montgomery and Kearny, and twenty shares of Spring Valley stock. She bequeathed her estate to her mother, Mrs. Lisette Dennison, of Cambridge, Mass., for the latter's use during her life-time, and on her death the income is to be paid to Miss Woodworth's four brothers, Lieutenant Selim E. Woodworth, U. S. N., Mr. Frederick A. Woodworth, Mr. Benjamin R. Woodworth, and Mr. William McMichael Woodworth.

Henry Murphy died on Monday, November 13th at his home in New York City. He was born in Albany in 1843, was educated at St. John's College, Fordham, and came to San Francisco while still in his minority. He founded the dry-goods house of Murphy, Grant & Co., and went back to New York in 1864 to represent the corporation in that city. He was a widower and leaves seven children.

Jabart

Pears'

To keep the skin clean is to wash the excretions from it off; the skin takes care of itself inside, if not blocked outside.

To wash it often and clean, without doing any sort of violence to it, requires a most gentle soap, a soap with no free alkali in it.

Pears', the soap that clears but not excoriates.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

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Imparts that peculiar lightness, sweetness, and flavor noticed in the finest cake, short cake, biscuit, rolls, crusts, etc., which expert pastry cooks declare is unobtainable by the use of any other leavening agent.

Made from pure, grape cream of tartar.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. E. W. Hopkins and Miss Helen Hopkins are expected to return from their visit to New York in the latter part of next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett and Miss Crockett have closed up their residence at Burlingame and are now occupying their town residence on California Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick H. Green have decided to remain at San Rafael during the winter season.

Mr. and Mrs. C. K. McIntosh have been occupying the Goad residence with Mr. and Mrs. Osgood Hooker for the past few weeks, but will return to Sausalito upon the completion of their new home.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hays Hammond are expecting to visit this coast early this winter. Mr. Hammond has already sailed from Liverpool en route to New York.

Mr. E. M. Greenway left early in the week for the southern part of the State.

Mrs. G. L. Bradley and her daughter, Mrs. Ryland B. Wallace, left for New York on Monday, November 13th.

Miss Edith Preston spent part of last week with Miss Bessie Ames.

Mr. E. A. Wiltsee was among the returning travelers on the last trip of the White Star liner *Oceanic* from Liverpool to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Athearn Folger are now in Paris. Mr. and Mrs. Le Grand Tibbets and Mrs. J. A. Folger will sail for Europe about the middle of December.

Mrs. John P. Jones, of Santa Monica, and Miss Jones are now in New York, whence they will soon sail for Europe. They will spend the winter on the Continent.

Mrs. A. A. Cohen, of Alameda, and her daughter, Mrs. Gerritt Lansing, are in the East spending a few weeks with Captain Charles L. Bent, Seventh Infantry, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bent (*née* Cohen) at Fort Brady.

Mrs. Margaret Irvine and her son, Mr. J. W. Byrne, arrived from the East on Monday, November 13th, and are at the Occidental Hotel. They have been spending the past five months in Europe.

Mrs. William J. Younger, who has been visiting Mrs. J. Downey Harvey in this city, leaves on Saturday, November 18th, for New York, where she will join Dr. Younger. They will sail next month for Paris, where they have taken a house at St. Cloud, intending to remain there through the expedition.

Mr. and Mrs. George Davis Boyd will not come to town this winter, purposing to remain at their home in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels and the Misses Spreckels left for the East on Sunday, November 12th, intending to be away a month or six weeks.

Mrs. T. E. Harding is in New York, and will leave there in a few days for Paris, where she will join her daughter, who has been traveling on the Continent with Mrs. Poett and Miss Edyth Poett.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Harrington and the Misses Harrington have taken a house for the winter at 1920 Franklin Street.

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson and Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Osbourne arrived in town on Monday, November 13th, and are at the Occidental Hotel.

Mrs. W. Borrowe, of Sausalito, Miss Borrowe, Mrs. F. Osgood, and Miss E. Deslerms were guests at the California Hotel during the week.

Dr. Clark Burnham, of 936 Haight Street, has returned from his Eastern trip.

Miss Mamie McNutt, who remained with friends in New York when Mrs. McNutt and Miss Ruth McNutt returned to San Francisco after their stay in Europe, is expected here early in December.

Mr. Orestes Pierce, of Oakland, went East last Thursday for a trip of several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Sullivan and Miss Georgia Sullivan will go to New York next week to meet Miss Phelan, who is returning from an extended visit to Europe. They will return before the holidays.

Mrs. A. E. Castle is in New York City.

Mrs. Laura B. Rowe and her sister, Miss Clara Rice, are in Paris.

Dr. J. Warner Phillips was in town from Reno, Nev., during the week, stopping at the California Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred J. Marcus are up from Menlo Park for the winter and are at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mrs. Annie Hendry and her niece, Miss Whitlock, of Belvedere, left last Thursday morning for the East. They will sail for Europe on December 2d to be absent about two years.

Mrs. M. B. Kellogg left on Tuesday, November 14th, for New York, intending to be gone until the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Gassell, of Los Angeles, are at the California Hotel.

Mr. Horace L. Hill returned on Monday, November 13th, from a visit to New York.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Dr. and Mrs. E. H. Reid, of Madera, Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Gurnett, of Portland, Or., Mrs. I. Lowengarb, of Portland, Mr. C. C. McIver, of San José, Mr. H. H. Starkey, of Seattle, Mrs. M. A. Williams and Mr. J. H. Williams, of New Zealand, Mr. L. H. Bell, of Carson, Mr. C. O. Baker, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Stein, of Stockton, and Mr. J. W. Glenn, of Hawick, Scotland.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Naval officers sailing on the *Solace* for duty on the Asiatic Station are as follows: Lieutenant-Commanders A. Ward, W. C. Cowles, and C. S. Rich-

man; Lieutenants J. B. Oliver, R. F. Lopes, M. C. Gorgas, W. H. Gann, B. C. Simpson, C. M. Knepper, and A. M. Proctor; Ensigns H. H. Perill, O. D. Duncan, L. R. Sergeant, and A. McArthur; Naval Cadets F. Morrison, and Z. H. Madison; Surgeon O. D. Norton; and Civil-Engineer H. R. Stanford. Marines—Major L. W. T. Walter; Captains J. E. Falker, H. T. Draper, and P. M. Bannon; First-Lieutenants W. M. Gulick, E. A. Jonas, B. F. Beers, L. Feland, J. C. Breckinridge, W. H. Clifford, W. W. Low, J. W. Broatch, and W. H. Parker; Second-Lieutenants W. L. Jolly, W. McCreary, F. M. Wose, S. Elliott, N. G. Burton, and L. M. Little.

Captain Lewis M. Kohler, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been transferred to the Ninth Cavalry and ordered to this city.

Lieutenant Harry L. James, Third Artillery, U. S. A., and Mrs. James are guests at the California Hotel.

Lieutenant Frank E. Lyman, Jr., signal corps, U. S. A., has been ordered from Fort Meyer, Va., to Angel Island.

Lieutenant James F. McKinley, Sixth Cavalry, U. S. A., arrived in town last Tuesday. He is on his way to Manila.

Among the naval men at the California Hotel during the past week have been Lieutenant P. H. Scott, U. S. N., Lieutenant Charles T. Vogelsang, U. S. N., Chaplain W. G. Isaacs, U. S. N., Paymaster Walter L. Wilson, U. S. N., Ensign G. L. P. Stone, U. S. N., Dr. E. G. Parker, assistant-surgeon, U. S. N., and Lieutenant C. A. McAllister, passed assistant-engineer, U. S. N.

Golf Notes.

The "donation tea" of the San Francisco Golf Club on Saturday afternoon, November 11th, was largely attended by the members, in spite of the rain, and a large number of useful and ornamental gifts were received. Light refreshments were served and a very pleasant time was enjoyed.

The ladies' tournament was held, too, notwithstanding the weather. It was an 18-hole medal play, handicap contest, and there were eleven entries. Miss Mary Scott won the Winslow medal and the first prize, and Miss Alice Colden Hoffman, Mrs. W. J. Miller, and Miss Carrie Taylor tied for second place. The record of the contest is as follows:

Handicap	1st	2d	Gross	Net
Miss Mary Scott.....	3	69	64	133
Miss Alice C. Hoffman.....	6	66	62	128
Mrs. W. J. Miller.....	14	75	73	148
Miss Carrie Taylor.....	22	72	84	156
Miss Therèse Morgan.....	36	94	79	173
Miss Cheselborough.....	22	86	73	159
Miss Ella Morgan.....	14	77	75	152
Miss Maud Mullins.....	3	74	73	147
Miss Genevieve Carolan.....	36	90	94	184
Miss Drum.....	10	82	79	161

*Handicap of plus 6.

The tie was played off in a 9-hole contest, in which Miss Hoffman (handicap plus 3) made a gross score of 56, or 59 net, Mrs. Miller (handicap 7) made 89 gross, or 82 net, and Miss Taylor (handicap 11) made 83 gross, or 72 net. Thus, Miss Scott won the Winslow medal and first prize, Miss Hoffman won second prize, and Miss Taylor third.

The next event on the Presidio links will be the first contest for men for the Council's Cup on Thanksgiving Day.

Instructor Stephenson, playing a match with Mr. R. P. Schwerin recently, made a record for the nine holes on the Presidio links that is not likely to be beaten soon. He made the round in 34, the individual holes being made in 5, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4, 2, and 3.

The Oakland Golf Club is disregarding its schedule of events and confining itself to practice, presumably for the home-and-home match with the San Francisco club. The second contest for the MacDonald Cup was to have been played on November 4th, but has been twice postponed, and it is not probable that the contest for the Captain's Cup, announced for November 18th, will come off on time. Secretary Miller, by the way, is receiving encouraging replies to his circular letter regarding the open Pacific Coast championship tournament.

At San Rafael the golf club is keeping well up to its programme. Weather permitting, the regular hi-weekly club tournament will take place on Saturday, November 18th, and there will be a tournament open to members of any golf club on Thanksgiving Day.

A first annual exhibition of flower pictures in water-colors by Paul de Longpré opens at Kennedy's gallery on Post Street on Saturday, November 18th, and will continue until December 9th.

—ON ACCOUNT OF PAST EXPERIENCES, MESSRS. COOPER & CO., the Art Stationers, request that all orders for engraving and stamping of note-papers for the holidays be left as early as possible, and thus avoid all possible disappointments.

Colonial Hotel.

The management wishes to inform its patrons of the completion of the new private bath-rooms in connection with suites of rooms. Reservation for the winter season should be made at once.

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To buy precious stones, pearls, fine jewelry, and silverware. A. Hirschman, 10 Post Street (Masonic Temple).

—A PLACE OF INTEREST FOR VISITORS IS THE Gump Art Gallery of Paintings, by European masters. No. 113 Geary Street.

MUSICAL NOTES.

A Pupils' Recital.

The second recital given by the pupils of Beringer's Conservatory of Music took place at Byron Maury Hall on Friday evening, November 17th, when the following programme was presented:

Andante with variations, op. 46 (for two pianos), R. Schumann, Miss Gladys Beringer and Professor Joseph Beringer; "Song Without Words," Mendelssohn, Master Charles Evans; "Arabesque," Meyer-Helmund, Miss Nina Cook; capriccio, op. 45, No. 3, Scharwenka, Master Milton Jacobi; vocal solo, "Ave Maria," from "Cavalleria Rusticana," Mascagni, Miss Edith Schoenberg; impromptu, op. 90, No. 4, Schubert, Miss Irene Palmer; march and chorus from "Tannhäuser," Wagner, Miss Nettie Fass; vocal solo, "Sing On," Denza, Minnie L. Bresse; "La Polka de la Reine," op. 95, J. Raff, Miss Mamie Neudeck; duet, "Polka de Concert," Ketterer, Miss Freda Ohlandt and Miss Frances Crowley; "Erking," Liszt, Miss Gladys Beringer; vocal solo, "Matinata," Tosti, Miss Hattie Pohlmann; "Aida," fantasie, Verdi, Miss Carrie Olinisky; vocal solo, "Non Torno," Mattei, Miss Lottie Maier; concert-polonaise, Bohm, Miss Frances Crowley; "Cachoucha Caprice," op. 79, J. Raff, Miss Blanche Schoenberg; vocal solo, "Flower Song," from "Faust," Gounod, Dr. Grace Simon; "Papillon," morceau caractéristique, Theo. Bendix, Master Conrad Jansen; sonata in C-sharp minor, op. 27, No. 2, Beethoven, Miss Lottie Wallmann.

Minetti Quartet Concert.

The Minetti Quartet gave the second chamber-music concert of its fourth season at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall on Friday afternoon, November 17th, having the assistance of Mr. Otto Bendix, pianist, in presenting the following programme:

String quartet in F-major, op. 96, allegro ma non troppo, lento, molto vivace, vivace ma non troppo, A. Dvorak; "Chaconne," violin solo, S. Bach, Mr. Minetti; piano quintet in F-minor, molto moderato quasi lento allegro, lento con molto sentimento, allegro non troppo ma con fuoco, C. Frank (first time).

The next concert will take place at the same hall on the afternoon of December 18th, when Mr. S. Fleischman will be the pianist and the quartet will present Smetana's piano trio in G-minor, op. 15, and Mendelssohn's string quartet in E-flat major.

A symphony concert, under the direction of Mr. Henry Holmes, will be given at the Grand Opera House on Thursday afternoon, December 7th. The orchestra will number sixty-six of the best musicians in San Francisco.

The Milwaukee *Wisconsin* thus summarizes the Dewey furor for the benefit of hasty readers: "George Dewey, of the United States, who went to the Philippine Islands on business for the government, returned last week, after an absence of several months, having enjoyed a very successful trip. His friends and neighbors, learning the time at which the vessel conveying him home was expected to reach the dock, collected in the vicinity of her landing-place, and gave him a hearty reception. After a brief visit to acquaintances in Washington, he will spend the winter at his old home in Vermont."

If you want to see some charming scenery and enjoy a pleasant day's outing, take a trip up Mt. Tamalpais on the Scenic Railway. Mill Valley is especially inviting in its autumn garb of evergreen-trees, holly berries, and rank undergrowth, while the hills are covered with verdure. The accommodations at the Tavern are excellent.

Palace Hotel Supper-Room.

No institution in San Francisco is so fertile in developing improvements that minister to the convenience and pleasure of the public as the Palace Hotel. Not satisfied with its beautiful ladies' café and its finely appointed grill-room, a new supper-room is to be inaugurated which will far surpass anything of the kind existing here.

The beautiful and lofty apartment known as the American dining-room, with the entrances from the main office and the grand court, will be formally opened to-night (Saturday).

The decorations and furnishings are on such a lavish scale that it is safe to venture the prediction that this room will rival any in the hotel for its beauty and magnificence.

For the entertainment of patrons, orchestral concerts will be rendered each evening from 9:30 to 12 o'clock. The musical talent engaged is under the direction of Mr. C. H. Randall, who will be assisted by such well-known artists as Signor Pietro Marino, Mr. Ford, Mr. Regensburger, and other distinguished performers.

It is the intention of the Palace Hotel management to make the supper-room a feature that will be in keeping with the general excellence of the house, and it goes without saying that it will receive generous patronage from those who appreciate perfection in cuisine and luxurious surroundings.

With moderate charges and polite service, it will undoubtedly be the favorite place for after-theatre supper-parties and for the large contingent who enjoy dining during the evening.

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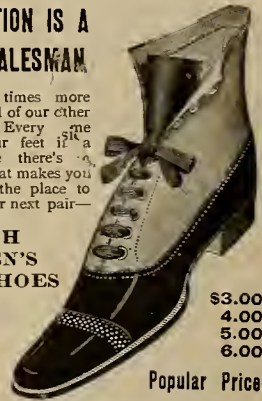
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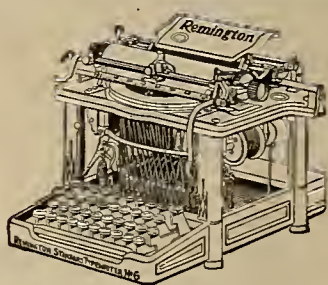


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LEAVE	From October 29, 1899.	ARRIVE
*7.00 A.	Benicia, Suisun, and Sacramento.	*7.45 P.
*7.00 A.	Marysville, Oroville, via Woodland, Elmira, Vacaville, and Rumsey.	*7.45 P.
*7.00 A.	Shasta Express—Davis, Willows, Red Bluff, Portland.	*7.45 P.
*7.30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.	*6.15 P.
*8.00 A.	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Omaha, Chicago.	*5.15 P.
*8.30 A.	San José, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, and Red Bluff.	*4.15 P.
*8.30 A.	Milton, Oakdale, and Sonoma.	*4.15 P.
*9.00 A.	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.	*11.45 A.
*9.00 A.	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.	*9.45 A.
*9.00 A.	Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.	*12.15 P.
*9.00 A.	Port Costa, Fresno, Mojave, and Los Angeles.	*6.45 A.
*10.00 A.	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations.	*7.15 P.
*10.00 A.	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.	*2.45 P.
*12.00 M.	Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Sacramento, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville.	*2.15 P.
*11.00 A.	Sacramento River Crossers.	*8.00 P.
*3.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.	*5.45 P.
*4.00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.	*9.15 A.
*4.00 P.	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Oroville.	*10.45 A.
*4.30 P.	Niles, San José, and Stockton.	*7.15 P.
*5.00 P.	The Owl Limited, Tracy, Fresno, Bakersfield, Saugus for Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.	*9.45 A.
*5.30 P.	Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.	*12.15 P.
*5.30 P.	Fresno, Bakersfield, Hanford, Eureka, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.	*8.45 A.
*5.30 P.	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.	*6.45 P.
*6.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	*7.45 A.
*6.30 P.	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations.	*12.15 P.
*6.30 P.	Oriental Mail—Ogden and East.	*8.50 P.
*7.00 P.	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Stations.	19.55 P.
*8.05 P.	Oregon and California Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.	*8.15 A.

COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge),

(Foot of Market Street.)

*8.15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.	*5.50 P.
*12.15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations.	19.50 A.
*4.15 P.	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.	*9.20 A.
*11.45 P.	Hunter's Excursion, San José and Way Stations.	17.20 P.

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*7.15	9.00 11.00 A. M., 1.00 3.00 13.00
*4.00	15.00 *6.00 P. M.
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—	*6.00 8.00
10.00 A. M., 12.00 1.00 12.00 3.00 14.00 5.00 P. M.	

COAST DIVISION (Broad Gauge),

(Third and Townsend Streets.)

*6.10 A.	Ocean View, South San Francisco.	*6.30 P.
*7.00 A.	San José and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only).	*1.30 P.
*9.00 A.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Surf, Lompoc, and Principal Way Stations.	*4.10 P.
*10.40 A.	San José and Way Stations.	*6.35 A.
*11.30 A.	San José and Way Stations.	*5.30 P.
*12.45 P.	San José, Redwood, Merlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.	*10.36 A.
*13.30 P.	San José and Way Stations.	*7.30 P.
*14.15 P.	San José and Principal Way Stations.	*9.45 A.
*15.00 P.	San José and Principal Way Stations.	19.00 A.
*5.30 P.	San José and Principal Way Stations.	*8.35 A.
*6.30 P.	San José and Way Stations.	*18.00 A.
*11.45 P.	San José and Way Stations.	*7.30 P.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

He—"In what month were you born?" She—"Oh, you needn't be afraid. The diamond is appropriate."—*Jewelers' Weekly*.

Prepared for the worst: "Look at Miss Bunk in her rainy-day skirt." "Great Scott! She must be expecting a flood."—*Chicago Record*.

Weary Walker—"Dat's a mighty short stump yer smokin'." Dusty Rhodes—"Yep; I like 'em dat way; yer don't have ter draw de smoke so far." *Philadelphia Record*.

Mrs. Neighbors—"But isn't your son rather young to join the army?" Mrs. Malaprop—"Well, he is very young, but then, you see, he is only going to join the infantry."—*Ex.*

Tit for tat: "I guess—" "Oh, don't guess. You Americans always guess, you know." "No, I don't know. You English always know, don't you know."—*Chicago Tribune*.

Customer (emerging from bargain-counter crush)—"Help! My leg is broken." Floor-walker—"You will find the crutch department, sir, on the fourth floor, in the rear."—*Judge*.

Automobile talk: "He has a great faculty for putting the cart before the horse." "Oh, I wouldn't say that; say he has a habit of trying to make the wheels run the motor."—*Automobile Magazine*.

Mrs. Flashout—"Yes, Bobby; all these beautiful silk dresses of mine come from a poor, little, insignificant worm!" Bobby Flashout—"Yes, mamma; and papa is the worm, isn't he?"—*Puck*.

Teacher—"How dare you laugh at me, you young rascals?" Chorus of pupils—"But we're not laughing at you, sir." Teacher—"Well, then, I don't know what else there is to laugh at."—*Tit-Bits*.

The censor: *Newspaper man*—"I should like to telegraph home that the commanding general is an idiot!" Censor—"I regret to inform you that we can permit the transmission of no military secrets."—*Life*.

Friend—"Why do you have such mis-spelled and ungrammatical signs in your front window?" Sharp tradesman—"People think I'm a dunce, and come in to swindle me. Trade's just booming."—*New York Weekly*.

"Why don't you teach her to ride a bicycle? You'd find it lots of fun." "I don't need to. We've reached a point where I don't have to hunt up an excuse to put my arm around her waist."—*Chicago Post*.

A soldier's monument, with the Goddess of Liberty on the top. Two small boys gazing up at it with admiration. *Johnnie* (very solemnly)—"Is that God up there?" *Willie* (full of patriotism)—"No—that's Dewey's mother."—*Life*.

Diplomacy: *Mrs. Neighbors*—"I advertised for a plain cook last week, but didn't receive a single reply." *Mrs. Nextdoor*—"Take my advice and advertise for a good-looking kitchen lady, and you'll be overrun with applications."—*Chicago News*.

Its beauty departed: *Wife* (rushing toward shop-window)—"Oh, look here!" *Husband*—"Well, I declare! There is one of the tête-à-tête lamps you were admiring at Mrs. de Style's." *Wife* (suddenly stopping)—"Horror! It's marked 'Only two dollars.'"—*New York Weekly*.

Triumphant woman: *The savage bachelor*—"I don't see why a man should get married when a good parrot can be bought for twenty-five dollars." *The sweet young thing*—"As usual, woman is at a disadvantage. A grizzly bear can't be bought for less than ten times that."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

One of the old sciences: "What's that there young man's business?" asked Mr. Parvenue. "He's a tutor, I believe," replied his wife. "What does he teach?" "One of them old sciences, I s'pose," answered Mrs. Parvenue; "I ain't just sure what it is, but last night Mabelle told me he was giving her lessons in osculation." "Well, I s'pose she's got to be educated," returned the old man; "I only hope he won't charge no fancy price for his lessons."—*Chicago Post*.

Steelman's Soothing Powders for fifty years the most popular English remedy for teething babies and feverish children.

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The near approach of December is focusing public attention

on the assembling of the Fifty-Sixth Congress in its first regular session, on the first Monday of the month, awakening interest

in the composition of the law-making power of the nation, and stimulating anticipatory suggestions as to what that august body can do, what it must do, and what it ought to do.

This brand-new Congress—so far as the House of Representatives is concerned—was elected one year ago. At that election there were chosen 186 Republicans, 162 Democrats, 7 Populists, and 2 Silverites, indicating considerable changes from the personnel of the House in the Fifty-Fifth Congress, which was composed of 206 Republicans, 123

Democrats, 4 Fusionists, and 3 Silverites. This change was effected by the election of 108 congressmen last year who had not served in the preceding Congress. The Republicans lost 36 seats and gained 16, making a net loss of 20, and reducing their majority in the House from 55 to 15. Of the lost seats, 25 were in districts east of the Alleghanies, the heaviest losses being 12 seats in New York districts and 7 in Pennsylvania. The remaining losses were in the Southern States of Virginia, Kentucky, North Carolina, and West Virginia—with the exception of 3 from Illinois. Republican gains, with the exception of 2 seats from Michigan and 1 from Delaware, were entirely confined to the far Western States of California, Kansas, South Dakota, Washington, and Wyoming, without which the party would have lost control of the House. Among the prominent personalities who have been retired are Belden, Belford, and Quigg, of New York; Stone and Brumm, of Pennsylvania; and Barrows, of Massachusetts—all Republicans; Dockery, of Missouri; McMillan, of Tennessee; and Sayers, of Texas—all Democrats. During the year death has removed five members of the last Congress, including Bland, of Missouri, and there have been two resignations, including Reed, of Maine; but all these places have been filled by election without changing the political complexion of the House.

The Senate appears to be safely Republican by a majority of 16, without counting the four vacant seats of California, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Utah—which, if filled, are likely to give two votes to each party—and without regarding the probability that Kyle, Independent, of South Dakota, and Jones, Silverite, of Nevada, are likely to continue voting with the Republicans on party measures. We have, then, a Republican Congress with a small but, if united, an effective working majority in both Houses.

While a merely cursory glance over a large field of legislation reveals many questions apparently waiting the meeting of Congress, it may prove that many of them are not ripe for action, making it hazardous to predict what the new Congress will achieve, or even attempt. Congress will, of course, busy itself with the usual routine measures which cover the appropriations, both regular and deficiency, and the enormous mass of personal bills which in the last Congress aggregated more than fifteen thousand. It is confidently expected, also, that the Republican majority will try to pass a currency bill, the details of which are not known, but upon which a special committee of the House has been working during the long recess. The indications are that no radical financial reforms are contemplated, but that the main effort will be brought to bear upon a measure which will prevent the executive from putting the country upon a practical silver basis by ordering the redemption of bonds and greenbacks in silver at the option of the treasury, in order to forestall an assault upon the gold standard in the case of the election of a man like Bryan to the Presidency.

The subject of an isthmian canal may be allowed to sleep during the session, and is almost sure to do so unless the various commissions which are making new and exhaustive examinations of the various routes are able to report earlier than their movements now indicate. It would seem, though, that the question of a Pacific cable might be actively discussed, since the landing points necessary are all secured and the needs of the service exigent.

As to legislation affecting the islands which we have gained or for which we have become responsible, it is probable that it will turn largely upon the recommendations of the President in his annual message. Hawaii is being peacefully governed under provisional arrangement, which makes the President the successor of all the powers of the Dole régime. Cuba is still in an incubate state which can not wisely be altered, except upon the lapse of considerable time and experiment. The conditions in Porto Rico are not yet sufficiently determined to offer a basis for permanent legislation, and must wait upon the report of General Davis, who is now in the island as a commissioner of the President. All of these problems are likely to be left to the initiative of the President, and he may not be ready to memorialize Con-

gress upon them during the session. It is probable, too, that the Philippine war will be left in his hands, and that his tacit proposal that the insurrection shall be completely subdued before the question of the disposition of the group shall be taken up will be respected.

So far as it is known no one is prepared to offer a solution of any of the problems connected with our new possessions, but all are awaiting the reports of commissioners, the progress of events, and the suggestions of the President. In view of the fact that the general public is taking more kindly to the expansion policy of the administration since the election has shown that he will have the support of many important States, and since the news from Manila indicates an early termination of hostilities, it is predicted in some quarters that the Republican majority in Congress will formulate and pass a resolution declaring an intention to retain the Philippines, suppress the insurrection, and give the islands a good government in which self-government shall be as large a factor as the capabilities of the inhabitants will warrant. The basis of such action would be the preliminary report of the Philippine commission, which has been published, and the chances of the passage of such a resolution are much enhanced by the fact that Admiral Dewey is a member of the commission, that he acquiesced fully in the items of the report, and that his opinions will have great weight with the party and tend to minimize active Democratic opposition.

Jahart

During the coming month six propositions for bonding the city will be submitted to the vote of the people at two separate special elections. The questions are thus divided because each election is authorized by a separate statute. The first election, to be held on December 27th, is under the law of 1889, known as the park improvement act. This law provides that land for parks or boulevards may be acquired either by purchase with consent of the owners or by condemnation proceedings. The supervisors are required to determine the land to be acquired, and then to submit the question to the voters at a special election. Should two-thirds of the qualified electors voting vote affirmatively, the bonds are to be issued. These bonds are to run for a period not exceeding twenty years, and the interest is limited to five per cent. At the same time the supervisors must provide for an annual tax sufficient to cover the annual interest and to provide a sinking fund sufficient to pay the bonds at maturity. No bonds are to be sold in any one year beyond the amount necessary to cover the expenses incurred during that year. When a sufficient sum has accumulated in the sinking fund, a part of the bonds may be called in, paid, and canceled.

Under this law three propositions are to be submitted and voted upon separately. The first of these, known as the "park panhandle" project, calls for bonds for the purchase of thirteen blocks of land, with the improvements, for the purpose of extending the park panhandle to connect with Market Street and Van Ness Avenue. The appraised value of this property, with improvements, is \$3,981,290.50. The second proposition is for a boulevard one block wide connecting the park with the Presidio between Thirteenth and Fourteenth Avenues. The appraised value of this property is \$268,100. The third proposition involves the purchase of two blocks of land in the Mission district, bounded by Eighteenth and Twentieth, Dolores and Church Streets, for use as a park. The valuation of this property was not fixed by the appraisers. As has been said, these propositions are to be voted upon separately.

The second election is to be held on December 29th, the provisions of the law authorizing it being practically the same as those of the park improvement act already described. Here, again, three propositions are to be submitted. The first provides for a system of sewers that shall drain the entire city. Plans have been prepared by a board of engineers that would meet the requirements of the city at the present time, and could also be extended to meet any future requirements as the city expands. The cost of this system is placed at \$7,000,000. The second propo-

tion involves the construction of seventeen new school-buildings in sections of the city where the accommodations are now inadequate, and making necessary repairs and additions to buildings now in use. The amount to be appropriated is \$1,400,000. The third proposition is for the appropriation of \$475,000 to build a new city and county hospital to take the place of the obsolete and dangerous structure now in use.

Space will not permit the discussion of the merits and demerits of these various propositions at this time; but, as each must stand or fall by itself, they will be taken up in their order in future issues and thoroughly discussed. As preliminary to the consideration of these special questions, however, it may be pointed out that the funded debt of San Francisco is now \$252,500, while that of Los Angeles is \$596,500. By way of comparison it may be added that Baltimore, with about twice the population of this city, has a debt of \$37,000,000; Boston, with a slightly less population, has \$52,000,000. Detroit has a debt of \$3,300,000; Milwaukee, \$7,000,000; New Orleans, \$14,000,000. These three cities have been selected as being nearly the same size as San Francisco, and, as the bonded debt is a fair index of the permanent improvements, the comparison is not unfavorable to this city.

The natural depression of the British public over the condition of affairs in the neighborhood of Ladysmith during the last few weeks is finding some relief in the criticism of the intelligence department of the war office. The conflict now being waged with the Boers has been recognized for years as among the possibilities, if not an inevitable probability. As long as two years ago Ladysmith was selected as an outpost from which operations in that part of South Africa should be directed. In 1896 the Jameson raid indicated that the condition of unstable equilibrium could not long be maintained. The logic of the situation demanded that the place should be adequately fortified, yet the two years were allowed to pass and the outbreak of hostilities found General White there with an insufficient force, and with guns of inferior range to those of the Boers. The British public and the British press are now bitterly criticising the intelligence department for its sins of omission and its unjustifiable feeling of security.

This country has had a somewhat similar experience, though, owing to fortunate circumstances, the result was not so disastrous. It will be recalled that at the outbreak of the war with Spain last year the coasts of the United States were found to be in an almost defenseless condition. In the absence of the navy, a fleet of foreign war vessels might have entered the harbor of any of the large cities on the Atlantic seaboard and destroyed millions of dollars' worth of property. The utmost activity was insufficient to place them in a reasonable condition for defense. Fortunately, the naval condition was better, and, fortunately, the enemy was not prepared to strike an effective blow. Nevertheless, it was a period of considerable anxiety, and even this city was apprehensive until the destruction of the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay. Upon the Atlantic coast it was necessary to keep a considerable portion of the fleet detached to patrol the coast, while other vessels had to be retained at points whence they could be moved quickly to the rescue of any point attacked. Had this not been the case, the blockade of the ports of Cuba might have been maintained much more effectually, and the army of invasion might have been dispatched at a much earlier date, thereby completing operations before the rainy season set in, and avoiding a vast amount of sickness and death.

This condition of affairs was the result of over-confidence. In January, 1886, the Endicott board, after a thorough investigation, had reported in favor of an expenditure of \$126,377,800 for fortifications at the most important points on the coast. It asked for an appropriation of \$21,500,000 for the first year, and \$9,000,000 annually thereafter. This would have enabled the works to have been completed during the present year, and the Spanish war would have found the coast defenses at least adequate. It is probable, of course, that many of the guns would not have been up to the modern standard, but they would have been far more effective than none at all, and the fortifications would have been ready to receive modern guns as rapidly as they could be furnished.

The improbability of this country being embroiled in a war with any first-class power, however, inspired Congress with a feeling of over-confidence, and the first appropriation was not made until after a lapse of two years; and, at the end of five years from the date of the report, only \$10,631,000 had been appropriated, or less than one-fifth of what had been asked for. For fortifications the estimate was \$55,483,000, and up to 1896—ten years from the date of the report—only \$3,500,000 had been made available. Even up to March of the present year the total appropriations for coast defenses amount to only \$20,150,923, or four-elevenths of the total

estimate. As to the present condition of the defenses, it is sufficient to say that out of 500 heavy guns, 169 have been mounted; out of 800 rapid-fire guns, 46 have been mounted; and out of 1,000 mortars, 179 have been mounted. In other words, only about 17 per cent., or less than one-fifth of the work has been completed.

As to one feature of the defenses contemplated, no work has been done at all. The board's plans included twenty-two two-gun turrets, and none of these have been built. The board also estimated \$18,000,000 as the cost of the necessary floating batteries. These have been opposed on the ground that the same money invested in first-class battle-ships would provide a defense equally as strong and with a wider range of effectiveness. The recent experiments with the Holland submarine torpedo-boat, however, suggest that for harbor defense these boats would be more effective and less expensive than either battle-ships or floating batteries. The tests conducted by naval experts prove that the Holland boat is successful in every particular, and the reports advocate its adoption as a powerful adjunct to existing machines of offense and defense. Its use would also permit war vessels to move around without thought of the necessities of coast defense.

Though the experiences of the Spanish war are extremely incomplete, the indications were that submarine torpedoes and mines do not offer the impregnable defense they were supposed to. They interfere seriously with commerce, and, unless sufficiently defended, can be exploded by projectiles long before they can do any harm. Nevertheless, backed by shore batteries, they offer a hindrance to attacking enemies that should not be overlooked. In connection with their use, Captain Zalinsky recently offered a valuable suggestion. Submarine defensive works must always be established with the utmost rapidity in order to be ready when needed, and at the same time to offer the least possible obstruction to commerce. During the war with Spain a lack of men trained to plant these defenses was found. He proposes that, as every seaport contains a number of electricians of ability, a volunteer submarine mining corps, similar to the naval reserve, be organized in all the large cities on the coasts of this country. Such an addition would prove to be immensely valuable in case of an emergency.

The people of California are to be congratulated that an earnest and systematic endeavor is being made to solve the important problem of storing the flood waters that now go to waste; and the gentlemen who have undertaken the matter also deserve congratulations for the harmony marking all their proceedings, as well as for the outcome, which was the formulation of a definite and apparently feasible plan. The necessity for some such course as was outlined at the recent convention in this city can not be over-estimated. The prosperity of the State must be measured by the degree of utilization of the floods that have been permitted wastefully to flow to the sea, their very abundance at times a source of danger. There is not an industry unaffected by the water supply, not an enterprise but must languish in time of drouth.

The convention did good work, first in discussing amicably every phase of the situation, and then in its effort to meet and overcome each difficulty. That there was difference of opinion was inevitable. Some members thought that, in accord with resolutions adopted at the meeting of the National Irrigation Congress at Missoula, the main reliance for relief should be the federal government, others that the State should take the initiative. In the end a compromise was easily reached, by the terms of which both federal and State power is to be invoked, while private investment is to be encouraged. The session resulted in the naming of an advisory committee from which sprang a permanent organization under the title "California Water and Forest Association," competently officered. In this body any one interested in the subject has the right of membership. The fee is three dollars, and President Thomas thinks that from this source alone seventy-five thousand dollars can quickly be raised, forming a considerable working fund. In addition to this, several have indicated a willingness to contribute liberally.

The meeting was a representative one, those in attendance coming from all parts of the State, for the extension of the arable area is not of concern alone to any one locality. As F. W. Dohrmann set forth in a paper not long ago, the loss to California by the drouth of 1897-8 was forty millions of dollars, while enough water went to waste to have irrigated every acre. The emergency was too large to be met by private individuals, and even if such remedy were possible, the power conferred would be too great. After preliminary routine, a resolution was introduced by W. S. Green, embodying such regulations as he deemed desirable to have enacted into law. It was a comprehensive document, and seemingly provided for a solution at least theoretically complete. He would have a State board of irrigation of three, one of the number an engineer of experience,

the last to receive a fixed salary, and the others per diem remuneration. It would be the duty of this board to determine what lands were entitled to water from certain streams, to provide for equitable distribution, to select reservoir-sites, and to decide upon what terms outlying lands should be watered. Throughout the resolution ran the declaration that there must be no private ownership in water. It specified that riparian rights should be subject to condemnation, recommended the constituting of irrigation districts, and the issuing of bonds. Mr. Green spoke of the necessity for coöperation, the laying aside of rivalry and working for the common good. He gave, incidentally, an interesting history of legislation and attempted legislation along similar lines, and did not think previous failure an indication of failure for the future.

Other speakers agreed in the main with Mr. Green, and then arose a point of difference that had been anticipated. P. A. Buell, of Stockton, thought the State should take independent action. George M. Maxwell advocated the plan of federal action. At the same time, he did not believe in indorsing any course opposed by a minority; he wanted no differences aired, but was in favor of accomplishing the object sought without the creation of a debt. Congress, he asserted, would have given money before now had not the war interfered. By leasing the grazing lands of this State at two cents an acre, an income of five hundred thousand dollars might be secured and applied to the purposes of water-storage. Discussion then ceased temporarily, and in the evening addresses were made by Elwood Mead—recognized as an authority—by Professor Lippincott, and Engineer George Newberry. These all bore upon the importance and the methods of conserving the waters, saving the forests, and the avoidance of expensive litigation.

Later in the regular proceedings there was brief debate as to the cost of storage. According to some views it would amount to twenty dollars an acre, and others set it at five dollars. The arbitrary course of county boards in so severely regulating certain corporations as to make profit impossible was also touched upon, as was the scheme of pumping from streams. Communications were received denouncing as extravagant and impractical the project of issuing bonds. There were also expressions of disapproval for the plan of leasing lands. The final report, as stated above, was in the nature of compromise. It called upon the national government to establish storage reservoirs, lease public lands, and to preserve forests, as well as reforest denuded tracts. Then follows the part it is proposed shall be taken by the State:

"... To assume such control of the public lands as may be delegated to it by the federal government, and expend the revenues under the direction of a State engineer to be provided for by law, supplementing the funds received from federal sources by such appropriations of its own for the storage of flood-waters as may be deemed advisable, as to drainage-basin, after due investigation and report by the State engineer, which report shall show the cost of the proposed improvement; the storage capacity to be created; the average duty of water in the irrigation basin; the number of acres to be irrigated as the result of storage; the present ownership of and value of such acreage; what such lands could afford to pay for water delivered thereon; what power would be developed by the proposed improvement; and the purposes for which, and the prices at which such power could be sold."

The interest so long felt has assumed the shape of intelligent action. The result will be beneficial, even if the full hopes of the new association fail to be realized.

The board of supervisors has been paying attention to the telephone company lately in a manner that must be anything but pleasant for that corporation. Two ordinances are now under consideration by the city fathers. The first imposes a license-tax of one dollar a quarter upon every telephone operated by a nickel-in-the-slot attachment; the other provides that in such machines no charge shall be required until the company has performed the service of obtaining an answer from the person or number called up.

As to the first proposed ordinance, if adopted it will probably fail to accomplish its purpose. It will undoubtedly bring considerable revenue into the city treasury, but the payment will come out of the pockets of the general public, and not out of the coffers of the telephone company. The company will simply increase the rental of its telephones to cover the tax, and consumers will be obliged to pay. Had the supervisors power to regulate telephone rates, this would not be the case, but it is very probable that the board lacks that power. The charter does not confer it. That instrument provides for the regulation of rates for water, heat, light, or power, but not for telephone service. The power to regulate lies with the State legislature, but that remedy is uncertain, and, at the best, it is painfully slow. This class of telephone is used most extensively in residences and by the general public who can not afford to rent an instrument for their own use. In other words, the tax would fall upon the poorer class of telephone users.

The second proposed ordinance is likely to be more successful, and would remedy a most exasperating abuse. There are few who use nickel telephones with any fre-

quency who have not suffered from it. According to the rules of the company a person who has thus paid without receiving compensation is entitled to a connection with that number without charge at any time during the twenty-four hours. In practice, however, the majority do not receive the service, and those who do are obliged to expend an amount of time and patience in the explanations that is worth more than the five cents. The purpose of the rule requiring payment before service is probably to defeat those petty swindlers who would refuse to pay after the connection has been made, but the company should be able to devise some rule to overcome the difficulty without defrauding its honest patrons.

The United States Senate Committee on Manufactures is now investigating adulterated malt liquors, and examining chemists and other expert witnesses. Their testimony shows that salicylic acid is used in beer—particularly imported European beers. European governments have a way of benevolently prohibiting adulteration in home-consumed beers, but blandly permitting adulteration in beers made for foreign consumption. That is the kind we get. However, as beer is possibly the worst drink that human beings can put into their stomachs—except champagne—beer-drinkers probably deserve their penalties. There are certain acute forms of kidney disease—waxy, cirrhotic types—found only among beer-drinkers. Life insurance companies will not insure brewery-workmen. Rich brewers and all their families have been known to die of kidney disease. This is from beer presumably pure, for probably brewers drink their best beer. What happens to those who drink the worst, heaven alone can tell.

But among the experts before the committee there was one who spoke of bread as well as beer. This was Professor Herbert W. Hart. He denounced the adulteration of beer, but said that people were driven to drink it by reason of their eating bread made of refined flour; he declared that the American milling processes exclude all of the elements needed to make bone, muscle, brain, and nerve; that the masses of the people found a portion of these in beer, and hence they instinctively drink it, drugged and adulterated as it is. He said further that he believed the ordinary refined wheaten bread to be more poisonous than the poisonous beer.

These are strong statements, but are they true? We are inclined to think they are. It is now about two generations since the American people began eating bread made of highly refined wheaten flour. It is now about two generations since their teeth began to decay and their digestions to go. It is now about two generations since snobbish housewives would apologize to guests for the appearance of the old-fashioned, dark, wheaten bread upon their tables—"You know the family all eat white bread, but grandpa will stick to that old-fashioned stuff." And grandpa made old bones, while his descendants made fortunes for dentists and doctors. It is about two generations since the great pill and "sassypriller" industry arose in America. People poisoned themselves with white bread, and then poisoned themselves with pills. But the pills were not an antidote. Few people know that the milling processes in making refined white flour exclude nearly all the nitrogenous elements, nearly all the mineral constituents, nearly all the phosphorus, the potassa, the soda, the lime, the iron, and the silica. Yet all these are necessary to make blood, to make muscle, to renew metamorphosed tissue, and to nourish brain and nerve. The starch of which the refined flour is practically composed is difficult of assimilation; if freely eaten it leads to fatty degeneration of the tissues; it leads to weakness of the muscular coats of the arteries; it leads to apoplexy; it leads to the dreaded diabetes and the still more dreaded Bright's disease. And yet all these dangers the American people run largely because our grandparents looked on dark bread as a badge of poverty. The European peasants in our kitchens to-day, whose fathers and mothers ate black bread, now betray a similar distaste for anything but white bread. Their strong teeth and stalwart bodies will stand it for a generation, but their children will reap the harvest that their fathers are sowing, as the American people are now reaping that which their ancestors have sown.

When Professor Hart said that adulterated beer is poisonous, but that refined-flour bread is more poisonous than poisonous beer, he said what sounds incredible but which is practically true.

"Prison Sunday," an institution the precise character of which must be surmised, was recently observed at Michigan City, Ind. For this purpose there was a union meeting in which Methodists, Presbyterians, and Congregationalists participated. The feature of the occasion was the reading by W. H. Whittaker, clerk of the State prison, on "The Indeterminate Sentence and the Parole Law." The subject is of

sufficient interest, not only to students of penology but to laymen generally, to warrant an epitome of the address here. It first called attention to the fact so often deplored, that boys and young men guilty of offenses against the statutes are often in the penitentiary placed in such intimate contact with the hardened and vicious that they emerge from confinement not reformed, but ready for careers of crime. In prison they received no particular attention.

The Indiana law, Mr. Whittaker explained, was designed to correct such cases. Formerly no distinction had been made in the treatment of prisoners. Now all felons over thirty years of age, or those sentenced for life, for more than a second term, or guilty of treason, are sent to the penitentiary, while those under thirty, unless under the exceptional conditions noted, are sent to a reformatory. Here have been made several changes in accord with the idea of a certain school of criminologists. The lash has been banished, and in its place is the solitary cell, warm and well-ventilated. During working hours the occupant must stand visible at the door of his cell. The lock-step also has been abolished, and prisoners permitted to march in military style, two abreast. As to uniforms, there has been a modification. One class wears a suit of cadet blue, another of checkered cloth, and a third is clad in stripes. "These changes," said Mr. Whittaker of the prisoner, "make him feel like a man."

The indeterminate sentence, Mr. Whittaker explained, really embraced the possibility of a long or a short term, the maximum or minimum prescribed for the crime. A prisoner, upon being received, was placed in the second, or checkered grade. He was permitted to write one letter and receive one visitor a month. At the end of three months, as a reward for good conduct, he would be put into the cadet-blue class, allowed to receive two friends monthly and to write two letters. If he had been troublesome or defiant, showing no desire to reform, he would go down to the striped grade, and the social privileges be cut off. All this time he is a subject of study on the part of officials. If illiterate, he is instructed several nights each week. He has free access to books and magazines, if he wishes to read.

After having served the minimum, he can appear before the parole board, and apply for his freedom. He is subjected to a minute examination, his prison record scanned, and as well as may be the events that led him to the door of the jail. Much weight is attached to the word of the trial judge and the prosecuting attorney. If the man make a satisfactory showing, he is sent out on parole after some suitable employment has been found. Each month he must report to the board where he is, how many days he has worked, why idle, how much he earned, how much expended, how often he has visited a saloon, and how many times gone to church. This report must be indorsed by the employer. If the conditions of parole be violated, the man may be taken back to the reformatory, and without trial made to serve the maximum. But if, on appearing first before the board, a prisoner fail to make a showing to warrant his conditional release, he must return to his grade and await a new chance, which may not be soon in coming.

This law has been in operation for six years, and according to Mr. Whittaker, has vindicated the hopes of its sponsors. During this time, one hundred and thirty-two have been paroled, of whom six have been re-incarcerated for the maximum penalty, and two, failing to report, could not be found. Eighty prisoners are now out on parole, earning from five to forty dollars a month and their board. The value of the system, he declared, depended upon the faithfulness with which it was applied, as it must be strictly on merit, regardless of influence, or be a failure. He acknowledged that the parole system was as yet an experiment, but added that to him it seemed to have been a success. It said to one class, "Go and sin no more," and to another, "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here."

The consensus of opinion is that whatever it may be in Indiana, elsewhere it has proved a dangerous experiment. In Illinois, a few years ago, an outbreak of outlawry was traced to a gang of paroled convicts. The theory that prisons are for the benefit of the occupants rather than for those who do not have occasion to occupy them has never yet been thoroughly established. So far as efforts at reformation are concerned, they are most commendable, particularly as to intelligent segregation of the different groups under restraint; but the practical abolition of penalty suggests a menace so serious as to give pause. In California the parole has not produced results such as to commend it. The two Majors boys were among the first to benefit by it. Sent up for burglary, their youth excited pity, and they did not seem wanton transgressors. For a time they made reports and then disappeared, coming into view again when one was shot in an attempt to rob, and the other made prisoner for a murder committed in the effort to escape. Another objection is that a board making the mistake of releasing an unworthy convict might readily conceal its own

mistakes. Altogether the old scheme of adequately punishing a criminal, albeit the process works upon him a hardship, has much in its favor.

It has always been puzzling how to denominate the Filipinos in the official dispatches. It would hardly do to call them "rebels," as, never having acknowledged the United States Government, they could scarcely be called rebels against it. To call them "insurgents" gave too much dignity to their revolt. Yet, in fault of a better term, that is what they have generally been styled officially—"insurgents."

Latterly, however, General Otis has hit upon another term. He calls them "bandits." Daily in his dispatches we read of such an American detachment encountering and giving battle to "a band of bandits."

The phrase is a good one, but a recent use of it is extremely ludicrous. We read in the War Department dispatches of November 20th of the "destruction of a bandit village." This seems a misnomer. With the word "village" one associates placidity, green lanes, moss-grown God's-acres, milkmaids, lowing kine—and, alack, swine, and eke pig-sties.

But not bandits. Bandits, we hasten to tell General Otis, do not live in villages. They live in "lairs" or "dens." The word "lair" is preferable—"bandits' lair" is a good, mouth-filling phrase. But "bandits' village" offends the precise purist's ear. There ought to be a censorship over General Otis's rhetoric. Such a village at once suggests heterogeneous ideas. A village of bandits—a village where all the processes of life go on peacefully and methodically, as is the village fashion, yet conducted by bandits—a village where bandit babies are born—where bandit midwives deliver bandit mothers—where bandit granddams babble of their own babies to the mothers of the modern bandits—where bandit bell-ringers bang bells calling pious bandits to prayer—where bandit priests, robed in bandit vestments, baptize bandit babies at bandit baptismal fonts—where blushing bandit brides bestow their fair selves on bearded bandit bridegrooms—where little bandit boys run after the bandit bridal train, while little bandit girls strew bandit bouquets at the bandit bride's feet—where aged bandit sires bestow bandit blessings on the bandit bridal couple—where bandit doctors usher with pill and powder the dying bandit into the bandit by-and-by—where bandit undertakers in new black gloves inter dead bandits in bandit grave-yards—where weeping bandit widows gradually lay aside their weeds, and give their little banditti a new bandit father.

General Otis's "bandit village" would seem to furnish an excellent scenario for one of Gilbert and Sullivan's paradoxical operas.

An anxious subscriber writes and wants to know if the *Argonaut* is not "drifting toward imperialism"? No, it is not drifting there—it is swimming, and swimming hard. We want to get in out of the wet. Our party may have drifted there, but we shall have to catch up. There is no room for us anywhere else. The *Argonaut* has always been a Republican paper. It never had any leanings toward the Democratic party, and even if it ever had, could have no such leanings now. For we think Bryanism is worse than imperialism—in this generation. As for what imperialism may do to the next generation, no man knoweth. After us, the deluge. Why should we care for posterity? Posterity never did a thing for us.

Thanksgiving is the gala-day of the San Francisco Fruit and Flower Mission, and, as is its custom, it will supplement its year of active benevolence by providing Thanksgiving dinners for the poor, the sick, and the destitute. In order that we of the well-fed class may enjoy our own Thanksgiving dinner next Thursday, with the reflection that none goes supperless to bed, the *Argonaut* is authorized by the girls of the Fruit and Flower Mission to announce that on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday of next week, at their head-quarters, No. 631 Sutter Street, they will receive for distribution meats and vegetables, turkeys, chickens, ducks, wines, liquors (to be taken medicinally and under the advice of the family physician), raisins, figs, jellies, flowers, and all sorts of canned comforts. These donations are easy to make by the butcher and grocer, by the vegetable and wine dealer, by the mothers of families. To every gentleman of easy circumstance, every young gentleman of the club, and every family man who appreciates his own well-provided, happy home, we advise the sending of money—gold coin. Three hundred dollars the girls must have for a carriage fund! This is sufficient to enable them to transport their gifts to homes and hospitals for an entire year. Wells Fargo & Co.'s Express will transmit from the country any donations, and return the empty baskets, free of charge.

"HOW!"

A Salutation that Was a Password to Paradise.

There are a number of ways in which you can test a woman's beauty and prove that it is vain. You can see her after she has danced until dawn and drives home in the cold, blue light. You can drop in upon her when her *négligé* is such in reality, and not a matter of ruffles and lace. You can see her rise dripping from the surf, no daughter of foam and fire, but a creature of dank locks and purple lips. Or you can look at her after she has gone twice round the links in the blazing sun and the dust-fraught wind. All these are likely to convince you of the deceitfulness of beauty. But some women are so fair as to bear each and all of these tests. Yet if you were to put them in a smoky, close sleeping-car, anywhere between—say, Tucson and Yuma, at the middle of an August day, they might then become, as every one else, so ugly that it would increase your ugliness and bad temper to be forced to look at them. When a woman under these last conditions is still pleasant to contemplate you may set it down that her charms are real and enduring.

Harrington did so in the case of the girl in section two. He was in section six himself, and her back was turned to him; but she faced the beveled mirror, so considerably built in the end of the car, and he sat so that he could watch her reflected in it. Besides which, he could see her back hair, which was brown and looked soft, and which escaped in wisps that curled up tighter and tighter as the day grew hotter and hotter. Harrington thought about a French novel he had once read, whose heroine had "*boucles folles qui frissaient autour de sa nuque*." He had always liked that idea, but had never seen it realized until now.

There were only four people in the Pullman—a man and a woman who were not interesting, Harrington, and the girl. Harrington entered the train at El Paso. The girl was there already. The only mark on her traps was a silver tag strapped to her satchel, and Harrington had not been able to get within reading distance of it. He had tried hard enough. Neither had he been able to screw up his courage to the point of questioning the conductor. He did not believe in discussing women with the first comer. So he put his feet up on the opposite seat and leaned back and watched the *boucles folles*, and noted how prettily her skin flushed, and how a nice shadow her lashes made on her cheeks. Life would have been a far pleasanter thing if he could have ed to her.

The prospect beyond the cinder-guard was so monotonous. It, of course, is putting it very much more mildly than Harrington did. "Ben Bolt" began to run in his head; but it was bad enough in itself, but when it times itself to the umpety-rump, te-rumpety-rump, te-rumpety-rump of the wheels, is enough to drive a sober man to drink. The only son Harrington did not drink now was because he had had only one bottle of beer, and he was afraid of the notion of the girl. Besides, it flushed his face. "And muddled with . . . tears . . . at . . . your . . . frown"—the wheels were turning more slowly. There was that ugly husbandly uncertainty, of interruption in the natural sequence of things that falls when a train slows down in the midst of the journey. The sensation of dying must be rather like it. The train stopped and the air-brake hissed. Then all was a silence that let you hear the blood running in your veins, until there was the crunch of foot-steps on the cinders beside the track.

Harrington put up his window and looked out. A group of men stooping about a wheel of the forward car, and the ringing taps of a hammer upon iron told the story. It was a hot box. Harrington said "damn it" and drew in his head. Pretty soon he got up and put on his hat and loitered out. When he had joined the group he glanced along at his car. The girl was leaning out of her window. He felt that in a time of emergency one should not handle a situation *à la* Somers and Peter Gray. He put his hands in his pockets, which is always the way you show that you are just being casual and off-hand and making no particular point of it, and sauntered back along the cinder-bed until he stood beneath her window. Then he raised his hat and told her it was a hot box. She said, "thank you very much," and hoped it would not delay them, and was very sweet and civil about it, but it was borne in upon him, for all that, that it would not be expected of him to continue the conversation. "And Peter takes the north again; and Somers takes the south," he murmured, as he continued on down to ask the conductor how long they would have to stop, and lighted a cigarette. The conductor did not know. Harrington had not supposed that he would. But he went back into the train thoroughly disgusted with everything.

He flung himself into section six with a sigh that could be heard in section two, and looked out disconsolately over the prairie, so dull and dreary to those who see it with dull and dreary eyes. The air went in heat waves so that the distance seemed to quiver, and the whole prospect was vile. He sat up and pressed the electric button. The bell fairly pealed in the silence, reverberated to the horizon. The girl started and looked away from the window. Harrington told the porter to bring some iced beer. The girl was watching him in the mirror. It was the first time she had paid the smallest attention to him. He caught her eye—and, perhaps she did not smile, but it was not quite a stony stare either. He felt encouraged. And that to the extent of ordering another glass, filling it, and taking it to section two. Might he offer— She looked startled, but also uncertain.

"It's awfully cold and nice."

She reached out a hesitating hand and flushed yet more pinkly at the reckless brazenness of it. She raised her glass and Harrington raised his and said "How!"

Then both stopped with the cups at their very lips, and there was an interval of sound which her eyes filled with beautiful light.

"Why didn't you tell me?" she cried.

"Are you—?" he began.

"Yes. Of course. My father's Major Hill. I might have known you were, too, if I had seen your academy button."

"You never took the trouble to look at me," Harrington suggested; "I'm Harrington, of the Fourth. I came on from Bliss."

"I am going to the Presidio."

Harrington was going to the Presidio, too. By virtue of all of which he went back to his section, and got the beer-bottle, and sat himself down in section two with it beside him on the window ledge. The old Indian salutation was password to the ranks of friendship. By virtue of it they had known each other and all of each other's friends and traditions for half a century at least.

"I've been down to Bliss on a court-martial," Harrington explained. "Where have you been?"

"I've been East at school. It's very funny, isn't it? We might never have known one another until we had both reached the post. And we are in the same regiment, too. What year were you?"

He slipped off his class ring and held it out to her. She studied it intently.

"Ninety-seven. Then you are a second-lieutenant."

"Altogether at your service. Why the dickens didn't we divine this sooner? It's been horribly dull—this beastly desert."

Miss Hill protested. "It's not a beastly desert."

"It isn't now," he admitted. Which she ignored, and went on:

"It's very beautiful and grand if you only understand it. I dare say you were not brought up on it?"

"I wasn't, thank heaven!"

"Well, I was. I was born on it. I made my first mud-pies with Gila water, I rode my first *burro* around Thomas, and had my first spill into this alkali dust. I suppose one has to be used to it from the very beginning to love it."

Harrington began to feel that it was anything but creditable not to love it. He defended himself. "New England gave me birth. And I still prefer the lilac to the mesquite-bush. It's all a matter of education, of course."

"Of course," she agreed. "Tell me about the Presidio."

He told her about it, with the zest for word-painting which California fosters, and left her with the belief that she was about to enter paradise on earth.

"You play golf, of course?"

It is the question which must come sooner or later. She answered that she did not; and Harrington was glad, because now he could teach her, and life would be all one beautiful driving little white balls across green slopes and fields of fleurs-de-lis, with a blue sky overhead and a sapphire sea beyond. It was eternal spring in Harrington's heart just now, so he overlooked the detail that fleurs-de-lis don't bloom in August.

Outside of section two was a stuffy sleeper, where sat a scandalized man and woman, whispering and casting looks; and beyond that was a gleaming desert, where the thermometer would have registered incredible things. But in section two all was charming. The crunch of feet on the cinders, the tinkle of the hammer on the hot box, the murmur of men's voices, came faintly to it.

"How long shall we stop here?" Miss Hill asked.

Harrington did not know, and said so. Neither did he care; but he kept that to himself. He liked Southern Arizona. Then Miss Hill wanted to know "Where are we?"

"The question is the answer," he told her. She looked puzzled. "Do you understand Spanish?" She remembered some from the days of Mexican nurses and citizen-packers. There had been a time when it was her most fluent speech. "Well, then, the name of this garden spot is Adonde—at least, within half a mile of it."

"That means 'where,'" she said.

"Isn't it jolly well named? To look out upon this world here is to ask 'where,' and 'whither,' and 'why,' and 'what for?' The plains are such forcible reminders of the eternal un-get-at-ableness of things in general."

Miss Hill was resentful. "I dare say they are not all measured off by human foot-rules like New England. But they are lovely. I am quite sure I shall not like the Presidio links half so well."

This was dangerous. Harrington launched off upon the delights of golf. The conductor called "All aboard!" and feet hurried along the cinder-bed. But the train was going thirty miles an hour before they really realized it had started; and they were at Yuma and had twenty-five minutes in which to eat dinner before they were aware that they had passed Adonde. Adonde, indeed! It was already only too plain where and whither.

It was plainer still by the time they crossed on the ferry. Major Hill saw it, and so did Mrs. Hill, and some others who had come over to the train, so they were very considerate about it, and went to listen to the music in the social hall. Harrington leaned on the rail beside her and showed her the gulls, and said this was San Francisco, as though he were personally responsible for it—which is the way we get in California. It was only too evident, even to the watching strangers where and whither. Where they were was in the seventh heaven of contentment. And whither they tended was reached just two months later.

Upon that occasion, which was none other than his wedding-day, they called upon Harrington for a toast. He stood up and looked at Mrs. Harrington. The *boucles folles* were still there, though half-hidden by the white veil, and she was blushing as pinkly now as upon that first day in the stretch and silence of the prairie, that ever-memorable and delightful day at the place of the unanswerable question, Adonde. Harrington thought of that day and, raising his glass, made in the opinion of all assembled the flattest failure of a toast. But his wife understood, and the others did not matter. He had looked into her eyes and had said "How!"

GWENDOLEN OVERTON.

SAN FRANCISCO, November, 1899.

SARDOU AT WORK.

Pen-Picture of the French Playwright at His Home—His Talk Incessant and Monopolizing—Methods of Writing Plays—Immense Wealth He Has Amassed.

Laurence Irving, the talented son of Sir Henry Irving, and translator of "*Robespierre*," which has been drawing crowded houses at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, during the past three weeks, became well acquainted with Victorien Sardou while working upon the English version of the play. In an interview in the New York *Sun* he said recently:

"Sardou is at least seventy-five years old, but he is a man of wonderful energy and vitality. This, I think, is the most striking thing about his personality. He is never quiet. He is a wonderful talker; he talks incessantly and remarkably well. In fact, if he did not talk so well you might feel a trifle miffed about the way he monopolizes the conversation. But you are perfectly willing to hold your own tongue, as he is perfectly willing you should. Indeed, at times I have known him to be almost fearful lest you should take a favorable opportunity to get in a word of your own. Even at dinner, the great dramatist had everything his own way, and when discussing a variety of topics in which he happened to be interested, placed an effectual embargo upon my saying a word. For example, he was inclined, whenever he raised his spoon to his mouth, thus momentarily stopping his flow of talk, to lift his hand deprecatingly, and exclaim: 'Wait a minute! Wait a minute!' He apparently feared that I might take an undue advantage while his mouth was full and surreptitiously slip in a comment. But mind you, Sardou's garrulosity is never offensive. He always talks to the point, and has a vast fund of information upon the many subjects, such as the French Revolution, in which his interest is absorbing.

"The first time I met him was at Marly, his summer home. My father had suggested to him as the subject of a play, *Robespierre*, and I was sent to France to talk the matter over with him. I had to go to France, for Sardou, you know, would never come to England; he has never traveled and can not be persuaded to leave his own country; the very thought of a two-hours' sea voyage is an unspeakable horror. When I called he had the play of '*Robespierre*' already mapped out, the scenes and the characters were all in his mind, and he had carefully arranged all the stage-settings and the costumes. He at once began to show the stage plans of the scenes, roughly drawn but thoroughly detailed; and had a vast number of engravings, his own collections, which serve as a basis for many of the scenes in the play. At this time, you know, not a line of the play had been written. This was very characteristic of Sardou's untiring energy and of his wonderful gift for detail.

"Sardou is not only a hard and industrious worker, but he reaps the fruits of his labors. He is immensely wealthy. He has a strong money sense, too, and keeps careful track of the pennies. Sardou, I suppose, has a rather poor opinion of America. I know he has a poor opinion of England. 'They're all robbers,' he used to say of Englishmen. But he does appreciate the financial returns which he gets from his plays in the United States. Miss Marbury, who is his agent, amused me one day by her relation of the way that she first opened the Frenchman's eyes to the gold mine that awaited him in America. It took some time to impress upon his mind the idea of the percentage system. He didn't expect to get anything from the United States, he said; if they paid him a lump sum, all right, but he didn't ask for more. He absolutely knew nothing about America or of its great cities. Finally Miss Marbury called upon him with a map of the United States. She showed him New York, with its immense population, Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco, and all the rest. The great man was impressed and at once placed his interests in Miss Marbury's hands. And ever since then he has drawn immense sums yearly from the United States.

"Sardou's method of writing plays is unique. He goes about it in a mathematical way. At first, he selects no characters, no scene, no historical setting. All he starts with is a climax; and he does not even assign his personages names; he letters them. A, for example, may be a jealous husband, B the wife, and C her lover. He twists these letters around until he gets the great scene for which he has been maneuvering, and then he fills out the other characters and the other scenes. After the plot has thus been constructed, he looks about for some historical setting. He is a profound historical student, and usually has no difficulty in finding a period into which his plot fits naturally. Then he fills it all out, and in a short time—for he works at a rapid pace—the play is complete. It was in this way that '*Robespierre*' was written. It was sent across the Channel to us act by act. And with it came the designs for the scenery and for the costumes, and even, in many cases, for the stage properties required. It is interesting to remark that Sardou has never seen the play performed. We tried to get him to leave Paris for this purpose, but he could not be persuaded.

"In spite of Sardou's absorbing interest in his subject, he is a very easy man to work with. He is always open to suggestion, and presents the unusual sight of a playwright who doesn't mind being cut. My father always found him willing to cut out whole speeches, and in one case a whole act. As originally written, '*Robespierre*' did not end with the convention scene, as it does now; there was another act, which gave a historical account of his death. Sardou wrote with the French idea of a four-hour play in mind, when we only wanted three. After the situation was explained to him, he was perfectly willing to cut the play. We occasionally differed, it is true, as to the parts to be cut. He was anxious that what he called *la logique* should remain intact. '*Coupez la rhétorique; ne coupez pas la logique*!' he would cry. But I am afraid that a great deal of *la logique* has been cut, nevertheless."

THE BATTLE OF ELANDSLAAGTE.

Stirring Scenes Vividly Described—The Dash of the Gordon Highlanders—"Remember Majuba!" the Cry—A Touching Incident at the Ladysmith Military Hospital.

The latest English papers to hand are filled with interesting private letters and vivid accounts from their special correspondents of the stirring events which are being enacted in South Africa. We quote a few striking extracts from the most graphic of these narratives.

Concerning the inhuman treatment of the fleeing refugees from the Transvaal, W. Symes, writing from Cape Town, says:

"The experience of the passengers of a train, which consisted of thirty open trucks and carriages occupied by three thousand men, women, and children, arriving at Kronstadt, in the Free State, was terrible. The passengers, famished with hunger and thirst, rushed to the restaurant, only to find that all the provisions had been commandeered. Some fifty of them made their way to the hotel in the town, but in the street were attacked by a party of mounted burghers and some on foot, the former charging them with their horses and thrashing them unmercifully with leather *sjamboks*. Thus they drove the passengers, including women and children, back to the train, raining blow after blow on head, face, and body. On reaching the train several Britishers remonstrated with the Boers, who exclaimed: 'Verdumde Rooineks!' and scuffed them by the back of the neck. The passengers left amid hooting and jeering, one burgher, who was armed, being prevented from firing only by the dissuasions of his comrades.

"Similar were the hardships endured by the passengers of another train, which left the Rand for Natal. At one station the only refreshments a train-load of passengers were allowed to obtain was a mixture of tea and coffee. When complaint was made they were told that it was 'good enough for English people.' At Standerton Station, in the Transvaal, the platform was crowded with burghers and members of the Staats Artillery, most of the latter being thoroughly intoxicated. The burghers jeered and swore at the travelers, some even poking rifles in the carriage windows and threatening to kill the occupants. A Boer of enormous stature snatched a baby from its mother, evidently with the object of provoking its father, who was sitting near, but who kept his temper, and the mother got possession of the infant. Many of the women passengers received severe shocks as the result of their fright, and were utterly prostrated for the rest of the journey. At several stations the Dutchmen, immediately they saw passengers trying to obtain water, which the children especially sorely needed, cut off the supply and jeered and swore at the unfortunate people. The Boer women joined in the demonstrations of hatred, using filthy language and spitting into the carriages."

The dash of the Gordon Highlanders at the Battle of Elandslaagte is vividly described by the London *Standard's* correspondent:

"The air seemed thick with bullets, while above our heads the shriek of the shells and the thunder-claps of the bursting shrapnel made a din that was appalling to those who had not had previous experience of modern projectiles. So keen were the rank and file of the Devonshires that more than one man exposed himself to the deadly aim of the Boers merely in order to satisfy himself as to the progress of the fight. I heard one soldier invite his comrade to put up his head and see how the Boers were getting on. 'I will as soon as there is room for it,' was the reply—a very natural one, considering that the air seemed to consist of flying lead.

"The Gordon Highlanders were especially anxious to teach the enemy a lesson. Their regiment was represented at Majuba Hill, and the Boers had afterward referred to them in derision as 'Kaffirs clothed in kilts.' The men were keen on wiping out the insult, and to this end bore themselves with the most reckless courage. Nor were the Manchester men whit less ardent or determined.

"It was a magnificent and soul-stirring spectacle as our gallant fellows dashed straight at the enemy, driving him irresistibly from point to point. The Boers stood their ground to the last, with the courage of despair; but they were no match for our men in personal combat, and were driven back in hopeless confusion. Fifty or sixty of them, mounting their horses, made off at full speed over the hills toward the east. Another fifteen minutes of deadly work and the last shot had been fired.

"With a loud cheer and a shout from the Gordon Highlanders of 'What price, Majuba?' our men dashed down the opposite incline right into the heart of the Boer position, with bayonets fixed. But the white flag, stuck into the muzzle of a Mauser, was already flying in the laager, and the officers checked their men in mid-career.

"No praise can be too high for the courage and self-sacrifice of our officers. Their behavior was worthy of the finest traditions of the British army. Their courage was not mere recklessness, but deliberately calculated, with the object of encouraging and directing the men who followed them. Yet it is only just to the rank and file to say that they would have advanced as steadily on their own initiative."

The London *Mail's* correspondent tells of the fraternizing of the British and Boers after the battle:

"As the fighting did not finish until after nightfall, it was necessary for the men to bivouac on the field. This they did cheerfully, and in an orderly manner, despite a soaking downfall and the chilling cold. From the moment of the 'Cease firing,' both British and Boers fraternized in the care of the wounded. The stretchers were found to be missing in the confusion necessarily consequent on an attack against modern weapons, and great labor was experienced in moving the wounded men from among and behind the rocks and down the slippery hillsides. But every one worked loyally, and the staff in Ladysmith labored so effectively that, though the first *dolies*, or native stretchers, only arrived at midnight, special trains were ready throughout the night to convey the wounded to the hospital, and with the first stroke of dawn sufficient *dolies* were waiting to convey every man.

"The Red Cross workers attached to the Boer force were equally ready, and it was pleasant to see the mutual good feeling. The British soldiers treated the Boer wounded as solicitously as their own, and round one of the few camp-fires which were lighted I saw all the best places occupied by the enemy's wounded prisoners. Armed Boers even appeared with the object of searching for their wounded. They were allowed to pass freely about the hill, and gave no sign of any desire to abuse the privilege. They talked freely and good-humoredly with our soldiers, and then, having fulfilled their mission, disappeared in the darkness."

A nurse in the military hospital at Ladysmith, in the course of a letter, dated October 26th, to an ex-lord mayor of London, says:

"The glorious battle at Elandslaagte was a mighty success, but at what cost! All night Saturday the wounded streamed in and all day Sunday. We not only had all the beds filled, but the wounded were lying about the floor as thickly as we could put them. We could only just step between them to administer to their wants. They were wet and cold. Some had been lying for thirty hours on the wet ground. They told sad tales of suffering, but there were no complaints or murmurings. Their bravery and endurance were marvellous. There were several wounded Boers, and it was really amusing to see large-hearted Tommy Atkins fraternizing with his enemy."

"There was a touching little scene yesterday. A Gordon Highlander had an arm amputated. A Boer in the next bed had his arm amputated in exactly the same place. I took charge of the latter when he was brought from the theatre. When he became conscious the two poor fellows eyed each other silently until the good-natured Tommy Atkins could stand it no longer. 'Sister,' he called, 'give him two cigarettes out of my box. Tell him I sent them. Here's a match. Light one for him.' I took the cigarettes and the message. The Boer turned and looked in amazement. Then he was overcome and burst into tears, and the Highlander did the same. I am afraid I was on the point of joining them, but time would not permit. We

have a splendid staff of skilled surgeons and they are kept constantly at work."

The *Spectator* calls attention to the value of volunteers in warfare, saying that the first lesson of the war is that more trust should be put in the individual capacity of the volunteers and less efforts should be made to turn them into ordinary soldiers. It says:

"The Boers march as they please, dress within limits as they please, as did also the colonial men in the first American war, and form as they please, though they obey in this latter respect some traditional rules. They are expected to support each other rather than willingness than from discipline, and to rely on their rifles and their steadiness under fire rather than any coherence derived from drill. They do not as yet stand up to bayonet charges well; but how often is the bayonet charge possible when the rifles are well handled? It takes the very best men to get through that hail of fire, and the very best men can not always do it, no troops that the world knows of consenting to charge home when more than a third of their number are on the ground. The strength of the Boer volunteers is not in their drill, but in their individual ability when regulars are charging on them to await their charge and keep on their desolating fire. They wait till the assailing force is actually in touch. That was the strength of the New England militia against us, and of Hofer's men against the French; and we are not sure that we are not forgetting both how great that strength was, and how hard to develop it. We are, we suspect, cultivating the company too much—among volunteers, we mean—and the individual not enough. Yet it is as individuals acting together that the Boers are giving us such trouble."

The extraordinary mortality among the British officers in South Africa has aroused English authorities to the fact that something must be done, and that speedily, to decrease it, else the army will soon be without sufficient officers to do the work required. One proposition is that the officers give up their swords when going into action, it having been proved that the glistening of these useless weapons made a good mark for the hostile riflemen. It is proposed that the officers carry carbines instead, and some of the military experts are devising a weapon on this line for the officers, a short, breech-loading gun easy to carry and use, if necessary, in close quarters, and at the same time more deadly than any sword can be.

TO THE ABSENT-MINDED BRITON.

[Rudyard Kipling's new war poem, "The Absent-Minded Beggar," in which he makes an appeal for funds for Tommy Atkins's family, has been parodied by several American writers. One of the best of the parodies is the following:]

When your absent-minded beggar has been punctured by 'a Boer,
When you've finished killing Kruger with your guns,
Will you kindly quit, or will you keep on fighting more and more
And fertilizing earth with mothers' sons?
O absent-minded Englishmen, with weaknesses so great,
You spend too much of precious time in fighting!
What's the good of always having things to "wipe off from a slate?"

When Peace is sweet and War so bitter—blighting?

Coster's son—King's son—son of a hundred guns,
(Many thousand, horse and foot, eager for any fray),
Keep 'em at home for your credit's sake (let 'em look after their sons)
And you'll need no poet imploring you to "pay—pay—pay!"

Just suppose he "married secret, asking no permission to,"
Knowing well he wouldn't get it if he did;
Suppose there's "coal and victuals and the house rent falling due,"
And suppose there is a rather likely kid!
If the English warring weakness would let Tommy stay at home,
The Boers would and his family wouldn't miss him;
But J. Bull is forever causing Tommy A. to roam
So far away his own girl can not kiss him.

Lord's son—footman's son—son of a bally earl,
Son of a gun from Pimlico—no matter what the lay—
Keep him away from your wicked wars (let him look after his girl)
And there'll be no Rudyard Kipling you to "pay—pay—pay!"

Those families by thousands who, too proud to beg or speak,
Would chuck their stick and bedding up the spout
And live on nothing, doubled, paid in cipher twice a week,
'Cause the man and wages both are ordered out,
Needn't have their pride so crippled, if the country wouldn't call
So often for the man and always find him;
And Tommy wouldn't have to chuck his job and leave it all
And the happy future, once before, behind him.

Duke's job—Jew's job—haronet, sweep, or count,
Stable or palace or butcher-shop—none need gn away;
Each can be home at work or play (drinking at pleasure's fount)
And you'll pass no hat for this or that and "pay—pay—pay!"

Just manage, England, manage, when you look War in the face,
To arbitrate—we know that you'll prefer—
Save your temper and your empire, keeping Tommy in his place,
And he (not you and me!) will care for Her.
We are absent-minded beggars, and we may forget that we
Fight a wee bit, too, but England, dear, we prize you;
And we know that you'll be sensible and quickly, plainly see
That we're competent to jolly and advise you.

Queen's home—prince's home—home of a costermonger,
(Fifty million horse and foot—ready for any fray),
Give up war and go to work (you older ones and younger)
And have no Rudyard Kipling you to "pay—pay—pay!"
—Joe Kerr in the New York Herald.

Garret A. Hobart, Vice-President of the United States, died at his home in Paterson, N. J., on November 21st, of heart failure. He had been ill for a long time and his strength had been undermined. Garret A. Hobart was born at Long Branch in 1844, and graduated from Rutgers College in 1863. He studied law and was admitted to practice in 1866, and his professional progress was rapid. He became in turn city counsel for Paterson, counsel for the board of freeholders of the county, and then member of the State assembly. He was chosen State senator in 1877, and reelected two years later. In 1879 he was made receiver of an embarrassed railroad company, and raised it to solvency. When the First National Bank failed, Mr. Hobart took charge, and made it pay all depositors in full. He was connected with many important enterprises at the time of his death. Mr. Hobart's wife and a son survive him.

The world's available supply of gutta-percha is threatened by the growing demand for golf-balls. Chemists know of no good substitute.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The author of "Our Destiny," the verses quoted by President McKinley in Chicago and the South, is Casper S. Yost, assistant managing-editor of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*.

Professor George T. Ladd, formerly of Yale, and now occupying the chair of philosophy in the University of Tokio, Japan, has one of the most magnificent houses in Tokio, a retinue of servants, a corps of managers for his estate, and a company of private attendants.

Guerrita, of Cordova, the most popular of Spanish bull-fighters, has experienced religion and withdrawn from the bull-ring. He visited the shrine of Our Lady of the Pillar at Saragossa, became convinced that bull-fighting was wicked, went home and cut off the long lock of hair that marks the *torero*. The other members of his band followed his example.

Mrs. Roswell D. Hitchcock has returned to New York from her second trip to the Klondike, where she divided her time between staking out claims and a philanthropic interest in the miners. She is now trying to interest several women in a scheme to send nurses to the Klondike, where they may not only take care of the sick but exert a refining influence on the miners.

With the possible exception of Carmen Sylva, Queen of Roumania, the most accomplished of European queens is the charming young Queen Amelie of Portugal. Queen Amelie, who inherits her literary talents from her father, the late Comte de Paris, author of a history of the American Civil War and of a history of the English Labor party (besides many other works dealing with political and social questions of the day), has taken her degree of M. D., and is now the chief physician of her husband and children. The queen was married at Lisbon thirteen years ago to the then Crown Prince, Duke of Braganza, now King Carlos the First.

Miss Susan B. Anthony has admitted, with some regret, that there is truth in the report that she intends to resign the presidency of the National American Woman Suffrage Association next February. She says that she meant to keep her plans a secret from the public until the time came to act on them, but somehow they have got out. Her eightieth birthday is approaching, and she wants to lay aside her official duties in order to devote herself to more important business. She wishes to raise half a million dollars as a permanent fund for the support and furtherance of the woman-suffrage movement, and to that she intends to devote all her strength.

Lord Archibald Campbell, who has designed a reversible cloth for the kilts of the Highland regiments, with the tartan on one side and a plain neutral tint on the other, has always been a great champion of the Highland dress. He was one of the many great Scottish noblemen who, in 1881, met at Stafford House and solemnly kissed the dirk as a pledge of their determination to resist the war office threats to denationalize the Highland regiments. In 1887, when the Cameron Highlanders came home from foreign service, the fight was renewed; and again in 1892, when the gallant Seventy-Ninth was in jeopardy of losing their tartans, Lord Archibald Campbell and his party were on both occasions victorious.

Thomas Wilkinson, who will assume the duties of warden of Folsom prison on December 1st, has been a resident of California since 1876. Most of this time has been passed in San Francisco and Oakland. He was born sixty-four years ago in Lincolnshire, England, and came to America when fourteen years of age, settling in New York State. During his residence in California, Warden Wilkinson has held a number of responsible positions, having been manager for four years of the Mendocino Lumber Company, and for four years manager and secretary of the Larue Wharf and Lumber Company of Oakland. He made three trips to Alaska previous to the Klondike excitement, and acquired a number of valuable gold properties on Unga Island, but disposed of them to the Alaska Commercial Company. About eight years ago he went to Apia, Samoa, to settle the Wellman estate. While there he became very friendly with Robert Louis Stevenson, and was often entertained by the famous author during his ten-weeks' stay in Samoa. About five years ago he was appointed gatekeeper at San Quentin penitentiary, but was soon promoted to be commissary. He held this position until last August.

Rear-Admiral Winfield S. Schley has just been accorded Masonic honors in Washington, D. C., without precedent. He is to-day a Knight Templar, a Knight of Malta, a member of the Order of the Red Cross, being as well a Master Mason and a Chapter Mason. All of these degrees have been conferred upon him within the last three weeks, and he is now within one degree of being a "thirty-third" Mason. Ordinarily, to rise from an Apprentice Mason to the thirty-second degree, and also to receive the Temple and Malta degrees, would have occupied his time for the next six or eight months. But when the sea-fighter made his application last month he did not know what moment he would be ordered to his command of the South Atlantic Squadron, and thus he prevented, perhaps for years, from receiving all the honors Masonry could confer upon him. In consequence of this condition of affairs the Grand Commandery of the State was petitioned to grant a special dispensation permitting Columbia Commandery No. 2, District of Columbia, to take him in as rapidly as possible. The dispensation was granted, and when he received the last of the degrees the grand commander of this jurisdiction was present and his council. When the final ceremonies were completed, the rear-admiral was accorded an informal reception by the hundreds of knights present.

KATE FIELD'S BIOGRAPHY.

Lillian Whiting's Charming Record of Her Friend's Eventful Life—
Early Aspirations—Florentine Days—Mrs. Browning's
Death—Anecdotes of Landor and Dickens.

One of the most delightful biographies which have appeared in recent years is Lillian Whiting's charming volume, "Kate Field: A Record." During her lifetime Miss Field was averse to seeing her biography in print, saying, "When I die, my life can be taken. While alive, I contend that lives in books are absurd." "The time has now come," remarks the writer, "in which even her own faultless taste would perhaps concede that her biography might be written." Miss Whiting's desire to preserve her memory and chronicle her brilliant achievements is a worthy one, for between them there existed a rare friendship, amounting to almost absolute devotion, which especially fits her for the task. She has drawn largely from Miss Field's interesting correspondence with many leading poets, authors, statesmen, and other distinguished people of the past thirty years, and, as far as possible, has allowed Miss Field to tell her own story, by quoting from private letters to her mother, aunt, and numerous friends.

Kate Field's childhood was principally spent in St. Louis with her parents, Joseph M. and Eliza Riddle Field, who acted at their own theatre. When it was destroyed by fire and they accepted engagements in the South, Kate was sent to her Boston relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Milton Sanford, who cared for her. The first great sorrow of her life occurred when she was attending Lasell Seminary, in Auburndale, near Boston. One evening early in 1856, while she was taking part in an amateur tableau at a musical *soirée*, a telegram came bearing the news of the death of her idolized father. A local paper describing the entertainment said:

"There was a touching episode connected with the entertainment which was the cause of sudden gloom to one young lady, who had been 'the observed of all observers' during the evening, and whose charming accomplishments had elicited the admiration of the company there gathered. Miss Kate Field, to whom we allude, had borne the most prominent part in the tableaux, and was the only girl who had favored the company with vocal music, she having sung 'Casta Diva' and 'She Wore a Wreath of Roses,' in a manner which her sweet and vibrant though not powerful voice made irresistibly pleasing. A dispatch was received in Boston that evening stating that her father, Mr. Joseph M. Field, the well-known actor, had died during the morning. It was deemed prudent not to make the announcement to the young lady until late in the evening, but what must have been the grief that overwhelmed her joyous spirits on the reception of news at such a time, it is easy to imagine. As the sad tidings whispered about after the close of the entertainment, each heart touched with melting sympathy for the unfortunate young lady as evening's transition from delight to sadness was so sudden."

Her first love was singing; her second, literature. She died conscientiously under Bendelari, who encouraged her to become a prima donna, but she wrote in her diary:

Oh, how I long to be a follower of this divine art, the art of Arts; a humble servant would I be. Could I not stand beside Grisi, did not tread their path. 'Tis impossible, even ridiculous to think so my favorite desire must be relinquished."

At another time she makes this contrast between a musical and literary career:

I should be perfectly miserable if I thought that I could never sing. I can better bear the thought that I can never sing, and this makes me think that I can or will write better than I can sing. After all, I prefer the fame of an author. The singer or actor, if successful, reaps golden harvests, is *fit* for the time being; but death knocks at the door and drives away friends, fame, all. No sooner dead than forgotten. A few remember the genius; but the next generation know of no such person, save that the 'Cyclopaedia' devoted a few lines to her and some author may refer to her as having been great. How fleeting, how sad, is such fame! But the author, how different! He makes not a fortune, perhaps, his life may not be so great a triumph; but his brain-work is strewn all over the world, he is everybody's friend and companion, everybody loves him, he is a universal benefactor; and death, instead of ending his career of good, gradually increases it, until his name becomes most sacred. No fame is so lasting as that of a great author. Marble crumbles, canvas decays, the voice is hushed, action still, but thought is eternal; books must be renewed. Viewing it in this light, there can be but one choice; but if I could be both, this is what I long for. Are the two incompatible? I think they minister one to the other. And then it must be so glorious to inspire thousands of people instantaneously with the same feelings by which you are excited; to sway so many human beings by a power superior to them. Oh, it must be sweet to taste, as delightful as it is fleeting! If I must make a choice, it will be for authorship—that is, if I have the necessary materials to work with."

On January 8, 1859, she sailed with her aunt and uncle from New York for the Continent, and after a visit to Paris and Rome, proceeded to Florence, where her relatives left her to study music under the celebrated Italian master, Romani. Her mother soon joined her, and for two years they led an ideal existence, becoming intimate with the Brownings, Isabella Blagden (Mrs. Browning's dearest friend), Mr. Landor, the Trollops, Elihu Vedder, George Eliot (Mrs. Lewes), Harriet Hosmer, and many other literary lights.

Mr. Landor was especially fond of Kate. One June evening Miss Blagden had invited the Brownings and Mr. Landor, together with Mrs. Field and Kate, to tea:

The other guests were already present when Mrs. and Miss Field arrived on the entrancing Bellosguardo Heights, and as Kate entered she was embraced and kissed by the hostess and by Mrs. Browning. She was radiantly lovely that night, in a pale-blue gown, her auburn curls tied with blue ribbons after the fashion of the boudoir, and a cluster of roses in her belt. As she kissed the ladies Mr. Landor exclaimed: "What, do you intend to stop there?" To the amusement of every one the girl turned to him and kissed him, and he proudly asserted, with the pardonable exaggeration of chivalry: "This is the happiest day of my life. I know now the advantages of being old, and for the first time. Let me hope it is not the last. Had I been sixty years younger you would not have kissed me, I am sure." Then he laughed immoderately and complimented the girl in Latin phrases.

Kate's patriotism cost her what most girls would have held to be too great a price:

Her uncle, Mr. Sanford, who was then a millionaire and childless, had pronounced his settled purpose to make her his heiress. But his sympathies were conservative. He had not the breadth of mind to welcome sacrifice, loss, or ruin if it meant the triumph of principle; and Kate's spirited espousal of the radical side of the war in her press brought upon her his censure and his command to cease. She, however, had the courage that could hold fast to a forlorn hope and assert, "One with God is a majority." He reversed his decision; and the girl who had been encouraged to feel that the ways and means of life were provided, was thus left—in ill health, in a foreign land, a girl

of twenty-one—to face the future as she might, and provide for her mother and herself.

In a letter to her aunt, dated June 29, 1861, she thus tells the touching story of Mrs. Browning's death:

"I am sick, sick at heart, for dear Mrs. Browning is dead. The news was as sudden as it is dreadful, for though she has been quite ill for a week past, yet her health has always been so feeble that I firmly believed she would rally as of yore. Two days ago we saw Mr. Browning, and he, like myself, deceived himself by founding hopes upon her powers of endurance. Yesterday Mrs. Browning said that she felt better, read a little in the *Athenaeum*, and saw Miss Blagden as late as eight o'clock in the evening, who left her with but little misgiving. This morning, at half-past four, she expired unconsciously to herself, with the words 'It is beautiful' upon her lips. Poor Mr. Browning was entirely unprepared for the terrible blow. When she raised herself to pronounce her dying words wherein she expressed the glorious life which was opening upon her, he thought it was simply a movement preliminary to coughing. I have not seen him, but Miss Blagden, who is constantly with him, says he is completely prostrated with grief. The poor boy wanders about the house, sad and disconsolate, hardly realizing that his angel mother is no more. We went to the house the morning we heard of Mrs. Browning's death, but could be of no use. They have cut off all her hair, and the emaciated form was heart-rending to look upon. I almost regret that I have seen her in death, only that I do not wish to shun the house of mourning. I am sufficiently callous as it is. Her last act to me was one of kindness, insisting upon our going up to Villa Brichieri with Mr. Browning in a carriage."

On New-Year's eve, 1868, Miss Field heard Dickens read "David Copperfield" at Steinway Hall in New York, and in this connection she records a charming incident in her diary. She had not yet met Dickens personally, but being a great admirer, she decided to present him a basket of violets. On a card fastened to the handle she wrote: "Wishing Mr. Dickens 'A Happy New Year' in America. 'God bless him'—every one." Here is her account of what happened that evening:

"I had no sooner entered the building than Mr. Dolby came to me, saying: 'I've a message for you from Dickens.' 'Indeed! Pray, what can it be?' 'I asked him whether he saw you in the audience, to which he replied: 'See her? Yes, God bless her! She's the best audience I ever had.'"

"Of course I was surprised to hear that Mr. Dickens had noticed a person whom he did not know and could not have ever heard of; but without confessing as much I answered: 'And I have something for Mr. Dickens.' 'Really?'

"Yes, I've a little nameless basket of violets that I want to have placed on his desk unknown to him. Won't you please see that this is done?' Mr. Dolby hesitated; it would be too late for anything to go upon the platform; that it would be better to carry the basket directly to Mr. Dickens, and, moreover, tell him whom it came from, as he would be infinitely more pleased to know the giver. After much demurring, I allowed Mr. Dolby to have his own way, and Griswold and I took our seats—on the left side, two from the front."

Great was her horror when, the gas being all on and the reading about to begin, she saw a man mount the platform and deposit her basket on the desk, letting the card fall in front, so that those on the front seat could read it:

"I felt as if the eyes of Europe were upon me, and was quite ready to go through the floor. Then out came Mr. Dickens, smiling *profusely*, and when he reached the desk what did he do but pat the basket as if to assure me that it was all right, and give a pleasant nod to Dolby behind the screen, as if to say, 'I hope Miss Field is pleased with my way of receiving her flowers.' Then he read 'David Copperfield' finely, and at the conclusion of part one he bore off the violets."

"At the close of the readings he addressed the audience thus: 'Ladies and gentlemen, from my heart of hearts I wish you a happy, happy New Year.'"

"My flowers did that," I said to Griswold. 'It is the first speech he has made in America.' I came home in great glee."

It was often a subject of wonder that a woman so attractive as Kate Field, and one who always frankly preferred the companionship of men to women, did not marry. Miss Whiting says:

Opportunities for marriage, brilliant in every worldly sense, came to her, but she refused to consider them. Twice in her life came love, and why, in both these instances, she shrank from marriage, even she herself could not have told. "I am a strange being," she once said in a moment of intimate confidence with her present biographer; "I am a mystery to myself, doing things that the conventional world would perhaps call unwomanly, and yet so very a woman that I ought never to have been born. You little dreamed that I cared more for — than for any one in the world. . . . I need a clear head to accomplish the work I must do in this world, and nothing so unfits a sensitive nature for mental exertion as emotional intensities."

Perhaps these self-revealing words from a woman usually so reticent that even her nearest friends gained little clew from herself to her inner thought, may offer a clew to the labyrinthine mazes of her life. It was in Florence, in the early summer of 1861, that she first met and loved this man, whose death occurred, like her own, in 1896.

It was on May 17, 1871, that Miss Field and her mother again sailed from New York for England, with the hope of restoring Mrs. Field's failing health. Three days before reaching Liverpool, however, she passed away, and Kate arrived in London alone in all this grief and desolation. In answer to her aunt's letter of consolation, she wrote:

"You ask whether I have not had enough of public life, and say that mother worried at my work. I have never overworked from desire. Necessity has been my master ever since childhood. I have never known freedom from care. I have never seen that I could be idle until now. Now I am alone and have sufficient money to authorize devotion to my best interests, which at present are assuredly health and relaxation. I certainly desire to be with you, but it is neither right nor expedient that I renounce my public career just as it is beginning. To do anything while I am ill is impossible. To work reasonably should I recover my tone is absolutely required of me. No one desired me to do certain things more than mother, and now, if I live, I long to realize her desires."

She did not give up her promising public career, but lived to win fame for three distinct achievements—the securing of better legislation for Utah, for her distinguished services to art, and for the potent contribution to the forming of public opinion which led to the annexation of Hawaii. So ceaseless were her struggles against a series of disasters, so rich was her career in unique experiences, that we could go on quoting indefinitely from Miss Whiting's fascinating volume, but limited space forbids. From the foregoing extracts, however, the reader will obtain an excellent idea of the character of the work. The chapters on Miss Field's vain search for health, her stage career in the United States and England, her various lecture tours, her publication of *Kate Field's Washington*, her social life in the national capital, her studies of the Hawaiian people, and her pathetic death in those distant islands will be perused with equal enjoyment, for they read like a romance.

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THE HORSE SHOW.

It Still Retains Its Place in the Social Life of Gotham—New
Faces and New Gowns in the Boxes—The Eclipse
of the Hackney.

At nine o'clock last Monday morning a uniformed bugler stepped out to the centre of the tan-bark oval in Madison Square Garden, the officials and attendants of the Horse Show grouped themselves about him according to their rank, his bugle went stiffly to his lips like that of the little trumpeter of a cuckoo-clock, and then a clarion ta-ra-ta rang out, announcing the formal opening of the fifteenth annual Horse Show and simultaneously the beginning of the winter season in town. For the Horse Show still formally marks the close of the out-of-town season. There are always croakers ready to declare that the Horse Show is losing caste and that it has degenerated into a rare-show of over-dressed nobodies from the West and South. But the love of fine horses is so essential a characteristic of the aristocrat that the fashionables find themselves irresistibly drawn to the Horse Show each year as it comes around.

The arena is subject to change in the *personnel* of the throng that fills its boxes and chairs, just as is that other glittering oval at the Metropolitan Opera House, but the Horse Show remains quite as constant in its general character. To be sure there are prominent names missing from the list of box-owners and familiar faces from the tiers of seats that rise above the promenade, but many of these absentees are accounted for by the fact that several of the leading families are in mourning. And, again, many of the names and faces are new to us. But the new-comers are from Boston and Baltimore, Kentucky and California, and their presence indicates that the Horse Show, far from having lost prestige, has become a national rather than a local institution. That it still has the approval of the leading set in New York is abundantly proved by the attendance of such social leaders as Mrs. Elbridge Gerry, Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, Mrs. Suffern Tailer, Mrs. Cooper Hewitt, Mrs. Frederick Bronson, Mrs. Adolf Ladenburg, Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, Mrs. Prescott Lawrence, Mrs. Arthur Kemp, and scores of others of equal prominence. I have noticed, by the way, quite a number of Californians during my visits to the show. Mrs. Oelrichs had Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Carolan in her box on the opening night, and Mrs. George Crocker had with her her two daughters, the Misses Ruthford, and her niece, Miss Mary Crocker.

As the Horse Show opens the winter season, it is there, of course, that the new fashions are first seen. I notice that tailor-made gowns are worn in the morning, and frills and furbelows in the evening. Many women sport long box-coats with big lapels in the afternoons, and the prevailing color is gray of one shade or another. They still carry violets, but wear them at the waist instead of on the corsage. For men the proper *boutonnrière* is a cluster of five pink rosebuds. As to the masculine attire, I was surprised at the large proportion who wore cutaways. John Drew wandered around on Tuesday afternoon in the regulation silk hat and frock-coat. But many men with a reputation for dressing well wore the less formal cutaway and Derby hat, and the latter, by the way, is getting to be so low in the crown that it recalls the "fried egg" of fifteen years ago. Patent-leather shoes are worn only in the evenings, varnished boots replacing them in the afternoons; and the tie worn with the high turn-over collar is very narrow and transfixed by a pin—the bigger and more conspicuous the better.

The fashionable hours for the show are from three to five in the afternoon and after nine o'clock at night, and the more showy events in the oval are scheduled to take place at those hours. In the mornings the horse-lovers have the garden pretty much to themselves, watching the judging in the ring and visiting the sleek beauties in their stalls down-stairs. Those who come as much to be seen as to see are mostly in little parties who have lunched or dined together in the Waldorf-Astoria palm garden and corridors, at Sherry's or Delmonico's, or at the Holland House, and at all four of these places the crush at the dinner and supper hours is so great that it is almost impossible to move about. Among those who sup regularly at the Waldorf-Astoria are Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Dyer, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. George J. Gould, Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, Mrs. William E. Carter and Mrs. "Joe" Widener, the two new Philadelphia beauties, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, Jr., who have had the young Duke of Manchester with them, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Harriman, and Mrs. George B. de Forest. A party that attracted much attention on Monday evening comprised M. Deschamps, of the French embassy at Washington, Mrs. "Plus" Moore, of Paris, and Mrs. Deacon Baldwin and her daughter, Miss Deacon, who has inherited much of her mother's beauty.

Turning to its equine side, the most notable feature of the show is the eclipse of the hackney. A few years ago the hackneys were the favorite class of horses, and fabulous prices were paid for them. But a strong reaction has swept them into the background this year. The fact is that the trotting-bred horse has replaced the hackney for light harness work, and the result is few entries in the hackney classes and many in the trotting departments. The dominating class of exhibits is the heavy harness horse of the fashionable variety, nearly one-third of the entire sum to be awarded in prizes going to the thirty-three classes reserved for them. The heavy draught horses and delivery-wagons and horses are given no place on this year's programme, but in their place two new classes are scheduled—for chargers or officers' mounts, and for horses suitable for cavalry service. Several army officers have entered their steeds in the first of these two classes, and Colonel Hein, superintendent of the United States Military Academy at West Point, who is to judge these two classes, is thinking of petitioning the Secretary of War to permit the cadets to attend the Horse Show in a body once each year hereafter.

NEW YORK, November 16, 1899.

FLANEUR.

LITERARY NOTES.

"Miranda of the Balcony."

How very much there is in the telling of a story is well illustrated in "Miranda of the Balcony," by A. E. W. Mason. The plot is as intricately woven together as one of Gaboriau's or Anna Katherine Green's detective stories, the episodes are seasonal enough to furnish George R. Sims with a typical transpontine melodrama, and yet the author has set it forth with so much literary skill that its most salient characteristic is the charm of the love-story it tells.

Each episode is interrelated with those that follow and those that precede it with the complexity of a Chinese puzzle, but the main theme is the knight-errantry of Luke Charnock in his search for the husband of the woman he loves. Miranda Warriner is reputed to be a widow, her husband having disappeared under a cloud five years before the story opens, and a faceless corpse, identified as his, having been found on one of the Scilly Islands. But Captain Warriner is still alive, and under an assumed name, is engaged in the illicit trade of shipping arms into the interior of Morocco. Through the comity of a hired Moorish miser whom he has beggared, Warriner is kidnapped and sold as a slave into the wild upper country, and for two years Charnock seeks him among the cities of the desert. Finally Warriner is found and brought back, half-crazed by his sufferings, to civilization, where he soon expiates his crimes by getting killed, thus leaving Miranda free to marry Charnock.

The sensational device by which it is made to appear that Warriner is dead, the strange powers of the hired beggar under the spur of hate, the ingenious reasoning whereby the debauched blackmailer gets Miranda in his toils, the dog-like devotion of the little Belgian taxidermist to Warriner, and the abject condition to which Warriner's two years as a slave in the desert bring him—all these are striking incidents. But the best scenes are those between Miranda and Luke Charnock, where he offers his services in any way to the beautiful woman he has met for the first time that evening, where he comes at her summons and remains her friend in spite of the specious coquettishness with which she seeks to win what is already hers, where he forces her to confess her artifices, and where she persuades him to go forth into the desert on his apparently hopeless search. The maid and woman are real flesh and blood, acting under the impulse of strong passions and the restraint of high principles, and the reader follows their fortunes with keen sympathy from the first pages to the last.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.00. Jabart

The Famous Work of a French Master.

The new translation of Emile Gaboriau's "File No. 113," by George Burnham Ives, offers many readers a rare pleasure, and even to those who have read the story it will appear with new strength and charm. Among all his predecessors in this field of fiction, and his many imitators, not one has ever succeeded in giving a tale of detective skill and mystery such vivid interest, such wealth of incident, such varied play of human passion. His stories remain unequalled in their class, and will continue to be read for their romance and their art.

"File No. 113" describes the fortunes of a Paris bank-cashier, called suddenly to face the loss of a large amount, taken from the safe which was in his care, and the accusation of crime which brings him before the courts. The famous Lecoq is a central figure in the story, and it is to his wit and untiring efforts that the final clearing up of the mystery is due, but there are many other characters in the drama, a tangle of conflicting interests, and scenes of power and pathos that only a master could have pictured in realistic colors. In this presentation the work is unabridged, and the direct, intense style of the French novelist faithfully preserved.

Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50. Jabart

The Strangest Proposal in Fiction.

A proposal of marriage in Elwyn Barrow's story, "Manders," is so absolutely unique in fiction that one may be excused for saying that it "takes the cake." The couple have been sailing in a Louisiana bayou, and are stranded on a deserted island. Their boat gets away from them, and they launch a log, and with its aid start to swim a mile and a half to the mainland. The girl has had other proposals before, several being from the man who is with her now. She has told him that he had not seized his opportunity. As they swim along, he proposes again. She laughs at him. Then he seizes her and tacitly gives her the alternative of living or dying with him. "But Florence did not struggle. Instead, she clasped her arms about his neck responsively, as it seemed to him, and fearlessly, her lips still held against his own. . . . He lifted her so that her head came clear of the water. She drew a deep breath and looked up into his face with a smile. 'You are a strange wooer,' she said."

But this is a mere episode in "Manders." The child who gives his name to the story is the son of an English younger son who, while studying art in Paris, had married a model and been cast off by his family. When her husband ends his troubles in the Seine, Marie goes back to the studios. She

sees no wrong in having artists copy on canvases the beauties of her figure, until one day, while she is posing for a young American student, her six-year-old son, Manders, comes upon them. The little fellow's furious efforts to conceal her nakedness awaken her womanly modesty, and she poses no more.

But the American has become her friend, and he helps her and her child, not knowing that Marie has come to love him. This discovery he makes when they yield to a moment of passion, and the strength of her love is proved when she at once sends him from her to an American girl of his own station in life. The American girl likes the young artist, but when, a year or so later, he tells her the story of Marie, she sends him off at once to Paris, where he finds Marie dying of consumption and makes her last moments happy with his tender care.

The tale might better be called "Manders's Mother," for, in spite of the pathos of the little chap's position and the manliness of his battle against adversity, it is the figure of Marie that stands out most clearly when the last page is finished. Beginning as a light-hearted *griette*, having a precocious knowledge of good and evil, but with an instinctive leaning toward the right, her love for Manders and for the artist expands and ennobles her character until it is one Mr. Barron may well be proud to have created.

Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50. Jabart

Two Artistic Holiday Publications.

In his latest holiday offering, entitled "Kemble's Sketch Book" (price, \$1.25), there are a number of characteristic new negro studies, made at Monticello, Fla., Atlanta, Ga., and New Orleans, which are artistically conceived and in Mr. E. W. Kemble's best style. But he has not confined himself entirely to the depiction of "coons." There are a number of vigorous drawings of Cape Cod fishermen; Southern white people, including a Kentucky mountaineer; Joe Laundey, Joe Jefferson's overseer of his plantation at New Iberia, La.; a crook of New Orleans and an old sport; and a glimpse of a corridor of an old Spanish house on Hospital Street, St. Augustine, Fla.

"A Zodiac Calendar" (price, \$1.25) contains twelve reproductions of special designs by Chester Loomis of the signs of the zodiac, showing the up-to-date sports and pastimes of the different seasons of the year, and skillfully introducing the waterman, fishes, ram, hull, twins, crab, lion, virgin, balance, scorpion, archer, and goat. As a whole the calendar is a charming conceit, and will appeal especially to children.

Published by R. H. Russell, New York. Jabart

Spanish-American War History.

The concluding numbers—parts 25 to 32, inclusive—of "Harper's Pictorial History of the War with Spain" have been issued, and the complete work is now being delivered to its subscribers. Every promise made in the prospectus has been fulfilled, and the history may safely be pronounced the most graphic and complete record of the war that could be made within the limits. The colored plates, the maps, the engravings from photographs and drawings made during the progress of the stirring events pictured, are of artistic as well as of historical value; the descriptive portions have been written by prominent officers in the army and navy, special correspondents, and others, who write from personal knowledge of the events described, and the summing up has been done by those in a position to speak positively of the results. The concluding number contains a complete index of the illustrations and the articles given in the work.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, 25 cents a number. Jabart

Mystery and Adventures in Honduras.

A variation of the stolen-herit theme is offered in J. Blundelle Burto's novel, "A Bitter Heritage." The hero, a young lieutenant in the British navy, is called home to learn, just before the death of his supposed father, that his real father is a wealthy planter in Honduras, from whom he had been stolen on the death of his mother, the motive being revenge, sought by the unsuccessful brother. The lieutenant proceeds to Honduras and finds his father dead and a young man, known to all friends of the family as the planter's son, in charge of the property. The false heir's close resemblance to the claimant serves to strengthen his position, and even to confuse the naval officer, who has come to believe that the story told him by his uncle is true in every particular.

The ontangliog of this web employs the best energies of the young Englishman, and in his labors he meets with many thrilling adventures, and becomes a victim to the grand passion. Mr. Burton is not at his best in this story, yet the tale is an interesting one, even with the melodramatic catastrophe at the close.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00. Jabart

In London this summer one of the weekly papers offered a prize for the ten strongest words in the English language. These are the words that won: Hate, blood, hungry, dawn, coming, gone, love, dead, alone, forever. Jabart

New Publications.

In the Beacom Biographies the latest volume is "Nathaniel Hawthorne," by Annie Fields, a thoughtful and appreciative though necessarily brief study. Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston; price, 75 cents.

Pope's "Iliad of Homer," books I., VI., XXII., and XXIV., edited with introduction and notes by Philip Gentner, is the latest issue in the Cambridge Literature Series. Published by Benjamin H. Sanborn & Co., Boston; price, 40 cents.

"Under Western Skies" is the title of a modest volume of verse by Frank Carleton Teck. There are no faultless poems in the collection, but the possession of a poetic fancy and some skill at rhyming is manifested by the author. Published by the Blade Publishing Company, New Whatcom, Wash.; price, 50 cents.

The tenth edition of "In Friendship's Name," by Volney Streamer, is now offered to the public greatly enlarged. The volume of extracts from many writers, all pertinent to some phase of friendship, is well made and evidences no little care and research. Published by Brentano's, New York; price, \$1.25.

Little more need be said by way of introduction to "Ideal Suggestion through Mental Photography," by Henry Wood, than to quote the remainder of the inscription on the title-page: "A Restorative System for Home and Private Use, Preceded by a Study of the Laws of Mental Healing." Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; price, \$1.25.

Stories of the sea are not rare these days, but there are varying degrees of merit in the tales offered. "A Green Mariner," by Howard Ireland, is a distinctive account of a deep-sea voyage by a landsman. The writer displays the ability to describe entertainingly the scenes and events of his life for four months on a British sailing vessel. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.25.

A dozen charming stories, full of life and color, are included in "Mackinac and Lake Stories," by Mary Hartwell Catherwood. All have for a background the romantic scenery of the Great Lake region, and many of the figures are peculiar to that country. The author has given the reading world many good stories, but none better than these. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

There are eleven songs of those fair Pacific islands in "Hawaii Fair, and Other Verses," by Philip Heory Dodge, published in odd, hooklet form. One of them, a tribute to Kaulani, appeared in a recent issue of the *Argonaut*. All voice the charm of Hawaii and the people who have

given us the word "Aloha." The poems are graceful and musical. Published by Elder & Shepard, San Francisco; price, 25 cents.

A well-written story of the Civil War is "Romance of Graylock Manor," by Louise F. P. Hamilton. A page following the title bears an inscription in memory of the authoress, who was the wife of Major-General Schuyler Hamilton. Published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.25.

Those who first tested the quality of the Hungarian novelist in R. Nisbet Bain's translation of "The Nabob," that wonderful story written fifty years ago by Maurus Jokai, will welcome "Pretty Michal," a romance given to the world thirty years later by the same hand, and now done into English by the same capable translator. It is as strong as the first-named story, even more sanguinary in some chapters, but unique and alluring throughout. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

Printed on Japan vellum, in flexible covers, with sealed parchment wrappers, and each volume in a Brocade-slide case, the little books in the Brocade Series are unique and attractive offerings. There are eighteen numbers in the series, and the last six are: "The Tale of King Coustans the Emperor," "The History of Over Sea," "Emerald Uthwart," "Hours of Spring and Wild Flowers," "Will o' the Mill," and "Marjorie Fleming." Published by Thomas B. Mosher, Portland, Me.; price, 75 cents per volume.

Howard Crosby Butler has made an interesting and historically valuable work of "Scotland's Ruined Abbeys." Scottish mediæval architecture is an attractive study, and when the wealth of traditional and romantic lore connected with these ruins is considered, the subject becomes one of delightful promise. The author has given time and care to his work, and the result of his search is presented with art. Many engravings and plans are given in the volume. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$3.50.

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LITERARY NOTES.

A Man Who Played at Being God.

There is a rush and swing to the opening of H. B. Marriott Watson's novel, "The Princess Xenia," that arouses most pleasurable anticipations. A young Englishman, Christopher Lambert, well educated and possessed of a remarkably resourceful and independent nature, suddenly inherits a fortune of more than twenty millions of dollars, and instead of seeking the delights of Paris or the responsibilities that would devolve on him in London, he elects to remain in the small German grand-duchy of Weser-Dreiberg and play the rôle of Providence to its inhabitants.

Now here is a theme that out-dazzles "The Prisoner of Zenda" for brilliant possibilities. Rassendyl played the King, but Lambert would take upon himself the rôle of Fate. The little grand-duchy, with its two neighboring principalities, Erwald and Salzhausen, is a bone of contention between Germany and Austria, and Lambert conceives the plan of forming them into a single state which shall be a buffer between the two greedy empires. The heir to the grand-duchy is in a mad-house, the grand duke is tottering on the verge of the grave, and of the reigning house there remains only the Princess Xenia. Germany wishes to wed her to its creature, the Margrave of Salzhausen, but Lambert determines to unite her to Prince Karl of Erwald, an impoverished prince but a wise and strong ruler.

The story works up splendidly at first. Lambert stumbles into a nest of revolutionists in the second chapter, and though he barely escapes from them with his life, he makes a friend of their president, and so has the society at his command as a sort of secret police. In escaping from them he bursts unceremoniously into a room where a pretty young woman has a clandestine tryst with her soldier, and by his magnificent impudence and compelling manner makes them both his tools. The young woman he transforms into an heiress and, through the influence of his arch enemy, the German diplomatic agent at the court, secures for her the post of lady-in-waiting to the Princess Xenia.

As the story dashes on with a rush that carries her over the most incredible obstacles, and so that all these brave doings are possible, inevitable, is not dimmed even when Lamass upon the grand duke's council table as enough to pay the fifteen-million-mark debt that Germany has demanded as a threat to the princess's marriage to the margrave, when he gives Prince Karl five million marks to his army for the war with Weser-Dreiburg and Salzhausen. But the utter wreck of Lamplams through the treachery of a jealous brings on a crimson horror of carnage that the reader's sympathy from the man who assume omnipotent power and wisdom, and should win for his bride the princess whom made a homeless orphan is scarcely in harmony with poetic justice. In fact, the love-element in the story is decidedly weak, and its conclusion is in the nature of an anti-climax.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50. J. H. B.

The Writings of Appian of Alexandria.

Appian of Alexandria in the first century of the Christian era wrote the history of the Romans, and his books were copied and preserved through the Dark Ages, because they treated of the most momentous events of the ancient world, and could not be neglected while men continued to take an interest in Roman history. Early in the sixteenth century his history was translated into Italian, its first appearance in any modern language. A little later the Bishop of Marseilles translated the work into French, but it was not until 1785, when Schweighäuser, professor of Greek in the University of Strassburg, brought the labors of several years to a successful conclusion, and gave to the world a German translation which was a monument of ability and patient research. The first English translation was in 1578, the second in 1679, and since the disappearance of those editions the historian has been inaccessible to English readers.

Professor Horace White has made a new translation from the Greek, and "The Roman History of Appian of Alexandria" will appeal to all scholars and students. The first volume of the work is given to the foreign wars, and the second to the civil wars, the treatment of the latter period showing a striking parallelism with Plutarch. Appian was at his best in putting speeches in the mouths of the leading figures of his history, as he was a trained pleader of causes in the imperial courts, while his narrative is generally devoid of ornament, and as accurate as writers of that age cared to be. Professor White's notes are ample, drawn from the various translations, from contemporary writings and other sources, and his index is complete and valuable of itself. There are numerous portraits, maps, and plans.

Published in two volumes by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$3.00. J. H. B.

Lincoln's Mother Vindicated.

When Abraham Lincoln was placed at the head of the Republican party, his name was unfamiliar to much of the country; he himself knew little of his family; he did not even possess records to show

when and where his father and mother were married. His opponents saw the opportunity to belittle him, and they spread the story that he not only was of humble origin, as he himself publicly acknowledged, but was a nameless child—that Thomas Lincoln was not his father. Later, they deepened the stain on his mother's name by hinting that she was a waif—fatherless like her boy.

In the absence of documentary proof to the contrary, these calumnies have been allowed to go unchallenged. Mrs. Caroline Hanks Hitchcock, however, has just brought out a valuable little sketch entitled "Nancy Hanks: The Story of Abraham Lincoln's Mother," which will silence forever in the minds of unprejudiced readers the painful doubts which have rested on the origin of Lincoln. In her exhaustive researches for her complete genealogy of the Hanks family, on which she has long been working and which will soon be published, she stumbled on the will of Nancy Hanks's father, in which she is remembered, thus removing the suspicion in regard to her origin; also the marriage bond, signed by Richard Berry, the uncle of Nancy, which showed that she and Thomas Lincoln were married regularly three years before the birth of Abraham Lincoln, thus setting forever at rest the story of Lincoln's illegitimacy.

Published by the Doubleday & McClure Company, New York; price, 50 cents. J. H. B.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Fiona Macleod's new work, entitled "The Dominion of Dreams," will be brought out in this country immediately. Miss Macleod, whose identity has proved of as much interest as her works, says that her new volume is "a book of dreams that are realities."

Mrs. Lynn Linton's reminiscences are shortly to appear. The volume will contain recollections of Dickens, Thackeray, and many other celebrities of the author's day.

Another proof positive of Grant Allen's versatility and resourcefulness is found in the fact, recently disclosed, that he and "Olive Pratt Rayner," author of "The Type-Writer Girl" and "Rosalba," were one and the same person. No critic was discerning enough to discover any similarity of style between the two writers, and this is all the more curious when it is recalled that "Miss Cayley's Adventures" and "Rosalba" were issued, almost simultaneously last summer.

"The Favor of Princes," a romance of France under Louis the Fifteenth, by Mark Lee Luther, will be published soon by the Macmillan Company.

"The Life of Charles Francis Adams," minister to England during the Civil War, written by his son, Charles Francis Adams, will appear this month in the American Statesmen Series.

Robert W. Chambers has completed a new romance entitled "The Cambic Mask," which will be published early next year. It deals with the White Caps, and is said to resemble some of his earlier stories of the Maine woods.

Count Tolstoy has been obliged to announce that he must delay the publication of part three of "Resurrection" for some weeks, as he has been feeling the strain of working against time, and that therefore there will be a break in the serial publication and a delay in the appearance of the complete novel in book-form.

The latest of Elbert Hubbard's "Little Journeys to the Homes of Eminent Painters" is to the home of Landseer.

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons have just imported "The Essays of Elia," by Charles Lamb, with an introduction by Augustine Birrell.

An enterprising English publisher is advertising the fact that a certain book is "bound in the yellow khaki cloth" supplied to the troops on service in South Africa.

A new novel of country life, by Mrs. Mannington Caffyn, will be entitled "The Minx," and will be published early in 1900.

The supreme court of appeal, held in London on the ninth inst., has decided that the *Times* has no copyright in its report of speeches. This decision reverses the judgment of the chancery division of the high court of justice, rendered last August in the case of the *Times* versus John Lane, who published the speeches of Lord Rosebery that had first been published in the *Times*.

In January the Macmillan Company will bring out a novel by Minna Caroline Smith entitled "Mary Paget: A Romance of Old Bermuda."

Prince Peter Kropotkin, the noted anarchist, intends to make the United States his home in the future. He is expected to arrive here in time to give his help to the publishers when his autobiography, entitled "Memoirs of a Revolutionist," appears on the market.

Moritz Busch, the journalistic Boswell of Bismarck, whose biography created considerable discussion last year, died at Leipzig on November 16th, at the age of seventy-eight.

The furor excited in Florence by the young Florentine draughtsman Enrico Corradini's play, "La

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The Boston Beacon says: "The author has a keen sense of the ridiculous, and her accounts abound in wit that, like Benjamin Franklin's, calls forth a laugh for its fun, and at the same time conveys a sermon that sticks to the memory like a burr."

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Leonesa," almost equals the sensation made in Paris a year or two ago by Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac." It is said to inaugurate a revival of the heroic drama on the Italian stage. The heroine of "La Leonesa" is described as a species of modern Lady Macbeth. Corradini, encouraged by his first success, has dramas in preparation of which Cain and Julius Caesar are respectively the hero. J. H. B.

LATE VERSE.

The Boers' National Hymn.

Wave, four-color of our precious land,
Again o'er all Transvaal!
Woe be to God-forsaken hand
Who thee e'er down would haul!
Wave on, on high, in our clear air,
Transvaal's own banner free!

Our enemy has fled afar—
Break, day of joy, for thee!
Thro' many storms you did endure
To us the token true,
Again a storm's gone by secure
And we are pledged anew!
Assailed by Kafir, Brute, and Brit,
It waved o'er head of ire;

To their despite may they see it
Rise with our love the higher!
On high, wave on in our clear air,
Transvaal's own banner free!
Our enemy has fled afar!
Break, day of joy for thee!
On high, o'er all our precious land,
Wave, four-color of Transvaal!

Woe be to God-forsaken hand
Who thee e'er down would haul!
—Translated by John D. Droppers, Jr.

The Caged Lion.

He sees them pass with veiled, disdainful eyes—
The shuffling crowds who stare with feeble cries.
What counts this jackal race of men to him?
Beyond the tawdry tent, the torches dim,
Lies to his gaze the tawny Lybian plain
Where his lithe lioness waits her lord in vain—
Where tireless stars march down the Orient night,
And beckon him to conquest and delight!

Now, as hot memory through each vein doth surge
And sweeps the simoon o'er the desert verge,
He springs! magnificent in kingly rage—
And beats the fretted barrier of his cage,
Hurling his heart out in the cry of wrath,
That once through cowering deserts claved his path
And now—suffices only to beguile
A gaping rustic to a vacant smile.

Then, conscious of his impotence, his shame,
His strength a farce, his majesty a name,
Shuddering he sinks; and silent, lays once more
His kingly head against his prison floor.
Too proud to moan, too weak to conquer fate,
Stares at the staring crowd in brooding hate.
Yet—Desert-Born!—in that dull throng may be
(That jackal-throng whom thou dost hate as free)
One, king as thou! who sees, through prison bars,
His Lybian plain, his unattained stars!

—Edna Proctor Clarke in the Independent.

The Youth's Companion for 1900.

Among the many interesting contributions to the *Youth's Companion* for 1900 are a number of entertaining articles by noted writers, which should prove a strong feature. They include "On a Cuban Reef," by Captain Charles D. Sigsbee; "My War-Horses," by General Joseph Wheeler; "The Manila Wire," by General Charles King; "A Baritone among Famous People," by Victor Maurel; "Taste in Music," by Reginald de Koven; "Experiences as a Bandmaster," by John P. Sousa; "The Modern Girl's Ambitions," by Margaret Deland; "Character, Credit, Capital," by Hon. Lyman J. Gage; "The Habit of Thrift," by Andrew Carnegie; "How I Acted the Missionary," by H. M. Stanley; "In a Mexican Dugout," by Charles Dudley Warner; and "Lecturing to the Dutch," by I. Zangwill.

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New Century (weekly) \$1.50 yearly. Editor Katherine A. Tingley; *Universal Brotherhood Magazine* (monthly) \$2 yearly. Editors Katherine A. Tingley and E. A. Nereshwimer. Publications devoted to teachings of Brotherhood on the broadest lines. "Key to Theosophy," by H. P. Blavatsky, \$1.50; "Ocean of Theosophy," by W. Q. Judge, 50c. For information of the work and book list, address E. A. Nereshwimer, 144 Madison Avenue, New York; Pacific Coast Agency, 819 Market Street, Room 30.

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DODGE'S

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LITERARY NOTES.

A Feminine Diplomat in the Home Office.

Morley Roberts has named his latest novel "A Son of Empire," yet the central figure in the tale is the English girl whose hero-worship, diplomacy, and courage made it possible for a gallant but unfortunate officer to win success and triumph over his enemies. Madge Gretton is a winsome heroine, in spite of the unconventional speech with which the author permits her to come upon the scene, and the reader has a thorough liking for her before the hero, who gets his first view of her at a Swiss railway station, realizes that she is anything more than a beautiful girl, given to the display of high spirit and boyish slang copied from a brother. The brown, care-lined face of the soldier from India, his keen eyes, and his long, black mustache strike the fancy of the girl, and the stranger at once takes the place in her imagination which has been held by Caesar, Hannibal, and Napoleon in turn.

The story of Captain Blundell is not the strangest that the records of the British war office can show, but it is a sad one, for it shows how a fearless and conscientious officer can be humiliated and driven from his regiment by the spite and persecution of ranking favorites, and how helpless a soldier is to right himself after he has been buried in an obscure Indian village with only the meagre duties of a petty magistrate resting upon him. The novel tells how Captain Blundell was aided to regain his old position, and then how he won the Victoria Cross by bravery on the battle-field and the higher qualities shown in a secret expedition to the heart of Africa.

The intriguing art of the young lady whom the captain met by chance on that tour of Switzerland, and captivated with a glance and a few words, is described with art and feeling by the author, and even the wildest of her plans and achievements—such as the forgery of a cipher telegram from the war department—seem plausible in his story. There are other people worth knowing in the book, and its brightness and swift movement are winning qualities.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.00.

jabart

Famous Actresses of To-Day.

All theatre-goers will welcome Lewis C. Strang's daintily illustrated volume entitled "Famous Actresses," which has just been brought out. The writer frankly acknowledges himself a compiler and editor in so far as the biographical details are concerned, but the criticism, which is just with kindness and still preserves a proper sense of proportion, is the author's own. While there are some favorites whom the reader will look for in vain, he will be satisfied with Mr. Strang's choice, for he explains that preference was given to those whose work during last season was especially notable. Among the celebrities included in his list are Maude Adams, Julia Marlowe, Sarah Cowell Le Moyne, Minnie Maddern Fiske, Ida Conquest, Blanche Walsh, Annie Russell, Isabel Irving, Maxine Elliott, Ada Rehan, Virginia Harned, Viola Allen, Corona Ricardo, Mary Manning, Julia Arthur, May Irwin, Effie Shannon, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Mary Shaw, Olga Nethersole, Lillian Lawrence, Blanche Bates, Elsie De Wolfe, Rose Coghlan, Margaret Anglin, Fay Davis, Odette Tyler, Marie Burroughs, Kathryn Kidder, Helena Modjeska, and May Robson.

Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

jabart

Boys and Girls of Real Life.

Two volumes well suited to young readers are "The Story of Betty," by Carolyn Wells, and "The Dozen from Lakerim," by Rupert Hughes. The first tells of a young Irish girl whose early experiences are far from being pleasant, but who receives an inheritance and proceeds to lay a foundation for lasting happiness with it. The home she buys and the ready-made family she chooses to live with her give scope for cheerful descriptions that have touches of pathos now and then, but the end is what it should be, for the warm-hearted girl at last receives the affection which she had craved and been deprived of in her childhood. The second story is full of adventures which boys will enjoy, and the sports and perils of the young people described are made real. The book is a sequel to "The Lakerim Athletic Club," and it is as good as the original work. Both volumes are handsomely illustrated.

Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.50 each.

jabart

New Publications.

A book of healthful encouragement for boys is "The Young Boss," by Edward William Thompson. Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., Boston; price, 50 cents.

A delightful story of child-life is "The Little Browns," written by Mabel E. Wotton and illustrated by H. M. Brock. The pictures are worthy of the letter-press, and this is high praise. Published by Blackie & Son, London, and imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$2.00.

There are some old acquaintances in "The Heir of Sherburne," by Amanda M. Douglas, as those who have read "Sherburne Girls" or its predecessors with the same family name will soon discover, but there are several new personalities, and

the record is an entertaining one. The heroine is even more attractive than the hero who gives his name to the book, and her fortunes will be followed with sympathy to the happy ending. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

"Miss Vanity," by Amy E. Blanchard, is a story for girls that will commend itself to other members of the family as well. The scenes are laid in the South, but the characters might have come from any land where true hearts speak. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.25.

It should be enough to say that "Plantation Pageants," by Joel Chandler Harris, the creator of "Uncle Remus," is a continuation of his wonderful stories of Southern life. In this book, as in the others, the rabbits, the foxes, the hounds, and the birds talk, and the wit and wisdom ascribed to them by the plantation negroes are justified. Aunt Minervy Ann is one of the human characters who could be pictured so vividly by no other writer. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$2.00.

As W. D. Howells has said in the introduction to this volume of stories, "Mr. Garland's touches are his own, here and elsewhere." This edition is the third of "Main-Travelled Roads," by Hamlin Garland, and there is no mystery about its firm hold on those who have read it. Some of these sketches of Western life are more real, more vital in their sug-

gestion, than any that have been written of this field. "Under the Lion's Paw" and "The Return of the Private" are not easily forgotten. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

"The Little Heroes of Matanzas" is a pathetic story of the war in Cuba, by Mary B. Carret (50 cents). In the Geneva Series of booklets the latest issue is "A Little Child Shall Lead Them," by Alice L. Williams (15 cents). Published by the James H. West Company, Boston.

A romance of the Kansas border wars that introduces a new writer and is well worth reading, is "Sons of Strength," by William R. Lighton. "The Barrys," by Shan F. Bullock, is a story of Irish life and character, and scenes in London town, that is excellent in design and finish. "A Modern Mercenary," a novel of political plots and counter-plots in an imaginary kingdom, is by E. and Hesketh Prichard, mother and son, and as full of action and character work as their earlier stories. "Michael Rolf, Englishman," by Mary L. Pendered, is a love-story with a conventional plot, but it is well worked out and the figures are drawn with spirit. In "Arms and the Woman," by Harold McGrath, a reporter tells his own romance, which covers wonderful adventures in a foreign kingdom and a mystery about a princess. "Mickey Finn Idylls," is the title given the volume of Ernest Jarrold's humorous and pathetic sketches, first printed in the New York Sun. Published by the Doubleday & McClure Company, New York; price, \$1.25 each.

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89 172

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, 201 Columbus Avenue, BOSTON, MASS.



"Evangeline" is a delicious aggregation of music, legs, spectacle, and puns. Some of the latter have the mildew of twenty years on them, and the dialogue fairly creaks with old age. It is the kind that consists of volumes of wordy rhyme, with an occasional outburst of real fun, standing like a sentinel lamp-post to light the waste. This does not mean that it is a dull performance; on the contrary, there are so many *divertissements* in the way of india-rubber-legged dancers, intelligent heifers, rebellious calves, patriotic marches, lone fishermen, and things that we are gently dandled over the dull places in a constant state of cheerful anticipation. When all else fails, Wolff's legs, which are really the twin humorists of the piece, fill the breach. They seem, in his most agile moments, as numerous as the tentacles of a devil-fish and soar as easily into the circumambient ether as an eruption of fireworks.

The music is of its kind extremely pretty and inspiring; the song of Sammy Smug, which is a ringing melody that smacks of the sea and is full of the spirit of burlesque besides, was sung with an immense amount of go by Wolff and the sailor chorus, a very lively group of young men, who dropped the professional stolidity of the chorus-singer and really acted their parts.

The highest flight in the spectacular line is "The March of Patriotic Colors." The management feebly directs the attention of its patrons to the fact that the girls who participate are "symmetrical, geosally attired, and handsome," but the fact that around most edifying and most significant in the experience of the result was that on every girl's face was expression of cold business. For the time being, it is symmetry, gorgeousness, and good looks were in their thoughts. They had a very ticklish job to perform, for the march was very long, brisk, and olved, and each gorgeous and handsome individual was strictly to seeing that her symmetrical legs tied her in the right place. Every muscle was se, every eye to the front, and steady with resolve. was a very successful and effective spectacular ure of the performance, and the perfection with ch it was done reveals that Morosco's has a stout-hearted despot there, who either knows how to strike terror to the female breast, or else understands the valuable art of keeping up a large number of pretty, frivolous girls to a high state of conscientiousness.

The performance had a tendency to revive dozens of old impressions—what Dora Copperfield's bosom-friend called starting the slumbering echoes in the caverns of memory. The heifer, for instance—was not it that historic beast whose hind-legs first kicked Dixey into his career on the boards? In the part of Le Blanc, the notary, San Francisco saw Sol Smith Russell as a burlesque actor, and found that he was funnier as a platform humorist. Mestayer, erstwhile regularly cast as the handsome villain in the old California Theatre days, appeared in the same cast, as Catherine, and in a *decolleté* gown of giddy brevity, over which his great shoulders were fairly dripping with fat, he joined and drowned the chorus of swimming-girls in a hellowing falsetto.

The old burlesque, then in its infancy, was so enormously advertised beforehand when it was first brought out here by Rice and Goodwin that people went in something of the same spirit of determination not to be out of anything good with which they all turned out to see "The Heart of Maryland," a year or so ago. They found, however, that Rice and Goodwin, while they had shown much solicitude and discrimination in selecting sirens of shapeliness, had quite overlooked the little matter of vocal ability, and the consequence was that in the vast reaches of the Grand Opera House (for it was produced there in the expectation of having large and delighted audiences) much of the pretty, sparkling music was all but inaudible. In fact, the management were obliged to reinforce their company with some floating San Francisco talent. Among others, they added to their list Catherine Lewis, who subsequently made for herself something of a career in opera bouffe, and Alice Harrison, some time *soubrette* of the old California Theatre.

Thus Morosco's performance in musical excellence, and, in fact, in most things, save for an inferior quantity and quality of burlesque actors, is ahead of that old production of years ago, which war, nevertheless, brought out from the East at great expense. This fact marks a change that time has brought in the theatrical business in this city. We will be content with a long-standing company and a consequent absence of novelty in the personality of the singers, we may see good performances of nearly all the popular burlesque and bouffe

operas of the day at one-fourth the price we used to pay.

For this week, serious drama is in temporary extinguishment. Even Nance O'Neil, who has been filling such breaches by a rapid series of see-saws between the inland towns and San Francisco, has finally see-sawed herself into that land of oblivion where dwells the traveling player. Her auditors, admirers, and prophets have been engaged in something of a similar exercise. Anon we have soared to the dizzy heights of enthusiasm, then were dumped with disconcerting suddenness into a cold, rocky pit of disillusion, out of which many of us are scrambling at present, ruefully feeling our humps and wondering where we were at. Nance O'Neil stayed here too long, and we know her mannerisms by heart. One feels like reversing the famous advice of Horace Greeley and saying, "Go East, young woman, go East. Cut loose from that astonishing collection of histrionic curios, miscalled a support, and join the great world of players. Measure yourself with the leaders in your calling, and learn to prune off with steady hand those blighting excrescences which are dwarfing the real talent that they threaten finally to obscure." However, it is probable that Nance O'Neil will serenely pursue the uneven tenor of her way, and suddenly wake up, some day, to find youth and the great chance have eloped together.

The only serious attraction in town this week is at the Tivoli Opera House, where grand opera is going out in glory, after a season of sixteen weeks' duration. The Tivoli would be well justified in indulging in a boastful swagger, and adding a large and vaunting feather to its cap. It has, during the last four months, produced about twenty heavy operas, besides—with a wary eye on Morosco's—keeping its clutch on its light-minded patrons by producing half a dozen pieces of the opera-houffe or burlesque order. It has kept on hand a good company, containing a male cast of exceptional strength, besides having further strengthened it by importing from the East, for special operas, Berthold, Mertens, Prossnitz, and Link.

The prima donnas have been, while not calculated to make one's head swim with enthusiasm, very satisfactory. Miss Lichter remained the favorite, in spite of the fact that Prossnitz was a novelty. Miss Lichter is thoroughly musical, and handles her voice with sense and judgment. Her limitations are principally those of temperament, which has nothing of the dramatic in it, so that acting and emotional expression with her are purely of the hand-clapping, brow-knitting order. The highest point she reached was in the character of Desdemona, which *rôle* she sang with great sweetness and a more than usual amount of feeling.

In the performance of "Otello" and in "Lohengrin" the orchestra demonstrated to a pronounced degree its ability to hold its own in the musico-dramatic style of opera of which these two works are typical exponents.

Salassa and Avedano, of course, have been the very front and bulwark of the season. Over the former, people have exhausted all their adjectives. If San Francisco's verdict could make him famous, he would have won the laurel crown to which no artist is indifferent.

The chorus has remained the weak point. It is in such operas as "Patience," which was prettily rendered last week, that they find their level. Sullivan's music always has that cozy and comfortable quality of being within the range of mediocrity, although even his light and easy choruses were faultily rendered. But it is an opera that is particularly becoming to chorus-girls. The twenty lovesick maidens looked delicately youthful and pretty in their pale, clinging robes, and in the charming processional chorus in the glade, with their filleted heads thrown back and their round, young arms bearing trumpets, cymbals, and lyres, they were, except for their unescapable self-consciousness, like a graceful bit of grouping from a classic frieze.

The Orpheum has this week numbered among its most interesting attractions two unusual and very diverse figures—one beast and one human—the former, a high-leaping greyhound; the latter, Marguerite Cornille, a leaf blown from the world of the French *café-chantant* into the maelstrom of American vaudeville. Cornille is a very pretty woman, who makes up so beautifully that she remains one even at close range. Her figure and face are both very French; the former, flat-abdomened, slim-limbed, yet rounded, would be also very pretty, save that it is rather out of drawing in one particular. Her hair, worn in the gracefully tottering pompadour of the day, is touched up with that effective bronze which has supplanted in the favor of the ladies of the stage the hideous canary-yellow which used to be so popular—and so unbecoming. Even now many of them have not learned that it is fatal to beauty, save with women in the very bud of youth. Cornille is economically wearing out her old clothes on us, and probably her old songs, also; that, however, is a matter of profound indifference to her vaudeville audience, who are nothing if not honest. They gaze at her with stolid, unresponsive curiosity while she is singing in French, and disdain all pretense of understanding her. She varies and lightens her performance, however, by singing coon-songs, in which she is far more pleasing than Anna Held, whose voluptuous vulgarity is replaced in her with a

pretty, fetching roguery and archness of manner that reaches and captivates her audience, even through the obscurities of her pronounced French accent.

Her dumb rival is Snowdrop, an English greyhound, whose vaulting ambition does not o'erleap itself even when it carries him over an obstacle seventeen feet in height. He just gathers himself together until he is a long, slim, white projectile, and launches himself as easily as a swallow through space, disdainful to graze ever so lightly the topmost hurdle of the pile. The greyhound is the snowy star of a performing troupe of dogs who go through their evolutions like clock-work. When the leaping-act begins, they sit in a judicial row, gravely surveying the preparations with a jaundiced or a friendly eye, according to their several dispositions, but all hark an envious chorus as the graceful brute triumphantly soars, like a canine Pegasus, through the air, nearly twenty feet above their heads.

JOSEFITA.

Julia Arthur's Rebuke.

During a performance of "More Than Queen" at the Broadway Theatre, New York, a fortnight ago, Julia Arthur administered a well-deserved rebuke to a box-party that insisted on chattering loudly during the coronation scene. Miss Arthur became so annoyed that in the middle of the fourth act she had the curtain rung down. It no sooner fell than the actress came before the footlights and made an indignant little speech, which, though very lady-like in tone, was short, sharp, and effective. She said she was exceedingly sorry that the play was interrupted, but was quite sure the audience were as much annoyed as both she and her company had been by the conduct of certain people in the house. Out of respect to her audience, her company, and herself she did not propose to proceed until quiet was restored. Miss Arthur was vociferously applauded by the large audience present, while the occupants were so loudly hissed that they speedily departed.

It will be recalled that Henry was similarly annoyed at the New York Garden Theatre two years ago while he was playing in "Heartsease," and came down to the footlights and berated the offenders in much more vigorous language than Miss Arthur employed.

New York is not the only city where actors have recently been annoyed by the blatancy of a small portion of the audience. At the Boston Theatre a fortnight ago half a dozen Harvard students entered a proscenium box during the second act of Anna Held's performance of "Papa's Wife," and proceeded to repeat in clarion tones every speech made by Miss Held, Charles Bigelow, and one or two other players, just then on the stage. Eugene Tompkins, the millionaire proprietor of the theatre, happened to be standing in the rear of the house, and he did not wait for Miss Held to take unto herself the task of silencing the disturbers of the peace, but sent his most stalwart ushers to the collegians to hustle them out upon the street without even the formality of saying "by your leave."

Jahart

Kipling and the Autograph Hunters.

A West Philadelphia girl, who is an enthusiastic autograph hunter, has recently added Rudyard Kipling to her collection at a cost of two dollars and a half (says the Philadelphia Record). From her experience it would seem that the English poet is not such an "absent-minded beggar" as he pictures Tommy Atkins to be. On the contrary, he believes in turning everything to a good account, and it is evidently this belief, rather than a mercenary motive, that prompts him to place a valuation of two dollars and a half on every autograph he scribbles. It must not be inferred that he pockets the proceeds. The West Philadelphia girl sent a modest request for an autograph, inclosing a stamped and addressed envelope, as is her custom. In reply she received a printed slip from Mr. Kipling's secretary setting forth in brief that Mr. Kipling would be pleased to furnish his autograph upon payment of two dollars and a half to any charity which the collector might prefer, a receipt for which should immediately be sent to him. She donated the sum to the Children's Country Week Association, forwarded the receipt to Mr. Kipling, and the other day she received the autograph.

The Races.

Despite the unsettled condition of the weather during the week, the attendance at the Oakland Track has been excellent. To-day (Saturday) the leading feature of the programme is to be a selling handicap for three-year-olds and upward over a distance of one mile and a quarter. On Thanksgiving Day, Thursday, November 30th, there are to be two special events which are sure to attract attention: The Oakland Cup, a selling handicap for three-year-olds and upward, for a purse of \$500, the distance being two miles and a quarter, and the Paxton, a free handicap, for three-year-olds and upward, for a purse of \$600, with the distance one mile and a furlong.

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"Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci" To-Night. Sunday Evening, Verdi's Grand Opera, "Aida." Next Week—Three Extra Nights of Grand Opera. Tuesday, "The Masked Ball," Saturday Night, "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci," Sunday Evening, "Othello." Positive Farewell of Signors Salassa and Avedano. The Famous Comic Opera, "The Hoolah," Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday Evenings, and Saturday Matinée.
Popular Prices—25c and 50c. Telephone for Seats, Bush 9.

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The Popular House.
Return of the Ever-Popular Frawley Company. Fifth Annual Engagement. Commencing on Sunday Night, Nov. 26th. Every Evening, Including Sunday. Stupendous Production of the Great English Racing Drama.
-- THE SPORTING DUCHESS --
Remember the Special Thanksgiving Matinée.
Popular Prices—75c, 50c, 25c. Matinée, 50c, 25c.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.

Beginning Monday, November 27th. The Great End-of-the-Century Military Spectacle, Jacob Litt's Stupendous Revival of
-- SHENANDOAH --
200 People. 50 Horses. Immense Battle Scene.
Prevailing Prices—\$1, 75c, 50c, 35c, 25c.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

TELEPHONE MAIN 532.
Second Week, November 27th. Colossal, Sumptuous, Costly, and Thoroughly Up-to-Date Production of Rice's World-Famed Extravaganza,
-- EVANGELINE --
March of Patriotic Colors by 100 Handsome Girls.
Popular Prices—50c, 35c, 25c, 15c, and 10c. A Good Reserved Seat at Saturday Matinée 25c. Branch Ticket-Office Emporium.

Orpheum

Camille D'Arville; A. D. Robbins; Pete Baker; Cora Stuart and Company; Little Mignon; Rice & Elmer; Lucie Verrier; and the Biograph.
Reserved seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box seats, 50c. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday.

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Racing Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Rain or Shine.
5 OR MORE RACES EACH DAY. 5 Races start at 2:15 P. M. sharp. 5 Ferry-boats leave San Francisco at 12 M., and 12:30, 1:00, 1:30, 2:00, 2:30, and 3:00 P. M., connecting with trains stopping at the entrance to the track. Last two cars on trains reserved for ladies and their escorts; no smoking. Buy your ferry tickets to Shell Mound. All trains via Oakland Mole connect with San Pablo Avenue electric cars at Seventh and Broadway, Oakland; also all trains via Alameda Mole connect with San Pablo electric cars at 14th and Broadway, Oakland. These electric cars go direct to the track in fifteen minutes.
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STAGE GOSSIP.

The Return of the Frawley Company.

The most important event at the theatres next week will be the return of the ever-welcome Frawley Company to the California Theatre, in the famous English melodrama, "The Sporting Duchess." It was first produced by Sir Augustus Harris in London, a few seasons ago, and subsequently enjoyed a long run at the Academy of Music in New York. The melodrama abounds in striking situations, which are said to have been founded on the eventful life of an eccentric Englishwoman of the nobility who ran a stable in England under the name of "Mr. Milner." "The Sporting Duchess" calls for a long cast and an especially elaborate setting, two of the most striking scenes being Tattersall's, the great auction mart for horses, and the Derby race, which closes the play.

A number of changes in the personnel of the Frawley Company have taken place since its last appearance here. Mary Hampton, a San Francisco favorite, who was last seen here at the Baldwin Theatre in "Under the Red Robe," is the leading lady, and others in the company, besides Mr. Frawley, are Mary Van Buren, Marian Barnay, Pearl Landers, Phosa McAllister, Minnette Barrett, Lillian Stafford, Gladys Weller, Edward Atwood, Harrington Reynolds, Francis Byrne, J. R. Amory, George Gaston, H. S. Duffield, Frank Mathieu, Wallace Shaw, Charles Warner, Reginald Travers, Charles Welch, Thomas Phillips, Charles Chase, Harry Kingsbury, and Joseph Reilly.

An Elaborate Revival of "Shenandoah."

Broadhurst's "Why Smith Left Home" gives way at the Columbia Theatre on Monday evening to Jacob Litt's great spectacular revival of "Shenandoah," with Robert Elliott in the leading rôle. Bronson Howard's stirring patriotic play needs no introduction to theatre-goers at this late day. It is the best of all the war plays, stronger in construction, better in dialogue and humor, and more intensely patriotic. The main feature of this revival is the elaborate manner in which it is staged. A large number of supernumeraries will take part with a strong cast, and in the battle scene there will be added a detachment of infantry, cavalry fully equipped and mounted, and a battery of light artillery, and new electrical and mechanical devices will be brought into play to make the signals and other codes of war an exact duplication of those used by the regular army at Cedar Creek, when Sheridan made his famous ride.

Frederick Warde, in a repertoire including his new comedy-romance, "Fortune's Fool," and several of his greatest successes, will follow.

Farewell of Salassa and Avedano.

The management of the Tivoli Opera House have induced Signors Salassa and Avedano to postpone their departure for Italy, and as a result those who were unable to hear them this week will have one last chance to see these gifted singers in their greatest successes. On Tuesday evening "The Masked Ball" will be the bill, while on Saturday night "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci" will be given, and on Sunday evening they make their farewell appearance in Verdi's "Otello."

Lecoq's tuneful comic opera, "The Hoolah," will be sung during the rest of the week, with a cast composed of Alfred C. Wheeler, Tom Greene, William Schuster, Arthur Mesmer, Phil Branson, Ada Walker, Julie Cotte, Caroline Knowles, and Eloise Mortimer, a new recruit to the forces of the Tivoli Opera House. On Thanksgiving evening the Stanford students will attend the performance in a body.

Camille d'Arville at the Orpheum.

The principal attraction at the Orpheum next week will be Camille d'Arville, the well-known singer, who will be heard in operatic selections. Miss d'Arville is one of the latest recruits to the vaudeville stage, and that she will score a big hit here goes without saying. San Franciscans have not forgotten her charming stage presence and clear soprano voice, which she handles admirably, for when she was seen here as a member of the Bostonians, years ago, she soon became one of the most popular members of that excellent organization. Among the other new-comers are A. D. Robins, a clever trick-bicyclist, and Pete Baker, a Dutch dialect-artist, whose songs, recitations, and yodling are inimitable.

Those retained from this week's bill are Cora Stuart and company, Little Mignon, Rice and Elmer, Lucie Verdier, and the Biograph, with up-to-date views.

Second Week of "Evangeline."

That "Evangeline" will do a record-breaking business during the second week of its run, which begins on Monday night, is evident from the large audiences which have crowded the Grand Opera House every night this week. Edith Mason, Hattie Belle Ladd, Thomas H. Persse, William Wolff, Arthur Wooley, Winfred Goff, and all the other favorites, have excellent rôles. The music is light and tuneful, the ballets and marches new, the costumes gorgeous, and the scenery equal to that of any ex-

travaganza seen here in recent years. No one should miss this charming revival.

The management have in preparation a revival of "His Majesty," the comic opera by Peter Robertson and Dr. H. J. Stewart.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Ancient Spanish Systems Still Rule in Manila.

MANILA, P. I., October 10, 1899.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: To an extent the late war with Spain was a humanity war. We yearned to strike the shackles from the slave and to uplift the banner of freedom where before waved the emblem of tyranny and wrong. The Spanish system was slavery; Spanish laws were tyranny. How our speakers did wax eloquent on this subject! How the editorial pen did burn the snowy paper with words of condemnation! And so we went to war. And now the good people of America are aware that Old Glory waves over the Philippines. Manila is now an American city; tyranny is dead. The savage laws of persecution under which the people groaned for centuries are no more. The excessive taxes are swept away. The eagle contemplates with satisfaction a great city rescued from ancient greed and freed from tyrannical laws—laws obsolete when George went up against the cherry-tree. The natives in the rebellious provinces can contemplate a city governed by American rule, where American laws, and regulations, and customs are observed; where liberty, equality, and justice are triumphant; and where the blessings enunciated in the Declaration of Independence and guaranteed in the Constitution are shared by all. Glorious spectacle! The civilization of the New World is planted on the grave of ancient misrule and ignorance. Man is redeemed; liberty is triumphant; and the natives stare in admiration.

But here there is one trouble with the picture so bright and glorious. It does not exist. It is true that the stars of freedom waves over the ancient city of Manila; but the savage laws of persecution under which the people groaned for centuries are still in force. We are living under the laws of Weyler and his gang. They are all—in force. The excessive taxes are not swept away. They are still here, and collected as rigorously as ever. Weyler could not squeeze another copper more. The customs-tariffs are very much higher than under Weyler's rule. We out-Weyler Weyler when it comes to customs. How he must gnash his teeth in rage to see how the Americans beat him at his own game! He had practically a prohibitive tariff on all goods except those from Spain. We have taken the tariff which was designed to shut out all but Spanish goods and made it apply, not only to goods of American manufacture, but to Spanish goods, and goods from all countries!

The Spaniards had enough patriotism to allow Spanish goods to come into the Philippines, paying but a slight tariff; we compel American goods to pay the prohibitive tariff of the Dons, and consequently under American (?) rule the prices of all commodities have enormously increased. Such are the benefits of the mild, liberal, and enlightened American rule!

So the natives in the rebellious provinces can not contemplate a city, governed by American rule where American laws, regulations, and customs are observed. They contemplate their fellow-brethren in a city governed by antique Spanish laws—laws calculated to enrich the rulers and beggar the people; they see their brethren paying Weyler's taxes as of yore; they see the tariffs raised from twenty-five to one hundred per cent.; they see the price of foods raised far above the starvation market set by Weyler; they see the damnable Spanish system of government carefully, scrupulously, zealously followed by their liberators. Did the question ever arise: "Where does the liberation come in?"

It may be a surprise and shock to the American people to know that Manila is still under Spanish laws, and that everything American—even our money—is carefully eschewed by the government authorities.

It is time for change. Let us Americanize this country, and redeem it from the mockery of Spanish laws. Let us show the rebellious natives that we have something better than ancient Spanish systems and Weyleran customs and taxes.

AN AMERICAN.

The Mississippi History Questions.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 21, 1899.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: To most of those who read the quotation in a late *Argonaut* from the questions prepared for the county institutes in Mississippi, your own humorous comment must have seemed the whole of the story. To one who knows something of these question-papers and their inner meanings it has a more sober result.

Without absolute proof—something one might never hope to get—the writer must not dare to state what she more than suspects: that these so-called search questions, so lacking in seriousness and so absolutely unimportant as real history, are to be answered only by candidates who are more or less familiar with the gossip of history not found in books, but passed as story from mouth to mouth where men congregate. This, if true, can apply only to white candidates. No colored man, of no matter how much intelligence, would have the means to properly reply to questions of this character. There have been many ways tried in the South to keep out the colored teacher. It strikes an observer that this may be one of the most ingenious of them all.

Like all things with good consciences, the thing will and ought to bear publicity. I am therefore rejoiced that it should have appeared in your columns, if only to afford you a point d'appui for the editorial wit. Very truly yours, DOROTHEA MOORE.

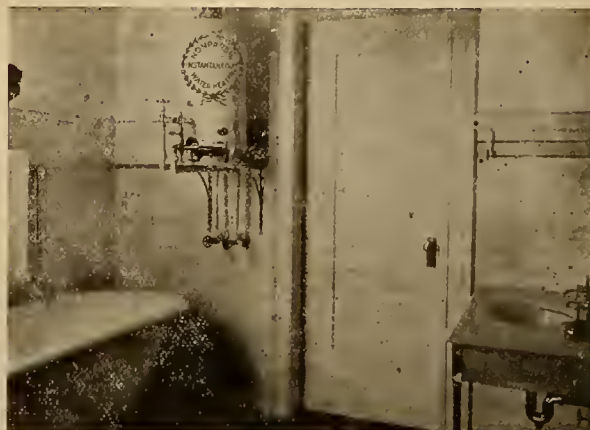
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VANITY FAIR.

The departure of Lord Pauncefote from Washington, when he has wound up the Alaskan boundary dispute satisfactorily, will make a lamentable social gap, and the loss of him will be most keenly felt. Everybody likes "Sir Julian," as he is affectionately called, and his familiar figure—portly, well-groomed, with ruddy complexion and white whiskers—will be missed on his favorite promenade along Connecticut Avenue (says the *Saturday Evening Post*). His lordship is now seventy-one years of age, and would have been retired from the diplomatic service more than a twelvemonth ago had it not been for the anxiety of her majesty's government to retain at Washington a man so thoroughly acquainted with Anglo-American relations and so entirely *persona grata*. Sir Julian is a very approachable and unostentatious man, simple in his ways and extremely hospitable. He has been accustomed to entertain most handsomely during the winter seasons in Washington, following, in that respect, the habit of his predecessors. It is the policy of the British Government to give to its diplomatic representatives plenty of money for such purposes, and Lord Pauncefote has had an allowance of thirty thousand dollars a year for "table money," in addition to his annual salary of forty thousand dollars. A furnished house being provided for his occupancy, with no taxes to pay, his expenses have not been large, and it is reasonable to presume that, though he began life poor, he now possesses a comfortable fortune. The British embassy is the centre of greatest social importance in Washington. In this respect it is not rivaled by the establishment of any Cabinet officer, nor even by the White House itself, the President's entertainments being mainly of an official character. It takes the lead of all the legations, and gives the best dinners and finest balls. Sir Julian has given two or three balls every season—one of them always on the night of the queen's birthday, in May—which have been attended by a distinguished gathering of diplomats, high officers of the government, and people in fashionable society at large. In addition, occasional dances have been organized by his four daughters. Once a year, or oftener, in winter, Lady Pauncefote has at invitations for a dinner, usually asking seven or eight people, of whom "My Lord" is fond.

Rt. Hon. Sir Julian Pauncefote, G. C. B., M. G., was sent to this capital, as it will be remembered, to replace Lord Sackville, whose walking were made out by President Cleveland in the course of a memorable piece of epistolary folly. In April 11, 1893, Lord Pauncefote banded to the president an official document bearing a large, red ink announcing his appointment as ambassador, at which time he first came over having been only minister. This secured to him the place of dean of the diplomatic corps at Washington, in which capacity he took precedence over the chiefs of all the other legations, being entitled to walk in to dinner at the White House immediately after the President himself. On such occasions, as well as at other formal functions, he wore a gorgeous uniform of white and gold. Mr. Patenotre, the French ambassador, then newly raised to that dignity, was very anxious to secure the deanship, but, unfortunately for his ambition, his papers arrived a few days too late, and he had to be satisfied with the position of number two. In earlier days there were frequent squabbles among diplomats at Washington over questions of precedence, but a final stop was put to this by the adoption of a rule to the effect that their rank would be determined wholly by the dates of their appointments. Thus Baron Fava, the Italian minister, was dean for many years, because he held the oldest commission, and by Lord Pauncefote's departure he will be elevated once more to that position, inasmuch as he is now number two, while Lord Pauncefote's successor will be number six—last of the ambassadors, but ranking the ministers plenipotentiary.

When Sir Julian first arrived in Washington, his wife, desiring to make the legation popular, gave a series of receptions at which all comers were welcomed; but this plan was soon dropped because of the annoyance occasioned by vulgar and unpleasant persons, who crowded the drawing-rooms, greedily gobbled everything they could find to eat, and carried away as souvenirs such articles of silverware and *bric-a-brac* as were readily transportable. There is a class of people in Washington that makes a business of attending all such entertainments, driving the ladies of the Cabinet, who can not escape the nuisance, almost frantic. It is through fear of their depredations that no refreshments are offered at the White House when the President and his wife receive. The embassy house, which has been his lordship's home for so many years, is a massive brick structure of truly British ugliness on the corner of N Street and Connecticut Avenue. It has a *porte-cochère* in front, and over the tall lamp-posts that flank the iron gateways are gilded crowns. The mansion was built by her majesty's government when that part of the city was a wilderness of waste lots, but now it is in the very centre of the fashionable district. The acre of land on which it stands is not a part of the United States, but actually a slice of Great Britain; it pays no taxes, and Uncle Sam has not even the right of eminent domain over it.

Inside, the dwelling is both comfortable and luxurious; the ball-room is the finest in Washington; the grounds, on which are many fine old trees, are fairly spacious, and there are commodious stables in the rear. It is worth mentioning, by the way, that Sir Julian will not take away with him the gorgeous dinner service which he received as a gift from Queen Victoria four years ago, inasmuch as it was intended for the household and not for himself personally. It includes, among other things, twelve dozen solid silver plates, providing for the largest possible feast. His lordship used it for the first time at a repast which he gave in honor of the diplomatic corps, all the members of Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet being invited.

According to the *Bazar*, one of the features of the hunting season near New York is the meeting of the Meadowbrook Steeplechase Association, which takes place at the new course arranged for training horses, on the farm of Mr. William C. Whitney, near Old Westbury, Long Island. This is an event of peculiar interest for that coterie of men and women in New York society known as the "hunting set." The meeting is held in a very picturesque locality—in a valley surrounded by hills, several of which are capped by splendid country-houses. The residence of Mr. William C. Whitney, adjoining the course, is a low, quaint Elizabethan-like structure, which a clever architect constructed from an ordinary Colonial farm-house. The meets take place about eleven o'clock. Those who come from town to attend them are driven over from the station—a distance of two miles—in country wagons and field-carts. An entrance-fee is asked, and a large marquee is erected on the grounds, where a luncheon is served, also at a nominal charge. This consists of various cold meats and salads, very underdone roast-beef, and huge meat-pies, and other delicacies of this character, to satisfy an appetite sharpened by an autumn outing. The "set" arrive on coaches, driving tandems, in village and T-carts, and many of them on horseback. Mrs. James L. Kernocan and Mrs. Ladenburg, who are intrepid riders, are among these, and they are always dressed in the short riding-skirts and wear Derby hats. The men are in hunt uniforms, and a number of them in Rough Rider khaki and huge *sombreros*. Those who have arrived on coaches bring their own luncheons, which are served in the open by a retinue of liveried servants. The women are for the most part very severely gowned. It has been suggested that a meeting of this kind could be easily arranged in some other city, and that it might be for the benefit of some fashionable charity. It would be something of a change from the gymkhana race or the golf meeting.

The Philadelphia newspapers are exploiting the return to that city for a short visit from a year's absence abroad of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Drexel. These papers was indignant over the recent reports that Mr. Drexel purposed renouncing his American citizenship, and then rather paradoxically describe the Drexel conquest of English society and their plans of a future campaign there. The *North American* says: "Mr. Drexel is an American and a Philadelphian. That should be clearly understood. No matter that his residence is in another land—one may have residences in many places if one's income will permit—but there is only one home to a man with the Drexel blood in his veins. When this head of so representative a Philadelphia family went to Europe a year or so ago, his purpose was to forget trade and finance for a twelvemonth, and he signaled his intention by doing two things that set the social world a-talking. He leased Norris Castle, a historic and magnificent place in the Isle of Wight, adjoining Queen Victoria's superb estate, and he gave to a Scotland firm of ship-builders the order for a steam-yacht that, when finished, will far surpass anything of its kind afloat. Incidentally, he disposed of his town house here at Eighteenth and Walnut Streets, and these things, together with his continued residence abroad and his expressed intention of spending the next few years in England, gave rise to the rumor that he was seriously contemplating the relinquishment of his American citizenship and the permanent acceptance of British sovereignty. As a matter of fact, nothing is more foreign to Mr. Drexel's intention. He has a son attending a noted English school in Farnborough, Hampshire. This is the lad who will enter the American Navy as soon as he reaches the proper age. When Mr. Drexel returns to England he will take up his residence on Lord Onslow's magnificent estate, about three miles from Guildford, in Surrey, which is thirty miles from London. He has given up Norris Castle, which was merely a summer retreat, and will occupy Lord Onslow's place for two or three years, when he will return to Philadelphia for the rest of his life. The new home is one of the finest in England, the Onslow estate embracing between eight thousand and nine thousand acres, a large part of which affords magnificent shooting. Lord Onslow is under-secretary of state for India, and is Mr. Drexel's personal friend."

A writer in *Blackwood's* descants amusingly upon the intrusion of woman's dress into the solemn English newspaper. Once upon a time (he says) a newspaper was for man alone. No wife would think of opening it first or disturbing him when he had retired behind its folds. With the mere act of

taking it up he was in his study, "where woman entered only by permission, and where the intrusion of bonnet-boxes (were that attempted, which till now seemed inconceivable) would be a grievance bordering on outrage." But in these days, "the milliner herself is in possession, scattering her blouses and vests, her skirts and bodices, her ruffles and tuckers, her fichus, her chemisettes and her chatter, up one column and down another with exuberant propriety. . . . And it is not as if women hadn't newspapers of their own. There are scores of such, with altars and side-chapels for the *modiste*, the *corsetier*, the *perruquier*. . . . Nor is it as if the raptures of the toilet were sung in a corner of the newspapers once our own. They are allowed to break out in all directions. A new play being put upon the stage, you hasten to read of the first night's performance and plump into a rhapsodical 'description of the dresses.' Wading out of that, you leap a long lyric of lovely gowns in the audience, but only to drop into the details of similar 'confections' when you turn to the race-course or scan the news from Henley. There are no popular preachers now, adays, or we should read on Mondays of how Lady A., 'sitting immediately under the pulpit, looked delicious in a white crêpe de Chine over cerise taffetas.' Women are not yet admitted to Parliament; when they are, the lady reporter will be there to gem the debates with such records as that 'The Hon. Mrs. Coalport (exquisitely gowned in oyster silk, sweetly enriched with godets in vieux rose and bouillon à nœville in white chiffon) rose to express her undying hostility.'"

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The prediction made some time ago, when the British and Egyptian troops were making their successful march to the Sudan, that the "Ubiquitous Cook" would soon be leading armies of tourists to Khartum and Omdurman was a true one, for Thos. Cook & Son have arranged to extend their Nile steamers and rail service to Khartum this season. Particulars can be obtained at Cook's Tourist Bureau, 621 Market Street, San Francisco.

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, November 22, 1899, were as follows:

	BONDS.		Closed.	
	Shares.		Bid. Asked.	
U. S. Coup. 3%.....	1,800	@ 107½-108½		
Contra C. Water 5%.....	15,000	@ 108½-108¾	108¾	
Market St. Ry. 5%.....	1,000	@ 117	116	117
N. R. of Cal. 5%.....	20,000	@ 113-113½		
N. Pac. C. Ry. 5%.....	2,000	@ 108		
Oakland Gas & E. 5%.....	1,000	@ 108½		
Oakland Water 6%.....	20,000	@ 111½	111½	112
Pacific S. Co. 5%.....	7,000	@ 108½		
Oakland Water 6%.....	20,000	@ 108		
Pacific S. Co. 5%.....	7,000	@ 108½	109	110
Bank & C. H. Ry. 6%.....	3,000	@ 107½		
S. F. & N. P. Ry. 5%.....	8,000	@ 115	114½	
S. F. & S. J. Ry. 5%.....	3,000	@ 115	115½	115½
S. P. Branch 6%.....	1,000	@ 123½	123½	
S. V. Water 6%.....	2,000	@ 114½		
S. V. Water 4%.....	30,000	@ 103	102½	103½
S. V. Water 4% 3d.....	5,000	@ 102	101½	102½
	STOCKS.		Closed.	
	Shares.		Bid. Asked.	
Water.				
Contra Costa Water.....	1,600	@ 75½-77½	75½	75½
Spring Valley Water.....	2,200	@ 94½-97½	95½	
	Gas and Electric.			
Equitable Gaslight.....	1,200	@ 6-6½	5½	6
Mutual Electric.....	50	@ 14½	14½	
Pacific Gas Imp. Co.....	300	@ 52½-54	54½	
Pacific Lighting Co.....	5	@ 40½	40½	
S. F. Gas & Electric.....	1,980	@ 52½-56½	55½	
S. F. Gas.....	150	@ 3½		
	Banks.			
Bank of Cal.....	65	@ 395	394	
Cal. S. D. & T. Co.....	65	@ 96½-97	96½	97
	Street R. R.			
Market St.....	195	@ 61¼-62½	61¼	62
	Powders.			
California.....	35	@ 175-177½		
Giant Con.....	1,020	@ 89½-96	95½	95½
Vigorit.....	1,095	@ 3-3½	3½	3½
	Sugars.			
Hana P. Co.....	580	@ 97½-10½	10	
Hawaiian.....	10	@ 94½	95	
Honokaa S. Co.....	1,530	@ 32½-34	33½	
Hutchinson.....	230	@ 26½-27½	26½	
Kilauea S. Co.....	50	@ 25½		
Makaweli S. Co.....	430	@ 45-47	45	46
Onomea S. Co.....	565	@ 31½-32½	34½	35
Panahaui S. P. Co.....	3,360	@ 31½-36½	32½	
	Miscellaneous.			
Alaska Packers.....	145	@ 118-118½	118½	118½
Oceanic Steam Co.....	320	@ 92½-94½	93½	
Pac. C. Borax.....	30	@ 145	145	

The powder stocks have been strong, Giant advancing six points to 96, and closing at 95½ bid, with strong buyers in the market and very little stock offering. Vigorit advanced to 3½ on sales of about 1,000 shares.

The sugar stocks were active and closed strong at a small advance and in good demand.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A Georgia negro, who has already thought of Christmas, has written as follows to his employer: "Marse Tom, ef you gwine ter gimme Chris'mus gif dis Chris'mus I wish you please suh sen me a overcoat. Marse Tom, ef I had one er dese overcoats which reach ter de groun' I'd go ter preachin' fo' sdown!"

Kate Field used to take daily lessons in Latin from Walter Savage Landor, when she was in Florence, and at her entrance into the room his rugged expression invariably softened and he became what his pupil called "chivalry incarnate." One day he dropped his spectacles, and as she picked them up and handed them to him, he exclaimed, "Oh, this is not the first time that you have caught my eyes."

General Joubert, when he was in New York City a few years ago as the guest of Henry George, told with modesty (says the *Sun*) of his negotiations with the British at Majuba Hill, and his eyes sparkled as he recited his reply to the British commander-in-chief. "It does not comport with these," said the British general, pointing to the decorations on his breast, "to accede to your terms." To which said Joubert, pointing to his rifleman: "And it does not comport with those to offer any others."

When Commodore Rodgers, of the United States Navy, was in charge of a recruiting station after the close of the war, he received an application (according to a story in the *Saturday Evening Post*). "What is your name?" asked the commodore, gruffly. "Don Emilio de Sanco Razanini," was the reply. "No, sir," answered the commodore; "I take no man in the United States Navy with a name like that. Go away and get a better name if you want to enlist." The next day, bright and early, the same man re-appeared, and in a soft, foreign voice said his name was "Frederick Rodgers." And this time he was accepted.

At a meeting of an autograph society, composed of young women, in Chicago, one particular celebrity who had remained obdurate to all requests for his signature was almost unanimously voted to be a "mean old thing." The one girl who had not concurred in the general condemnation asserted that the others did not know how to manage this particular lion. "I'll show you," she declared, and forthwith wrote and mailed to the celebrity a request composed of only two words. They were "Autograph, please." At the next regular meeting the girl appeared triumphantly waving a sheet of letter-paper over her head. It was the reply of the celebrity. He seemed reproachful. All he wrote was: "You must be pressed for time," with his signature following.

A professor of invertebrate zoölogy, wishing to procure some trichinose pork for purposes of experiment, went to his butcher and asked him if he ever got any measly pork. "Sometimes," the butcher cautiously answered; "but I always throw it away." "Well," said the professor, "the next time you have any, I wish you'd send me up some," meaning, of course, to his laboratory. The butcher, although somewhat taken aback, said that he would. Three weeks passed, when the professor, growing impatient, again visited the store. "Haven't you found any measly pork yet?" "Why, yes," said the butcher; "I sent up two pounds a week ago." A sickly grin broke over the professor's face. "Where did you send it?" "Why, to your house, of course," said the butcher.

Ed Tufts, of Los Angeles, was playing golf with a friend recently. When he drove from the third teeing ground, he sliced the ball badly and sent it away to one side. It stopped in front of a grazing cow, and Tufts came up just in time to see it disappear into the bovine mouth. When his opponent had made his stroke, Tufts untethered the cow and, with many sounding thwacks of his club, drove the beast to the third hole. There he made her disgorge the ball, and neatly holing it, announced that he had made the hole in two strokes. His opponent calmly finished the hole in seven and claimed the hole. "But I made it in two," protested Tufts, gleefully. "No, you didn't," declared the other; "you made it in thirty-nine. You hit that cow thirty-seven times, for I counted every stroke," and Tufts conceded the hole.

The other day a clerk hurried into a lunch-room in Washington, found an unoccupied place at one of the little tables, and called to the colored waiter: "Bring me a sandwich and a glass of milk!" The waiter bolted away and quickly returned with the desired food and drink. "My check, in a hurry!" the customer shouted. The waiter pulled forth pad and pencil and began laboriously to inscribe weird characters on the paper. Twice did he seemingly finish the writing when he would stop, look at the result, and tear up the bit of paper. At the third attempt the customer called again impatiently for the bill. The waiter made a final effort and handed the clerk the check, on which was written "One

piece pie, one milk." "Here," said the young man, as he looked at the slip of paper, "I didn't order pie." "I know, boss," replied the abashed waiter, "but pie and a sandwich costs jes' the same, an' I can't spell sandwich."

FING WING'S COPY.

Miss Malony on the Chinese Question.

Och! don't be talkin'. Is it howld on, ye say? An' didn't I howld on till the heart of me was clane broke entirely, and me wastin' that thin you could clutch me wid yer two hands? To think o' me toilin' like a nager for the six year I've been in Ameriky—bad luck to the day I iver left the owld country! to be bate by the likes o' them! (faix an' I'll sit down when I'm ready, so I will, Ann Ryan, an' ye'd better be listenin' than drawin' your remarks) an' is it myself, with five good characters from respectable places, would be herdin' wid the haythens? The saints forgive me, but I'd be hurried alive sooner'n put up wid it a day longer. Sure an' I was the granehorn not to be lavin' at onct when the missus kim into me kitchen wid her perlover about the new waiter man which was brought out from Californy. "He'll be here the night," says she, "and Kitty, it's neseff looks to you to be kind and patient wid him, for he's a furriner," says she, a kind o' lookin' off. "Sure an' it's little I'll hinder nor interfere wid him nor any other, mum," says I, a kind o' stiff, for I minded me how these French waiters, wid their paper collars and brass rings on their fingers, isn't company for no gurrl brought up dacin' and honest. Och! sorry bit I knew what was comin' till the missus walked into me kitchen smilin', and says, kind o' sheared, "Here's Fing Wing, Kitty, an' you'll have too much sinse to mind his bein' a little strange." Wid that she shoots the doore, and I, mistrustin' if I was tidied up sufficient for me fine buy wid his paper collar, looks up and—Howly fathers! may I niver brathe another breath, but there stud a rale haythen Chinese a-grinnin' like he'd just come off a tay-box. If you'll belave me, the crayture was that yellor it 'ud sicken you to see him; and sorrah stitch was on him but a black night-gown over bis trousers and the front of his head shaved cleaner nor a copper biler, and a black tail a-hangin' down from it behind, wid his two feet stook into the heathenest shoes you ever set eyes on. Och! but I was up-stairs afore you could turn about, a-givin' the missus warnin', an' only stoit wid her by her raisin' me wages two dollars, and playdin' wid me how it was a Christian's duty to bear wid haythens and taich'em all in our power—the saints save us! Well, the ways and trials I had wid that Chineser, Ann Ryan, I couldn't be tellin'. Not a hilled thing cud I do but he'd be lookin' on wid his eyes cocked up'ard like two poomp-handles, an' he widdout a speck or smitch o' whiskers on him, an' his finger-nails full a yard long. But it's dyin' you'd be to see the missus a-larin' him, an' he grinnin' an' waggin' his pig-tail (which was pieced out long wid some black stoof, the haythen chate!) and gettin' into her ways wonderful quick, I don't deny, imitat' that sharp, you'd be surprised, and ketchin' an' cypoin' things the best of us will do a-hurried wid work, yet don't want comin' to the knowledge of the family—bad luck to him!

Is it ate wid him? Arrah, an' would I be sittin' wid a haythen an' he a-atin' wid drum-sticks—yes, an' atin' dogs an' cats unknownt to me, I warrant you, which it is the custom of them Chinesers, till the thought made me that sick I cud die. An' didn't the crayture proffer to help me a wake ago come Toosday, an' me a-foldin' down me clane clothes for the ironin', an fill his haythen mouth wid water, an' afore I could hinder squirit it through his teeth stret over the best linen table-cloth, and fold it up tight as innocent now as a baby, the dirtty haste? But the worst of all was the cypoin' he'd be doin' till ye'd be distracted. It's yerself knows the tinder feet that's on me since ever I've bin in this country. Well, owin' to that, I fell into a way o' slippin' my shoes off when I'd be settin' down to pale the praities or the likes o' that, and, do ye mind! that haythin would do the same thing after me whinivir the missus set him to parin' apples or tomaterses. The saints in heaven couldn't have made him belave he cud kape the shoes on him when he'd be paylin' anything.

Did I lave fur that? Faix an' I didn't. Didn't he get me into trouble wid my missus, the haythin? You're aware yerself how the boondles comin' in from the grocery often contains more'n 'll go into anything decently. So, for that matter, I'd now and then take out a sup o' sugar, or flour, or tay, an' wrap it in paper and put it in me bit of a box tucked under the ironin'-blankit the how it cudn't be bodderin' any one. Well, what shud it be, but this blessed Saturday morn the missus was a-spakin' pleasant and respect'ful wid me in me kitchen, when the grocer-boy comes in an' stands fornenst her wid his boondles, an' she motions like to Fing Wing (which I never would call him) by that name ner any other but just haythin), she motions to him, she does, for to take the boondles an' empty out the sugar an' what not where they belongs. If you'll belave me, Ann Ryan, what did that blatherin' Chineser do but take out a sup o' sugar, an' a handful o' tay, an' a bit o' chaze right afore the missus, wrap them into bits o' paper,

an' I spacheless wid shurprise, an' he the next minute up wid the ironin' blankit and pullin' out me box wid a show o' bein' sly to put them in. Och, the Lord forgive me, but I clutched it, and the missus sayin', "O Kitty!" in a way that 'ud cruddle your blood. "He's a haythin nager," says I, "I've found you out," says she. "I'll arrist him," says I. "It's you ought to be arristed," says she. "You won't," says I. "I will," says she, and so it went till she gave me such sass as I cudn't take from no lady—an' I give her warnin' an' left that instant, an' she a-pointin' to the doore.—*Mary Mapes Dodge.*

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Survival of the Fittest.

As nations die out one by one,
Languages diminish,
'Tis plain to see
The last will be
No other but the Finnish.

—Commercial Advertiser.

A Thanksgiving Thought.

The gobbler dreams from all apart,
In all the prime of gobblerhood,
And I am sure that in his heart
He knows he is so sweet and good.

Because he knows that, hot or cold,
He is a feast of rare delight,
And that he is a dream of gold—
A dream of gold in black and white.

He knows full well his second joints
Are rich and juicy when they're brown,
And that when gravy thick anoints
His breast, he is the table's crown.

He knows with finger and with thumb
I hold his wings and eat away;
He knows my appetite's the drum
On which his drum-sticks music play.

He knows his stuffing's very fine,
And that a figure grand he cuts,
And that is why, in rain and shine,
He proudly as a major struts.

He smiles a smile that richly glows
In ripples on his scarlet hood,
Because he knows I know he knows
He is so tender and so good.

—R. K. Munkittrick in November Harper's.

The Gridiron God.

All hail! thou *fin de siècle* gridiron god,
Tremendous in thy majesty of mud.
Thou girdest deep thy loins with divers bands,
Like unto wine-cask with a triplex hoop;
Thy oak-sound chest reposes 'neath a wall
Of canvas-back—and back of that again
Some stubborn weave defends thy Titan lungs!
Thy lion shock of hair floats wildly out
Like streamers from some masthead, in a breeze;
A fillet cascade thy dome of thought,
Equator-like, for 'tis a ponderous task
To balance mind and matter in a god
Whose throne is on a gridiron, and whose nod
Brings grief or comfort (as the case may be),
Unglassed thine orbs, for thou hast eagle's task,
To ken th' illusive pigskin; yet thine ears
Are closed, as if to Flatt's siren voice,
By duplex wads [all stamped with maker's name].
And, quadruplexed, a nasal shield defends
That prominence whence comes the breath of life,
If men but breathe aright, as gridiron gods
Are wont to do, preparing for the fight.
Thy thighs are as the plowshare, and thy arms
Might barriers make 'gainst beaven-storming foes.
Thy feet, incased in shoon most curious wrought,
Meander through the muck as through a field
Where love-lorn flowers bend their scented lips
To kiss the hem of Flora's polonaise.
In very wantonness of new-found strength
Thou tosseth up the Earth! (sad, melting earth,
Reduced by pluvial Jove to liquid ooze).
Hast worshippers? Ob! my; just see them flock;
They fringe thy throne, and low obeisance make,
And plaudits give from hands as soft as love
Or hard as horn; 'tis incense 'fore thy throne
And thou absorbeth it, and growest fat,
Until the zone that binds thy godly hrow
Is burst thro' pressure of thy tumor'd head.

—Niagara Index.

Still More Counterfeiting.

The Secret Service has just unearthed another band of counterfeiters, and secured a large quantity of bogus bills, which are so cleverly executed that the average person would never suspect them of being spurious. Things of great value are always selected for imitation, notably Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which has many imitators but no equals for disorders like indigestion, dyspepsia, constipation, nervousness, and general debility. See that a private Revenue Stamp covers the neck of the bottle.

Husband—"I was driven to drink." Wife—"Well, you didn't balk any, John."—*Town Topics.*

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Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1899.
Coptic (Via Honolulu).....Wednesday, Dec. 13
Gaelic (Via Honolulu).....Saturday, Jan. 6, 1900
Doric (Via Honolulu).....Thursday, Feb. 1
Coptic (Via Honolulu).....Tuesday, Feb. 27
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.



S. S. Alameda sails via Honolulu and Auckland for Sydney, Wednesday, November 29, 1899, at 8 p. m.
S. S. Australia, for Honolulu only, Wednesday, Dec. 13, 2 p. m.
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 314 Montgomery St. Freight Office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:
For Alaska ports, 10 A. M., November 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27.
Change to company's steamers at Seattle.
For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, 10 A. M., November 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, December 2, and every fifth day thereafter.
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 2 P. M., November 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, December 5, and every fifth day thereafter.
For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports, 9 A. M., November 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, December 2, and every fourth day thereafter.
For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 A. M., November 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, December 4, and every 4th day thereafter. For further information see folder.
For Mexican ports, 10 A. M., seventh of each month.
The company reserves the right to change without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates and hours of sailing.
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America Maru.....Thursday, December 21
Hongkong Maru.....Tuesday, January 16, 1900
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.
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W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

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SOCIETY.

The Scott Tea and Dinner-Dance.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott are giving an "at home" on Saturday afternoon, November 25th, from five o'clock until seven, at their residence at the south-west corner of Clay and Laguna Streets. It is given to introduce to society their daughter, Miss Mary Scott, and Miss Georgina Hopkins will also make her formal debut at the same time.

Mrs. Scott will be assisted in receiving by Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett, Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mrs. Hall McAllister, Mrs. John B. Casserly, Mrs. Alfred G. Ford, Mrs. Charles P. Eells, Mrs. Frederick Moody, Miss Mary Scott, Miss Georgina Hopkins, Miss Helen Hopkins, Miss Edna Hopkins, Miss Caro Crockett, Miss Ethel Hager, Miss Isabel Kittle, Miss Marie Nichols, Miss Mary Josselyn, Miss Carrie Taylor, Miss Genevieve Carolan, Miss Edith McBean, and several other young ladies.

The young ladies who receive will remain to dinner, to which an equal number of gentlemen have been invited, and this will be followed by a dance.

The Josselyn Dinner.

A dinner was given by Mrs. Charles Josselyn at her home at 2424 Steiner Street, last Thursday evening, in honor of her younger daughter, Miss Mary Greenwood Josselyn, who was introduced to society at the Josselyn tea on Saturday, November 18th. Covers were laid for thirty, those present being Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn, Miss Florence Josselyn, Miss Mary Greenwood Josselyn, Miss Mary Scott, Miss Georgina Hopkins, Miss Adelaide Murphy, Miss Ruth McNutt, Miss Margaret Salisbury, Miss Ethel Hager, Miss Clara Hamilton, Miss Olive Holbrook, Miss Cadwalader, Miss Margaret Kohl, Miss Edith Preston, Mr. Joseph M. Quay, Mr. Arthur Reddington, Mr. Augustus Taylor, Mr. Frank King, Mr. Donald de V. Graham, Mr. Harry Poett, Mr. Horace G. Platt, Mr. R. G. Hamilton, Mr. Maxwell McNutt, Mr. George A. Martin, Mr. Gerald L. Rathbone, Mr. J. W. Byrne, Mr. William Greer Harrison, Mr. Edward C. Sessions, and Mr. Thomas Breese.

The Friday Fortnightly.

condance of the Friday Fortnightly Club at at Cotillion Hall on Friday evening, November 18th. The members and their guests were by Mrs. Monroe Salisbury, assisted by Miss Keyes, and the cotillion was led by Mr. H. Sheldon and his partner, Miss Follis. ng ladies in the first set were:

Georgina Hopkins, Miss Margaret Salisbury, Miss Bernice Drown, Miss Mary Greenwood, Miss Cadwalader, Miss Cooper, Miss Keyes, Miss Josephine Loughborough, Miss Baldwin, Miss Adelaide Murphy, and Miss Morgan.

The Josselyn Tea.

was given by Mrs. Charles Josselyn, of 2424 Steiner Street, on Saturday afternoon, November 18th, to introduce to her friends her second daughter, Miss Mary Greenwood Josselyn. The parlors were crowded from four o'clock until seven. Mrs. Josselyn was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Ira Pierce, Mrs. Horace L. Hill, Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall, Mrs. Horace Davis, Mrs. S. G. Murphy, Mrs. Macondray, Mrs. Cyrus Walker, the Misses Josselyn, Miss Edith Preston, Miss Ruth McNutt, Miss Margaret Cole, Miss Georgina Hopkins, Miss Mary Scott, Miss Olive Holbrook, Miss Ethel Hager, Miss Cadwalader, Miss Voorhies, the Misses Hamilton, and Miss Alice Brigham. Mrs. Josselyn and the Misses Josselyn will receive on Fridays in January.

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Meda Bowman and Major George Walton Fishback, paymaster, U. S. A. Miss Bowman is the sister of Mr. George M. Bowman, president of the First National Bank in San José. She has lived mostly in the East and in Europe, but has spent the last two years in this city. Major Fishback has been in the consular service abroad, but since the beginning of the war he has been paymaster in Cuba and later in San Francisco.

The engagement is announced of Miss Alice H. Masten to Lieutenant Cave Johnson, First Tennessee, U. S. V. Miss Masten is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. K. Masten, of Alameda, and Lieutenant Johnson is the son of Polk K. Johnson, who served on General McComb's staff during the Civil War, and grandson of Cave Johnson, Postmaster-General under President Polk. The wedding will take place early in the new year.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Florence M. Stone daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bertody Stone, and granddaughter of the late Rev. Dr. A. L. Stone and Mr. Thomas Benton Darragh, of Nashville, Tenn.

The wedding of Miss Belle Hutchinson and Mr. William B. Pringle, of Oakland, will take place on December 19th.

The first large ball of the season will be given by Mr. Winfield Scott Keyes in honor of Miss Azalea Keyes at Native Sons' Hall on Tuesday, December 5th.

Mrs. Hager and Miss Ethel Hager will be "at

home" Saturday, December 2d, from five until seven o'clock, 1815 Gough Street. They will receive on Wednesdays in January.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Huntington will give a dinner-dance at their home at 2840 Jackson Street, on Monday evening, November 28th.

Mrs. John Evelyn Page (*née* Burling) will be at home at the Occidental Hotel on Mondays in December and January.

Mrs. Henry T. Crocker gave a dinner on Friday evening, November 24th, to a number of young people who went on later to the Friday Fortnightly Club dance.

Mrs. Richard T. Carroll gave a luncheon at the University Club on Wednesday at which she entertained Mr. and Mrs. William Robinson Whittier, Miss Gertrude Carroll, Miss Mary Greenwood Josselyn, Miss Thérèse Morgan, Miss Fannie Loughborough, Miss Josephine Loughborough, Miss Jennie Maxwell Blair, Miss Katherine Dillon, Miss Azalea Keyes, Mr. Nathaniel N. Wilson, Mr. Gerald L. Rathbone, Mr. Charles N. Felton, Jr., Mr. Clarence Follis, Mr. Harry N. Stetson, Mr. George E. P. Hall, Mr. Emile F. Bruguère, and Mr. Horace G. Platt.

Mrs. William G. Irwin gave a luncheon at her home last Thursday in honor of Mrs. Eldridge (*née* Newlands), the others present being Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow, Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mrs. Hyde-Smith, Mrs. Ivers, Miss Mamie Kohl, Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss Bertha Sydney Smith, and Miss Morgan.

Mrs. Grayson Dutton gave a luncheon at the University Club on Wednesday, November 22d, in honor of her sister, Mrs. Charles Kindelberger. Covers were laid for fifteen. Those present to meet Mrs. Kindelberger were Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Miss Bernice Drown, Mrs. Samuel Buckbee, Miss Blakeman, Miss Charlotte Ellinwood, Miss Huntsman, the Misses Stubbs, the Misses Kane, Miss Dutton, Mrs. Parker, and Miss Fisher, of Baltimore.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Phillips gave a dinner in honor of Mr. Samuel Coles, of New York, on Monday evening, November 20th, at their home in Oakland. Those invited to meet Mr. Coles were Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Pond, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence M. Mann, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Toft, Miss Nora McNeil, and Mr. John Lewis.

Golf and Tennis Notes.

Owing to the interest of the San Francisco Golf Club's members in the inter-collegiate foot-ball match, it has been decided to postpone until some future date the first contest for the Council's Cup for men, which was to have been played on Thanksgiving Day. It is possible that the qualifying round, which was scheduled for Saturday, November 25th, will be played on the morning of Thanksgiving Day.

The contests for the Macdonald and Captain's Cups have been indefinitely postponed by the Oakland Golf Club, but they will have a mixed four-some, 18-hole, match-play tournament for handsome silver cups on Thanksgiving Day. Play will begin at ten-thirty in the morning, and no entrance fee will be charged. In the afternoon there will be a reception and music in the club-house.

Secretary Miller, of the Oakland Golf Club, has heard from Mr. Chauncey R. Winslow, who is now in the State of Washington, that the Waverley Golf Club, of Portland, Or., and the Tacoma Golf Club will probably send representatives to the Pacific Coast championship tournament to be held under the auspices of the Oakland and San Francisco Golf Clubs, on December 9th, on the Presidio links. Entries are expected from Riverside, Los Angeles, and other Southern points.

On Thanksgiving Day a tournament open to members of any golf club will be held on the San Rafael links. It will consist of an 18-hole, match-play competition for men, beginning at nine o'clock in the morning and the winners in the first round resuming play at half-past one in the afternoon, and a 9-hole, match-play contest for women following the men's contest in morning and afternoon. The final rounds of both contests will be played off on Saturday, December 2d.

The tie in the ladies' handicap tournament against bogey, begun on election day, was played off at the San Rafael links on Saturday, November 18th, over 18 holes, Mrs. J. J. Crooks winning with a score of 4 down; Mrs. R. Gilman Brown second, with 10 down; and Miss Alice Colden Hoffman third, with 14 down. On the same day the regular bi-weekly tournament, a men's handicap, 18-hole contest, was played. There were seven entries, handicapped as follows: Mr. R. G. Brown, scratch; Mr. Carter P. Pomeroy, 10; Baron Alex von Schröder, 15; Mr. Henry P. Sonntag, 20; Mr. A. A. Curtis, 30; Mr. W. G. Curtis, 30; and Mr. Prescott Ely, 35. Play was begun so late, however, and darkness fell so soon that only two scores were handed in. Mr. Brown made his first round in 60 and his second in 63, making a gross and net score of 123 and winning the tournament, and Mr. Pomeroy was second with 83 in the first, 79 in the second, gross 162, less a handicap of 10, making 152.

The directors of the California Lawn Tennis Club have presented the club with two handsome silver cups which are offered as prizes to the winners of a series of men's doubles tournaments to be played

this winter. To become the personal property of the winners the cups must be won five times, not necessarily in succession; and, in addition to the cups, the club will offer two handsome prizes to be taken by the victorious team in each tournament. The first contest will take place on Saturday, December 9th.

The directors have also appropriated a handsome sum for the purchase of prizes for a ladies' tournament, singles or doubles, the terms and date of which have not yet been determined.

A New California Playwright.

Several months ago a light opera was written by two young San Diegans, Miss Grace Bowers, a former pupil of Mills Seminary, and Mr. Owen Foster, and placed before a home audience by San Diego musicians. Both the score and libretto received high praise, and the presentation of this operatic bit of local color was pronounced a complete success. And now comes another San Diego society girl with her offering in the field of dramatic art.

Miss Grace Luce, who has many friends in and about San Francisco, has written a three-act farce, and made her bow to the public as a dramatist on Friday evening, November 17th, at San Diego. The affair was quite a society event, the young ladies of the Deceem Club, an amateur dramatic club composed of society girls, presenting the farce before a large and fashionable audience. Although the first appearance of the young ladies before the general public, and Miss Luce's initial attempt at play-writing, there was not a single hitch in the proceedings, and mirth held the boards from beginning to finish.

The theme of the play is man in all his aspects, and yet the amusing point of it is that there is not a man in the cast. However, though he is not visible, he is very much in evidence. The fun reaches its height in the second act, when, after a supper at the golf club house, to which the bidden men failed to put in an appearance because of a counter-attraction in the way of a stag-dinner, the deserted girls amuse themselves with an impromptu vaudeville programme, and clog-dances, "stein" songs, "coon" songs with banjo accompaniment, and a golf cake-walk wind up the evening's hilarity. In the last act the girls carry out their revenge on the young men with a leap-year ball, in which the poor fellows are depicted as suffering wall-flowers. The men, however, as all through the farce, are invisible to the audience, which is apprised of their part in the ball-room act through the merry talk of their fair tormentors during their frequent trips to the cloak-room to laugh over their hapless victims, and incidentally get a fresh dab of powder. The farce shows up the smarts and wounds of disappointed vanity, and cleverly portrays a certain phase of society.

A large sum was realized for the benefit of the Children's Home, so while society was amused charity took in the dollars.

AN IMPORTANT FOOD LAW.

Heavy Penalties for Selling Articles of Food Containing Unhealthy Ingredients.

The following law was passed at the last session of the Missouri Legislature, taking effect August 20th, 1899:

SECTION 1. That it shall be unlawful for any person or corporation doing business in this State to manufacture, sell, or offer to sell any article, compound, or preparation for the purpose of being used or which is intended to be used in the preparation of food, in which article, compound, or preparation there is any arsenic, calomel, bismuth, ammonia, or alum.

SEC. 2. Any person or corporation violating the provisions of this act shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall, upon conviction, be fined not less than one hundred dollars, which shall be paid into and become a part of the road fund of the county in which such fine is collected.

The operation of this law will be mainly against alum baking powders. But the manufacture or sale of any article of food or article intended to be used in food which contains any of the substances classed by the law as unhealthful—from arsenic to alum—is absolutely prohibited.

Friction between naval and military commanders has been conspicuous since the outbreak of the war with Spain (says the Springfield Republican). The lack of harmony between Sampson and Shafter at Santiago is well known. The trouble Dewey had with Otis at Manila is now becoming a matter of common talk, well based, unhappily, in the facts. Otis's scheme to run a lot of gunboats in Philippine waters, under the command of army officers, was preposterous, and it richly deserved the sharp and peremptory veto it received from Admiral Dewey. The time must come, furthermore, when the military transports will be officered and commanded by the navy, yet thus far the War Department's jealousy prevents the attainment of the right system. It is unfortunate that so much friction should exist between the two branches of the service. Were the nation to fight a foe anywhere near its equal in strength, the disadvantages accruing from such a condition would be more perceptibly felt.

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. A. M. Parrott has closed her country home, "Baywood," at San Mateo, and is settled for the winter in her town house on Sutter Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant arrived in New York City on Friday, November 17th.

Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr. (*née* Fair), recently made a trip from Paris to Nice in an automobile.

Lady Bache Cunard (formerly Miss Maud Burke) returned last week to England, after a two months' visit at New York and Newport.

The Misses Celia, Isabelle, Tinnie, and Ella O'Connor have returned from Coronado, where they have been spending the summer.

Mr. H. C. Denson and Mr. L. Hartman are here from Washington, D. C., and are guests at the California Hotel.

Mrs. William S. Tevis and Miss Blanding are in New York.

Colonel and Mrs. Southard Hoffman and Miss Alice Hoffman are at the Occidental Hotel for the winter.

Miss Adelaide Murphy returned on Wednesday evening from Beverly, Mass., where she has been visiting her cousin, Miss Swift.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry P. Starbuck, of Santa Barbara, are at The Colonial, where they will spend a few weeks.

Mrs. G. W. Cissel and her daughter, Mrs. John H. Roche, of Washington, D. C., who accompanied Commander Hawley, U. S. N., to this city, left for their home early in the week.

Mr. Carroll and Miss Frances Carroll, who have been spending the summer at San Rafael, are now at Coronado, where they expect to remain until the spring.

Mr. Latham McMullin, who has been spending the past six weeks in New York City, is expected home next week.

Mr. Frederick A. Greenwood is in New York.

Mrs. Charles Cadwalader came down from Red Bluff on Wednesday and is at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Pardee and Miss Andrews, of New York City, are at The Colonial.

Mrs. W. N. Hawley and Miss Hawley came up from Santa Barbara last Tuesday, and are at the Occidental Hotel.

Mrs. John Vance Cheney, formerly of this city but now of Chicago, arrived in town early in the week, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Hope Cheney, and registered at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Orestes Pierce, of Oakland, are in Southern California, where they purpose remaining several weeks.

Mrs. H. P. Goodman, of Napa, is at The Colonial for a few weeks' stay.

Mr. Arthur Redington is in town from Marysville for a few days.

Mrs. Charles M. Keeney, accompanied by her daughters, the Misses Ethel and Innes Keeney, and her niece, Miss Leontine Blakeman, left for the East in the latter part of the week, intending to be away several months.

Mr. John Hays Hammond arrived in New York last Wednesday on the White Star liner *Tenonic*. He is on his way to visit his mining properties in Mexico.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Walden, Jr., are in town for a few days, and are stopping at the California Hotel. Mrs. Frank McLaughlin and Miss McLaughlin came up from Santa Cruz on Wednesday, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Fred W. McNear is at Los Angeles, the guest of Mr. A. H. Wilcox.

Mr. Lawrence Van Winkle has returned from a visit to Coronado, where he was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Graham E. Babcock.

Mr. and Mrs. Shafter Howard and Mrs. Emma Shafter Howard were among the recent visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Joli de Sabla returned from Guatemala on Monday, November 20th, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Alice M. Mullins has returned to San Francisco after a long absence in England and on the Continent.

Mr. Willard V. Huntington returned from New York last Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Wakefield, of London, are guests at the California Hotel.

Mr. John Darling, of Denver, is at The Colonial for the winter.

Miss Castle has returned from Europe, and is spending the winter at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mr. Selah Chamberlain and Mr. Joseph P. Chamberlain arrived in New York last Wednesday, en route to Europe.

Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco has taken an apartment at 154 West Forty-Ninth Street in New York, where Miss Maud O'Connor is visiting her.

Mr. and Mrs. Foxhall Keene sailed for England on the White Star liner *Oceanic* on November 15th.

Mrs. Lincoln and Miss Ethel Lincoln returned last week from an extended visit to Europe, and are now at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. George Davidson and Miss Jean Davidson visited the Tavern of Tamalpais recently.

Major John A. Darling (retired), U. S. A., Mrs. Darling, and Miss Marie Zane are now in Florence, where they will spend the winter.

Mr. Russell J. Wilson arrived in Washington on Saturday, November 18th.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis T. Haggin are in New York for the winter, having an apartment at 28 Fifth Avenue.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Russell, Mrs. W. F. Perkins, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Woodward, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Evans, Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Judah, of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. J. M.

Bassett, of Oakland, Mr. Francis West and Mr. S. I. Pape, of London, Mr. L. O. Howard, of Washington, D. C., and Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Dougherty, of New York.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Major-General Leonard E. Wood, U. S. V., military governor of Santiago de Cuba, sailed on the transport *McPherson* on Friday for New York, accompanied by Captain Albert S. Brooks, commissary, U. S. V.

Lieutenant-Commander Alexander Sharp, Jr., U. S. N., was a guest at The Colonial during the week.

Colonel Marion P. Maus, U. S. A., and Mrs. Maus, after a two weeks' absence in Southern California, whither they accompanied General Miles, U. S. A., have returned to the city.

Mrs. McClernand, wife of Colonel E. J. McClernand, Forty-Fourth Infantry, U. S. V., will spend the winter at The Colonial, Colonel McClernand having sailed on the transport *Hancock* for Manila.

Passed Assistant-Paymaster Walter L. Wilson, U. S. A., is among the guests of the California Hotel.

Mrs. Dorst, wife of Captain J. H. Dorst, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., left The Colonial last week for her home in Denver, Captain Dorst having gone to for Manila.

Ensign George L. P. [Stone, U. S. N., is at the California Hotel.

Mrs. Scott, wife of Colonel W. S. Scott, Forty-Fourth Infantry, U. S. V., will spend the winter at The Colonial. Colonel Scott sailed on the *Hancock* on Monday, November 20th.

Mrs. McCalla, wife of Captain McCalla, U. S. N., of the *Marblehead*, and her daughters have taken a cottage at Coronado, where they intend spending the winter season.

Mrs. Hannay, wife of Captain John W. Hannay, Third Infantry, U. S. A., and Miss Hannay left The Colonial for Manila on the *Gaelic*. This is their second trip to the Philippines.

Commodore J. F. Merry, U. S. N., has been assigned to duty as commandant of the naval station at Honolulu.

Mrs. Beck, wife of Colonel William H. Beck, Forty-Ninth Infantry, U. S. V., and Mrs. Hines, wife of Major Ernest Hines, Forty-Ninth Infantry, U. S. V., are at The Colonial, where they will remain during their husbands' term of duty at the Presidio.

Lieutenant-Commander William H. Turner, U. S. N., of the *Iowa*, was a guest at the California Hotel during the week.

Dr. Edward G. Parker, assistant-surgeon, U. S. N., is a guest at the California Hotel.

Recent Wills and Successions.

The will of the late Charles J. Behlow has been filed for probate. It declares that the estate, valued at about \$500,000, is community property and that the widow is therefore entitled to one-half of it. The remaining half is to be distributed equally among his children, Mrs. Anna C. Fisher and Mrs. Bertha C. Beard, of Napa, Charles J. Behlow, of Phoenix, Ariz., and Dudley, Edgar, Raymond, William, and Frederick Behlow, who reside in this city. The widow and Mr. Robert Behlow, a brother of the testator, are appointed to act as executrix and executor without bonds. The will is dated September 22, 1892.

The will of the late Austin C. Tubbs, which was filed for probate last Tuesday, bequeaths his entire estate, valued at more than fifty thousand dollars, to the widow, Mrs. Anne Tallant Tubbs. The instrument was dated April 9, 1899.

The naval tests at sea have proved that within a radius of twenty-one miles messages can be transmitted by wireless telegraphy with all the accuracy and precision of an ordinary land line, and also proved that hills, high buildings and wires do not break the force of the electrical waves and do not interfere in the slightest degree with the transmission of messages. Operations on board the *New York* were conducted by Marconi himself on Monday, October 30th, he sending a message, as the vessel passed down the North River, to the *Massachusetts*, lying at her anchorage at Thirty-Fifth Street, which was read plainly in dots and dashes at Navesink light-house, nineteen miles away. Every five minutes during its course down the river the *New York* telegraphed over the constantly increasing distance to the *Massachusetts*, and the battle-ship replied to the flag-ship without a break. All the messages in the correspondence were caught at Navesink. The *Massachusetts* followed the *New York* to sea, according to instructions. It was a long time after the telegraphing began before either of the warships was visible from the light-house. Without a wire, without any apparent connection, messages kept dropping out of space as if some supernatural power were hurling them down from the clouds.

—IN CALENDARS AND CHRISTMAS CARDS This year the assortment presented by Messrs. Cooper & Co., the Art Stationers, is without exception the very best which has ever been seen here.

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ART NOTES.

Peters's Pictures in New York.

An unusual distinction has been conferred on the San Francisco artist, Mr. Charles Rollo Peters, by the art committee of the Union League Club of New York in having its first exhibition of the season consist exclusively of his work. As the pictures have been much discussed, it may interest Mr. Peters's friends here to know what the New York press critics say of them. *The Sun* says:

"The artist has studied the atmospheric effects of the night to good purpose, and in the representation of the silvery gray of moonlight he has arrived at singular proficiency."

The critic of the *Times* says:

"Adobe walls gleaming in the darkness, relieved here and there by a rich light from within; old churches coming large and luminous against skies of those indescribable tones peculiar to the night, or, as in one instance, the equally inspiring effect of the tents of Merritt's camp at Lone Mountain, are rendered with a peculiar charm and dignity more than once calling to mind Bret Harte's passionate descriptions of moonlight in California."

The *Mail and Express* devotes a column to the exhibition, saying, among other things:

"A new star of some magnitude has arisen in the local art horizon in the person of a California painter, Charles Rollo Peters. . . . It is safe to predict that Mr. Peters's reputation here as a landscape painter will be established from now on."

Twelve of the pictures have been sold at good prices, and Mr. Peters has been prevailed upon to defer for a time his projected visit to London.

The Mark Hopkins Institute of Art.

The San Francisco Art Association is making arrangements for an exhibition of paintings by well-known foreign and American artists in the early part of December, and many of our leading art-lovers have promptly signified their willingness to contribute from their private galleries toward the contemplated exhibition. Enough good paintings have already been promised to insure its success.

The first number of the *Mark Hopkins Institute Review of Art* will make its appearance on the first of December. It is to be a profusely illustrated magazine devoted largely to local art, and will be sent free to each member of the association. It is edited by Captain Robert H. Fletcher, the curator of the institute and the author of several well-known books.

Admiral Dewey has experienced something beside pleasure through the gift of many of his admirers, the fine house on Rhode Island Avenue, Washington. On the fourteenth of the present month he transferred the property to his wife, through Lieutenant Crawford, and the same day Mrs. Dewey deeded the house to George G. Dewey, the admiral's son, a life interest being reserved. Some of the newspapers of the capital noted the transfer of the property, and commented disparagingly upon the incident. The attacks were so bitter that Admiral Dewey considered an explanation necessary and gave a statement to a reporter, expressing the surprise and sorrow with which he had read the criticisms, and saying that he supposed the gift had been made without reservation, and that his desire to present the house to his wife was natural and as gracious an act as he could imagine. Messages of sympathy and congratulation from all parts of the country have been received by the admiral since the publication of his statement.

The programme for the symphony concert to be given at the Grand Opera House, under the direction of Mr. Henry Holmes, on the afternoon of December 7th, will include Brahms's E-minor symphony; Bach's suite in C, for strings, two hautbois and bassoon; the "Siegfried Idyll," by Wagner; and Beethoven's "Leonore" overture No. 3. The orchestra will consist of sixty-six musicians. Mr. Giulio Minetti is to be concert master. The sale of seats begins at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s store on Friday, December 1st.

Take a trip on the Scenic Railway up Mt. Tamalpais if you want to enjoy a pleasant day's outing. Parties desiring to remain over night at the Tavern can make arrangements for special trips. See ad, elsewhere.

Colonial Hotel.

The management wishes to inform its patrons of the completion of the new private bath-rooms in connection with suites of rooms. Reservation for the winter season should be made at once.

A Thoroughly Reliable Establishment To buy precious stones, pearls, fine jewelry, and silverware. A. Hirschman, 10 Post Street (Masonic Temple).

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LEAVE	From November 15, 1899.	ARRIVE
*7.00 A	Benicia, Suisun, and Sacramento....	*7.45 P
*7.00 A	Marysville, Oroville, via Woodland, Elmira, Vacaville, and Rumsey....	*7.45 P
*7.00 A	Shasta Express—Davis, Willows, Red Bluff, Portland....	*7.45 P
*7.30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa....	*6.15 P
*8.30 A	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago....	*5.15 P
O A	San José, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, and Red Bluff....	*4.15 P
O A	*Milton, Oakdale, and Sonoma....	*4.15 P
O A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations....	*11.45 A
O A	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East....	*9.45 A
O A	Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno....	*12.15 P
O A	Port Costa, Fresno, Mojave, and Los Angeles....	*6.45 P
O A	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations....	*6.45 P
O A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations....	*2.45 P
O M	Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Sacramento, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville....	*4.15 P
O P	Sacramento River Steamers....	*18.00 P
O P	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations....	*5.45 P
O P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa....	*9.15 A
O P	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Oroville....	*10.45 A
O P	Niles, San José, and Stockton....	*7.15 P
O P	The Owl Limited, Martinez, Tracy, Bakersfield, San Luis for Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles....	*9.45 A
*5.30 P	Stockton, Merced, and Fresno....	*12.15 P
*5.30 P	Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East....	*8.45 A
*5.30 P	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East....	*6.45 P
*6.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and San José....	*7.45 A
*6.30 P	Vallejo....	*12.15 P
*6.30 P	Oriental Mail—Ogden and East....	*8.50 P
*7.00 P	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Stations....	*19.55 P
*8.05 P	Oregon and California Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East....	*8.15 A

COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).		
(Foot of Market Street.)		
*8.15 A	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations....	*5.50 P
*12.15 P	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations....	*10.50 A
*4.15 P	Newark, San José, Los Gatos....	*9.20 A
*11.45 P	Hunters' Excursion, San José and Way Stations....	*17.20 P

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.
From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip B)—
*7.15 9.00 11.00 A. M., 11.00 2.00 3.00 P. M.
*4.00 6.00 P. M.
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—
10.00 A. M., 11.00 12.00 2.00 3.00 4.00 5.00 P. M.

COAST DIVISION (Broad Gauge).		
(Third and Townsend Streets.)		
*16.10 A	Ocean View, South San Francisco....	*16.30 P
*7.00 A	San José and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only)....	*1.30 P
*9.00 A	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Surf, Lompoc, and Principal Way Stations....	*4.10 P
*10.40 A	San José and Way Stations....	*6.35 A
*11.30 A	San José and Way Stations....	*5.30 P
*12.45 P	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove....	*10.36 A
*13.30 P	San José and Way Stations....	*7.30 P
*14.15 P	San José and Principal Way Stations....	*9.45 A
*15.00 P	San José and Principal Way Stations....	*19.00 A
*5.30 P	San José and Principal Way Stations....	*8.35 A
*6.30 P	San José and Way Stations....	*18.00 A
*11.45 P	San José and Way Stations....	*7.30 P

A for Morning. P for Afternoon.
* Daily. † Sunday excepted. ‡ Sunday only.
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"What's the difference between foot-ball and war?" "Foot-ball is war without any human object in view."—*Ex.*

He (in an argument)—"Well, thank goodness, I'm not two-faced." *She*—"You ought to be thankful. One face like yours is enough."—*Ex.*

Helpful advice: "I sent a dollar to a young woman for a recipe to make me look young." "What did you get?" "A card saying 'Always associate with women twenty years older than yourself.'"—*Chicago Record.*

Hodge (after spelling through paper)—"What's an Afrigander, missus?" *Missus*—"Why, the 'usband of an Afrigoose, o' course!" *Hodge*—"And what's an Afrigoose?" *Missus*—"Why, a hostrich, o' course!"—*Punch.*

The nautical epidemic: *He*—"They tell me she dances like a breeze." *She*—"As to that, of course, I can't say. She certainly foots fast and looks well on a broad reach; but she makes a little too much fuss; do you think?"—*Brooklyn Life.*

Uncle Hiram—"What kind er thing is that that woman's got on her neck, Mandy?" *His niece*—"That's a chinchilla collar, uncle." *Uncle Hiram*—"Chin-chiller, hey? I wanter know! Blessed if I didn't think 'twas a chin-warmer!"—*Bazar.*

"So our friend is going to leave politics." "He is," answered Senator Sorghum, "if he knows what's good for him." "It is too bad to lose him; he was such an accomplished wire-puller." "Yes, but he got hold of a live wire."—*Washington Star.*

"Oh, Tom," exclaimed the bride of six months, "what do you think! Mother says she wants her body cremated." "She does, eh?" said the husband; "well, tell her to get ready and I'll take her over to the crematory the first thing in the morning."—*Ex.*

"My darling," cries the hero, throwing off his disguise, "I am he." "And I," falters the heroine, laying aside her maidenly reserve, "am she." Meanwhile the villain covers in the corner. "I am it!" he gibbers, for he has gone mad under the strain.—*Detroit Journal.*

"Think! Think! Oh, if you could only think!" The proud girl in the large-checked skirt turned a calcium glare of scorn on the chrysanthemum-decked youth. Then she continued: "But every time you try to think you fizzle!" And yet they say the golf dialect serves no purpose.—*Baltimore American.*

Asking too much: *American girl*—"And if I marry you, will I live in an old English castle, with turrets and battlements, famed in song and story?" *English lord*—"Yes, you shall." *American girl*—"And will you introduce me to the Prince of Wales's set?" *English lord*—"Um—er—not until I begin to get tired of you."—*New York Weekly.*

Recent events would seem to indicate that the opening words of the Declaration of Independence should be changed to read: "All men are born free and equal in the pursuit of life, liberty, and loving-cups." We believe President Kruger is the only conspicuous person now before the public for whom a loving-cup is not being made.—*Bazar.*

Too easy: *Mr. Newlywed* (explaining poker)—"Now, if you get a poor hand you want to bluff, and if you get a good hand you want to make a bluff that you're bluffing. Now, there are two ways of bluffing: one is to bluff, the other is not to bluff. If you're a regular bluffer you can often bluff by not bluffing, and—" *Mrs. Newlywed*—"I see, John; but that game is too easy! Let's play tiddle-de-winks!"—*Puck.*

"Would you advise me to read 'Richard Carvel'?" the fair young girl looked up and asked him. "Not yet," he gravely replied; "always wait until a book has been on the market for a full year and a half before you read it." A little later he murmured softly to himself: "By that time I may be able to get her a copy for fifteen cents." For, in addition to giving sage advice, he was not averse to turning an honest penny.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

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Mr. Snell—"What are you crying for, Elsie?" *His little daughter*—"I've just read that the diamond mines may be exhausted in seven years, and it's eight before my coming out!"—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

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The Argonaut has been fond of saying that the daily press does not, as it boasts, lead the people, but that it runs along behind the procession peddling popular opinions like popcorn. When the conductors of the daily press are obliged to take sides in a hurry, they frequently guess wrong, and the next day are obliged to eat their words. When they find that public opinion is the other way, they cheerfully come out on the other side.

These remarks are inspired by the conduct of a part of the daily press toward Admiral Dewey since conveying his

presentation house to his son. The Associated Press dispatches from Washington city gave the local or parochial view in that hurg. The yellow press throughout the country mistakenly believed that the parochial Washington view represented the view of the American people toward Dewey, and they fell upon him tooth and nail like wolves. But only a day was needed to convince them of their error. Certain organs suddenly became silent, and other journals frankly hacked out and espoused the cause of Dewey. They found that the great heart of the American people still heat true for him.

Washington city is not the United States, nor are its hurghers the American people, although they seem to think they are. When, some months ago, in certain Washington bureaus there was concocted the scheme of giving a house to Dewey, it was grandiloquently announced as "the gift of the American people." But it was the gift rather of the Washington people than of the American people. The American people at that time had some thought of giving a Washington house to Dewey, but it was another home they had in mind. Knowing this, certain astute office-holders in Washington thought it would be well to get up a subscription for a Dewey house. The scheme had great potentialities. If everything went right, it would prove to the people that this clique of office-holders wished to do honor to Dewey. If anything went wrong, it might serve to discredit Dewey in the people's eyes—which is the turn that has been attempted. And if the Dewey lightning fell on the Republican convention, and he became President, then the projectors of the Dewey house scheme were solid with the new administration.

But the American people took but a languid interest in the matter. The scheme did not boom. So its projectors worked the Washington departments, and touted from male and female department clerks. With some difficulty the moderate sum of fifty thousand dollars was raised, only by securing, toward the end, some large subscriptions from wealthy persons.

Admiral Dewey accepted the house. It was an error. Had he been wisely counseled, he would have declined it, or, if that seemed ungracious, he could have dedicated the money in some way to the American jack tar. But he accepted it. And here his troubles began.

No proud man should be willing to accept a gift which has an eleemosynary tinge, even though the donors be many. It could not be pleasant to an admiral of the United States Navy to reflect that the roof over his head was paid for by vile drachmas wrung by indirection from the hands of poorly paid federal employees, and that even negro spittoon-cleaners in the public buildings were urged to subscribe. It was an error in taste for the admiral to accept it; but, having accepted it, it was his to do with as he chose.

He chose to give it to his son, George G. Dewey. The clamor of cheap newspapers over his transferring the "gift of the American people" to his newly wedded wife is not borne out by the dates. Mrs. Dewey's deed transferring the property to Admiral Dewey's son is dated two days before Admiral Dewey's deed transferring the house to her. Under the local law she became vested with a one-third interest in the property the moment she became Admiral Dewey's wife. Therefore, the several transfers were made with the purpose of vesting the title to the property in the male line of Admiral Dewey's family.

The bitterness of the attacks upon the admiral in Washington is scarcely comprehensible. The Washington papers have teemed with letters from so-called contributors to the Dewey house fund, demanding the return of their money. It is gratifying to read that all of these people can have their money if they want it. Admiral Dewey's friends have taken up the matter, and offered to return the subscriptions of all who apply for them. This is well. But it would have been better had he never accepted the house.

The fact remains, however, that the inspired Washington press and the daily papers throughout the country which take their cue from those organs are grossly at fault in thinking the American people condemn Admiral Dewey's

action. On the contrary, the Washington assaults upon him have aroused a feeling of indignation throughout the entire country. The yelping of the Washington pack at his heels will have the effect of increasing the regard which the American people feel for him.

Washington city is not the United States. It is not a representative American city. Its population is not typical. There is no commerce in Washington. There is no manufacturing in Washington. There are no large mercantile houses in Washington. It is a city largely made up of drones—from the idle *attachés* of legations to the young army officers with "soft things"; from the yawning government clerks, who kill flies with rulers, to the lazy negroes who loaf and sleep and snore in the galleries of Congress. It is a city of people without homes—except for the new rich, who seek there "social standing" which they could not attain in more settled communities. It is a city of boarding-houses, inhabited by men and women who live in abject fear of losing their government jobs. There are other kinds of houses than boarding-houses there. There is probably more lewd living in Washington than in any city of its size in the country. When the Edmunds law against illegal cohabitation was passed for the benefit of the Utah Mormons, the first case under it was a surprise. It came up in Washington city, which, being federal territory, also came under this federal law. A young army officer who had installed a young woman as his mistress was indicted by her father, and threatened with a felon's cell. But Washington public opinion was scandalized—not at the offense, but at the prosecution. So the young officer was pulled through, and the matter was hushed up. Severe moral laws intended for uncouth Mormons in Utah would never do for dapper army officers in Washington city. Its opinions on politics are as lofty as its opinions on morals. Washington has no politics. It is always "for the administration." Yet its dwellers, who pose as "the American people," have no voice or vote in this great republic, but are ruled by a congressional committee of country lawyers, much as our parti-colored citizens in Porto Rico, Hawaii, and the Philippines will be ruled.

Admiral Dewey may take heart of grace. His fellow-citizens have not condemned him. In Washington city curs may snarl and snap at his heels. But throughout the length and breadth of this republic there still goes forth to him the love and trust and honor of his countrymen.

This city has been aroused to a realization of the fact that prosperity is to come through expenditures for public improvements. It must be confessed that for many years San Francisco has spent practically nothing at all for the betterment of the city. Under the dollar limit, which has been established by general consent, there has been no opportunity for spending money for permanent improvements. As was pointed out in these columns last week, the bonded indebtedness of the city is less than that of any city of one-half the population in the country. Under the impetus received from adopting the new charter, and inaugurating the city government under conditions that promise immense development, there has grown up a desire to carry the development further.

As is natural under such circumstances, the tendency is to go too far. During the month of December two elections are to be held. On the twenty-seventh of the month the people are to be called upon to vote on three propositions involving an extension of the park system of this city. As an abstract proposition, all three should carry. San Francisco has been backward in the development of its parks, and the panhandle proposition, the Presidio boulevard, and the Mission park, with the boulevard connecting it with Golden Gate Park, would go far toward establishing a park system that would place this city on a par with Chicago and Boston.

At the same time there are other questions to be considered. As has been said, San Francisco has been extremely backward in the matter of public improvements. The panhandle and boulevard propositions will cost a little

more than five millions of dollars. It is to the disgrace of San Francisco that this city has as yet no sewer system, and hundreds of victims are dying yearly from typhoid fever and other ailments that the doctors classify as "filth diseases." A sewer system will cost the city seven millions of dollars, and the proposition of voting bonds for this system will be submitted to the people two days later than the panhandle proposition. The condition of the school-houses of the city has been exploited daily in one of the newspapers. The accommodations are wholly inadequate, and the conditions in such school-houses as we have are such as to endanger the health of the children who attend. The city and county hospital is in a most disgraceful condition. Patients who go there with minor ailments contract fatal diseases while there.

These are matters that demand immediate attention. Every citizen of San Francisco has a pride in the appearance of the city, and would rejoice to see it made the "Paris of America," but the necessary conditions must be considered before appropriations are made for what are purely luxuries. There are many improvements that are imperatively needed in this city before any question of beautifying can be considered. Not only is it necessary to build sewers, construct school-houses, and provide for indigent invalids. The city needs pavements that are not obsolete. In every direction are improvements that should be made before money is voted for what are simply luxuries. Panhandles, boulevards, and parks are desirable things, but they must wait until other and more important propositions have been considered.

Jahart

When one stops to contemplate some of the details of the convention-holding habit, which seems to have gained so strong a hold upon the people, he is sure to be astonished at the marvelous growth of the custom of bringing State, national, and international organizations with identical aims together in annual congresses. He will be surprised at the number of such conventions that are held within the United States alone, and even with those which are held in his own State. He will wonder at the multitude of people in the aggregate who journey to these Congresses from one end of the land to another, or to Europe, for the purpose of exchanging the knowledge gained within the year past upon the art, or the science, or the business, or the profession which is the object of study of their respective cults. A list of such annual congresses would show that they are held by their organizations in the interest of almost every conceivable subject that occupies the mind of busy or studious people. With such vast summer schools in annual operation, with a multitude of minds engaged upon the various studies, with improved methods for exchanging the results of study and experience, it can not be but that the sum total of human knowledge is advancing by leaps and bounds.

The modern features of the habit of convening are mainly the growth of the last ten years. Prior to 1889 very little had been done in the way of securing the systematic and regular meeting of congresses for study and comparison. The first noticeable improvement was made at the Paris Exposition of 1889, and it was carried on to a much larger and more comprehensive extent at the Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893. But at neither exposition was there any adequate preparations made to receive the delegations and provide them with a place of meeting. At Paris they met where they could, and at Chicago they generally used the art palace on the lake front.

This defect is to be remedied at the Paris Exposition of next year, and the preparations which are being made, and the numberless congresses which have already been authorized by the exposition management mark a new era in the convention habit. The Paris authorities have built a special auditorium for the purpose, on the bank of the Seine, which is more than three hundred feet in length and more than one hundred and fifty in width, and they have already arranged to have more than a hundred conventions meet there during the exposition season, with delegates from every quarter of the globe. The idea is the outgrowth of the desire of specialists in every branch of art and science to meet, confer, and interchange views with those of other countries. Their proceedings will be published, and will form valuable treatises on the subjects discussed. The infinite variety of subjects to be handled will cover almost every walk of life.

Agriculturists will be interested in the various congresses which will consider horticulture, viticulture, bee culture, feeding of cattle, pressing of fruits, and forestry and pomology. For the mechanical and constructive arts there will be assemblies to study boiler inspection, architecture, naval construction, automobiles, theatrical devices, and mechanics. Business men will look forward to the results of congresses in the interests of insurance, commerce and industry, mining and metallurgy, navigation, the press, real and commercial property, property rights in literary and artistic work, corporations, street railways, and commercial

travelers. The learned professions will meet in congresses to study dentistry, dermatology, medicines, homœopathy, hypnotism, maritime law, and a dozen different ones will be devoted to the methods of teaching agriculture, design, languages, geography, and to the examination of school systems, social science in the schools, and technical, commercial, and industrial education.

The arts and sciences will be represented in congresses arranged for botany, chemistry, horology, electricity, ethnography, geology, mathematics, meteorology, ornithology, pharmacy, philosophy, photography, psychology, and bibliography. Students of social and economic problems may get the last results in those lines from the conferences which will consider coöperative unions, anti-slavery, public and private charity, the condition of the blind, popular credit, cheap dwellings, hygiene, peace, profit-sharing, provident organizations, Sunday rest, life-saving, woman's condition and rights, and women's institutions and work. Scientific research will find ample scope in the congresses for anthropology, archaeology, history, history of religions, colonial study, folk lore, Alpine study, American study, Basque study.

Besides all these, there will be congresses for aeronauts, numismatists, firemen, deaf mutes, anti-tobacconists, pisciculturists, and for unifying the ratio of gold and silver.

The congress of viticulture, which is to be held in June, should be of especial interest to the wine-producing interests of California. Not only because this State is first in wine production in the Union, nor because June will be a pleasant time to visit Paris, but because the expansion of American commercial interests offers an opportunity to secure the marketing of California wines in Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines, enabling them to pass from the latter through the opening door of the Orient. The climate and soil of California warrant an ambition to be near the top in the wine-making interests of the world. No wiser move could be made than to accept the Paris invitation, and send carefully selected delegates, capable of taking every advantage of the opportunities offered. This particular congress will be in session for four days, and when it closes the delegates will visit the vineyards and wine-making establishments of such noted names as those of Burgundy and Champagne. It is an opportunity which will not occur again in the near future, and one which the wine-growers of the State can not afford to neglect. Let them pull together for once and reap the benefits of it.

Jahart

While the race problem of the South is the most important with which Americans of this generation have to deal, it is an encouraging sign that from among the negroes themselves should arise such a man as Booker T. Washington, at once a counselor and a model. In his book, just from the press, "The Future of the American Negro," Mr. Washington repeats the advice he has often given. He believes in the industrial education of the negro. He would teach the colored man self-respect, independence, to make himself of value to the community. Mr. Washington does not agree with some other authorities that the problem is a national one. To him it seems that the South is the natural home of the negro, the place of greatest opportunity. It is there he is known, and there he can win appreciation. Industrial and moral training is needed more than book knowledge. Race animosity on the other side of Mason and Dixon's line is to be eradicated only by the ability of the negro to command respect.

That the negro is beginning to realize this is evident. The Atlanta Constitution considers the negro exhibit at the State fair one of the most important in showing the representatives of that race to be honest and industrious. The Boston Transcript sees a sign of changing times in the spectacle of two hundred and eighty colored men in a labor parade at Richmond with lines of white citizens cheering them as they passed. At Huntsville, Ala., an industrial congress recently adopted this resolution: "We recommend the industrial education of the negroes throughout the South, and the opening to them of all avenues of industry, freed from any intimidation from any source whatever, and under the protection of just laws for remunerating their services." Evidently there is a leaven that has been working.

A letter from a Virginian to the New York Sun touches upon a phase of the problem which Mr. Washington ignores, and the justness of which must be left to the future. The Virginian asserts that the negro has degenerated, that whereas an insane or consumptive slave was practically unknown, now colored patients crowd the asylums, and tuberculosis is a common malady. For this he blames the government in having turned upon their own resources a people who had been utterly dependent, expecting them to compete with the Caucasian whose training had been for hundreds of years. The lesson he draws is that the North does not know the nature of the struggle in progress in the South, and that to the South must be left its own salvation.

The letter is a plea for the crime of lynching. Whatever of merit the plea may possess, it would seem that the Washington view is broader, that the path pointed out by the colored apostle crying in the wilderness of ignorance leads more surely to the light. The rope and the fagot have failed. As portents of a brighter day, which is to shed benign light on the two races, they have no force. The Virginian contends that the proper education of the negro does not involve the making of him into a doctor, a lawyer, or a preacher. In this he is so indubitably right, that if he will take pains to investigate he will find himself in perfect accord with Mr. Washington. He wants the negro taught to be thrifty, and to care for his health; and Mr. Washington not only wishes the same thing, but his devotion to this desire has crystallized in a great normal and industrial school of which he is the head, and from which go out yearly scores of young men and women fitted to maintain themselves by honorable callings.

The North is willing to leave this problem to the South, but it feels the right of human interest in it. It belongs to the South because the negroes are there. Were they in the North the colored people would have as much to contend against as is now their lot. It will continue to belong to the South, for the environment there is congenial, and the sway of the trades-union has not reached the climax of tyranny. If a colored man acquire the trade of a mason, painter, tailor, or any other of the twenty-nine taught at Tuskegee, if he become an expert agriculturist, or a dairyman, his services will be in demand. But while the problem is for the South to solve, as the Chinese question belongs to the West, it is of national concern.

The volume from the pen of Mr. Washington is interesting, thoughtful, and instructive; it may be condensed into the admonition to educate. This is not a general term, implying the necessity for a college finish, a smattering of languages, a few glimpses at the stars, but practical and far-reaching. It includes a specific training for a useful career, the inculcation of self-respect, the betterment of morals, the raising of life's standard. In this course Mr. Washington sees for his people a future, not when they shall be barely tolerated, but shall take their places, each according to worth, in the affairs of men.

Jahart

There can be no question but the walking-delegate as a factor in organized labor is worse than a nuisance, being, indeed, an actual menace. It is his business not to adjust difficulties but to stir them up. He thrives on turmoil, and discord is to him bread and butter. Unwilling to work himself, he is ready to take from others the privilege of working. He is the individual who has induced labor unions to overstep the bounds of reason, and thus to lose public sympathy, which naturally attends their efforts. That the principles of unionism are logical, that the object sought to be attained commends itself, there can scarcely be denial; but the methods used are often arbitrary and calculated to excite enmity and thus to bring about defeat. People who invest money in any enterprise are not yet ready to turn over to a walking-delegate complete control of their capital.

At last Chicago contractors have rebelled, and they aver that unless the pestilent walking-delegate can be suppressed they will refuse to undertake any work after the first day of the new year. This incident shows how the unions defeat their legitimate objects by over-stepping the bounds of reason.

A great building for governmental uses was to be erected in Chicago. The President of the United States had been invited to lay the corner-stone. It was at this stage the Stone-Cutters' Union demanded from the federal committee, having in charge the festival marking the occasion, the sum of five thousand dollars. The explanation was given that the union had expended this amount in investigating workmen hired on the structure. The purpose of the investigation, of course, had been to find if any of these workmen had dared to have the independence to decline obedience to the mandate of a walking-delegate. As to what the research had brought forth, representatives of the union made no revelation, but they offered for five thousand dollars to be decent, and law-abiding, and even to send two delegates to Washington to inform the President that he was at liberty to lay the corner-stone, and that the benign approval of the Stone-Cutters' Union would soothe and sustain him during the operation. These delegates would have their expenses paid in full. Such generosity could not fail to make an impression, and the impression was that as a specimen of that quality vulgarly termed "cheek," the offer had not been equaled since the Miners' Union in Idaho insisted upon the right to burn property and kill all who ventured to interfere.

In some manner the affair was patched up so that without being classed as a scab the President of the United States was permitted to lay the stone, but the end of the trouble is not in sight. This is shown by the attitude of the contractors. If the stone-cutters of Chicago choose to dictate, they

can do so to the extent of paralyzing all the building trades and plunging thousands of men into idleness. Every interest of the community will be made to suffer. There will be only one to profit by a tie-up—the walking-delegate, the creature who will fatten on the savings of toilers, while they have no opportunity to add to their store. In the end there can be nothing to expect but failure, for with tolerable certainty justice must prevail.

Jahart

Since the war in South Africa has been in progress speculation has been rife as to what is to be the future of the Dark Continent, and particularly as to the southern part of that country. So far as the war has developed, the Boers have proved themselves able to cope with the British, not only in actual fighting, but in the strategy that makes the fighting effective. While this is true, it is also undoubted that in the end superior force will prevail, and that Great Britain will dictate the terms of peace. What is to be the future of South Africa is a question that is commanding the attention of all England and is claiming considerable space in the magazines and reviews. It is notable in these discussions that the English people do not look for the absolute extinction of Boer independence. That the Transvaal Republic and the Orange Free State are to be brought under the dominance of Great Britain is accepted as inevitable, but after the suzerainty of England is acknowledged, it is conceded that a certain degree of autonomy is to be granted to the states brought under subjection.

It is probable that the separate States of South Africa will be brought into a federation, each having a certain degree of independence, and yet all under the supreme authority of Great Britain. This would be similar to the federation that has recently been formed in Australia. The absorption of Schleswig-Holstein by Prussia, and of Alsace-Lorraine by Germany, were cases of absolute absorption—the identity of the provinces was wholly lost. This was the fact also with regard to Russia in its successive advances in Central Asia, and to France in its conquests of Madagascar, Algeria, and Tonquin. The English nation has learned that the permanence of colonial possessions depends upon granting them a certain degree of autonomy. The British colonies to-day are proving themselves most loyal because Great Britain has adopted a most liberal policy toward them. Under British rule the federated republics of South Africa will realize a degree of prosperity that has been unknown to them heretofore.

Jahart

One of the subjects that received particular attention at the recent convention of those interested in irrigation and the storage of flood waters was that of forest preservation. The influence of forests in conserving the heavy precipitation of winter and distributing it through the months of the dry season was fully recognized, and the importance of preventing the wanton destruction of forests was acknowledged. The cutting of timber for commercial purposes, however, received far more attention than the more serious danger arising from fires resulting from the carelessness of campers and hunters. Gifford Pinchot, who holds the position of forester in the United States Department of Agriculture, has recently called attention to this danger, and has presented some facts that will surprise those who have not studied the subject.

According to Mr. Pinchot it is possible in the forests of the country to read the records of past fires for more than one hundred years back. Even before the first white men came to this country the primeval forests were periodically destroyed by fires. The records thus left indicate a loss of twenty millions of dollars a year from this cause alone. When the deterioration of the soil and the influence upon the climate are considered, the loss would be not less than fifty millions of dollars annually. The influence of these forest fires is far greater than is generally supposed. It is probable that a very large part of the prairie regions of this country is bare of trees merely because of fires that in past ages have destroyed the vegetation. Where forest lands have been protected through the progress of settlement young trees have sprung up and taken the place of those that had been destroyed earlier. In a similar way trees are preading from the borders of streams to the adjoining grass lands.

Certain trees have considerable power of resistance to the destructive influence of conflagrations. The western larch as a thick bark that is almost fire-proof and it protects the tree from fires hot enough to scorch the trunk seventy-five feet above the ground. It is owing to the same quality that the big trees of this State are able to survive for three or four thousand years. The long-leaf pine is protected in another way. The green needles, which will not burn readily, form a shield around the tender shoots and protect them when they would otherwise be destroyed. While nature thus develops means of self-defense, the destruction that is

wrought by forest fires is immense, and there is a pressing necessity for more effective measures to be taken to preserve the forests. Some opposition has been aroused by the policy adopted some years ago of setting aside forest lands as national parks. Thousands of acres in this State have been thus withdrawn from sale. The policy is one that should be followed up, and a more enlightened public opinion will sustain it.

Jahart

In this country there has been a tendency to think of Germany only in its military aspect, or in relation to a capacity and willingness to furnish a market for the products of the United States. Its steady progress in material development, its growing wealth, and its advance toward a position among the financial powers of the world, do not seem to be matters of common knowledge. Yet the expansion of Germany's foreign trade during the last thirty years has been little short of stupendous, as a glance at tabulated records will show.

In 1872 the total was a little less than \$1,400,000,000, while in 1898 it amounted to \$2,360,000,000. This was a gain of 70 per cent., a notable economic achievement for a quarter of a century. It stands out with more prominence because France all through the same period was nearly stationary; its exports, indeed, diminishing by 3 per cent. Of German exports 90 per cent. consists of manufactured goods, a circumstance hespeaking an abundance of work for skilled labor. All this time Germany has held its own ocean trade, and been an extensive carrier for other nations. The increase has not been spasmodic nor ill-proportioned. While the population was growing 25 per cent., foreign trade increased 70 per cent., commercial shipping 124 per cent., exchange with China 480 per cent., with Austria 475 per cent., and with Mexico and South America 317 per cent.

There are other figures that have a bearing on this subject. In 1872, 16 German ships, having a tonnage of 12,181, passed through the Suez Canal. That year the French ships passing through numbered 80, the tonnage being 162,621. In 1896, the German ships were 322, the tonnage 1,120,580, surpassing by one-third the tonnage of France. So the day has passed when could be said, with some shading of truth: "War is the national industry of Prussia."

Thirty years ago Germany imported less than 70,000 tons of raw cotton; now more than 300,000 tons are required. Against the 2,000 tons of jute then used must be placed the present demand for 80,000 tons. Statistics demonstrate that commercial prosperity has dawned on every domestic field of Teutonic enterprise. In 1882 there were 359,000 engaged in mining, in 1895, 458,000; of metal workers, 285,000 had been augmented to 383,000; machinists, 200,000 to 316,000; building trades, 331,000 to 596,000. Only among those engaged in textiles and food supplies had there failed to be decisive gains.

Between 1883 and 1897 banks had grown in number from 113 to 150, with capital increased from \$312,000 to \$540,000, gross profits meanwhile being about doubled. In 1897 dividends paid on bank shares averaged 7.5 per cent. The Imperial Bank of Germany has a larger circulation than the Bank of England, and its discounts are 50 per cent. greater, the governing statute permitting it to work more nearly up to the limit of its resources than is the case with the Bank of England.

All this possesses peculiar interest now, owing to the imperial demand for a doubling of the navy budget. It would seem that Germany is able to devote to the enlargement of its sea power any sum that may be necessary, for the empire is rich and steadily growing richer. What bearing the government ownership of railways, forests, and mines may have upon the situation is a phase to be considered separately. It is certain that the roads pay good interest—never but once less than 4.5 per cent.—that rates are cheaper and returns greater than on private lines; and that from forests and mines come profits enough to lessen much the burdens of taxation.

Jahart

The *Argonaut* is a Republican paper, and it will loyally support the Republican party's stand on the Philippines when the Republican party declares itself. Up to date there has been no such declaration. The latest official declaration of any national Republican body was a resolution passed by the United States Senate the day when, by the casting vote of Vice-President Hohart, it reluctantly approved the treaty with Spain. In that resolution the United States Senate declared against annexing the Philippines and demanded that independence be given to the Philippine people. When Congress meets this month the country will learn whether the Senate still favors Philippine independence, or whether it has changed its views; also how the House of Representatives stands. Until then, the question is unsettled, as far as the Republican party is concerned. None the less, great weight must be attached to the report of the Philippine

commissioners. There is no doubt that the country has been much impressed by that report. It will doubtless also impress Congress.

If our party in Congress—both Houses being Republican—declares against Philippine independence, the *Argonaut* will support the party in its stand. We have opposed the forcible annexation of the Philippines on two purely material grounds—that we believe it to be bad business and bad politics. Ethical grounds cut little figure in the last decade of the nineteenth century. We have considered it bad business because it will cost many millions to reconstruct the islands. The cost of the little war there will be but a hagatelle compared to the cost of the task which follows the war. We have considered it bad politics because we firmly believe that it will endanger the success of the Republican party in the year nineteen hundred. The labor vote is lining up against the Republican party. The trades-unions are declaring against expansion. Workingmen fear annexation, with its menace to free labor and its menace of free trade.

The latest body to declare itself in this direction is the Knights of Labor, the most numerous and most powerful labor organization in the country. At the close of their convention in Boston, November 23d, they unanimously passed resolutions condemning the administration's foreign policy, strongly opposing Philippine annexation, denouncing President McKinley "as the bitter enemy of labor," and "asking organized labor to use its votes against him and his associates."

Does any sane Republican believe that we can carry this country in 1900 with united labor ranged against us? If so, we do not. There is a greater present danger than imperialism, and that is Bryanism. We think that Republican imperialism will make possible Democratic Bryanism.

Will the Republican party listen to a warning?

The *Argonaut* has said its say.

Jahart

The Republican County Committee held a meeting last week in San Francisco "to inquire into the manner in which the recent campaign was conducted." It was the unanimous belief of the committee that during the campaign "something went wrong."

We should smile.

The committee is now endeavoring to find out what it was that went wrong. We do not know, but would suggest that perhaps it was the voters. Too many of them voted the Democratic ticket.

We may remark, however, that possibly the excessive purity of the campaign affronted the Republican ward politicians. There was so much talk about "pure primaries," "overthrowing bossism," and "cleaning the Augean stables," that it may have affronted the Republican gentlemen who labor in those same stables, who groom dark horses, and who do unpleasant work with pitchforks. These gentlemen are not lovely persons. They are misplaced at pink teas, and they generally smell of ammonia from the Augean stables. But they certainly have their uses, and one of them is voting for the ticket which we good, pure, non-ammoniacal Republicans prepare for them.

But this time they didn't vote it. Perhaps they didn't vote at all. The crude understanding of these humble workers in the Augean stables can not comprehend why the good and pure Republicans should kill off Republican bossism in order to build up Democratic bossism. It does seem queer, from any standpoint but that of the new Democratic boss, Mayor Phelan.

Jahart

Some weeks ago the *Argonaut* remarked that the British anticipations of the success of their armored trains were apt to go for naught; that the operation of armored trains against brave white men like the Boers would be very different from operating them against superstitious savages or lily-livered mongrels. The dispatches from South Africa daily bear out this assertion. Already four British armored trains have met with disaster. It would seem as if the soldiers in the train "protected" by the armor were in greater danger than those on foot, for the latter can at least run away. The soldiers in the trains, on the other hand, are in imminent danger from their own fortress when it is either derailed or blown up—in both of which manners the Boers have treated the British trains. It is reminiscent of the description given by some humorist—was it Mark Twain?—of an assault at arms "when knighthood was in flower" by knights full armed *cap-à-pie*. The humorist remarked that one knight knocked the other knight off his horse, and then falling upon his prostrate enemy cracked him open and killed him.

Jahart

The signature of the editor is appended to every article in this issue written, dictated, or inspired by him, in accordance with the "signature law," enacted during the last session of the legislature.

Jahart

THE SAINT-GABELLE INN.

An Odd Wager.

You would have been very fortunate, my children, if you had known my Uncle Bayle, because he alone knew more stories than you have ever read. My uncle did not live in our little city of Mirepeix—he lived at Foix; and almost every Saturday we would see him coming on his horse, and our joyous cries bailed him at a distance. The servant, my old Jeannette, came immediately to salute our Uncle Bayle, who carefully informed himself as to the supper. Then, after having added or changed something in the bill of fare, he seated himself in a large chair of carved wood, which we dragged up to the fire; and without delay we all began to cry, "A story! a story!" On this evening the cry was less boisterous, because we had formed a little conspiracy, and no one dared to speak first. Finally, my pretty cousin Dorothy, the most talkative little girl of the house, and now the grave superior of a convent of the Sisters of Charity, ventured to cry, "A ghost story!" and we replied, all together, "Yes, a ghost story!"

My uncle frowned, and looked toward Jeannette, who was very much confused, and wished to appear absorbed in peeping her chicken pot-pie. It was she, in fact, who had urged us to make this demand.

"There are only fools or rogues who believe, or pretend to believe, in ghosts," said my uncle, in a severe tone. We all waited in silence, so much authority was there in his words; but a moment of reflection seemed to calm him. We saw him smile, as if to himself, and he added, in a tone full of sweetness: "You want a ghost-story, my children? Very well; I will relate one to you which happened to me, so that it can not be doubted."

We gathered around him closer than usual; the lamp hung by a chain attached to the mantel-piece, and there our uncle told his story.

One autumn evening—it must have been forty years ago, because I was scarcely twenty years old at the time—I was returning from Toulouse. I had arrived almost in front of the Bolbonne monastery, beyond the beautiful woods of Lecourien, when a sudden and frightful storm, like those that come down from our mountains, broke forth. My horse, frightened at the flashes of lightning and noise of thunder, darted into a little by-path, and carried me with him, in spite of all my efforts to the contrary. Notwithstanding his rapidity, I soon recognized that he had taken the road to Saint Gabelle, and that he was leading me there all right; and he galloped on until he stopped of his own accord, as he had started, and I perceived that I was at the door of an inn. I entered. The guests were numerous—a mixed crowd of Spanish merchants and young sportsmen of the vicinity, overtaken, like myself, by the storm. After drying ourselves at the fire—composed of a dozen vine-branches which had been thrown in the fire-place—supper was announced, and we all sat down to the table. At first the conversation turned on the frightful weather. One had been thrown from his horse; another had been detained an hour in getting himself and cart out of a pool of mud. Finally some one exclaimed: "It is an infernal night, just the time for a meeting of witches." This remark, which was very simple, gave place to a singular observation, made in a tone still more singular.

"Sorcerers and ghosts prefer for their meeting a beautiful moonlight night to a night so unpleasant as this."

We all gazed at the man who said this, and saw that it was one of the Spanish merchants. You have often seen them, my children, with their leggings and short breeches open at the knee and showing their naked, hairy legs. You know what a mingled air of pride and misery they have. He who had spoken had, more than any you have seen, that savage bearing which is characteristic of them all. None of us had thought of replying, when my neighbor, a young man with a frank and open manner, burst out laughing as he said:

"It appears that this gentleman knows the habits of ghosts, and that they have told him that they do not like to get wet or dirty."

He had not finished his sentence when the Spaniard threw on him a terrible look, as he said:

"Young man, do not speak so lightly of things you know nothing about."

"Do you think you can make me believe there are ghosts?" replied my neighbor, disdainfully.

"Perhaps," replied the Spaniard, "if you had the courage to look at them."

The young man jumped up, red with anger, but calmed himself, and sat down again quietly, saying:

"You would have paid dearly for that remark if it were not that of a fool."

"That of a fool!" cried the Spaniard, jumping up in his turn. "Well, then," added he, slapping his fist on the table, and throwing down a big leather purse. "Here are thirty quadruples" [about two hundred and sixteen dollars] "which I offer to lose if within an hour I do not make you see, you who are so positive, the face of one of your friends that you will name, let him be dead for ten years, and if, after having recognized him, you dare to permit his mouth to kiss yours."

The Spaniard had an air so terrible in saying these words that we all started. My neighbor alone preserved his laughing, mocking manner, and replied:

"You will do this—you?"

"Yes," replied the Spaniard, "and I will lose thirty quadruples if I do not do it, on condition that you will lose an equal amount if I keep my promise and you acknowledge it."

The young man was silent a moment, then he said, gayly: "Thirty quadruples! My worthy sorcerer, that is more than a student of Toulouse ever possessed; but if you will step your word for the five quadruples which are here, I am your man."

The Spaniard took his purse again, and said, scornfully:

"Ah, you back out, my little gentleman?"

"I back out!" cried the young man. "Ah, if I had the thirty quadruples, you would see if I backed out."

"Here are four," cried I, "which I add to your stake."

I had no sooner made this proposition than five or six persons, attracted like myself by the singularity of this challenge, offered to take part in it, and in less than no time the Spaniard's amount was covered. This man seemed so sure of his work that he confided the stake to the young student, and we got ready for the demonstration.

To that end we selected a small pavilion, perfectly isolated, in the garden, so that there could be no deception. We searched it minutely; we assured ourselves that there were no other openings than a window, securely fastened, and a door, which was closed in the same manner, and at which we all stood after we had left the young man alone in the pavilion. We had placed writing materials on the table, and took away all the lights. We were eagerly interested in the issue of the scene, and were all keeping a profound silence, when the Spaniard, who had remained among us, commenced to sing in a sweet and sad voice a song, which may be rendered as follows:

"Noiselessly cracking, the coffin has broken in the half-opened tomb, And the white phantom's black foot is resting on the grass, cold and green."

At the first verse he raised his voice solemnly, and said: "You have asked to see your friend, François Violot, who was drowned three years ago in crossing the Pensagnoles Ferry. What do you see?"

"I see," replied the young man, "a pale light which has risen near the window, but it has no form, and is only an indistinct mist."

"Are you afraid?" said the Spaniard, in a strong voice.

"I am not afraid," replied the student, in a voice no less confident.

We scarcely breathed. The Spaniard was silent for a moment, then he began all at once to sing again, but in a higher and more sombre voice:

"And the white phantom, whose face has been withered by the surge of the waves, Wipes with his shroud the water from his garments and hair."

The song finished, the Spaniard turned again toward the door, and, in an accent more and more solemn, he said:

"You, who wished to pry into the mysteries of the tomb, what do you see?"

We listened with anxiety. The student replied, in a calm voice, but like a man who is describing a thing as it happens:

"I see this vapor, which grows larger and larger, and takes the form of a phantom; this phantom has the head covered with a veil."

"Are you afraid?" asked the Spaniard, in an insulting voice.

The voice of the young man replied: "I am not afraid."

We dared not look at each other, so great was our surprise, so occupied were we in following the singular movements of the Spaniard, who began to raise his arms above his head, while invoking three times a name horrible to pronounce; after which he chanted the third verse of his infernal song, but in a voice singularly triumphant:

"And the phantom said, in leaving the tomb, 'In order that he may recognize me, I will go toward my friend, proud, smiling, and beautiful as in my youth.'"

The Spaniard finished his verse, and repeated his question:

"What do you see?"

"I see," replied the student, "the phantom advance—it raises its veil—it is François Violot—he approaches the table—he writes—he has written; it is his signature!"

"Are you afraid?" cried the Spaniard, furiously.

There was a moment of silence, and the student replied, with more strength than assurance: "I am not!"

Immediately, as if seized with a fit of madness, the Spaniard sung, with a strange howl, this last horrible verse:

"And the phantom said to the mocking man, 'Come, then, that I may touch you; Put your hand in my hand, press your heart to my heart, your mouth to my mouth.'"

"What do you see?" cried the Spaniard, in a voice of thunder.

"It comes—it approaches—it pursues me—it extends its arms—it will seize me. Help! help!"

"Are you afraid?" cried the Spaniard, with ferocious joy.

A piercing cry, then a smothered groan, was the only answer to this terrible question.

"Help that imprudent young man!" said the Spaniard to us, in a cruel voice. "I have, I think, won the wager; but it is enough for me to have given him a lesson. Let him keep the money, and be more prudent in the future."

He went away rapidly after these words. We opened the door, and found the student in horrible convulsions. The paper, signed with the name of François Violot, was on the table. Scarcely had the student recovered when he demanded to know who was the infamous sorcerer who had subjected him to this horrible profanation; he wished to kill him. He searched for him all through the inn, and darted off like a madman in pursuit of him. And that is the story, my children.

We were all trembling with fright, huddling closely about our Uncle Bayle, not daring to look around. No one had the courage to speak; then I gathered strength enough to say to my uncle: "And how is it, after this, you do not believe in ghosts?"

"Because," said my uncle, "neither the young man nor the sorcerer were ever seen afterward, nor the beautiful quadruples which the other travelers and myself had furnished to cover the wager proposed by the pretended Spaniard; and because these two rogues carried them away, after having played under our eyes a comedy which we believed in like a pack of simpletons, and which I found very expensive, but which will not have cost too much if it enables me to fully persuade you that none but imbeciles or rogues believe or pretend to believe in ghosts."—Translated from the French of Frederick Loulie.

LONDON SOCIETY'S HOSPITAL-SHIP.

Lady Randolph Churchill Planned the Enterprise—American Favor and Generosity Recognized by Naming the Vessel "Maine"

—The West End Ablaze with Enthusiasm.

"Remember the *Maine*!" has broken out as a watchword in London society. I was going to say in the American colony in London, but that would be putting by far too narrow a limit upon its sphere of action. The most we can say is that the cry began in the American colony, about ten days or a fortnight ago, and was quickly taken up among the swagger set of London society to which the American colony belongs, and it has steadily increased and developed into a shout which echoes all over the smart West End, from May-fair to South Kensington. Now, the sentiment which underlies, and has evoked this seemingly extraordinary ebullition of pro-American enthusiasm has nothing whatever to do with indignation at the dastardly destruction of the famous United States battle-ship in the harbor of Havana last year. It is not a recrudescence of the war-cry that went forth from American lips when war with Spain was declared. It is merely an apt repetition of a now extinct phrase, made peculiarly applicable to quite a different matter altogether. And the new matter consists in the fact that the American ladies of London society have collected themselves together to fit out a hospital-ship for service with the British Army in the South African campaign against the Boers.

It is needless to say that the head and front, the originator and the energetic carrier-out of the idea, is Lady Randolph Churchill. Indefatigable worker that she is, she is a genuine, simon-pure American in everything, and always. If ever a woman had reason and temptation to forego attachment to the land of her birth in favor of the land of her adoption, that woman is Lady Randolph. From the first moment of her arrival in England as the bride of Lord Randolph Churchill, away back in the early 'seventies, she has been fitted and petted and sought by the swellest society that England could boast. All through her talented husband's brilliant career it has been the same. Under such circumstances, is not it wonderful that she still loves America and never loses an opportunity of showing her affection for it? What other American woman, so placed—mind you, I say, so placed—would so fervently retain her patriotism? As the wife of an English nobleman and statesman she might well have been excused for merging her American birth into her English husband's nationality. But she has never done that. Though a pet of the queen, and decorated by her with the Order of the Crown of India (in which she has as her companions all the greatest ladies in the world), a reigning favorite of the inner swim of society's cream, and, withal, a high dame of the Primrose League, she not only never forgets that she is an American, but seems to glory in the fact by showing it on every possible occasion. And she does it all so gracefully, so well.

Lady Randolph Churchill has grouped about her all the American ladies she could find in London society—some of them, I doubt not, much against their will, if the truth be known—and made them work with her to make this American hospital-ship for wounded and sick British soldiers in Africa a big success. And so it is; and so it will be. Among the ladies whom Lady Randolph has asked to assist her in organizing and getting subscriptions (an essential part of the business, by the by, as the ship is to cost some one hundred and fifty thousand dollars) are the Duchess of Marlborough, the Countess of Essex, Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, Mrs. Burns, Mrs. Bradley-Martin, and Mrs. Ronalds. Already these ladies have got fifty-five thousand dollars subscribed toward the expenses of the *Maine*—that is the name of the ship, and be sure it was Lady Randolph Churchill who bestowed it. Had the naming been in the gift of some of the others—I will not say who—I daresay *Prince*, or *Albert Edward*, or *Wales*, would have been selected. Now it is curious to note the subscribers and the amounts. When the thing was started an American friend said to me:

"Great Scott! What a chance for Astor!"

"How so?" I asked him.

"Why, he could give it, easy as wink—the whole sum would be nothing to him."

"Perhaps if it were not so distinctly American, he might," I hazarded.

"I believe you're right," he said in a crestfallen voice. "That fact will kill it with him."

Certainly it looks that way, for I see by the papers that "The Hon. W. W. Astor has subscribed five hundred dollars to the *Maine* fund." A hundred pounds! And he gave a check for five thousand to the *English Red Cross Society* the other day. Just fancy that! I wonder what Lady Randolph Churchill thinks and could say about it?

The Duchess of Marlborough has subscribed another hundred pounds. When one thinks of the hundreds of thousands of pounds of Vanderbilt money that went to pay off the Blenheim mortgages, such magnificent generosity takes one's breath away. But I believe Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt has given up another hundred. In sooth, I can not at all understand it; for in the anglo-maniac wish not to be signalized too enthusiastically with anything distinctly American, it seems to be forgotten that the movement is for the benefit of English soldiers and sailors. Again, Mrs. Bradley-Martin has also subscribed the stereotyped hundred pounds. Why, that good-by dinner in New York last year must have cost ten times that. The enthusiasm over the West End is in no way diminished, thanks to Lady Randolph Churchill, whose energy and "snap" are able to lift anything with which she is connected out of the commonplace into an object of interest. In short, she will not let people forget the *Maine*. And so identified with the affair has she made herself that she has actually determined to sail in the ship to Africa as general directress and manageress. There is a woman to be proud of for you! COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, November 10, 1899.

OUR SULU CITIZENS.

The Social System Among the Moros—The Position of the Sultan
—Slavery and Polygamy—Some Knotty Problems for
the United States to Solve.

It has a very nasty sound—and one likely to arouse all very good people to a pitch of frenzied indignation—to say that within the territory now owned by the United States, in spite of the Thirteenth Amendment and the War of the Rebellion, slavery still exists. And yet slavery in the Sulu is by no means the dreadful thing that the word suggests (writes John F. Bass from Manila, in an interesting letter to *Harper's Weekly*, under date of August 26th). The social system among the Moros is much more primitive than it is among the greater part of the other Philippine races. A chief, or *dato*, controls a district; he has his own particular followers and his slaves; besides these, he may command all the men of his own district in time of war. He also has the right of life and death over his subjects:

For instance, a few weeks before we arrived in Jolo, Dato Jokanine had occasion to execute one of his followers. The man had been entrusted with money belonging to the *dato*. The first time he came to his chief and said:

"Oh, great and benevolent *dato*, I have gambled away thy money; forgive me!"

"Very well," said the *dato*; "see that it does not happen again." Once more the retainer came, saying:

"Oh, great and benevolent *dato*, again have I gambled away thy money, and again I beg thee, in thy great mercy, to forgive me."

"This is the second time I have forgiven thee," said Jokanine; "but the third time, I warn thee, thou shalt die."

Yet again the unfortunate man returned without the money he had collected for the *dato*.

"Oh, *dato*," he cried, throwing himself at the feet of his chief, "I have sinned again and taken thy money—mercy! mercy!"

"Cut him down," said the *dato* to one of his men-at-arms. The man offered no resistance, and was cut to pieces with one of the great knives of the natives.

Another story which shows well the authority held by a *dato* over his people is worth the telling. It seems that a blacksmith had been making love, in a quiet way, to a member of the harem of Dato Jokanine. Jokanine knew of this, and came to the mao's smithy one day. The smith was just finishing off a large *barong*.

"Let me see that knife," said Jokanine. Then, running his finger along the edge, he added: "It seems sharp; may I try it?"

"Certainly, *dato*," said the unsuspecting smith. Without a second's hesitation, Jokanine raised the knife and split the smith to the chin. The right a master has to kill his slave is therefore no stronger right than that exercised by all the *datos* and the sultan over the life of every man in Sulu.

Such well-authenticated stories as these show how lightly these people prize life:

Indeed, if one freeman kills another, the murderer is brought before one of the *datos* and fined one hundred and eight dollars Mexican, or fifty-four dollars gold. There is, however, no fine for killing a slave. Slavery among the Sulus does not originate in difference of race or color; neither has it its origin in war. The slaves are of the same race as their masters, and are for the most part acquired in payment of past debts. Thus, if a man owes you a large sum of money, he may sell himself or his children to you, and thus cancel the debt. Girls are sold for hard cash, I believe, but it is not a common occurrence, nor one which takes place against the will of the girl. If a slave runs away from his master and returns to his original home, declaring that he positively refuses to serve the master any longer, the custom is for the family to get together and pay the original debt, thus releasing the slave. Of course the slave is bound to work, but, as a rule, he only works when his master works, and as that is a matter of very infrequent occurrence, slavery in the Sulu can not be called an arduous occupation. The slave eats and sleeps in the same house as his master; he is treated more like a retainer than as a slave. The children of Sulu slaves are also slaves, but they have special privileges, and are considered family retainers. It is considered a disgrace to sell one of these slaves. In fact, it is merely because we have no more accurate word to describe the condition that I use the word "slavery." The status is really one between the serfdom of the Middle Ages and the peonage of Mexico. I remember seeing a very beautiful girl in the house of Dato Jokanine. The girl was born a slave, and has grown up as a member of the family; she was really very beautiful, as few Sulu women are—at least after they pass the age of sixteen (at thirty they are all hags). I asked the value of the girl, and was told no money would buy her; she was really a member of the family, and was treated so. Such cases, I am told, are the rule.

The sultan occupies a position among the *datos* very similar to that held by a king in the days when feudal barons were at their strongest:

While the *datos* recognize the sovereignty of the sultan, they are always at loggerheads with him, and it is doubtful who, in case of a quarrel, would come out ahead. Dato Jokanine has already fought the sultan twice, and each time has defeated him; but the religious feeling which recognizes the sultan as head of Islam in the Sulu prevented Jokanine from destroying him. Of late the sultan has imported more rifles and a large store of ammunition, evidently preparing to maintain his sovereignty. As I write, word comes that General Bates has returned, after having obtained from the sultan all the concessions desired by the United States. There can be little doubt that the sultan was forced to make all of these concessions, in a great measure, by the failure of his *datos*—especially Jokanine and Kalhi—to support him in his previous demands. We may expect before long, therefore, that the sultan will take measures to punish the two most powerful of all the *datos*. If the United States does not interfere, the fight will be so interesting one.

The Sulu Archipelago seems to have become the dumping-ground for the Oriental world:

Here you find renegade Arabs; native Indian soldiers, for whom India has become too hot; even the Sudan, bad as it is, occasionally has a man so bad that he drifts to Sulu. Like a western mining-camp of old, Sulu is full of adventure. A native is quick to draw his knife, just as an American desperado was to draw his revolver. The knives in their hands are very deadly weapons at close quarters, especially the *barong*, whose weight—in some cases five pounds—combined with its excellent balance, makes it especially effective. I saw a man who had received fourteen wounds in a five-minutes' fight. Three of these wounds penetrated to the brain, and yet the doctor said the man would recover. With fire-arms—as is usually the case among Orientals—the Sulus are not skilled. Dato Jokanine himself—supposed to be the most redoubtable warrior of Sulu—had a quarrel with a *hadji* (one of those fortunates who have been to Mecca). They decided to settle the matter with rifles. The duel came off in an open field. After exchanging thirty-five shots, each mao dodging about as he pleased, the *hadji* retreated, acknowledging himself beaten. But not a single bullet took effect.

Notwithstanding the somewhat heterogeneous mixture of population in Sulu and their very primitive condition, the Moros have a manliness and independence of character not found among the Indians in the rest of the Philippines:

When Dato Jokanine first called on General Bates, the latter expressed the hope that every difficulty might be settled in a peaceable manner.

"If you wish that once, I wish it a thousand times," answered the *dato*. "However," he added, "if the time ever comes when we can not agree and settle things by reason, man to man, then let us fight it out."

"Tell him," retorted the general, "that when we fight, we fight to win."

Dato Jokanine is really, at bottom, our best friend in the Sulu; he has seen our soldiers in Jolo; he has seen our great guns on the *Charleston*; he has felt the throb of the arteries in the finger-tips of the great republic; and, like a wise though untutored savage, he recognizes the futility of ever trying to fight with the United States. Other chiefs have been aboard the *Charleston*; big guns were fired for their benefit; one chief was allowed to pull the trigger of a Colt's automatic; they took electric shocks with delight; they wondered how you could touch a button and kindle a light at the mast-head; they stared at the mysterious box that produced wind. In no instance did they show fear, but they understood the great power back of these details—the power of civilization.

"What," asked one chief, "could an ignorant people like the Moros do against you?"

And so, through the diplomacy and patience of General Bates, these Moro people have become our friends, and at the same time have granted us greater privileges than the Spaniards had—not least among these being the privilege of an American to buy land. It would be foolish to overlook the fact, however, that this treaty does not materially touch the institutions of the country, at least two of which are contrary to our constitution and laws—slavery and polygamy.

The Moros have generally several wives:

They are, of course, limited by the Korao to four. Besides these wives, they have innumerable concubines. If one of the concubines of the sultan bears him a child, she immediately becomes his wife, provided, of course, that the number of his wives is not already complete. Divorce is common and simple. If a man no longer desires his wife, he divorces her, and she returns to her family. It is not considered a disgrace to be divorced. In spite of all these inequalities, the Sulu women are independent by nature and well treated.

The following is a very characteristic instance of the sort of thing that happens in the matrimonial market of Sulu-land:

A Chinaman bought a girl and took her in marriage. After several years of happy married life, along came a Moro, apparently possessing strong fascinations for the wife of the unfortunate "Chino." The woman left her husband and went to live with her new-found lord. Very naturally the Chinaman complained, and sought redress in the American military court. It was an embarrassing question, but the court, with unsuspecting courage, tackled it. Considering that the Chinaman had bought the girl, married her, and lived with her, she was his lawful wife according to the customs of the country. The decree of the court, therefore, was that the woman was to live with her husband. But man proposes and woman disposes; the wife absolutely refused to live with the Chino. The court was in a quandary; it could not keep a file of soldiers in the home of the Chino to see that the wife remained there; it did not wish to consider the matter as a criminal offense; it did the only thing it could with safety—it maintained a dignified silence. The Chino brought a new complaint, and, much to the disgust of the court, evidence showed that he was perfectly willing to be rid of his wife provided the Moro paid the price he asked. The whole difference then turned out to be a monetary one; and the judge, in just anger, ordered the plaintiff and defendant to settle the matter out of court.

Slavery and polygamy apply not only to the Mohammedans of the Sulu group, but also to those of Mindanao. They are, therefore, of the first importance among Philippine questions, and should be approached with the utmost caution. When asked what would be the effect of immediately abolishing slavery in the Sulus, Mr. Shuck—the one white man who knows the Moros—answered: "It would mean ruin to the islands, and every Moro would fight against it." Slavery—as it exists among the Moros—can only be abolished gradually, by a judicious series of moves, such as the one made by General Bates in the treaty just signed. Polygamy is even more deeply rooted in a Moro, and will disappear only when Islam has lost its hold over him.

A POET'S PRAYER.

That I have felt the rushing wind of Thee;
That I have rove before Thy blast to sea;
That my one moment of transcendent strife
Is more than many years of listless life;
Beautiful Power, I praise Thee: yet I send
A prayer that sudden strength be not the end.
Desert me not when from my flagging sails
Thy breathing dies away and virtue fails;
When Thou hast spent the glory of that gust,
Remember still the body of this dust.
Not then, when I am boundless, without bars,
When I am rapt to hurry to the stars;
When I anticipate an endless bliss,
And feel before my time the final kiss,
Not then I need Thee; for delight is wise,
I err not in the freedom of the skies;
I fear not joy, so joy might ever be,
And rapture finish its felicity.
But when Thy joy is past, then comes the test,
To front the life that lingers after zest;
To live in mere negation of Thy light,
A more than blindness after more than sight.
'Tis not in flesh so swiftly to descend,
And sudden from the spheres with earth to blend;
And I from splendor thrown, and dashed from dream,
To the flat mire pursue the former gleam.
Sustain me in that hour with Thy left hand,
And aid me, when I cease to soar, to stand;
Make me Thy athlete evo in my bed,
Thy girded runner though the course be sped;
Still to refrain that I may more bestow,
From sternness to a larger sweetness grow.
I ask not that false calm which many feign,
And call that peace which is a dearth of pain.
True calm doth quiver like the calmest star;
It is that white where all the colors are;
And for its very vestibule doth own
The tree of Jesus and the pyre of Joan.
Thither I press; but oh! do Thou meanwhile
Support me in privations with Thy smile.
Spaces Thou hast ordained the stars between,
And silences where melody hath been:
Teach me those absences of fire to face,
And Thee no less in silence to embrace,
Else shall Thy dreadful gift still people hell,
And meo not measure from what height I fell.
—Stephen Phillips in the *Anglo-Saxon Review*.

It is the belief of some historians that the name "Oregon" is Aragon in disguise, that it was given to this country by the early Spanish voyagers, and that American explorers so interpreted the word given them by the Indians. The theory is at least plausible, and indicates a strange freak of fate. The name Spain proudly brought to this distant coast returned to the West Indies three hundred years later to destroy the power of Spain on the seas. Little thought De Fuca (says the Portland *Oregonian*) when he sighted this coast, in 1592, that some day it would build a warship which, under the name of Aragon, or Oregon, would be foremost in the battle that marked the end of Spain's dominion in the New World.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Judge Simeon E. Baldwin, of the Connecticut supreme court, has been elected president of the International Law Association, to succeed Sir Richard Webster, attorney-general of Great Britain.

Gabriele d'Annunzio has got himself into trouble by a violent attack on Italian actors, who, he declares, are unfit for anything but farce, and are responsible for the failure of his plays. He wants to get together a company of amateurs to show the professionals how to act. The actors and the theatrical papers have taken up the fight vigorously.

The Duc d'Orléans, assuming royal powers, has bestowed the title of Duc and Duchesse de Guise upon his brother-in-law and sister, who were married at Kingston the other day. The title is, perhaps, the most famous in all French history, though it has not been held by any eminent member of the house of France in recent centuries. The last Duc de Guise was the son of the late Duc d'Aumale, and died in 1873.

King Menelek of Abyssinia sends word to the Turkish and French consulates at Odessa that he will visit the Paris Exhibition next year, and on his way call on the Czar, to whom he feels under considerable obligation for his moral support during the recent Italian-Abyssinian War. He will be a picturesque figure among the royalties which France then assembles, and claims to belong to a dynasty longer than any of them, even antedating the Pontificate and going back to the days of Solomon.

General Piet Joubert, commander-in-chief of the Boer forces, was born at 1105 Arch Street, Philadelphia. His father was a Frenchman, who fell in love with and married a girl in the south of Holland. He and his family went to South Africa a number of years ago. The general has visited this country—first in 1883 as agent for a large financial company, and again ten years later when he was official representative of the Transvaal Republic at the World's Fair at Chicago.

Admiral Dewey has selected as his secretary John W. Crawford, who for several years past has been a member of the corps of stenographers in the office of the judge-advocate-general of the navy. The position of secretary to the admiral, which carries with it a salary of twenty-five hundred dollars per annum and the rank and allowances of a lieutenant in the navy, has, of course, been vacant since the death of Admiral Porter in 1891, until the seventh ult., when Lieutenant Crawford was appointed.

Despite age and infirmity, Florence Nightingale still takes a strong interest in the well-being of the warriors of her own country. At a banquet given in London the other day to the survivors of the Balaklava charge a letter was read from this heroine of the Crimea, in which she briefly referred to the horrors of war, of which she has seen so much, and added her tribute of praise to the valor and courage of the British soldier on the field of battle. Miss Nightingale is at present staying in her quiet London home, unfortunately too unwell to see any one but immediate relatives.

The Archduchess Elizabeth, only daughter of the late Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria, was proclaimed age on November 19th. Her mother, the Crown Princess Stephanie, surrendered her to the guardianship of her grandfather, Kaiser Franz Josef. The latter has assigned a court for her in the Imperial Burg Palace, where she will reside in extensive apartments, served by a full staff of court officials. This is the event for which the Crown Princess Stephanie has waited anxiously. Despite the opposition of Kaiser Franz Josef, of her father, King Leopold of Belgium, of the Pope, and the courts of Europe generally, the crown princess persists in her determination to marry Count Lonyai. The wedding will take place in London at an early date.

In answer to attacks made in the recent campaign, William J. Bryan has authorized the publication of a statement in which he says that he "does not charge a cent for a campaign speech," and that while making his campaign tours he pays his own hotel bills and railroad fares, except when he is traveling on a special train. He also shows what his earnings as a lawyer have been since he began to practice his profession. They were \$770 in 1884, \$1,085 in 1885, and \$1,566 in 1886. During those years he was in Jacksonville, Ill. Having moved to Lincoln, Neb., in 1887, he earned \$834 there in 1888, and his fees rose to \$1,998 in 1889. He was nominated for Congress in the following year, and after his election he gave up the practice of his profession. He earns money now, he says, "in three ways—from my books, by lectures, and by writing for magazines and the press." He has no debts, owns the house in which he lives, and also has a little farm of twenty-five acres.

General Lloyd Wheaton, who has been giving Aguinaldo the hardest chase he has yet received from the American forces, is adding new laurels to his fame by his present vigorous conduct of the Filipino campaign. Years ago he suppressed the Fenian raid at Fort Pembina in Canada, for which he received the thanks of Queen Victoria. At Vicksburg during the Civil War he was provost-marshal, and won unstinted praise for his masterly handling of the office. When Fort Blakely was besieged he led the final charge through the embrasure and was the first to enter the enemy's lines. For this heroic conduct he received a medal of honor. It is not generally known that General Wheaton entered the Civil War as a captain and returned colonel of the Eighth Illinois. He was born in Michigan and appointed to the army from Illinois in 1861. He was a major in 1863, and after the close of the war became colonel of the Twentieth Infantry. For Civil War service he was honorably mentioned in the "Records of the Rebellion," also by General Hancock, and also by the Secretary of War. He was Custer in 1874 and at Fort Assiniboine until 1886.

THE GAYEST PARISIANS.

Pictures from the Garrets and Gardens, the Cafés and Dance-Halls of Paris—The Artists' Ball—The Reciter and the Poet—Montmartre.

American tourists search out with curious eyes the show scenes of the gay world of Paris, but few of them catch more than a glimpse of the life that is hidden in the by-ways or is found in the assembling places of the struggling multitude. The haunts known to the students of the Latin quarter, the revels that find the hours of night too short, the unreal figures that crowd them, are seldom seen by transient visitors. One must know Paris well to gain admission to the charmed circle. Edouard Cucuel, the artist, during his long sojourn in the city on the Seine, penetrated the mysteries, and his pencil found attractive subjects there. "Bohemian Paris of To-Day" is an alluring volume, made up of his sketches and the descriptions which W. C. Morrow has written from his notes. The artist has chosen his views happily and drawn with skill and vigor, and the writer has elaborated with finished art the stories which they suggest.

One of the important events in the early days of the artist's stay in the city was the great annual ball of the artists, when all artistic Paris crawled from its mysterious depths to revel in a splendid carnival, possible only to the arts. The Bal des Quat'z Arts is not open to the public. Only accredited members of the four arts are admitted, and the greatest precautions are taken to prevent the intrusion of outsiders. Holders of tickets must be identified, and all costumes must have artistic merit. The scene in the ball-room can hardly be described:

Once past the implacable tribunes, we entered a dazzling fairy-land, a dream of rich color and reckless abandon. From gorgeous kings and queens to wild savages, all were there; courtiers in silk, naked gladiators, nymphs with paint for clothing—all were there; and the air was heavy with the perfume of roses. Shouts, laughter, the silvery tinkling of glasses, a whirling mass of life and color, a bewildering kaleidoscope, a maze of tangled visions in the soft yellow haze that filled the vast hall. There was no thought of the hardness or sordidness of life, no dream of the morrow. It was a wonderful witchery that sat upon every soul there.

This splendid picture was framed by a wall of lodges, each sumptuously decorated and hung with hammers, tableaux, and greens, each representing a particular atelier and adorned in harmony with the dominant ideals of their masters. The lodge of the Atelier Gérôme was arranged to represent a Grecian temple; all the decorations and accessories were pure Grecian, cleverly imitated by the master's devoted pupils. That of the Atelier Cormon represented a huge caravan of the prehistoric big-muscled men that appeal so strongly to Cormon; large skeletons of extinct animals, giant ferns, skins, and stone implements were scattered about, while the students of Cormon's atelier, almost naked, with bushy hair and clothed in skins, completed the picture. And so it was with all the lodges, each typifying a special subject, and carrying it out with perfect fidelity to the minutest detail. . . . Meanwhile, the great hall swarmed with life, and blazed with color, and echoed with the din of merry voices. Friends recognized each other with great difficulty. And there was Gérôme himself at last, gaudily gowned in the rich, green costume of a Chinese mandarin, his white mustache dyed black, and his white locks hidden beneath a black skull-cap, topped with a hobbling appendage.

The great thoroughfare of the Quartier Latin is the Boulevard Saint-Michel (called Boul' Mich' by the boulevardiers), a highway bordered with brilliant cafés, and the head-quarters of the Bohemians of real Bohemia. Late on Saturday nights, or rather on Sunday mornings, crowds of revelers follow the vegetable carts as they come through and cross the Pont-au-Change to the Halles, or markets, for this is a favored spot with visitors:

In the side streets leading away from the markets are cafés and restaurants almost without number, and they are open *tout la nuit*, to accommodate the market people, having a special permit to do so; but as they are open to all, the revelers from all parts of Paris assemble there after they have been turned out of the boulevard cafés at two o'clock. It is not an uncommon thing early of a Sunday morning to see crowds of merry-makers from a *bad masqué* finishing the night here, all in costume, dancing and playing ring-around-a-rosy among the stacks of vegetables and the unheeding market people. Indeed, it is quite a common thing to end one's night frivolity at the Halles and their cafés, and take the first buses home in the early morning.

The famous Maison Darblay is on the Rue de la Gaîté, which, though only a block in length, is one of the liveliest thoroughfares of the Quartier:

There are eight marble-top tables lining the two walls, and each table is held sacred to its proper occupants, and likewise are the numbered hooks and napkins. An invasion of these preserves is a breach of etiquette intolerable in Bohemia. Situated in a group of three theatres and several *cafés chantants*, it is the rendezvous of the actors and actresses of the neighborhood. They hold the three tables but one from the kitchen, on one side, and they are a jolly crowd, the actresses particularly. They are a part of the Quartier and echo its spirit. Although full of mischief and fun, the actresses would never be suspected of singing the naughty songs that so delight the gallery gods and so often wring a murmur of protest from the pit. There are ten who dine here, but from their incessant chatter and laughter you would think them twenty. On Friday evenings, when the songs and plays are changed, they rehearse their pieces at dinner.

A poor Hungarian student who came to this *café* often, but never had more than the cheapest meal, suddenly was missed. One day officers came inquiring for his friends:

We followed them to the Rue Perceval, where they turned us over to the *concierge* of an old building. She was very glad we had come, as the lad seemed not to have had a friend in the world. She led us up to the sixth floor, and then pointed to a ladder leading to the roof. We ascended it, and found a box built on the roof. It gave a splendid view of Paris. The door of the box was closed. We opened it, and the young artist lay before us, dead. There were two articles of furniture in the room. One was the bare mattress on the floor, upon which he lay, and the other was an old dresser, from which some of the drawers were missing. The young man lay drawn up, fully dressed, his coat-collar turned up about his ears. Thus he had fallen asleep, and thus hunger and cold had slain him as he slept. There was one thing else in the room, all besides, including the stove and the bed-covering, having gone for the purchase of painting material. It was an unfinished oil-painting of the Crucifixion. Had he lived to finish it, I am sure it would have made him famous, if for nothing else than the wonderful expression of agony in the Saviour's face, an agony infinitely worse than the physical pain of the Crucifixion could have produced. There was still one thing more—a white rat that was hunting industriously for food, nibbling desecrated cheese-rinds that it found on the shelves against the wall. It had been the artist's one friend and companion in life.

Down a flight of stairs at the end of a court, opening out of a narrow, dirty street, is the *cabaret* of the Golden Sun:

Here one finds, not the student life of Paris, but its most unconventional Bohemian life. Here, in this underground rendezvous, a dirty hole about twenty feet below the street level, gather nightly the *lilas*, py-go-lucky poets, musicians, and singers for whom the great busy

world has no use, and who, in their unrelaxing poverty, live in the tobacco-clouds of their own construction, caring nothing for social canons, obeyers of the civil law because of their scorn of meanness, injustice, and crime, suffering unceasingly for the poorest comforts of life, ambitious without energy, hopeful without effort, cheerful under the direst pressure of need, kindly, simple, proud, and pitiful. All were seated at little round tables, as are the *habitués* of the *cafés*, and their attention was directed upon a slim young fellow, with curling yellow hair and a faint mustache, who was singing, leaning meanwhile upon a piano that stood on a low platform in one corner of the room. Their attention was respectful, delicate, sympathetic, and, as might be supposed, brought out the best in the lad.

When the musical director rang his bell a young woman arose from one of the tables, went forward, and stepped upon the platform. While the pianist fingered the keys softly she began to recite in a low, sweet tone:

She reminded one greatly of Bernhardt, and might have been as great. During her whole rendering of this beautiful and pathetic tale of "other times" she scarcely moved, save for some slight gesture that suggested worlds. How well the lines suited her own history and condition only she could have told. Who was she? Who had she been? Surely this strange woman, hardly more than a mere girl, capable of such feelings and of rendering them with so subtle force and beauty, had lived another life—no one knew, no one cared. Loud shouts of admiration and long applause rang through the room as she slowly and with infinite tenderness uttered the last line with bowed head and a choking voice. She stood for a moment while the room thundered, and then the voice seemed to recall her, to drag her back from some haunting memory to the squalor of her present condition.

With all their carelessness of attire there is a certain dignity and pride about these people, and a gentleness that renders any approach to ruffianism impossible:

As a rule, these Bohemians all sleep during the day, as that is the best way to keep warm; at night they can find warmth in the *cabarets*. In the afternoon they may write a few lines, which they sell in some way for a pittance, wherewithal to buy them a meal and a night's vigil in one of these resorts. This is the life of lower Bohemia plain and simple—not the life of the students, but of the misfit geniuses who drift, who have neither place nor part in the world, who live from hand to mouth, and who shudder when the morgue is mentioned—and it is so near, and its lights never go out! They are merely protestants against the formalism of life, rebels against its necessities. They seek no following, they desire to exercise no influence. They lead their vacant lives without a murmur, and go to their dreary end without a sigh. These are the true Bohemians of Paris.

Here is a picture of the noted poet of the lower world:

The opening of the doors and the straggling entrance of three men sent an instant hush throughout the room. "Verlaine!" whispered the musician to me. It was indeed the great poet of the slums—the epitome and idol of Bohemian Paris, the famous man whose verses had rung throughout the length and breadth of the city, the one man who, knowing the heart and soul of the strugglers who found light and warmth in such places as the Soleil d'Or, had the brains and grace to set the strange picture adequately before the wondering world. The musical director, as well as a number of others in the place, stepped forward, and with touching deference and tenderness greeted the remarkable man and his two companions. It was easy to pick out Verlaine without relying upon the special distinction with which he was greeted. He had the oddest slanting eyes, a small, stubby nose, and wiry whiskers, and his massive forehead heavily overhung his queerly shaped eyes. He was all muffled up to the chin; wore a badly soiled hat and a shabby, dark coat. Under one arm he carried a small black portfolio. Several of the women ran to him and kissed him on both cheeks, which salutations he heartily returned, with interest.

The recitations and the songs continued, and the drinking—wine, beer, absinthe—went on as uninterruptedly:

As the small hours grew larger these gay Bohemians waxed gayer and livelier. Ceremonious observances were dropped one by one; and whereas there had been the most respectful and insistent silence throughout the songs, now all joined heartily in the choruses, making the dim lights dance in the exuberance of the enjoyment. I had earnestly hoped that Verlaine, splendid as was his dignity, might thaw under the gathering warmth of the hour, but beyond listening respectfully, applauding moderately, and returning the greetings that were given him, he held aloof from the influence of the occasion, and after draining his glass and bidding good-night to his many friends, with his two companions he made off to another rendezvous.

The scenes at the Moulin de la Galette, on the summit of Montmartre, almost equal those of the artists' ball, but there is a different class in attendance:

A large band at the farther end of the room, on an inclined stand, was the vortex of the din. The promenade encircling the hall was crowded with hatless, laughing girls and smooth-faced boys wearing caps or flat-brimmed, low-crowned hats; their trousers fitted tight at the knees, and their heads were closely cropped. These were strolling in groups, or watching the dancers, or sitting at the rows of wooden tables, drinking. All within the vast hall had gone to enjoy their Sunday night as much as possible. To most of the girls this was the one night in the week when, not tired out from the drudgery of hard work, they could throw aside all cares and *live* in the way for which their cramped and meagre souls yearned. This is a rendezvous for the humble workers of the city, where they may dress as best they can, exchange their *petites histoires*, and abandon themselves to the luxury of the dance; for they are mostly shop-girls, and *blanchisseuses*, and the like, who, when work fails them, have to hover about the dark streets at night, that prosperous-looking passers-by may be tempted by the pleading of their dark, saucy eyes, or be lured by them to some quiet spot where their lovers lie in wait with a lithe and competent black slung-shot. No mercy for the hapless *bourgeois* then!

Agility, instead of grace, marks the exercises on the dancing-floor:

A waltz was now being danced. Strange to say, it was the one dismal feature of the evening, and that was because the French do not know how to dance it, "reversing" being unknown. And there was an odd variety of ways in which the men held their partners, and the dancers each other. Some grasped each other tightly about the waist with both arms, or similarly about the necks or shoulders, and looked straight into each other's face without a smile or an occasional word. It was all done in deadly earnest, as a serious work. It was in the quadrille that the fun came, when the girls varied the usual order by pointing their toes toward the chandeliers with a swish of white skirts that made the by-standers cry, "Encore, Marcelle!" The men, yearning for a share of the applause, cut all sorts of antics and capers, using their arms and legs with incredible agility, making grotesque faces, and wearing hideous false noses and piratical mustaches. Securing a partner for a dance was the easiest thing possible. Any girl was eligible—simply the asking, the assent, and away they went.

There are many other strange places of entertainment in this portion of the city, and some in which the stranger is hardly safe:

Montmartre presents the extravagant side of Parisian Bohemianism. If there is a thing to be mocked, a convention to be outraged, an idol to be destroyed, Montmartre will find the way. But it has a taint of sordidness that the real Bohemianism of the old Latin Quarter lacks—for it is not the Bohemianism of the students. And it is vulgar. For all that, in its rude, reckless, and brazen way it is singularly picturesque.

The volume is explicit in all its allusions and might almost serve as a guide-book to those who have opportunity to search out the scenes described. It is handsomely printed and bound and attractive in every way.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$3.50.

WAGE-EARNING TITLES.

Two Impecunious Peers Turning Honest Pennies in New York—The Earl of Yarmouth on the Stage and the Duke of Manchester on the Journal.

Two members of the British House of Lords are very much in evidence in this city just now. Though one is a belted earl and the other sports the ducal strawberry-leaves on his coronet, they are here for the money there is in it, not primarily in the matrimonial market—though it is scarcely possible that either quite forgets that short-cut to fortune—but for the weekly wage their titles are worth in the two spheres where notoriety *per se* is an eagerly sought commodity—the stage and the yellow press. One is taking a small part in a French farce, and the other is a reporter for the *Journal*.

The histrion is George Francis Seymour, Earl of Yarmouth, eldest son and heir of the sixth Marquis of Hertford. He is a tall and slender young man of twenty-eight, with a pronounced English accent and eyes like E. H. Sothern's. He has been an amateur for some years in London, and last summer he appeared in private entertainments at Newport. Consequently he was not overcome with stage-fright when he appeared as the hen-pecked husband of a lady doctor in "Make Way for the Ladies" at the Madison Square Theatre last week. But he was distinctly amateurish, and, aside from some slight skill as a dancer and an extensive display of red socks and flamboyant waistcoats, there was nothing to distinguish him outwardly from a hundred other beginners on the stage. But he evidently intends to stay here for some time, for he has hired and furnished an apartment in Thirty-Sixth Street, opposite the Lambs Club, and has had his title, "The Earl of Yarmouth," painted over his letter-box in the entrance-hall. He does not use his title on the stage. For professional purposes he is known as "Eric Hope"—the "Eric" derived from *erica*, the white heather, which brings good luck, and the "Hope" from the signification of the opal, the stone of his birth-month. The pseudonym is full of good omen, and, moreover, it is not, like his title, suggestive of the toothsome but unromantic bloater.

The other lordling seems to take himself very seriously. He is the Duke of Manchester, ninth holder of the title. Last summer, Manchester was at Dinard and there met Miss E. M. Evans, a newspaper woman who used to be in the *Herald's* employ but left it for the *Journal*. When she learned that the duke was thinking of going out to South Africa for Harmsworth, the energetic young proprietor of the London *Daily Mail*, she immediately thought Hearst might wish to secure a titled correspondent for the *Journal*, and accordingly cabled the situation to this side. The result was that Hearst secured the duke's services, and the story is that his grace gets an honorarium of two thousand dollars a month in return. I must confess to not reading the *Journal* regularly, and it may be that some of the ducal effusions have escaped me. Judging, however, by the one I have seen—his interview with Andrew Carnegie—the *Journal* is paying dear—at two thousand, or two hundred dollars a month—for its latest advertising scheme, for there was nothing in the article that had not been said before time and time again. Nor did it show any extraordinary literary skill. I do not think that Manchester is long for this life of yellow journalism, nor do I take much stock in the story that he has been engaged by Pearson, of *Pearson's Weekly*, to edit a new daily evening paper in Paris. As to the statement that he is "going to write a book," but is undecided between his "Memoirs" and his "Impressions of America," it forcibly recalls the death by starvation of a certain long-eared animal between two bales of hay.

Manchester, as well as Yarmouth, has his little penchant for the stage. There was talk to the effect that he would make his professional *début* with Julia Marlowe in "Barbara Frietchie," but that plan has gone glimmering. However, those who wish to see his grace on the boards may do so—at a cost of six dollars a seat—during the week beginning December 11th, when he is to appear, with several other amateurs, in a new musical comedieta, "The Lady from Chicago," to be given by the "Strollers," in the ball-room of the Astoria. The Strollers is the outgrowth of a dramatic society formed ten years ago by graduates of Columbia College, and to-day it occupies a unique place in New York clubdom. Its membership of four hundred is drawn from all classes of polite society, but its especial aim is to bring together society and the stage; and to that end it has "ladies' days," where actresses pour tea and the women of the fashionable world rub elbows with them. There was such a "ladies' day" recently, not in the quaint little club-house on Twenty-Sixth Street, the entrance to which is through a chop-house, but at the Waldorf-Astoria. Some of the chaperons of the occasion were Miss Callender, Miss de Forest, Mrs. Henry Clews, Mrs. Brockholst Cutting, Mrs. George B. de Forest, Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson, Mrs. Reginald de Koven, Mrs. T. A. Havemeyer, Jr., Mrs. C. Oliver Iselin, Mrs. Richard M. Hunt, Mrs. Adolph Ladenburg, Mrs. Harry W. McVickar, Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, Mrs. Almeric Paget, Mrs. Burke Roche, and Mrs. J. Lee Tailor. The footlight favorites who presided at the tea-tables included Julia Arthur, Marie Burroughs, Blanche Bates, Ida Conquest, Maxine Elliott, Mrs. Fiske, Mrs. Gilbert, Isabel Irving, May Irwin, Ada Lewis, Julia Marlowe, Annie Russell, Mrs. Richard Mansfield, Ellen Terry, and Mme. Sembrich.

It was a tremendous crush, and the reason for the lavish distribution of cards was apparent later, when those who had been honored with a bid to the "ladies' day" were given the opportunity to buy tickets for the play. The charge for seats (six dollars) is very steep, but it is all in the cause of charity. And then there will be the chance to see a real live duke on the stage.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, November 23, 1899.

LITERARY NOTES.

A Continental Romance with a Modern Sequel.

If one can forget now and then the overpowering gentility of the people about whom Mrs. Burton Harrison writes in "The Circle of a Century," one finds that it is quite an entertaining little story. The first half sets forth the wooing of Mme. Lucilla Warriner, youthful relict of a great colonial planter, by Captain Laurence Hope, of the Continental Army. He is the last scion of a decaying family—there were families of "has beens" even in colonial New York, it seems—and a gallant enough fellow to turn the head of the pretty widow. But he has clandestinely engaged himself to a pretty young woman, Eve Watson, in his mother's household, and, though the girl readily relinquishes her claims, the green-eyed monster estranges the widow and her handsome suitor until an almost fatal wound, received in a duel, brings them together.

In the second half of the cycle, Laurence Adamson, descendant of the self-denying Eve, returns to modern New York, where his father is a mighty power in the financial world, to find Lucy Hope, descended from the fair widow and her captain, engaged to marry a fascinating scamp who is the great-grandson of Captain Hope's rival for the widow's hand and antagonist in the fateful duel. That the scamp is young Adamson's best friend makes it very awkward for him. However, the scamp very conveniently goes on a spree and reveals himself in his true colors, and, after a decent period of waiting, filled in by deeds of patriotic valor in the Cuban campaign, all is made merry as a marriage bell.

Mrs. Burton Harrison's reconstruction of old New York is a pretty picture and doubtless historically accurate in the main points, though she is over-dazzled by her conception of the social magnificence she describes. She is more at home, perhaps, in our own time, and, besides creating the peculiar atmosphere of up-to-date New York society, she has presented several clever portraits of social types.

Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

First Lines of a Poet.

The modest preface of "Plays and Poems," by Don Mark Lemnn, will not disarm critics, but will give readers a key to the mingled effects shown in the pages that follow. Mr. Lemnn is a young man, barely one-and-twenty, and some of the work in this, his first volume, was written in earlier years. The greater part of the two plays in his book is in blank verse, and there are some fifty poems, nearly one-half which are in the sonnet form. The verses prove that the writer has the ability to produce musical lines, and clothe his thoughts in stately yet graceful language. There is much of promise in his work, though many of his earlier efforts are not worthy of his powers. This sonnet marks the high tide of his poetic effort:

Of immortality, which is the chief
Of human hopes—above all hopes how high—
The greatest faith has moments which deny,
The greatest doubt has moments of belief,
Since none is certain whether life is brief,
As oft it seems, or whether they who die
An immortality do glorify,
Making our lamentation waste of grief,
Yet still, despite the heavy doubts which crush,
Hope has a voice the ages can not hush,
Whispering this irrecoverable dust
Dnch close around a heavenly denizen:
And he lives best who lives to live again.

There are beauties in the plays, but they are better fitted for reading than for stage representation.

Published by the author, San Francisco; price, \$1.00.

Gibson's Pictures from the Life of Mr. Pipp.

The fourth volume in the series of Charles Dana Gibson's drawings is entitled "The Education of Mr. Pipp," and it is not only a delight in an artistic way, but has added interest in the story that it tells.

The estimable Mr. Pipp is an American gentleman of means, past the middle years, who is persuaded by his wife and two daughters to make the European tour. Mr. Gibson shows him listening to the proposal with some dubiety; in the next drawing the poor gentleman treads the deck of an ocean steamer, looking as if death would be welcome to him, but in England his spirits return. Handsome young men, delighted with his daughters, judiciously pay their court to him as well, and presently we are following the Pipp through divers countries and experiences. How Mrs. Pipp becomes lost in admiration of a most unscrupulous courier, how the girls meet their fate, how Mr. Pipp finds himself at last with the Hon. Vinla Fitzmaurice on one of his knees and Mr. Hiram Pipp Willing on the other, both crowing to their happy grandfather with all the vigor of joyous babyhood, is told more vividly than any mere story-teller could make it.

The pictures are inimitable. In them his technique is at its best, and so are his humor and his skill in delineating character. Perhaps the most commendable element in the work is a certain sweetness of tone which leaves Mr. Pipp not so much absurd as lovable, a gentleman who has plainly been led by the nose on many occasions, but a gentleman for all that. Beside the full-page drawings there are

many vignettes and portraits, in each of which the skill and charm of the artist is shown.

Published by R. H. Russell, New York; price, \$5.00.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

"She Stands Alone," by Mark Ashton, is the title of a novel about to be published in London, which has the wife of Pontius Pilate for a heroine. The scenes of the story are said to be laid in Athens, Palestine, and Britain.

W. W. Jacobs, the author of the merry tales told in "Many Cargoes," has written a long novel, which he calls "A Master of Craft." It is, of course, the story of sailor men.

The death of young Major John A. Logan in the Philippines the other day recalls to mind that he was the author of "In Joyful Russia," published a year or so ago by D. Appleton & Co. Major Logan's description of the coronation of Czar Nicholas the Second was intensely graphic.

"Richard Carvel," by Winston Churchill, does not seem to diminish in popular favor, for the Macmillan Company announce that since its date of issue, five months ago, there have been two hundred and twenty thousand copies sold.

Mrs. Craigie ("John Oliver Hobbes") is coming to this country to superintend the production of her drama, "Osborn and Usyne," just published in book form. It is to be hoped that Mrs. Craigie's experience will be more fortunate than that of Mrs. Vaynich, whose "The Gadfly" proved a failure as produced by Stuart Robson.

"The Minister's Ward" is the title of a novel that will shortly appear from the press of D. Appleton & Co. It is by a new and unknown writer, something in the style of Miss Montresor's books.

Some republished manuscripts by Heine were in the possession of his sister, Frau Emiden, who died recently. Some of these manuscripts related to his residence in Paris, and it is said that they will soon be published, together with the collection of the poet's letters preserved by this devoted sister.

According to the *Bookseller*, Nicolai Mikalowitch, the author of "Numa's Vision" and "The Godhood of Man," is Nicholas Michels, a well-known Chicago lawyer, who has adopted the Russian translation of his name as his pseudonym.

D. Appleton & Co. have just published "The Book of Knight and Barbara," an original and attractive collection of children's stories by David Starr Jordan.

An Englishman declares that Dreyfus is surely about the only living person who would refuse an offer of two hundred thousand dollars to write an account of his experiences. The Alsatian did not even respond in words to this offer of a British publisher—he merely shrugged his shoulders.

Unpublished letters of Mirabeau and Talleyrand appear in the new edition of "The Histire Secret de la Cour de Berlin"—the book containing the secret correspondence of Mirabeau from Berlin in 1786 and 1787.

Elder & Shepard announce for publication about December 1st "Moods and Other Verses," by Edward Robson Taylor, well known as the translator of the "Sonnets of Heredia."

Ernest Vizetelly has abandoned the idea of translating Zola's "Fécondité" on the ground that it would be impossible, without rigorous expurgation, to make the book palatable in English readers. Zola, by the way, has been writing a letter to the father of a certain Mlle. Fuchs, in Vienna. This lady has been denouncing "Dncteur Pascal." Her father protested, and finally the two agreed that the father should write to the eminent author. This is the gist of his reply:

"I don't write for young ladies. I don't believe my books good for brains still in the process of development. You are perfectly right to direct the reading of children who owe to you obedience. Later on, when their life is more free, they will read what they want. This opinion may guide other parents who are perplexed by similar problems."

New Publications.

Nine tales of the West, for young folks, make up the volume entitled "The Little Fig-Tree Stories," by Mary Hallock Foote. The name of the author is sufficient guaranty of their worth. The profits of the publication of the book are dedicated to the Children's Hospital of San Francisco. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.00.

Still another biography of the great emancipator comes in "Abraham Lincoln: The Man of the People," by Norman Hapgood. The author has endeavored to write a personal history of the man and the leader, with as little of the contemporaneous history as possible, and his work has just claims to attention. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$2.00.

In "The Boy's Book of Inventions," by Ray Stannard Baker, there are descriptions of liquid air, the submarine boat, automobiles, tailless kites, the tallest building in the world, and other wonders of recent days. The different chapters are exact in

statement yet full of interest, and the illustrations are numerous and well made. Published by the Doubleday & McClure Company, New York; price, \$2.00.

Many old friends appear in "The Brick Moon, and Other Stories," the latest volume of the new edition of Edward Everett Hale's works. Some of them were written thirty years ago, but all are marked by the author's fancy and tenderness. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

The boys who read "The Young Master of Hyson Hall," by Frank R. Stockton, when it came out years ago, have grown up, and can recommend the new edition of the story to the new generation. It deserves such remembrance. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.50.

An attractive new edition of Charles Dickens's "A Tale of Two Cities," from which Freeman Wills's play, "The Only Way," was made, contains illustrations from the scenes of the first production of the play, and the cast of characters. Published in paper covers by R. H. Russell, New York; price, 25 cents.

Jesse Lynch Williams, whose earlier volumes of college and newspaper stories have won success, offers a new book, "The Adventures of a Freshman," which is in the same vein of sprightly humor and notable for its good hits of descriptive writing. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

When real boys are pictured in stirring scenes they are even more attractive to real boy readers than the grotesque figures that dominate some juvenile literature. "A Jersey Boy in the Revolution," by Everett T. Tomlinson, is a book that will hold its own with any story for youth. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

Not many story-tellers can put more and better stories of the fields and the wands in one volume than are to be found in "Diamed: the Life, Travels, and Observations of a Dng," by John Sergeant Wise. It is thoroughly readable from the author's preface to the last page of the biography, and beautifully illustrated. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$2.00.

"The Prince's Story Book," edited by George Laurence Gamme, contains nearly thirty historical stories, collected out of English romantic literature in illustration of the reigns of English monarchs from the Conquest to Victoria. The general reader will find in them some of the best work of noted authors, and the student discover new incentives to historical research. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$2.00.

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"Jeanie Baxter Journalist"—Barr	1.25	.98
"Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen"—Fletcher	1.25	.94
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LITERARY NOTES.

A Novel by Marion Crawford's Sister.

"The Superb Porsenna" would put one in mind of Marion Crawford's tales, even if one did not know that its author, Mrs. Hugh Fraser, is a sister of the Roman-American novelist. It is a story of the great Roman families among whom the Saracinescas and Sant' Ilarios have their being, and it is only those who, like the son and daughter of the famous sculptor, have lived long among them who could paint so unerringly the life and customs and modes of thought of these people.

But there is another analogy suggested by "The Superb Porsenna," and one not so flattering to Mrs. Fraser. The Romans of whom she writes are not strong and great, like those in her brother's tales, but degenerates, the last, sickly shoots that bloom noisomely on the rotting remnants of a great race, and their refinements of vice recall the unspeakable horrors of Gabriele d'Annunzio's books. Save for the four English people who figure in "The Superb Porsenna" the personages are invariably, if not largely wicked, at least only meanly good, and of the four Anglo-Saxons one has lost the little original strength of her character by long association with the lotus-eaters of the Eternal City.

The "Superb Porsenna" is so called by his intimates, and, indeed, he must realize their ideal. Handsome, clever, the last scion of a princely and still wealthy house, he has gone through his young life like a juggernaut car, ruthlessly crushing all that came in his path. He loves nothing when his caprice is satisfied, but he enjoys hating for the pleasure of planning and inflicting suffering. As there is little opportunity in Roman society to prove a man's manhood, his intimates have not learned that the man they call "superb" is an arrant physical coward.

Porsenna's fancy falls upon Honora Dering, daughter of a titled English widow who has lived long in Rome and imbibed its ideas. Beside her baby daughter's cradle Lady Eva had sworn that her child should marry a prince, and when a manly English lad, Gerald Lowther, falls in love with Honora, she drives him away by lies and forgeries. The unprotected girl is thus exposed to the suit of Porsenna, and he, abetted by her mother, craftily playing upon her strong religious feeling, at last makes her his bride.

The position of this pure-minded English girl, loving a worthy man and trapped into marriage by a cruel sensualist who later becomes a demon of jealousy, is portrayed with keen sympathy, and the incidents that follow are intensely dramatic. Indeed, Mrs. Fraser's story would go far better as a play than would those of her brother. But as a story, while sensational in places, it is absorbingly interesting and leaves, on the whole, a lasting impression of pleasure.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.25.

A Library Edition of Tennyson.

Four years the second Lord Tennyson, son of the poet, gave to the memoir of his father which makes up the first four volumes of "The Life and Works of Tennyson," and the task that he performed with love and reverence has brought much of pleasure to the world. The memoir is something more than a biography. It comes of such intimate knowledge, appreciation, and understanding that the reader seems admitted to the presence. Letters, diaries, annotations, and recollections were drawn upon to make the work complete, and there is no word too much.

The collected poems of Alfred, Lord Tennyson, from "Claribel," of the youthful efforts, to that sweet song of hope, "Crossing the Bar," fill six volumes, completing the ten-volume edition. The Macmillan Company were Tennyson's publishers from 1884, and in this work, the result of their desire to present in appropriate form all the poet's writings, they have had opportunities that could not come to any other publishers. The edition will easily take first rank among all popular collections of the poet's works, as it can not be equalled in completeness and the value of its illuminations.

Beside the chronology of the poems, the correspondence of the queen and the poet laureate, letters and tributes from various admirers, there are many other touches of distinctive worth in the volumes. The indexes, both of the biography and of the poems, are complete.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$20.00.

Two Timely Volumes.

"The Expedition to the Philippines" (price, \$2.50), by F. D. Millet, special correspondent of *Harper's Weekly* and the *London Times*, and "Tomorrow in Cuba" (price, \$2.00), by Frank M. Pepper, are the titles of two excellent volumes which treat of timely topics. Mr. Millet sailed from this city on June 29, 1898, on the *Newport*, which also carried General Merritt on his way to take command of the land operations against Manila. As a result, he enjoyed unusual opportunities to observe soldier life on board ship during the long voyage across the Pacific Ocean, and the military movements after the whole army was assembled on the shores of Manila Bay. He describes the landing of the troops, their subsequent manœuvres, life in the trenches, the advance against the Spanish lines, and the surrender and occupation of Manila. One of the most interesting chapters is Mr. Millet's account of an interview with Aguinaldo, who, to quote his words, "has the acute cunning of the half-breed native, much of the astuteness of the Chinaman, with the extraordinary personal vanity and light mental calibre of the Filipino." The volume is copiously illustrated with half-tone reproductions of photographs.

Mr. Pepper's work will be found invaluable to every one eager for sound information on the present conditions and future prospects of Cuba. In the spring of 1897 he went to Cuba as a correspondent, and with the exception of a short intermission passed with the American Army and Navy outside the island, was in the midst of the events shaping the destinies of the Antilles. His first impressions appeared in various journals, but now, at the end of more than two years, he has molded them into an authoritative study of the political questions that lie on the surface and the underlying social and economic problems. Mr. Pepper is convinced that, "while the overwhelming majority of the Cuban people are not thinking of early annexation, they are not in a hurry to cut themselves adrift. They recognize that the moral protectorate of the United States is a fact." They would be willing, he thinks, to accept a continuance of that protectorate if it took the form of an independent government for Cuba in her internal affairs and in consonance with her aspirations.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

Poetry and Art.

There are many flowers of meditation and fancy in "A Season's Sowing," a volume of quatrains and couplets by Charles Keeler, embellished with full-page engravings, initials, and borders by Louise Keeler. Mr. Keeler's poetic art is sincere and uplifting. Many of his verses are gems, engraved with skill, and none is without a thought, tender or profound. They will win more than a first reading from most readers, and some will linger in the memory as the fittest expressions of truth. The illustrations are pleasing, though there is an impression of overweight in some of the pages.

Published by A. M. Robertson, San Francisco; price, \$1.25.

New Publications.

"Bruno," by Byrd Spilman Dewey, is the story of a dog, made up of trifles, and yet worth the telling. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, 75 cents.

Tradition and romance color the "Tales of Languedoc," by Samuel Jacques Brun; fact and fable join hands in them, and their charm is distinctive. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

The reading of "Nannie's Happy Childhood," by Caroline Leslie Field, in any home where there are children, or those who love children, will bring brightness and many pleasant thoughts. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.00.

Sheila E. Braine has written a delightful story for children in "The Princess of Hearts," and Alice B. Woodward has illustrated it with sympathy and artistic skill. Published in London and imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$2.00.

Some thirty odd sketches of quiet humor are presented in "Mr. Isolate of Lonelyville," by C. C. Converse, and though some of them are here republished, they deserve the favor of permanent form. Published by R. H. Russell, New York; price, \$1.00.

"A History of England for High Schools and Academies," by Katharine Coman and Elizabeth Kimball Kendall, is admirable in arrangement, treatment of topics, side and foot-notes, and thorough index. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

"Fisherman's Luck, and Some Other Uncertain Things," by Henry Van Dyke, is a volume of quaint conceits and fanciful adventures, fresh and clear as autumn weather, and full of the joy of out-of-doors life. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$2.00.

In the Temple Classics Series, late issues are "Seneca on Benefits," translated by Thomas Lodge; "The Compleat Angler," by Izaak Walton; and "Tales from Shakespeare," by Charles and Mary Lamb. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 50 cents each.

When "The Island," by Richard Whiteing, first appeared, ten years ago, it was praised. The great success of "No. 5 John Street" has induced the author to republish his earlier story with additional chapters. It is a clever piece of work. Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

From Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, "The Prologue," "The Knight's Tale," and "The Nun's Tale" are given in two recent numbers of the *Riverside Literature Series*. The introduction, notes, and glossary are by Frank Jewett Mather, Jr. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, 15 cents each.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

for 1900



OLIVER CROMWELL

From the Miniature by Cooper.
Published by Permission of Sir
Charles Hartopp, Bart.

THE YEAR NOW ENDING HAS PROVED EVEN MORE SUCCESSFUL FOR SCRIBNER'S THAN WAS '98. THIS MEANS THE MOST SUCCESSFUL TWELVEMONTH IN THE HISTORY OF THE MAGAZINE. . . . FOR 1900, THE CLOSING YEAR OF THE CENTURY, HAS BEEN SECURED THE MOST VALUABLE PROGRAM THE MAGAZINE EVER OFFERED. SOME OF THE PREPARATIONS HAVE BEEN UNDER WAY FOR THREE YEARS. . . . RECENT SUCCESSES HAVE STIMULATED NEW UNDERTAKINGS, AND ADDITIONAL PLANS HAVE BEEN INCLUDED—THE RESULT MAY BE JUDGED FROM THE FOLLOWING, ALTHOUGH BUT A PARTIAL ANNOUNCEMENT FOR 1900.*

* The prospectus for 1900 in small book form, with illustrations in colors (cover by Maxfield Parrish), sent upon application.



GOVERNOR
THEODORE ROOSEVELT
From a Photograph. Copyright by
Pach Bros., New York.

TOMMY AND GRIZEL, J. M. BARRIE'S new work, has finally been completed and will be published in *Scribner's Magazine*. It will begin with the new volume (January number) and will run throughout the year—illustrated by BERNARD PARTRIDGE. It is safe to assert of the story that it is not only Barrie's masterpiece but one of the greatest works of fiction of recent years.



HENRY NORMAN
From a Photograph.
Copyright by Elliott &
Fry, London.

OLIVER CROMWELL, by THEODORE ROOSEVELT, will not be the history of a mere student, compiled with much research, but with little experience of affairs. It will show a man of action in history as viewed by a younger man of action to-day. It begins in the *January Scribner* and will be completed in six numbers. The ILLUSTRATORS include F. C. Yohn, E. C. Peixotto, and Henry McCarter, also Seymour Lucas, R. A., the well-known authority upon the Cromwellian period, and two other well-known English illustrators, Frank Craig and Claude E. Shepperson. There will also be portraits reproduced from the famous English collection.



ERNEST SETON-THOMPSON
From a Photograph by
Miss Zaida Ben Yusuf.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS will continue to be a prominent and frequent contributor both of fiction and of special articles. More specific announcement will be made from time to time.

THE RUSSIA OF TODAY, by HENRY NORMAN, author of "The Real Japan," "The Far East," etc., and the expert on foreign politics and colonial policies. Six articles, all illustrated.

OMDURMAN AND THE SUDAN, by Capt. W. ELLIOT CAIRNES, the well-known English military critic. The first inside view of the actual state of things along the borders of the Sudan—the system by which this district is being reclaimed from savagery, the life in the Egyptian army, etc. Illustrated by Captain Cairnes's own photographs.



WALTER A. WYCKOFF

A TRIP TO GREENLAND, AND OTHER ARTICLES, by WALTER A. WYCKOFF, author of "The Workers."

THE CHARM OF PARIS, by IDA M. TARBELL, illustrated by an extraordinary group of artists, including Lepère, Marchetti, Jeannot, Steinlen, Huard, and McCarter.



J. M. BARRIE
From a Photograph by Hollyer, London.

THE BOER WAR will be dealt with in *Scribner's* (like the Spanish War) with vivid, complete descriptions by eye-witnesses—accompanied with the best photographs. The first articles will be by H. J. Whigham, who has already reached the front.

SENATOR HOAR: "Harvard Fifty Years Ago," and paper on the Massachusetts Bar in the days of Choate and the other historic legal giants.

ERNEST SETON - THOMPSON, author of "Wild Animals I Have Known," will contribute to early numbers of the Magazine a notable group of stories—all illustrated by himself.



HENRY VAN DYKE
From a Photograph by
L. Alman, New York.

HENRY VAN DYKE is writing stories of wilderness types—full of the charm of outdoor nature. **WALTER APPLETON CLARK** will continue to be his illustrator.

"O'CONNOR," William Maynadier Browne's famous Irishman, will appear in several more stories.

LOUIS C. SENGHER will contribute a group of Railroad stories, "Train Fourteen," "Without Orders," "In Time of Need."



RICHARD HARDING
DAVIS
From a Photograph.
Copyright by W. & D.
Downey, London.

OCTAVE THANET: stories dealing somewhat with questions in regard to modern woman's sphere.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE: several more of his stories of picturesque phases of Western public life.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE, Henry James, Maarten Maartens, Edith Wharton are among those who have already written short fiction for the forthcoming numbers.



THOMAS NELSON PAGE
From a Photograph by
Davis & Sanford,
New York.

ART FEATURES include, beside the uncommon illustrations for "Cromwell" and the other pictorial plans mentioned, special articles on art and artists, such as "Puvis de Chavannes," by John La Farge, to be illustrated, in color, from the great artist's work; special illustrative schemes by E. C. Peixotto, the young American illustrator, who is making a pilgrimage through France for the magazine; and by Walter Appleton Clark, Dwight L. Elmendorf, and others. Also color-printing and colored covers.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, \$3.00 A YEAR, POSTAGE PREPAID. 25 CENTS A NUMBER. CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 153-155 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

The Christmas Scribner (December Number) includes: Six Notable Short Stories—Two 8-page Color Schemes—C. D. Gibson's "The Seven Ages of American Woman" (16 pages with tint)—Antarctic Exploration, by Dr. F. A. Cook and Albert White Vorse (illustrated)—An Essay by Augustine Birrell—and a Discussion of the Dewey Arch by Russell Sturgis, illustrated by Elmendorf with Telephotographs. It is issued Nov. 24, with a rich Christmas cover by Maxfield Parrish.

LITERARY NOTES.

The Past and Future of Pacific Shores.

The volume which Hubert Howe Bancroft has given to the world under the title "The New Pacific" is admirable only for the industry displayed in its seven hundred closely printed pages. A vast fund of information is presented in bulk, and much of the matter is historical, but it is not well digested or well classified, and the connecting links of theory and assertion are crudely fashioned. In common with many books of the day, it is an argument throughout for the expansion of the power and sovereignty of the United States which "manifest destiny" has brought on:

"The year of ninety-eight marks a new era in the industrialism of the Pacific. Sea-power becomes as never before a factor in progress and international affairs. Henceforth more wealth will be made upon the sea, and the wars of the nations will be fought out to a great extent upon the water. Nor is our new national strength upon the ocean beneficial for self-assertion in political and naval matters alone, nor yet altogether for industrial aggrandizement; there are the intermingling of peoples and the interchange of ideas as well as of commodities, all of which will exercise their influence in future developments. This great ocean is now for the first time taking its proper place among other oceans, its commonwealths among other commonwealths, its commerce among the other commerce of the world. And as this ocean is the largest, its borders more extended and containing more natural wealth, its islands more numerous and more opulent than those of any other sea or section, its ultimate destiny and development will be correspondingly great. And this new birth comes at a most propitious time. America is ripe for it; the world is ripe."

The comprehensive plan of the work is indicated by the chapter-headings: "European Barbarism in America," "New Naval Tactics," "War with Spain," "The Awakening," "Imperialism: the Policy of Expansion," "Passing of Spain," "The Far East," "Europe in Asia," "The Pacific Ocean and Its Borders," "Resources of the Pacific," "Hawaii," "Philippine Archipelago," "Race Problems," "Leaves from the Log Books of the Pirates," "The Terrestrial Paradise."

Published by the Whitaker & Ray Company, San Francisco; price, \$2.50.

Good Stories That Might Be True.

The sketches of life and action that make up the volume "The Powers at Play," by Bliss Perry, are of every-day people, with very few exceptions, yet the figures are sharply outlined and the events are not of a commonplace order. Mr. Perry is a student of human nature, and finds his theme most frequently in the minor motives of life and chance pauses by the wayside, which seem trivial and yet are charged with forces that bring sudden and complete changes to prospects above and beyond.

In the first story in the book, "His Word of Honor," a young physician, just from college, is trembling on the verge of a declaration that will separate him from a trusting heart waiting in his country home, when a chance discovery of three unfortunates in a cabin in the woods brings his better nature to the front and he takes the right path. "By the Committee" is a character-sketch in which a mild form of retribution overtakes the grasping shop-keeper who pleads his own cause in the garb of a messenger of charity. "In the Rip" shows some truthful New England portraits and phases, with an art that is not self-conscious. There are five other stories in the collection, not all of equal value, but each one worthy of its place.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

New Publications.

"The Future of the American Negro," by Booker T. Washington, which is referred to in our editorial columns, is published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

The graceful yet vigorous English of Henry Newbolt is no less striking in "Stories from Froissart" than in his poems. The book is handsomely illustrated. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

Thirteen stories, with over two hundred illustrations, are given in "Old-Fashioned Fairy Tales," translated from the French of Mme. d'Aulnoy, Charles Perrault, and others. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.00.

Frederick H. Clark announces on the title-page that his "Outlines of Civics" is a supplement to Bryce's "American Commonwealth," for use in high schools and colleges. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 75 cents.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps has written nothing more pathetic than the little story "Loveliness," but it holds smiles as well as tears. It has a noble purpose, too, but the moral is not obtrusive. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.00.

From forty note-books, diaries, and commonplace-books, are drawn the memoirs entitled "Life and Remains of the Rev. R. H. Quick," by F. Storrs. As a teacher, an educational expert, and as a writer, Reverend Quick was a striking personality, and the biography, made up largely as it is of the minister's own reflections, renders him no more than his due.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

Peter Newell has added to the humor of many a volume by his funny drawings, and now he has a book of his own, stories as well as illustrations, "Peter Newell's Pictures and Rhymes." There are wit and fancy in the lines, as well as in the people, the birds, the animals, and the flowers that he portrays. There is lasting pleasure in its pages. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Coronation of Inez de Castro.

There was music on the midnight:
From a royal fane it rolled,
And a mighty bell, each pause between,
Sternly and slowly tolled.
Strange was their mingling in the sky;
It hushed the listener's breath;
For the music spoke of triumph high—
The lonely bell, of death.
There was hurrying through the midnight,
A sound of many feet;
But they fell with a shuffled fearfulness
Along the shadowy street;
And softer, fainter, grew their tread
As it neared the minster gate,
Whence a broad and solemn light was shed
From a scene of royal state.
Full glowed the strong red radiance
In the centre of the nave,
Where the folds of a purple canopy
Swept down in many a wave,
Loading the marble pavement old
With a weight of gorgeous gloom,
For something lay midst their fretted gold
Like a shadow of the tomb.
And within that rich pavilion,
High on a glittering throne,
A woman's form sat silently,
Midst the glare of light, alone.
Her jeweled robes fell strangely still;
The drapery on her breast
Seemed with no pulse beneath to thrill,
So stone-like was its rest!
But a peal of lordly music
Shook e'en the dust below—
When the burning gold of the diadem
Was set on her pallid brow.
Then died away that haughty sound,
And from the encircling band
Stepped prince and chief, midst the hush profound,
With homage to her hand.

Why passed a faint, cold shuddering
Over each martial frame,
As one by one, to touch that hand,
Noble and leader came?
Was not the settled aspect fair?
Did not a queenly grace,
Under the parted ebon hair,
Sit on the pale still face?
It was a strange and fearful sight,
The crown upon that head,
The glorious robes, and the blaze of light,
All gathered round the Dead!
And beside her stood in silence
One with a brow as pale,
And white lips rigidly compressed,
Lest the strong heart should fail;
King Pedro, with a jealous eye,
Watching the homage done,
By the land's flower and chivalry,
To her, his martyred one.
But on the face he looked not,
Which once his star had been;
To every form his glance was turned,
Save of the breathless queen;
Though something, won from the grave's embrace,
Of her beauty still was there,
Its hues were all of that shadowy place,
It was not for him to hear.
Alas! the crown, the sceptre,
The treasures of the earth,
And the priceless love that poured those gifts,
Alike of wasted worth!
The rites are closed. Bear back the dead
Under the chamber deep;
Lay down again the royal head,
Dust with the dust to sleep.
There is music on the midnight—
A requiem sad and slow,
As the mourners through the sounding aisle
In dark procession go;
And the ring of state, and the starry crown,
And all the rich array,
Are borne to the house of silence down,
With her, that queen of clay,
And tearlessly and firmly
King Pedro led the train;
But his face was wrapt in his folding robe,
When they lowered the dust again.
'Tis hushed at last the tomb above;
Hymns die, and steps depart:
Who called thee strong as Death, O Love?
Mightier thou wast and art.

—Felicia Hemans.

A CHOICE CHRISTMAS GIFT.—IN THE SELECTION of a choice Christmas gift, or an addition to one's own library, both elegance and usefulness will be found combined in "Webster's International Dictionary," which is the last of the various revisions and enlargements of the original "Webster." The International represents fifty times the amount of literary labor that was expended upon the earliest edition, and is, without question, the most complete and reliable work of the kind ever published in a single volume. It is warmly indorsed by eminent scholars throughout the English-speaking world, and is a most useful book for the library, the school, the family, the student, and in fact for all who use the English language.

Scribner's Magazine for December.

The Christmas number of *Scribner's Magazine* contains many entertaining contributions of exceptional worth. There are six notable short stories, including "The Peacemaker," by Bliss Perry; "Rabbi Eliezer's Christmas," by Abraham Cahan; "An Author's Story," by Maarten Maartens; "The Portate Ultimatum," by Arthur Colton; and "Max—or His Picture," by Octave Thanet. Among the articles are "American Seamen in the Antarctic," by Albert White Vorse; "The Possibilities of Antarctic Exploration," by Frederick A. Cook, M. D.; "Chinon," by Ernest C. Peixotto; and "John Wesley: Some Aspects of the Eighteenth Century in England," by Augustine Birrell; and verse from the pen of Bliss Carmon, Harrison S. Morris, J. H. Adams, and Marvin R. Vincent. The number is beautifully illustrated, Charles Dana Gibson's charming drawings of "The Seven Ages of the American Woman" being especially worthy of notice.

There are some long distances in Europe that are covered by through trains, starting generally from London or Paris. The trains do not run daily, but usually once or twice a week, and the fares are much higher than an ordinary express train. The oldest train and longest run is the Orient express that goes from Paris to Constantinople twice a week by way of Munich, Vienna, Buda-Pesth, Belgrade, and Sofia, nineteen hundred and twenty-one miles, in sixty-four hours.

FOURTH EDITION.

The publishers regret to say that owing to the very considerable demand for Mr. F. Marion Crawford's new novel, "Via Crucis," they have been obliged to postpone publication of the Fourth Edition until Saturday, November 25th.

VIA CRUCIS. A ROMANCE OF THE SECOND CRUSADE

By F. MARION CRAWFORD.

Illustrated by LOUIS LOEB. Cloth, \$1.50.

"The romantic reader will find here a tale of love passionate and pure, the student of character the subtle analysis and deft portrayal he loves."

"In a cover of unusual beauty, and with illustrations worthy of the text, *Via Crucis* emerges from its serial state, and is given to an eagerly awaiting public. . . . A thrilling, tender story, of which it is difficult to write without seeming hyperbole of admiration—for those who have not already become enthralled by this exquisite romance."—*The Times Saturday Review*.

VIA CRUCIS. A ROMANCE OF THE SECOND CRUSADE

By F. MARION CRAWFORD.

Author of "Casa Braccio," etc. Cloth, \$1.50.

"The historian will approve its conscientious historic accuracy; the lover of adventure will find his blood stir and pulses quicken as he reads."

"There is something more than strength in this story, and this it has in abundance, but it is also polished in diction and with that artistic finish which gives one the impression of a perfect picture that needs nothing to make it complete."—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

A new Illustrated Christmas Catalogue of Holiday Books or special lists of books on History or books for Young People will be sent without charge on request by

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FOR CHRISTMAS.

A California Publication.

THE SEASON'S SOWING

—BY—

CHARLES KEELER, with Decorations by LOUISE KEELER.

Probably the most artistic production of the year.

Send it East.

PRICE - - \$1.25.

A. M. ROBERTSON,

126 POST STREET.



It was late when we arrived at the California Theatre on Monday evening. The auditorium was dark, and on the stage, illumined by the glow of a subdued row of footlights, Mary Van Buren was revealed in a white lace and satin *negligee*. Striking a dramatic attitude she seized a glass filled with some liquid, and raising it high in air exclaimed, "Yes, there is still one thing left for me—*r-r-r-r*—revenge!" With the wild laugh of the adventuress she drained the glass at a gulp, and with remarkably good aim flung it neatly into the fire-place. The curtain rolled down, sudden lights started up over the rustling house, and everybody looked at everybody else to see "if anybody was there." "The Sporting Duchess" certainly began promisingly.

It may be because I missed the first half of the first scene that I found it so hard to follow the story of "The Sporting Duchess." Or it may have been just natural stupidity on my part, but, whatever the cause was, the effect was one of great chaos and confusion. I never found out why Miss Van Buren was thirsting for revenge, nor why the Countess of Desborough so far forgot her manners at the regimental ball, nor that Pearl Landers was the Sporting Duchess's daughter, nor why the Marquis of Desborough had to sell all his race-horses. The general bewilderment of mind under which I suffered was further intensified by the programme, which was as mixed up as I was. Mary Van Buren was down as the Countess of Desborough, and Miss Marian Barnay as Vivian Darville. This, combined with the fact that nearly everybody in the cast was a member of the aristocracy and titles were as thick as leaves upon the brooks of Vallomhrosa, added to a condition of confusion which is still unenlightened.

The play itself is one of those spectacular melodramas of which the English alone have the recipe. It took three people to manufacture "The Sporting Duchess," and they have been nearly as successful as they—or their *confreres*—were in "The White Heather" and "The Fatal Card." The recipe is easily learned, and the component parts simple: a villain, a villainess, a good hero, and a noble heroine, form the staple ingredients. Mix well together and add a child, a betrayed young female in black or gray, and a bluff but good-hearted old person. Season with comedy in the shape of a Jew, a commercial traveler, a family solicitor, or an old maid. Boil up well together, add a touch of sentiment, a pinch of tragedy, and as many puns as can be used without danger of curdling. Sprinkle thickly with titles, and serve hot. This recipe, if carefully followed, can not fail to produce an excellent melodrama, and one warranted to please the most exacting taste.

"The Sporting Duchess" is even more naive than "The Fatal Card" or "The White Heather." It turns on the struggle of vice and virtue, almost as artlessly portrayed in their battle for supremacy as they are in such spectacular extravaganzas as "The Black Crook" and "Magdalen, the Night Owl." The old spectacles had their good and evil geniuses, as the modern melodrama has, save that in one they were tights and spangles and in the other automobile coats and silk hats. Villainy wears no subtle disguise. If it is masculine, it edges off into corners with people and hisses such hideous sentiments as "Go to the devil, will you?" or beguiles the good heroine to leave her husband's home, and elopes with her to the parlor of an adjacent inn, where, locking one door but taking good care to leave the other open, it remarks darkly: "Lady Desborough, we are registered here as man and wife." If it is feminine, it wears extremely nice clothes, smokes cigarettes, and sometimes, in particularly abandoned cases, drinks handy out of a decanter.

To see Mary Van Buren doing this is one of the oddest sights. She has not yet lost her look of a stately and good-natured amateur who is on the stage for the fun of it. To treat her with professional dignity—she has no temperamental sympathies with the character of Vivian Darville. I doubt if Mary Van Buren has temperamental sympathies with many stage characters. She is a woman of a magnificent appearance, with a gently handsome face, and a pleasantly well-bred manner, more suggestive of afternoon tea round a shining *samovar* than handy out of a pressed-glass decanter. There is something reminiscent of good society, drawing-rooms, and reception days in the very rustle of her skirts and turn of her head. Her manner of taking the stage has more in it of the pleased pride of the handsome society girl who knows she is admired than of the sweeping assurance of the stage beauty who queens it over an auditorium of staring strangers.

Yet the improvement in Miss Van Buren is so remarkable that Mr. Frawley may turn her out a second *Blanche Bates* before she leaves him. While he himself is not destined to sit crowned in the Temple of Thespis, he certainly has great ability in discovering and developing talent in others. Several risen and rising stars owe their first step to him. He has a *flair* for dramatic talent such as Daly had, and not having the responsibilities of position of Daly, he can push forward his stars with a speed and a disregard of details that that great manager was unable to claim. He has a daring belief in the ability of the people he so hastily enrolls in his company, and an enduring confidence in the public's admiration of beauty. Miss Marian Barnay, for example, is, I fancy, very new to the stage. Her loud screams at the news of Major Mostyn's entries on the hotel register sounded as if they had been learned last week in a dramatic school. She is extremely crude, but extremely handsome, and when she learns that a wild, a smothered, or a gurgling shriek is not the only means of indicating emotion, she will be a very acceptable member of the company.

The fact is that these melodramas give no one an opportunity of acting. Mary Hampton, who is the Sporting Duchess, is a well-known player, with a well-established reputation. Yet, it is but true to say that she made no more mark in the leading character than Pearl Landers did as her daughter. She gave no impression of being the dashing, horsey creature that we all expected to find, and, with the sole exception of wearing a shirt-front and a Derby hat, made no attempt to characterize the leading figure. Possibly with her, too, it is a case of lack of temperamental sympathies. As I remember Miss Hampton when she was here before, she was an actress of a graciously feminine and emotional type. To play an adventuress could not be more antagonistic to Mary Van Buren's stylishly well-bred and highly respectable style than to play a horse-racing, betting, swaggering, whip-cracking aristocrat is to Mary Hampton's refined and dignified Americanism.

The men seem more at home in the parts assigned to them. They are all in the peerage or the Guards—in fact, we had not been in such good society at the California since "Lady Windermere's Fan" was there. When they are not in baggy trousers and riding-boots, they are in uniform. Harrington Reynolds, as Major Mostyn, the villain, had the only attempt at a specialized character that the piece contained. To his credit be it said that he played it with a certain amount of ease, and had the air of being quite ashamed of the continuous asides with which the authors had garnished his share of dialogue. He wore an eye-glass, which I have noticed stage-villains affect, and when he had to lead his enemies to the footlights and tell them, with a dark air, to "Go to the devil, will you?" he did it with as subdued a manner as could be lent to such a sinister suggestion. The conversations right through the piece were studded with asides that even in that classic which is the choicest gem in our crown—"Uncle Tom's Cabin"—we should have regarded as somewhat behind the times. What really ought to be done to "The Sporting Duchess" would be to give it to David Belasco and get him to bring it up to date.

Its main claim to interest is in its scenic side. The names that ought to be on the programme as those of its illustrious authors should be the scene-painters and stage-carpenters. To these industrious and ingenious gentlemen great credit is due. Scene follows scene so quickly that there are scarcely any intermissions, and the lights kept flaring up over the startled house, giving one a glimpse of tiers of pompadoured heads and black-cloth shoulders, and as suddenly dying out, while the curtain rolled up, and the orchestra gasped and grumbled into silence. There was no time to talk, no time to study the way the woman in front had her hair done, no time to go out and walk in the foyer, or look in through the arched openings at the back view of the crowded house. Everything was in a hurry. To get in the whole piece before midnight, scenes were kept on the go, rolling up and down, shooting in from the sides, staggering up from the back, sliding down from the flies. The hardest-worked performer of the evening was the person who directed the evolutions of the curtain. The number of times that Indian scene, with the knock-kneed elephant, was presented to our view and then whisked away again was bewildering to follow and impossible to count.

GERALDINE BONNER.

The Races.

There are to be two special events during the first week of the second meeting of the Western Turf Association at Tanforan Park which are sure to draw large crowds. On Wednesday, December 5th, the Bay View Stakes, a selling sweepstakes for three-year-olds and upward will be run. The value of the stake is \$1,200, the distance is a mile and a quarter, and, as there are some thirty-two entries, there will doubtless be a large field. On Saturday, the ninth, the Spring Valley Stakes will be the main event. It is a handicap sweepstakes for three-year-olds over a mile-and-a-quarter course, the value of the stake being \$1,500.

— "KNOX" CELEBRATED HATS—SOLE AGENCY, Eugene Knox, 726 Market Street.

STAGE GOSSIP.

The Frawleys in "An Enemy to the King."

Despite the great success of "The Sporting Duchess" at the California Theatre, the Frawleys will change their hill on Monday evening to the romantic drama, "An Enemy to the King." It has been produced here several times before, but there will be an added interest in the revival owing to the fact that Mary Hampton will be seen as Julie de Varion, the *role* she created in the original Sothorn production, and in which *Blanche Bates* scored one of her greatest hits.

Franklyn Fyles's war drama, "Cumberland '61," is to follow "An Enemy to the King."

Second Week of "Shenandoah."

The revival of Bronson Howard's stirring war play, "Shenandoah," has proved a big success at the Columbia Theatre, and will be continued another week. It is staged in a lavish manner and acted in a thoroughly satisfactory way. The great battle scene, showing the retreating army, is admirably carried out, and comes to a dramatic climax when Sheridan rides across the stage followed by his mounted staff. It is a stage picture full of realistic detail and one which will never be forgotten.

Frederick Warde in "Francesca da Rimini," "The Lion's Mouth," and several of his best *roles* will be the next attraction. Mr. and Mrs. Clarence M. Brune are prominent in his support.

Return of Ferris Hartman.

The grand-opera season will be brought to a close on Sunday evening, when Signors Salassa and Avedano will make their last appearance in Verdi's charming "Othello," in which they have scored their greatest success. On Monday evening the theatre will be turned over to the painters and decorators, and, after remaining closed for five nights, will re-open its doors in a bright new dress on Saturday evening with a handsome revival of "Tar and Tartar" as the bill. The patrons of the Tivoli Opera House will be glad to learn of the return of Ferris Hartman, the popular comedian, and Annie Myers, the *chic* little *soubrette* who became such a great favorite here last year. The other members in the cast will include Annie Lichter, Julie Cotte, Charlotte Beckwith, Caroline Knowles, Alf C. Whelan, Tom Greene, William Schuster, Phil Branson, J. Fogarty, Fred Kavanaugh, and others.

At the Orpheum.

George Fuller Golden, the droll monologist, will be the most notable new-comer at the Orpheum next week. During his last visit here he became a great favorite and it is safe to predict that he will again be received with enthusiasm, for he has a large store of rare new yarns to tell about his celebrated friend Casey. The other new entertainers are Emmonds, Emmerson, and Emmonds, who will appear in a sketch entitled "Only a Joke"; the "Tennis Trio," two gentlemen and a lady, who manipulate clubs cleverly; and Jessie Millar, the accomplished musician. Those retained from this week's bill are Camille d'Arville, A. D. Robbins, Pete Baker, Signor Alhini, and the Biograph.

A monster benefit in aid of the charity fund of the Associated Theatrical Managers of San Francisco will take place at the Orpheum, Thursday afternoon, December 14th, beginning at one o'clock, and running continuously until five-thirty. Every theatre in the city will be represented, and the entire proceeds will be devoted to the relief of sick and destitute Thespians. The theatrical profession has always been first to volunteer for charitable entertainments here, and they naturally hope the public will now assist them.

"His Majesty" at the Grand.

Rice's "Evangeline" will give way to an elaborate revival of the comic opera, "His Majesty," at the Grand Opera House on Monday evening. The music is by H. J. Stewart and the libretto by Peter Robertson, of the San Francisco *Chronicle*. The cast is as follows: King Cadenza, a specially engaged monarch, William Wolff; his royal consort, Bessie Fairbairn; his daughter, the Princess Enid, Edith Mason; his prime minister, Winfred Goff; Feodor, the Crown Prince of Muscovy, Thomas H. Persse; his valet, the mock duke, Nace Bonville; an equerry, Charles Arling; Don Impresario, sole manager and proprietor of the Leonid Opera Company, Arthur Wooley; Donna Beti Martini, prima donna assoluta, Hattie Belle Ladd; the leading tenor, Joseph Davis; the principal baritone, Joseph Witt; the great and only basso, Antonio Romolo; the inimitable huffo, George Collins; the stage manager, Oscar Lee; the musical director, A. E. Arnold; the props and utility, Bert Leslie; the *soubrette*, Ethel Strachan; the character artist, Addie Arnold; and the understudy, Mabel Hilliard.

Keep Your Youth

If you are young. If you are old why appear so; keep young inwardly and we will look after the outward appearance. *Crema de Lis* entirely eradicates and prevents wrinkles, and "creates a perfect complexion."

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To-Night, "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci." Sunday Evening, "Othello." End of Grand Opera Season. Next Week—Theatre Closed Five Nights for Decoration. Re-Open Saturday Evening, Dec. 9th. Gorgeous Production of the Famous Comic Opera, "Tar and Tartar." Re-Appearance of Ferris Hartman. Annie Myers Returns to the Tivoli.
Popular Prices—25c and 50c.
Telephone for Seats, Bush 9.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.

The Popular House.

Only Matinee Saturday. Magnificent Artistic Triumph of our Own and Only Frawley Company. Week Beginning Sunday Night, December 3d. The Most Beautiful Romantic Drama Ever Written.

— AN ENEMY TO THE KING —
Mary Hampton in Her Original Role of Julie de Varion. In Preparation..... "Cumberland '61."

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Beginning Next Monday. Second and Last Week of Jacob Litt's Great Revival of Bronson Howard's War Play.

— SHENANDOAH —
As it Has Never Been Seen Here Before. No Increase in Prices.

Monday, December 11th, Frederick Warde

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

TELEPHONE MAIN 532.

Last Two Nights of "Evangeline." Week of Monday, December 4th. Elaborate Production of the Original Comic Opera.

— HIS MAJESTY —

Music by H. J. Stewart. Libretto by Peter Robertson. Popular Prices—50c, 35c, 25c, 15c, and 10c. A Good Reserved Seat at Saturday Matinee 25c. Branch Ticket-Office Emporium.

Orpheum

George Fuller Golden; Emmonds, Emmerson, and Emmonds; the Tennis Trio; Jessie Millar; A. D. Robbins; Pete Baker; Signor Alhini; the Biograph; and the Queen of Comic Opera, Camille d'Arville.
Reserved seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box seats, 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday.

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Holmes Quartet Concerts

Tuesday Afternoon—Dec. 5th, at 3:15.

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Programmes comprise Quartets—Mendelssohn in E Minor; Haydn in F, Op. 77; Schumann in A Minor. Quintets—Beethoven in C; Mozart in C. Sextet—Brahms in B Flat.

Tickets 75 cents, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—Special

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Grand Symphony Concert

Under the Direction of

HENRY HOLMES

(Late Conductor of the Orchestra of the Royal College of Music, London).

Sixty-Six Musicians in the Orchestra

All Seats Reserved. Prices—\$1.50, \$1.00, 75c, 50c, and 25c. Seats now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

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Second Meeting, Dec. 4th to 16th, inclusive.

Six high-class running races every week day.

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The ideal winter race track of America. Patrons step directly from the railroad cars into a superb grand stand, glass-enclosed, where comfortably housed in bad weather they can enjoy an unobstructed view of the races.

Trains leave Third and Townsend Streets at 9:00, 10:40, and 12:30 a. m., and 12:15, 12:35, 12:50, and 1:25 p. m., returning immediately after last race and at 4:45 p. m. Rear cars reserved for women and their escorts. No smoking. Valencia Street ten minutes later.

San José and way stations. Arrive at San Bruno at 12:45 p. m. Leave San Bruno at 4:00 and 4:45 p. m.

Rates: San Francisco to Tanforan and return, including admission to track, \$1.25.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Laurence Gronlund, the socialistic writer who died a few weeks ago in New York, was a thorough pessimist. One evening, after he had denounced the modern industrial system in savage terms, a friend remarked: "It is not so bad as Russian despotism, is it?" "Not quite," the former is the worst possible; the latter the worst conceivable."

The New York *Herald* was represented at the Dreyfus trial at Rennes by Marcel Prévost. Vance Thompson relates in the *Saturday Evening Post* that he met Prévost just after the verdict had been announced. Every one was huzzing, "Dreyfus has been found guilty—with extenuating circumstances!" "What do you suppose the extenuating circumstances are?" Thompson asked, "I dare say his innocence," was Prévost's reply.

An Iola soldier relates that one day General Otis came out on the firing-line and ordered the shooting to cease. A Kansas boy, who thought he was doing all sorts of damage to the insurgents, kept on shooting. "Didn't you hear my command to cease firing?" thundered the general. "Who are you?" asked the soldier. "I'm General Otis." "Otis, hell," responded the soldier, "I know that isn't so; Otis never comes out here." And bang went the gun.

Long before the Transvaal trouble, the Right Honourable Joseph Chamberlain, present minister of state for the British Colonies, was famous the world over for his orchids. His costly collection is one of the finest in the world. They are telling the story in Paris now that once he saw a rare orchid, the duplicate of one he had recently added to his own collection. He asked the price. "Twenty thousand francs," replied the dealer. The Englishman paid the money, and then, throwing the flower on the floor, crushed it with his heel.

During the Civil War the law school at Cambridge was presided over by Professors Parsons, Parker, and Washburn. They were divided in their political views and each did his best to maintain his opinion. Professor Parker was one day asked: "How do you get along on politics at the law school?" "Nicely," he answered; "we are equally divided." "But how can that be," continued the inquirer, "since there are three of you?" "Easy enough," replied the professor; "Parsons writes on one side and I on the other, and Washburn—he speaks on one side and votes on the other."

Algernon Dougherty, of the United States diplomatic service, has qualities of his own to account for his success as well as being the son of the famous "Silver-Tongued Dougherty," of Philadelphia. One of the rules of the aristocratic Parisian *concerge* is that while one may ride up in the elevator, one must not ride down. It was Mr. Dougherty who broke down this rule in a house in the Rue de Maturin. He started down, and the *concerge* stopped the elevator. "It is forbidden." "By whom?" "The proprietor forbids it," said the *concerge*. Mr. Dougherty drew himself up and said: "Tell your proprietor that I forbid him to forbid me anything!" and rode on down. And now, even the timid maiden ladies on the sixth floor play with that elevator as though it were a tame cat.

The late Dr. Todd, the Irish archaeologist, although a great scholar, was not above perpetrating a joke. A learned Englishman once went to Dublin to examine some manuscript in the library of Trinity College, and was introduced to Dr. Todd. One day in conversation the latter told him that there was in Trinity College a curious instance of the survival of a habit dating from the time of the Danes; that at a certain hour of the afternoon a porter went the round of the college ringing a bell and calling out in a loud voice, "The Dane's in the hall," where all the students rushed from their rooms to repel the invaders. The learned but somewhat incredulous Englishman repaired to the college at the appointed hour, and, sure enough, the porter appeared, ringing his bell and calling out "The Dane's in the hall," and the students hurried from their rooms to the hall. It was only some hours later that the Englishman comprehended that this was merely the customary manner of summoning the students to the hall where the dean of the college awaited them, "the dean" being transformed by the Milesian tongue into "the dane."

At the time of the Sioux attack on Fort Ripley, in 1862, the Mille Lac Chippewas assisted the white men, and the Secretary of the Interior and the State of Minnesota, grateful for this assistance, promised that as a reward the Mille Lac Chippewas should never be removed from their reservation. Only a few years later, the Interior Department sent a special agent to the reservation, to endeavor to persuade them to move from Mille Lacs to north of Leech Lake. There was quite a powwow, and one of the best-known men in Minnesota addressed a meeting of the chiefs. "My brothers," he said, "the great father has heard how you have been wronged, and

he said, 'I will send my red childreo an honest man to talk to them.' So he looked to the north, to the east, the south, and the west, and he said, 'Here is an honest man,' and he sent me. So brothers, look at me. The winds of fifty-five years have blown over my head and silvered it over with gray, and during that time I have never done a wrong to any man. I am your friend, my red brothers, and as your friend I ask you to sign this treaty." When he had finished, one of the chiefs arose and said: "My friend, look at me. The winds of more than fifty winters have blown over my head and silvered it over with gray, but they have not blown my brains away." Then he sat down, and the council was ended.

POINTS FOR THE RECRUIT.

Some Pleasures of Soldiering in the Philippines
—New Language Invented by Uncle Sam's Warriors.

The first man I met in the squad-room was "Smithie," an old hunkee with whom I had been on recruiting duty back in the States (writes a recruit of the Sixteenth Infantry to the New York *Sun*, from Jara, near Iloilo, where he joined Company D., on October 3d). Smithie produced eatables and drink, and while I satisfied my hunger I asked questions and did my best to get some meaning out of the answers. I started in with the old campaigner's first question.

"Which is the best living company in the regiment?"

"Chow-chows!" he exclaimed, with disgust. "Allee samee. Each company mucha mala than others. Carabao muy tempo. Australian boki, soma tempo. Sour bread. And chick."

"That'll do, Smithie," said I, "just saw it off right there and try and muster enough English to tell me if there is a man in Company D who can talk United States."

"Talkie Sammie," said he. "Cert. Spyme. Mucha mala—that's very bad. Savey? Each company feeds worse than the others. All bad feeders. See? Caraban muy tempo. That's water-buffalo meat very much of the time. It's like shoe-leather. Australian boki. That's Australian cow—cold storage. Not so mala. We get that some of the time. Sour bread. You savey that? The same as in the Sammies. The States, you know. Chick? Why, that is chicory. The same old chicory that we always get. No choice of feeding companies. Savey?"

I saw and asked about duty. Was it severe?

"Homhre," said he solemnly, "you've spiked the right cannon. Duty day. Duty night. Duty between tempo. Savey? Outpost to-day. Allee day. Allee night. Caramba Kakiack boom-boom. Go to sleep on post and the bolo men in the fat grass maka bash out of you. Stay awake and the Kakiacks boom-boom you. Also pour mucha agua allee tempo—muchu lluvia. Savey? The sky rains all the time. Guata wet. Camisa wet. Pantaloon wet. Patos full of mud. Then the next day you build a bridge for the artillery. When it is built the lluvia vamoos it. Then you build another. You wade in the agua neck-high with a coco-tree on your shoulder and the Kakiack in the woods across the river boom-boom at you. You keep that up ten days—outpost one day, build bridge the next, and then outpost again. Then one day, the Kakiacks hit a couple of men, by chance. His straps says 'Caramba.' And then you go chase. You hike for maybe fifteen days. You cross rivers on carabao and get swept off and drowned. You wade in mud waist deep all day, and sleep in the cane-brake at night. And hike-hike-hike and shoot may be not half-a-dozen Kakiacks."

"Smithie," said I, "this is something awful. I've listened to Chinamen and Indians. But I never struck anything that resembled this hashed-up lingo of yours. What do you think you are warbling about, anyway?"

"What talkie?" exclaimed Smithie, indignantly. "Why, I'm telling you about duty. Out post one day and build bridge the next. The Kakiacks—they are the natives with guns—shoot at you, and the bolomen—they are the natives with swords—crawl up in the high grass and slash at you. You wade around in the river, with a ton cocoanut-tree on your shoulder, and the damned Kakiacks take pops at you. Then by chance they kill a couple of our men, and the captain gets mad and we light out after 'em, and hike—that's march all over the island and get mighty little meat, I mean kill very few natives. Savey? It's like hunting rabbits."

"So?" said I, "and is there any sport?"

Smithie shrugged his shoulders.

"Work, hike, and boom-boom, alle tempo," said he. "You get your dinero—money—every two months—maybe. Then you get mucha loco on beno and raise hell. Savey? You get crazy on native spirits and go to the guard-house. The next day a caramba Kakiack comes and says to his straps that you come to his pickaninny epishack and insult him. It is a lie, but just the same you get ten days' guard-house, and are fined ten peso-Mex. If it isn't a Kakiack it will be a Cheeno who says you swiped tobacco from his shop. Either way his straps will believe the Kakiack or Cheeno about loot as against you, and you get it hard."

"What's a pickaninny epishack, Smithie?"

"It's a native's little house. A Spanish big house or botel like this is an estakazol or a casa."

"What's a Cheeno, and who is his straps?"

"A Cheeno is a Chinaman and his straps is your commanding officer."

"Well," said I, "now how about the health?"

"Oh!" said Smithie, "that's not so mala as you'd think. Leave the tubig and the beno alone and you'll pull through."

"And what's tubig?"

"That's water. Beno is the native whisky. When you can get it cool before sunrise, the tuba is not mala. That is the coco-beer that they hrew in bamboo-buckets up in the tops of the coco-trees. For ten cents, Melicano, you can get mncha loco on it. There's taps. Turn in with me. If you sleep on the floor the squi will chow-chow you. The squi are ants, you know. Douse that glim, will you?"

And that last sentence was about the only bit of pure, unadulterated United States that I've heard in Jara.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

In Nebraska.

We are full of trouble here

In Nebraska,

For the people pop each year

In Nebraska.

Yes, our grand old party ship

Now is "goosed" on every trip—

Bryan has us on the hip

In Nebraska.

When he says a thing is so,

In Nebraska,

True or not it has to go

In Nebraska;

Tariff, silver—naught, I vow,

Has escaped that hulging brow—

It is Aguinaldo now

In Nebraska.

Silver's case is out of court

In Nebraska.

But new fads are Bryan's forte

In Nebraska;

He's had twenty, I suppose,

But his Filipino pose

Is the latest one that "goes"

In Nebraska.

While the farmer farms his farm

In Nebraska,

Bryan views with great alarm,

In Nebraska,

The encroachments of the strong

'Gainst the weaker, which is wrong—

This has ever been his song

In Nebraska.

This has been the song he sang

In Nebraska,

Till the level valleys-rang,

In Nebraska,

Till the burden of his cries

Yielded honors and "supplies";

We believe the man is wise,

In Nebraska.

—Nebraska State Journal.

Thanksgiving Day.

Ah, did I dream? Was it a vision gay

That swept before mine eyes and fled away?

Was it reality, that wondrous store

Of pies and turkey, cakes and sweets galore,

And cider, too, that erst with stealthy straw

I from the barrel had been woot to draw,

Now placed, with all the rest, that blissful day,

At my sweet will, with none to say me nay?

Ah, woe is me! It was no vision rare

From such delights that seized me unaware—

No dream is this, that fills my frame with woe,

And in mine own apartments lays me low,

While bottles and prescriptions ranged about

Remind that man is mortal, and without,

The family physician goes his way

To other victims of Thanksgiving Day.

—K. B. L. in Life.

Always the Same.

There never is any change in the superior qualities of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. In delicate flavor, richness, and perfect-keeping qualities it can be guaranteed. It has stood first for forty years. Avoid unknown brands.

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New York and Southampton (London, Paris), from New York every Wednesday, 10 A. M.

New York.....December 6 | St. Paul.....December 20
St. Louis.....December 13 | New York.....December 27

RED STAR LINE.

New York and Antwerp. From New York every Wednesday, 12 noon.

Noordland.....December 6 | Southwark.....December 20
Friesland.....December 13 | Westernland.....December 27

EMPIRE LINE.

To Alaska and Gold Fields.

For passage and freight apply to International Navigation Company, G. D. FAHNESTOCK, General Agent Pacific Coast, 30 Montgomery Street.

The Woman in Red

is the emblem of the perfect silver polish and is found on the label of every box of



Look for it when buying. Its merits—not found in others—have made it famous around the world. The statement of some dealers that others are "just the same," or "just as good," is false. It's unlike all others.

All good grocers and druggists sell it.
Box, postpaid, 15 cts. in stamps.

The Electro Silicon Company,

30 Cliff Street, New York.

Redington & Co., San Francisco, Wholesale Agents for the Pacific Coast.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets,

at 1 P. M., for

YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,

Calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and

connecting at Hong Kong with Steamers for India, etc.

No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1899.

Coptic. (Via Honolulu).....Wednesday, Dec. 13

Gaelic. (Via Honolulu).....Saturday, Jan. 6, 1900

Doric. (Via Honolulu).....Thursday, Feb. 1

Coptic. (Via Honolulu).....Tuesday, Feb. 27

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

For freight and passage apply at company's office,

No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.

D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

Toyo Kisen Kaisha

(ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)

IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND

U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan

Streets, 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA and HONG KONG,

calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and

connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc.

No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

America Maru.....Thursday, December 21

Hongkong Maru.....Tuesday, January 16, 1900

Nippon Maru.....Friday, February 9

Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.

For freight and passage apply at company's office,

421 Market Street, cor. First.

W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:

For Alaskan ports, 10 A. M., Decem-

ber 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, January 1,

change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, 10

A. M., December 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, Janu-

ary 1, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 2 P. M.,

December 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, January

4, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports, 9 A. M.,

December 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, January 3,

and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa

Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11

A. M., December 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, January 1, and

every 4th day thereafter. For further information see folder.

For Mexican ports, 10 A. M., seventh of each month.

The company reserves the right to change without pre-

vious notice, steamers, sailing dates and hours of sailing.

Ticket-Office 4 New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel).

GOODALL PERKINS & CO., 10 Market St. S. F.

S. S. Anstralia, for

Honolulu only, Wed-

nesday, Dec. 13, 2 P. M.

S. S. Mariposa sails

Via Honolulu and

Ankland for Sydney,

Wednesday, Dec. 27,

1899, at 8 P. M.

J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 114 Montgom-

ery St. Freight Office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

WHITE STAR LINE.

AMERICAN SERVICE.

The New Twin Screw Steamship

OCEANIC

The Largest Vessel in the World.

17,040 tons, length 704 feet, width 68 feet.

28,000 horse-power.

TEUTONIC and MAJESTIC

Twin Screw.

10,000 tons. 582 feet long.

CYMRIC

Twin Screw, 12,552 tons, 600 feet long,

one of the largest steamships afloat.

GERMANIC

Well known to ocean travelers, and now completely

refitted.

Wednesday sailings from New York.

S. TENNEY FRENCH, G. W. A.,

94-96 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

For passage apply to G. W. FLETCHER, 613 Market

Street, or to official railway and steamship offices on

Pacific Coast.

SOCIETY.

Second Meeting of "La Jeunesse."

The second meeting of the new dancing-club, "La Jeunesse," took place at Cotillion Hall, on Polk Street, on Friday evening, December 1st. The hall was very prettily decorated in the college colors of Stanford and the University of California. The members and their guests were received by Mrs. A. W. Foster, Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Mrs. H. E. Huntington, Mrs. J. W. McClung, Mrs. W. E. McKittrick, Mrs. William H. Mills, Mrs. Phebe A. Hearst, and Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, and the cotillion was danced under the leadership of Mr. William Foster. The ladies in the first set were:

Miss Elizabeth Huntington, Miss Leila Voorhies, Miss Alma McClung, Miss Alice Brigham, Miss Katherine Dillon, Miss Edith Stubbs, Miss Josephine Kane, Miss Azalea Keyes, Miss Anna Voorhies, Miss Mary Greenwood Josselyn, Miss Isabel Kittle, Miss Alice Latham, Miss Elizabeth Mills, and Miss Goodrich.

A Golf Cotillion.

A "golf cotillion" is to be given at Cotillion Hall, on Polk Street, on the afternoon of December 23d, from three o'clock until seven. The patronesses of the affair will be Mrs. Southard Hoffman, Mrs. Pelham Ames, Mrs. E. F. Preston, Mrs. Charles Josselyn, Mrs. Morgan, Mrs. E. J. McCutchen, Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mrs. S. G. Murphy, Mrs. Kittle, and Miss Hager.

Those invited, whose number is limited to two hundred and fifty, are expected to appear in golf costume, and a cotillion will be danced, with Mr. E. M. Greenway as leader.

The Huntington Dinner-Dance.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Huntington entertained at their home at 2840 Jackson Street on Monday evening, November 27th, in honor of their daughter, Miss Elizabeth Huntington, and the debutantes. An elaborate dinner was enjoyed, followed by a dance. Mr. and Mrs. Huntington's guests were:

Miss Huntington, Miss Mary Josselyn, Miss Josephine Kane, Miss Leila Voorhies, Miss Edith Stubbs, Miss Katherine Dillon, Miss Georgina Hopkins, Miss Eleanor Morrow, Miss Margaret Cole, Miss Alma McClung, Miss Elise Gregory, Miss Jannette Hooper, Miss Mary Hill Cockrill, Mr. Hiram Bingham, Mr. Henry Melone, Lieutenant John P. Hains, Third Artillery, U. S. A., Mr. John Carrigan, Mr. Silas Palmer, Mr. Herbert Gee, Mr. Horace G. Platt, Mr. Alfred Poett, Mr. Alexander Center, Mr. Dupont Coleman, Mr. Clarence Carrigan, Mr. Ray Burrell, Mr. Lawrence Scott, Mr. Chester Smith, and Mr. Jack Hoffman.

The Thomas Dinner.

Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas gave a dinner on Tuesday evening, November 28th, in honor of Miss Edith Preston. Those who sat down at table were Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas, Miss Molly Thomas, Miss Helen Thomas, Miss Edith Preston, Miss Mary Josselyn, Miss Margaret Cole, Miss Therese Morgan, Miss Clara Hamilton, Miss Ruth McNutt, Miss Charlotte Field, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. Latham McMullin, Mr. E. C. Sessions, Mr. Philip Thompson, Mr. Willard Drown, Mr. George Martin, Mr. Maxwell McNutt, Mr. Bruce Cornwall, and Mr. L. S. Adams, Jr.

Charity Tea at St. Luke's.

The Twenty-Minute Workers of St. Luke's Church will hold a sale and tea in the Sunday-school rooms of the new church on Saturday, December 2d, in the afternoon and evening, and on Monday afternoon. There will be music during the afternoons and evening, and refreshments will be served. The patronesses are:

Mrs. David Claiborne Garrett, Mrs. A. N. Drown, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. Sydney M. Smith, Mrs. Horace Hill, Mrs. Homer S. King, Mrs. Louis F. Montague, Mrs. J. G. Bruguiere, Mrs. Sydney Van Wyck, Mrs. Philip Caduc, Mrs. Augustus Weike, Mrs. Warren Clark, Mrs. de Santa Marina, Mrs. Richard Heath, Mrs. Augustus Rodgers, Mrs. J. G. Clark, Mrs. John Gray, Mrs. George H. Kellogg, Mrs. Henry L. Davis, Mrs. A. H. Phelps, Mrs. H. C. Davis, Mrs. Charles Gibbs, Mrs. William Grissin, Mrs. George H. Powers, Mrs. Theodore E. Smith, Mrs. B. F. Norris, Mrs. John Simpson, Mrs. E. T. Allen, Mrs. A. P. Talbot, Miss Mary B. West, Mrs. J. O. B. Gunn, Mrs. Theodore Tracy, Mrs. John F. Swift, Mrs. G. A. Armstrong, Mrs. Cyrus Walker, Mrs. E. M. Spaulding, Miss E. L. Murisin, Mrs. L. Aldrich, Miss May Hoyt, Mrs. Alfred B. Field, Mrs. James Cunningham, Mrs. James Carolan, Mrs. F. B. Edgington, Mrs. Maude Bourne, Mrs. Alfred Black, Mrs. C. L. Maynard, Mrs. D. A. Bender, the Misses Jones, Mrs. George W. Kline, and Mrs. William Carson Shaw.

The ladies who will conduct the several booths are:

The doll booth—Mrs. Sydney M. Smith, assisted by Miss Evelyn Stocker, Miss Genevieve Carolan, Miss Helen Gibbs, Miss Mary Scott, Miss Bernice Drown, Miss Cora Smedberg, and Miss Helen Smith.

The candy booth—Mrs. Homer S. King, assisted by Miss Jessie Fillmore, Miss Christensen, Miss Cadwalder, Miss Govey, Miss McClung, Miss Van Wyck, Miss Bender, Miss Davies, Miss Averill, Miss Holbrook, and Mrs. John Evelyn Page.

Refreshment booth—Mrs. George Buckingham, assisted by Mrs. Henry Seale, Miss Mary Heath, Miss Florence Carr, Miss Eva Rountree, Miss Dickerson, Miss Edna Middleton, Miss Lita Pease,

Miss Minnie Rodgers, Miss Mamie Rodgers, Miss Meta Thompson, Miss Morton, Miss Selms, Miss Holden, and Miss Ann Field.

Art booth—Mrs. E. A. Belcher, assisted by Mrs. William R. Cluness, Jr., Mrs. William H. Bertsch, Mrs. Harold la Boyteaux, Mrs. Samuel McMurtrie, Miss Grace Unger, Miss Messick, Miss Church, Miss Lowell, Miss Lyons, Miss Voorhies, Miss Florence Stone, Miss Mary Turnbull, Miss Spaulding, and Miss Huntington.

Linen booth—Mrs. Alfred B. Field, assisted by Mrs. Charles Gibbs, Mrs. John Middleton, Mrs. Charles B. Stone, Mrs. William S. Watson, Mrs. William Fitzhugh Berry, Miss Margaret Cole, Miss Mabel Bacon, and Miss Charlotte Field.

Orange-tree—Miss Eleanor Wood, Miss Eleanor Davenport, assisted by Miss Edith Pillsbury, Miss Averill, Miss Kate Gunn, Miss Newell Drown, Miss Eliza Kline, the Misses Sidney and Edna Davis, Miss Hazel King, the Misses Kate and Alice Herrin, Miss Norris, Miss Myra Palache, and Miss Ursula Green.

Fancy article booth—Mrs. Louis F. Montague, assisted by Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. Fred H. Beaver, Mrs. James Cunningham, Mrs. Stewart Baldwin, Mrs. Warren D. Clark, Mrs. Andrew Talbot, Mrs. A. P. Redding, Mrs. J. P. Langborne, Mrs. Frank Madison, Mrs. Edward Jacobs, Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mrs. Carroll Cambon, Miss Helen Kline, Miss Susie Russell, Miss Lizzie Blacker, Miss de Santa Marina, Miss Lita Redding.

Useful article booth—Mrs. Horace Hill, assisted by Mrs. Charles P. Eells, Mrs. John Evelyn Page, Mrs. John B. Babcock, Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, Mrs. William P. Thomas, Mrs. W. C. Morrow, Mrs. Van Wyck, Mrs. Edgerton, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Weir, Miss Wakeman, Miss Van Wyck, Miss Sophie Coleman, Miss Bertha Smith, Miss Amy Nordhoff, and Miss Ella Bender.

Lemonade booth—Mrs. Charles Behlow, assisted by Mrs. W. C. Coburn, Mrs. H. H. Gray, Mrs. Cluff, the Misses Gray, Miss Juliette Smith, and Miss Eaton.

Music and literary committee—Mrs. William B. Collier, chairman; Mr. Wallace A. Sabin, F. R. C. O., musical director; assisting members, Mrs. David Claiborne Garrett, Mrs. Frances B. Edgerton, Mrs. R. Douglas Fry, Mrs. James D. Ruggles, Jr., Mrs. Gen. Babcock, Mrs. Carroll Cambon, Mrs. Alfred Black, Miss Susie Kirby, Miss Van Wyck, Miss Agnes Simpson, Miss Florence Davis, and Miss Ransome.

Golf Notes.

Owing to the members' interest in the foot-ball game, there was no tournament on Thanksgiving Day at either the San Francisco or the Oakland Golf Clubs' links, though members of both clubs were out at the Presidio in the morning, qualifying for the Pacific States championship tournament, which is to take place there on December 9th.

At San Rafael there was a handicap, match play contest over 18 holes for men, and a 9-hole, match play contest for women. In the men's contest, Lieutenant T. G. Roberts, U. S. N. (scratch), Mr. R. G. Brown (scratch), Baron A. von Schröder (handicap 19), and Mr. G. Heazleton (handicap 9) were the winners; and in the second round Lieutenant Roberts defeated Mr. Brown and Mr. Heazleton defeated Baron von Schröder. The final round will be played on Saturday, December 2d.

The Oakland Golf Club is making arrangements for a professional tournament to be held on its links at Adams Point some time during the present month. Handsome cash prizes are to be offered, and it is expected that there will be quite a large number of entries.

Notes and Gossip.

Miss Hager and Miss Ethyl Hager will give an "at home" on Saturday afternoon, December 2d, from five o'clock until seven, at their home, 1815 Gough Street. They will be assisted in receiving by Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss Mary Scott, Miss Virginia Jolliffe, Miss Mary Josselyn, and Miss Daisy Van Ness.

Mrs. Timothy Hopkins has sent out cards for an "at home" for Saturday, December 2d, from four o'clock until seven, at her residence at Pacific Avenue and Broderick Street. Miss Georgina Hopkins will receive with Mrs. Hopkins.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome A. Fillmore and Miss Fillmore have sent out cards for an "at home" on Saturday, December 9th, from four o'clock until seven, at their residence, 2004 Gough Street.

Miss Caro Crockett will give a luncheon next week in honor of Miss Grimwood.

Mr. Winfield Scott Keyes has sent out invitations for Wednesday evening, December 6th, nine o'clock, at Native Sons' Hall, when his daughter, Miss Azalea Keyes, will make her formal debut into society.

Mrs. W. F. McNutt and the Misses McNutt will receive on Wednesdays, December 6th and 13th, at their home at 2511 Pacific Avenue.

Miss Elizabeth Huntington gave a theatre-party at the Grand Opera House on Thursday evening, November 30th.

A dinner was given at the University Club recently by Mr. R. M. Tobin at which he entertained Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Coleman, Miss Tobin, Miss Celia Tobin, Miss Beatrice Tobin, Miss Ethel Hager, Miss Carrie Taylor, Miss Josephine Loughborough, Miss Mary Scott, Miss Georgina Hopkins, Mr. Harry Simpkins, Mr. F. Michael, Mr. Piper, Mr. John Lawson, Mr. Clement Tobin, and Mr. Duval.

The board of trustees, faculty, and alumnae of Mills College will give a reception to Mrs. C. T.

Mills on the occasion of her birthday, December 2d, from eight to eleven, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall. President Wheeler, President Jordan, Hon. Horace Davis, and Rev. Charles Brown will make addresses. The music of the evening will be furnished by the Mills Orchestral Club, under the direction of Professor Araja. Over fifteen hundred invitations have been issued for this reception, and, in addition to the hundreds of former pupils who will be present, every leading woman's club and educational institution in the city and suburbs will be represented.

The Fruit and Flower Mission.

For many years the Argonaut has received through the mail, a few days before Thanksgiving, the sum of fifty dollars, to be forwarded to the San Francisco Fruit and Flower Mission. It is always accompanied by a few pleasant lines signed only by the initials, "M. R.—M. F." This year the note reads:

SAN FRANCISCO, November 25, 1899.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: These lines inclose fifty dollars which are intended as a Thanksgiving donation to the San Francisco Fruit and Flower Mission. Your kind offices are solicited in forwarding the donation to the society. Respectfully,

M. R.—M. F.

The money was at once forwarded to the treasurer of the mission, who, in acknowledging its receipt, inclosed a note of thanks to the generous donor. Inasmuch as we have no idea of the identity or address of "M. R.—M. F.," we know no better way of delivering the message than by printing it, which we do herewith:

SAN FRANCISCO FRUIT AND FLOWER MISSION, 637 SUTTER STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 29, 1899.

To "M. R.—M. F.": Your continued interest in the work of the "Fruit and Flower Mission" is certainly a great stimulus to better work, and for that and the great joy and many comforts which you have helped bring into the homes of the less fortunate, we are truly thankful.

May health and all blessings be showered upon you. S. F. FRUIT AND FLOWER MISSION, PER HANNAH L. LESZYNSKY, Treasurer.

It is due to the mission, by the way, to state that it has had many additions to the ranks of its workers, thus being enabled to dispense with the expenditure of money for carriage-hire which was formerly necessary.

A STRINGENT FOOD LAW.

Prohibits the Use of Arsenic or Alum in All Articles of Diet.

The law enacted by the Missouri legislature, a copy of which was recently published in our columns, and which prohibits the manufacture or sale of any article intended for food or to be used in the preparation of food, which contains alum, arsenic, ammonia, etc., places that State in the lead in the matter of sanitary legislation.

Laws restricting the use of alum in bread have been in force in England, Germany, and France for many years. In this country, in Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, Ohio, Kentucky, and several other States, direct legislation in reference to the sale of alum baking powders has also been effected. In several of these States their sale is prohibited unless they are branded to show that they contain alum, and in the District of Columbia, under the laws of Congress, the sale of bread containing alum has been made illegal.

Following are the names of some of the brands of baking powder sold in this vicinity which are shown by recent analysis to contain alum. Housekeepers and grocers should cut the list out and keep it for reference:

BAKING POWDERS CONTAINING ALUM:

K. C.	Contains Alum.
Manf. by Jaques Mfg Co., Chicago.	
CALUMET.	Contains Alum.
Manf. by Calumet Baking Powder Co., Chicago.	
HOME.	Contains Alum.
Manf. by Home Baking Powder Co., San Francisco.	
BEEHIVE.	Contains Alum.
Manf. by Washington Mfg. Co., San Francisco.	
CLOVER LEAF.	Contains Alum.
Manf. by Pacific Mfg. Co., Los Angeles.	

In addition to these, many grocers sell what they call their own private or special brands. These powders are put up for the grocer, and his name put upon the labels by manufacturers of alum powders. The manufacturers, it is said, find their efforts to market their goods in this way greatly aided by the ambition of the grocer to sell a powder with his own name upon the label, especially as he can make an abnormal profit upon it. Many grocers, doubtless, do not know that the powders they are thus pushing are alum powders, the sale of which would be a misdemeanor under the law referred to.

It is quite impossible to give the names of all the alum baking powders. They are constantly appearing in all sorts of disguises, under different names, and at all kinds of prices, even as low as five and ten cents a pound. They can be avoided, however, by the housekeeper, who will bear in mind that all baking powders sold at twenty-five cents or less per pound are liable to contain alum, as pure cream of tartar powders can not be produced at anything like this price.

Pears'

Pretty boxes and odors are used to sell such soaps as no one would touch if he saw them undisguised. Beware of a soap that depends on something outside of it.

Pears', the finest soap in the world is scented or not, as you wish; and the money is in the merchandise, not in the box.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people are using it.

THE GREAT LEADER OF CHAMPAGNES

G. H. Mumm & Co.'s Extra Dry

WHILE words tell, statistics prove. The importation of G. H. MUMM & CO.'S EXTRA DRY in 1898 aggregating 86,835 cases, or 52,649 cases more than of any other brand, is certainly the most striking evidence of the great popularity of this famous brand of champagne, and particular attention is called to the fine quality, purity, and natural dryness of the wine now coming to this market.

Used at almost all notable banquets, balls, weddings, etc.

FOR BEST VALUE IN HATS OR CAPS

Herrmann & Co.
528 Kearny St.
San Francisco, Cal.

Fall and Winter Styles NOW READY.

ROSNER'S HUNGARIAN ORCHESTRA

E. M. ROSNER, B. JAULUS,
Tel. Steiner 2751. Tel. Sutter 1036.

From 12-1, Sherman, Clay & Co.

THE HOTEL RICHELIEU

N. E. Cor. Van Ness and Myrtle Avenues.

The Principal and Finest Family Hotel of San Francisco
HOTEL RICHELIEU CO.

HOTEL BELLA VISTA

1001 PINE STREET.

THE PIONEER FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL OF SAN FRANCISCO.

MRS. M. W. DENVER.

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL

NEWLY REFITTED WITH ALL THE LATEST MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

MAJOR WILLIAM B. HOOPER, Lessee
San Francisco, Cal.

THE COLONIAL HOTEL

Cor. Pine and Jones Sts.

THE LENOX

628 SUTTER STREET.

First-class quiet Family Hotel.
D. W. JAMES, Proprietor,
Late of Paso Robles Hotel.

SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase and Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson sailed on Saturday, November 25th, on the Japanese liner *Nippon Maru*, for Honolulu, expecting to return here in time for the Christmas holidays.

Mr. Walter S. Martin and Mr. Frank Goad have returned from Palm Springs.

Mrs. Willard Barton, who is now traveling in the Orient with her sons, will be in Cairo in December and January.

Vicomte and the Vicomtesse de Lalande are on their way from Paris to visit Mrs. A. M. Parrott.

Mr. and Mrs. John O'Neill Reis are at the Palace Hotel for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Hooke sailed from New York on the American liner *St. Louis* for Liverpool on November 22d.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Parrott are at the Hotel Richelieu for the winter season.

Mr. Latham McMullin returned last week from a two months' visit to New York.

Mr. E. A. Wiltsee returned from his European and Eastern trip on Sunday, November 26th.

Dr. and Mrs. T. Black are among the Hotel Richelieu's guests for the winter.

Mrs. John McMullin and her daughter, Mrs. Belvin, have taken an apartment at the Palace Hotel for the winter season.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Marcus and Mr. Frank G. Marcus have come up from Menlo Park and are at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mrs. George A. Crux is at the Hotel Richelieu for the winter, where she will be at home on Mondays.

Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Thomas, of Santa Barbara, are guests at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Albert E. Castle sailed last Saturday on the Japanese liner *Nippon Maru* for Manila, where he is to be the agent of the Toyo Kisen Kaisha and Occidental and Oriental Steamship Companies.

Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan J. Crooks and Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Burke came over from San Rafael in the latter part of last week, and were guests at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight are at the Hotel Richelieu for the winter.

Mrs. Hannah P. Gale, of Rutland, Vt., arrived in town on Tuesday. She will spend the winter with her sister, Mrs. Henry L. Dodge.

Mr. E. W. Hopkins and Miss Helen Hopkins have returned from New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs expect to leave New York for Europe early in January.

Mr. and Mrs. D. C. de Golia, of Oakland, are stopping at the California Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin are at the Palace Hotel for the winter. Mrs. Tobin returned last week from New York with her sister, Mrs. Paul R. Jarboe, who is quite ill at her home in Santa Cruz.

Mr. Orrin Peck, the artist, is here from Munich. He will spend the winter with his sister, Mrs. F. G. Sanborn, at 1020 Dolores Street, and in the spring he will go to London and open a studio there.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bruce and the Misses Bruce have arrived in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Hunter have come over from San Rafael, and are at the Palace Hotel for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. John I. Sabin have returned from an extended European tour.

Mr. Bruce Porter was among last week's visitors to the Tavern of Tamalpais.

Mrs. A. D. Shepard and Miss Shepard, of Sausalito, are guests at the California Hotel.

Miss Maenie McNutt returned to her home in this city on Saturday, November 25th, after an absence of two years abroad in the East.

Mr. Lawrence Irving Scott has returned from his visit to the East.

Mr. A. H. Wilcox is in town from Los Angeles, and is stopping at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Grimwood made a visit to the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Preston came up from Portola on Thursday, and were guests at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Post, of Stockton, are guests at the California Hotel.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. O. C. Leiter, Professor W. R. Dudley, Mr. E. G. Dudley, Mr. O. W. Dunn, Mr. E. A. Ross, Mr. J. W. Stillman, Mr. F. M. McFarland, Mr. M. A. Aldrich, Miss E. B. Pearson, Miss F. W. Fiske, of Stanford, Mr. W. Deppe, of Germany, Mrs. M. D. Hendricks, of Honolulu, and Mr. J. L. Chaddock, of Fresno.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. W. H. Bartlett, of Washington, D. C., Mr. J. A. Ervin, of New York, Mr. George Baxton Tyler, of Virginia, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Snyder and Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Avery, of San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Richardson, of Dawson City, Dr. and Mrs. R. L. Hill, of Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Ferguson, of Chicago, Dr. Karl Weiss, of Germany, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Borts, of Denver, and Mr. George B. Cushing, of San Francisco.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Rear-Admiral Kautz, U. S. N., and Mrs. Kautz are at the Hotel Richelieu for the winter.

Rear-Admiral Beardslee, U. S. N. (retired), and Mrs. Beardslee returned from Europe on November 18th on the American liner *St. Louis*.

Lieutenant James S. Parker, U. S. A., recently promoted from second to first lieutenant and transferred from the Fourth to the Sixth Cavalry, was

married to Miss Katherine Lemley at Chevy Chase, near Washington, D. C., on Saturday, November 25th. After a ten days' wedding tour, they will come to this city, Lieutenant Parker having been ordered to the Presidio.

Lieutenant-Colonel Richard I. Eskridge, Twenty-Third Infantry, U. S. A., will sail for the Philippines on the transport *Sheridan* about December 5th.

Captain W. R. Maize, retired, U. S. A., and Mrs. Maize, arrived in town from San Diego last Tuesday, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Lieutenant C. A. Carr, U. S. N., is a guest at the Occidental Hotel.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Symphony Concert.

A symphony concert will be given at the Grand Opera House on Thursday afternoon, December 7th. It is given under the auspices of Mrs. Pehe A. Hearst, and will be conducted by Mr. Henry Holmes, late professor by royal charter of the Royal College of Musicians, London. The following committee is in charge of the business affairs of the occasion:

Mrs. J. J. Brice, Mrs. J. M. Goewey, Mrs. G. W. McEnerny, Mrs. A. F. Morrison, Mrs. J. N. Odell, Mrs. C. O. Richards, Mrs. James Tucker, Professor William Carey Jones, Mr. H. B. Pasmore, Mr. Wallace Sabin, Mr. Robert Tolmie, and Mr. J. N. Odell, honorary secretary and treasurer.

The orchestra, with Mr. Giulio Minetti as concert-master, will be the largest symphony orchestra yet assembled in this city, numbering sixty-six performers, and the programme will comprise Brahms' symphony in E-minor; Bach's suite in C for strings, two hautbois, and bassoon; the "Siegfried Idyl," by Wagner; and Beethoven's "Leonora" overture, No. 3.

The prices of admission range from \$1.50 to 25 cents, and seats may be secured at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s store. The doors will open at 2:30 and the concert will begin at 3:15.

The Byron Mauzy Musical Evenings.

At the "musical evening" at Byron Mauzy Hall last Tuesday, the following programme was rendered by Mrs. F. S. Gutterston, pianist, Mr. F. S. Gutterston, 'cellist, and Mr. Robert Lloyd, vocalist:

Sonata, 'cello and piano, op. 45, allegro vivace, andante, allegro assai, Mendelssohn; "Cantique de Noël," Adam; "Kol Nidrei," Bruch; scherzo, op. 31, Chopin; "Yeoman's Wedding Song," Poniatowski; polonaise, 'cello and piano, op. 3, Chopin.

On Friday evening, December 8th, the pupils of Mr. Bernard Mollenhauer, violinist, will give a concert at the same hall.

The third of the series of chamber-music concerts given under the direction of Mr. Henry Holmes will take place at Century Hall, on Sutter Street, near Polk, on Tuesday afternoon, December 5th, at three-fifteen o'clock. The programme will include Mozart's string quintet (two violas) in C, Brahms's sextet in B-flat for violins, violas, and 'cellos, and some songs.

The Minetti Quartet will give another of its admirable chamber-music concerts at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall on Friday, December 15th, when it will have the assistance of Miss M. Bruntsk, vocalist, and Mr. H. Genss, pianist.

Mr. Vladimir von Pochmann, the Russian pianist, will give three recitals at the California Theatre on the afternoons of Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday, December 26th, 28th, and 29th.

Mrs. Genevieve Goad Martin, widow of the late Andrew D. Martin, applied on Saturday, November 25th, for letters of administration on the estate of her husband, which is stated to be "in excess of ten thousand dollars," and is generally estimated at five hundred thousand dollars. There being no will, the estate goes by law in equal shares to the decedent's widow and mother, Mrs. Eleanor Martin.

A notable collection of pictures by Mr. Paul de Longpre is now on exhibition at Kennedy's gallery on Post Street. It comprises a large number of flower-pieces in water colors, the results of Mr. de Longpre's recent studies in the southern part of the State, and is well worth seeing.

A Holiday Suggestion.

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COMMUNICATIONS.

A Protest Against Diverting the Funds.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 27, 1899.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Will you permit me, through the columns of your paper, to enter a protest against the proposed setting aside by the Citizens' Executive Committee of twenty-five thousand dollars for a permanent memorial to the California soldiers? The idea is a good one, were conditions not as they are. The facts are that the city is full of sick soldiers lying in wretched lodging-houses with no money or friends. Many of these men were discharged in Manila a month or more before transportation was furnished them. Too ill for army rations, their money has been spent for food and other comforts which their physical condition demanded. While gambling and general dissipation is no doubt responsible for much of the misery that is found, many have undoubtedly been robbed. Who is to care for these unfortunate men?

The public should not be taxed again while a surplus remains of the fund collected by the Citizens' Executive Committee before the arrival of the California regiments. One of the strongest arguments advanced by the collectors to swell the fund was that a large part of the money should be spent in the relief of soldiers.

In the name of humanity let the Citizens' Executive Committee appoint a board of relief, and turn over to them the money remaining, or let them distribute the sum through existing agencies in which the public has confidence, such as the Associated Charities or the Red Cross Society.

A SUBSCRIBER TO THE FUNO.

The Cape Nome Placer Mines.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 17, 1899.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: From casually looking over the daily papers since my arrival, I find it meet to make a few remarks relative to the new placer fields of North-West Alaska.

Geographically, Cape Nome is a point on the chart. The placer mines are, and will be, situated in the foothills of the great backbone or watershed of what I would call Seward Peninsula, running east from Cape Prince of Wales to the head waters of the Koyukuk River, embracing all rivers emptying into Norton Bay and Norton Sound.

New districts are being organized as the prospectors advance, but so far only the south side of this water-shed or backbone is being prospected—being easier of approach than the north side. Men have taken out some money; in a few instances very much money, and some gulches and creeks hid fair to rival Klondike. A glance on the chart will show the probability of the mines of Norton Sound becoming far greater in extent. Parts of this country are what is termed "poor man's diggings," but a poor man needs grub and grit. Commercially, the Norton Sound country offers great opportunities to the merchant, shipper, and speculator, and our commercial companies are gradually waking up to this fact.

Every man can not become a mine-owner, and less so a millionaire, and Horace Greeley's advice to young men is ancient; besides, young men should remember that success is attainable in all pursuits of life, through close attention to duties involved. Any man with a position should think twice before he quits a sure thing. A man without employment should by all means obtain the necessary grub-stake and go. Elderly men have no business there. Latent energy in a young man is bound to come to the surface, and the life broadens his mind and develops his body.

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LEAVE	From November 15, 1899.	ARRIVE
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*7.00 A	Marysville, Oroville, via Woodland, Elsin, Vacaville, and Rumsen....	*7.45 P
*7.00 A	Shasta Express—Davis, Willows, Red Bluff, Portland....	*7.45 P
*7.30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa....	*6.15 P
*8.30 A	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago....	*5.15 P
*8.30 A	San José, Livermore, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, and Red Bluff....	*4.15 P
*8.30 A	*Milton, Oakdale, and Sonoma....	*4.15 P
*9.00 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations....	*11.45 A
*9.00 A	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East....	*9.45 A
*9.00 A	Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno....	*12.15 P
*9.00 A	Port Costa, Fresno, Mojave, and Los Angeles....	*6.45 P
*10.00 A	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations....	*6.45 P
*11.00 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations....	*2.45 P
*12.00 M	Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Sacramento, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville....	*4.15 P
*11.00 P	Sacramento River Steamers....	*8.00 P
*3.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations....	*5.45 P
*4.00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa....	*9.15 A
*4.00 P	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Oroville....	*10.45 A
*4.30 P	Niles, San José, and Stockton....	*7.15 P
*5.00 P	The Owl Limited, Tracy, Fresno, Bakersfield, Saugus for Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles....	*9.45 A
*5.30 P	Stockton, Merced, and Fresno....	*12.15 P
*5.30 P	Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East....	*8.45 A
*5.30 P	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East....	*6.45 P
*6.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and San José....	*7.45 A
*6.30 P	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations....	*12.15 P
*6.30 P	Oriental Mail—Ogden and East....	*8.50 P
*7.00 P	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Stations....	19.55 P
*8.05 P	Oregon and California Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East....	*8.15 A

COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge). (Foot of Market Street.)

*8.15 A	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations....	*5.50 P
*12.15 P	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations....	*10.50 A
*4.15 P	Newark, San José, Los Gatos....	*9.20 A
*11.45 P	Hunter's Excursion, San José and Way Stations....	17.20 P

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*6.10 A	Ocean View, South San Francisco....	*6.30 P
*7.00 A	San José and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only)....	*1.30 P
*9.00 A	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Surf, Lompoc, and Principal Way Stations....	*4.10 P
*10.40 A	San José and Way Stations....	*6.35 A
*11.30 A	San José and Way Stations....	*5.30 P
*12.45 P	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove....	*10.36 A
*13.30 P	San José and Way Stations....	*7.30 P
*14.15 P	San José and Principal Way Stations....	*9.45 A
*15.00 P	San José and Principal Way Stations....	19.00 A
*15.30 P	San José and Principal Way Stations....	*8.35 A
*6.30 P	San José and Way Stations....	*8.00 A
*11.45 P	San José and Way Stations....	*7.30 P

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"What is a fraction?" "A part of anything, sir." "Give an example." "The sixteenth of June."—*Melbourne Times*.

Mrs. McDingus—"Why do they call those horrid bunks 'bunko' steers?" "McDingus—"Dunno, unless it is because they're always at the tiller of the soil."—*Bazar*.

"Did they give you a tip?" asked a restaurant proprietor of a new waiter who had just served his first customers. "Yes, sorr," was the reply; "they told me I had better go carry a hod."—*Portland Oregonian*.

He knew better: Sunday-school teacher—"Always tell the truth, my boy. You're too young to tell lies." New scholar—"Who? Me? Not much! I've told 'em till I was so sore I couldn't sit down."—*Town Topics*.

"The evidence," said the judge, "shows that you threw a stone at this man." "Sure," replied Mrs. O'Hoolihan, "an' the looks as the man shows more than that, yer honor. It shows that Oi hit him."—*Chicago News*.

Artist—"My next picture at the Academy will be entitled 'Driven to Drink.'" His friend—"Ah, some powerful portrayal of baffled passion, I suppose?" "Artist—"Oh, no; it's a cab approaching a water-trough."—*Tit-Bits*.

Lady of the house—"Go on away from here. We have no old clothes, no cold victuals, no—" Hopeless Harry—"I didn't want nothin' to eat nor wear. I jist called to see if you had a old automobile to give away."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

In the Philippines: Mrs. Aguinaldo—"Emilio, dear." Mr. Aguinaldo—"Yes, love, what is it?" Mrs. Aguinaldo—"Can't you take little George Washington with you and let him see you move the capital to-day?"—*Baltimore American*.

The Irishman was painting his barn, and he was hurrying his work with all his strength and speed. "What are you in such a hurry for, Murphy?" asked a spectator. "Sure, I want to get through before me paint runs out," was the reply.—*Utica Observer*.

Little Mike (who has struck a hard spot in his reading)—"Feyther, phwot is an autopsy?" Mc-Luberty (promptly)—"An' autopsy, is ut? Sure, thot's phwin a dead man requests dhe docthors to cut him up, so thot he can find out phwot is dhe matter wid him."—*Bazar*.

"Gentlemen," said the chairman of the meeting, when the discussion appeared to have ceased, "you have heard the question. Are you ready to vote?" An absent-minded Kentuckian in the audience instantly placed his hand on his pistol-pocket. "We are, Mr. Chairman," he said.—*Chicago Tribune*.

Not a violent case: Mrs. Peck—"Henry, at would you do if I were to die suddenly?" Henry—"Pray, don't talk of such a thing; I think it would almost drive me crazy." Mrs. Peck—"Do you think you would marry again?" Henry—"Oh, no; I don't think I would be as crazy as that."—*Chicago News*.

Great explorer's friend (as the latter is about to start)—"Well, professor, you've arranged for your lectures and book when you come back, haven't you?" Great explorer—"Yes. Also my testimonials are written for the canned goods, the clothing, the boats, and the cooking-utensils. All I have to do now is to get lost and be rescued, and my fortune is made!"—*Cincinnati Commercial Tribune*.

A slump in values: "No!" declared Mr. Wimping, "I shall not pay three dollars for the privilege of taking you to a theatre. I don't say that I can't afford it, but I claim that no ordinary play is worth one dollar and fifty cents a seat." "But, John," his wife replied, "you used to take me so often! You didn't seem to think one dollar and fifty cents a seat was too much then." "Alicia, don't talk nonsense. We can sit just as near together at home now as it is possible to in the most cramped theatre in town."—*Chicago Times-Herald*.

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The Argonaut.

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Rarely has a session of the American Congress been convened which faced such difficult problems as those now before the Fifty-Sixth Congress. Not since the outbreak of the Civil War has Congress had such grave responsibilities thrust upon it. The question which will take precedence of all our domestic questions—of the currency, of the tariff, of the irrigation of our arid lands—is the question of how our new island possessions shall be governed.

The *Argonaut* has no theories to offer. The President, his Cabinet, and Congress, can doubtless find adequate

means to govern our semi-tropical islands. If they can govern successfully forty-five States and the Territories, and seventy-five millions of people, mostly white, they can doubtless govern successfully some scores of islands and some millions of people, mostly parti-colored.

But while the *Argonaut* has no advice to offer concerning the welfare of the natives of Hawaii, the Philippines, and Porto Rico, it has some very important advice to offer concerning the welfare of the natives of the United States. Our advice to the Republican party in Congress is that in their zeal to improve the condition of the Hawaiians, the Filipinos, and the Porto Ricans they do not forget to care for the condition of the working people of the United States.

Our meaning is clear. Hawaii is annexed. The Philippines are annexed. These and other islands are now under the Stars and Stripes. We have been promised by the President that the flag will never be bauld down. These people, therefore, are now under the domain of the constitution and laws of the United States. We have given them liberty, and that liberty certainly includes the power to go and come wherever they choose upon American soil. We could scarcely, under the constitution, forbid them to go from one part of the United States to another. That liberty would be the liberty of a dog chained to his kennel. Therefore it must be assumed that the citizens of our Pacific possessions are free to come and go—that Filipinos may travel from Manila to San Francisco, from Luzon to Maine, as freely as the citizen of California may sail from San Francisco to Manila Bay.

This is the problem that now confronts Congress. Shall the importation of Asiatic labor from our Pacific possessions be permitted? If it is permissible under the constitution, as is certainly the case, shall the constitution be amended? If Democratic opposition should prevent such amendments, in what other way, within or without the law, can Asiatic immigration be prevented?

We say "within or without the law," for the Republican party must not stand upon punctilio in this matter. Its very existence is at stake. The Republican party has encouraged Asiatic annexation. The Republican party must not encourage Asiatic immigration. The Republican party must not degrade the American workingman.

There are those who will sneer at this warning, but it is not a matter to be whistled down the wind. American workingmen have already had an experience of what Asiatic labor means. It was in the 'fifties that Chinese immigration to this coast began. At first the quaint people were looked upon with good-humored curiosity, and not with apprehension. But in the 'sixties the trickling yellow streamlet became a flood. The importation of Chinese coolies became a business of vast volume. Coolie contractors took up the task. There was in the 'sixties one Koopmanschap who imported scores of thousands of Chinese coolies to California, to Chile, and to Peru. At one time, several thousands a month arrived in San Francisco.

The workingmen will now be told that it would be impossible to find the tonnage to transport Filipino laborers here in large numbers. In the 'sixties the Pacific was a lonely ocean. You could glide for weeks on its vast expanse without seeing a single sail. Yet Koopmanschap had no difficulty, even in those days, in finding ships for his coolies, and the quarter of a million or more Chinese now in this country were many of them brought here by him.

How different now. The government is running trans-

ports like ferry-boats from here to Manila. Some forty thousand men have been shipped there and shipped back again, and some sixty thousand men shipped to take their places, making a trans-Pacific movement in a few months of a hundred and forty thousand human beings. Yet this has been accomplished with scarcely a score of ships. The world has moved since Koopmanschap's time. Already tramp-steamers are pointing their prows toward San Francisco from every quarter of the globe. Were the trans-shipment of Filipino coolies to begin, the smoke from tramp-steamer funnels would make our harbor dark by day.

There is no more profitable freight than human beings. The human cargo embarks and disembarks itself. There are no stevedores required to discharge coolie ships. It is a beautiful business—from the coolie contractor's point of view. As to its profit there can be no question. The writer once stood on the deck of the Cunarder *Campania* at Queenstown and watched the trans-shipment of a cargo of greasy Greek, Sicilian, and Levantine immigrants from an old Cunarder alongside. These people had already been transported some three or four thousand miles from various Mediterranean ports; after trans-shipment they were given three thousand miles' more travel to America; total fare, ten dollars! And such was the keen competition between the Cunard and the Mediterranean lines that the Cunard Company, in addition to their food, was offering them free bedding as a bait.

This incident shows the profit in carrying human animals. There will be no lack of ships to carry Filipino coolies, no lack of men to man the ships, no lack of capitalists to buy the ships and pay the men. Already a shipping company has been incorporated in San Francisco which raised with the utmost ease six hundred thousand dollars from the leading merchants of that city. We do not know what the "California Shipping Company" intends to carry, but they will certainly carry coolies if there is money in it. And there is money.

The workingmen of the Pacific Coast will remember the long fight they waged against Chinese immigration. The memorials to the legislature; the memorials to Congress; the bills which passed one House and failed to pass the other; the bills which passed both Houses and failed to receive the President's signature; the bills which aroused Eastern hostility and were killed; and, finally, the bill which was passed by both political parties through their mutual jealousy of the other party gaining Pacific Coast votes. It was a quarter of a century after the agitation began before American workingmen were protected by the present Chinese Exclusion Act.

With this historical parallel staring them in the face, how long would it take the workingmen to change the organic law so as to exclude a portion of the insular population of the United States from the mainland? Without the earnest aid of one of the two great parties it could never be done.

The Republican party must now befriend the American workingman. It has annexed Asiatic territory to America; it must protect the American workingman against Asiatic labor. The gains to capital resulting from commerce with the Philippines are as nothing compared to the gains which will result from importing Philippine coolie labor. These people are docile and industrious. They could fill many places now occupied by white men and women. Many o

them are civilized, Christianized, and educated. In the city of Manila there are scores of thousands of them acting as household servants. These would be the first to come, for throughout this country the domestic-servant problem is a perplexing one. The Chinese were welcomed a generation ago, and at once installed as household drudges. Throughout the whole country there is a demand for household servants. In Chicago recently white men have been employed to do the work of maid-servants. Even in California during the past season there has been a dearth of household servants, as many female domestics in the interior abandoned their posts for fruit-picking, fruit-canning, and such occupations. The rate of wages for household servants went up five dollars a month in the interior valleys, and still the demand exceeds the supply. Into these and similar avenues the Filipino laborers would speedily penetrate. Fruit-picking, fruit-drying, fruit-grading and sorting, fruit-canning, and unskilled labor generally—for this there is always a demand. Employers of labor would at once avail themselves of the new source of supply. Capital has no conscience. Money has no bowels. Even in America the employer of labor will always get it as cheaply as he can.

This is no fancy picture. It will soon, we fear, be hard, stern reality. This issue can not be sneered away or waved aside. It must be met. These are the concrete facts:

1. The Philippine Islands are annexed.
2. The Stars and Stripes float over the archipelago.
3. The Filipinos are now a part of the American people.
4. Labor in the Philippines is cheap.
5. Coolies there work for from five to ten cents a day.
6. Capital in the United States wants cheap labor.
7. It can secure it by importing Filipino coolies.
8. It will secure it if not stopped.
9. The Republican party must stop it.

The *Argonaut's* detractors have said that we "sympathize with the Filipinos," and that we are "adherents of Aguinaldo." We care nothing for the Filipinos. As for Aguinaldo—whose name has appeared in these columns almost not at all—we are quite indifferent as to whether General Otis, when he catches him, skins him alive, boils him in oil, or simply hangs him. Our concern is not for foreign peoples, but for our own. When all this Cuban business began, the *Argonaut* remarked that it would not give the lives of a thousand American soldiers for all the Spaniards, Cubans, and Spanish-Americans, in all the greater and lesser Antilles, in all the islands and continents of the Spanish main, on all the leagues of land and miles of water that roll from the sandy islets of Key West to the frowning cliffs of Tierra del Fuego. And we may add that we would not imperil the welfare of a thousand American workmen for all the Filipinos that ever were spawned.

Throughout this long contention over the Philippine question the *Argonaut* has remained silent on this labor issue, yet to us it was the vital issue. We remained silent because we did not wish to invite the attention of the Democratic press to this dangerous step being taken by the Republican party. In common with other loyal Republicans, we strove to hold back the Republican party from this Philippine entanglement. But other counsels prevailed. It is useless to keep silence longer upon this labor issue. The incredible stupidity of the Democratic organs has prevented them from seeing that it was the vulnerable spot in the Republican armor. Now, however, the workmen have seen it for themselves. The Knights of Labor have sounded the alarm. The labor unions are denouncing it bitterly. They are beginning to collect their forces and organize against the Republican party.

Now that the Republican party sees its danger, it must protect itself. It must not only protect itself—it must protect the American workman. It is the party of freedom and the foe of slavery. It is the friend of free labor and the foe of servile labor. It is the party of Abraham Lincoln, assassinated by a partisan of slavery. It is the party of Charles Sumner, brutally struck down from behind by the bludgeon of a slave-holder. Can such a party abandon its history, its traditions, its love of freedom, its protection of free labor? We do not believe it. We can not believe it.

The party which freed the American slave will not degrade the American freeman.

We repeat with all earnestness our solemn warning.

The Republican party has made Asiatic laborers a part of the people of the United States.

The Republican party must now protect the working people of the United States against Asiatic laborers. Jahart

Prelusive to an unusually long and comprehensive message to Congress, President McKinley has employed a few striking facts to illustrate the prosperous condition of the country and of national finances, notwithstanding the presence of expensive warlike operations. Our combined imports and exports, he says, are the largest ever shown in a single year. We have exported more of agricultural and manufactured products than ever before. Our exports now exceed our imports by more than a billion dollars, and he points out that the only years in which the country has exported more manufactured products than it imported are the years of 1898 and 1899.

The condition of the Treasury mirrors the general prosperity. The cash on hand exceeds \$278,000,000, of which more than \$239,000,000 is in gold coin and bullion. The deficit of the last fiscal year it is expected will be about half-covered by the surplus which the estimates indicate may be expected this year. The strength of the Treasury is such that the Secretary has felt warranted in resuming compliance with the sinking-fund law, which has not been done before for eight years, owing to continual deficiencies. The President recommends the support of "the existing gold standard" and the parity of gold and silver by giving the Secretary of the Treasury power to sell bonds and negotiate the bonded debt at a lower rate of interest. While there is no commercial fight, and while gold is seeking the Treasury in exchange for paper, is the best time to insure the continuance of the gold standard and gain public confidence for it. In this connection the President repeats his former proposal that greenbacks once redeemed shall not be again paid out except for gold.

The message, after describing the humiliating condition of our merchant marine, which carried last year less than ever before of our foreign trade, and was so limited that we were obliged to depend on vessels under foreign flags to carry on military and naval operations in both oceans, favors the reestablishment of American shipping by a system of governmental aid which will build up our sea-carrying capacity, broaden our commerce, employ our citizens, and eventually more than repay the initial costs to the public. On the subject of trusts the President goes into considerable detail. He condemns organized combinations of capital which control trade, stifle competition, limit production and determine prices, in a manner detrimental to the people. As to remedies he is clear but not conclusive. He traces the effect of anti-trust legislation framed in 1890, and finds that it is scarcely sufficient. He doubts the power of Congress to fully control the subject, owing to the limitations which the constitution imposes on federal authority. He believes that the most promising movement would be to provide uniform legislation by the States themselves which should curb unlawful combinations, and supplement such laws by national ones to apply to the field of inter-State commerce within the limits of the constitutional powers of Congress. The message recommends a searching study of the whole question by Congress.

In a categorical review of our relations with foreign states the President finds the situation generally satisfactory. In this hemisphere we have still on hand the settlement of the question of taxing of American merchants by Nicaragua during an insurrection at Bluefields, and the Canadian boundary matter has proceeded no farther than the *modus vivendi* establishing a provisional demarkation; but both of these promise an early settlement to the mutual satisfaction of the parties. Abroad, while international relations are entirely friendly, we have the affair of the killing of Austro-Hungarian miners to adjust, in which Austria is demanding indemnity; we also have a claim against Russia for the seizure of American vessels in Behring Sea, which that country has agreed to arbitrate. There are also still pending controversies with the Ottoman Empire in relation to the treatment of American products, and wrongs to American citizens. Negotiations are proceeding with some vexation owing to the character of the Turks, but with good hope of eventual settlement. Friendly relations have been resumed with Spain, and conventions will soon be entered upon to define and renew mutually satisfactory commercial agreements. The events in Samoa are reviewed and the impossibilities of the tripartite rule are pointed out, to avoid which and to retain our rights the President transmits for approval a convention with the other powers by which we obtain the island of Tutuila and its natural appendages. The message recommends an energetic participation in the commercial rivalry of the Paris exposition, and

the inauguration of movements which will make American productions better known in the Empires of China and Russia.

Much space is given to the history of military operations in the Philippines and to the work looking to civil reconstruction which has already been done. The future government of the islands is referred to Congress, with the suggestion that we can not abandon to anarchy the rich islands which lie under the shelter of our flag. No specific or final form of government is outlined, but Congress is promised from time to time all of the information which will be gathered to enable them to act wisely and justly.

Attention is called to the confusion of authority in Hawaii, the advantages to the people of a definite form of government, and to the bill introduced last year on the recommendation of a commission to erect the islands into the Territory of Hawaii, and Congress is urged to take up the matter and establish that form of self-government. The necessity of legislation for Alaska is pointed out, where the increase of population calls for increased facilities for self-government, and the more adequate division of the Territory into judicial districts.

Similar needs are explained for the settlement of Porto Rico, which is now ripe for a temporary form of government, and for the establishment of commercial relations which shall be just to the Porto Ricans and satisfactory to our own people. Substantial progress resulting from the military control of Cuba is announced, and in that connection the President strenuously insists that this country shall carry out in good faith the resolution that we made to give that island a stable and an independent government.

The President explains his executive order of last May regarding the civil service, and maintains that its workings have tended to strengthen the merit system and secure its permanence. In other domestic affairs he approves a continued growth of our naval strength, the extension of forest reserves, reforms in the postal service which will render it self-supporting, and a change in the matter of widows' pensions which is claimed as justice to the pensioners. Jahart

Citizens of San Francisco are soon to have opportunity to vote for or against two issues of bonds. One of these, representing \$4,550,000 out of the proposed total of \$12,225,000, is for extending the park panhandle, connecting Golden Gate Park with the Presidio, and extending to the Mission an arm of the great public play-ground. The bonds are to run for twenty years and bear interest at three per cent.

Certainly there can hardly be a citizen who does not feel pride in Golden Gate Park—a beauty spot wrought out of the sand-dunes. The utility of breathing-places for a large city is recognized. That the Presidio joined to the park would make an attraction doubly strong will be admitted, as well as the fact that the people living in the Mission are now able to reach the park only by a roundabout course. Nevertheless, this improvement must be classed as a luxury, and whether a municipality markedly free from debt should take its first plunge by indulging in a luxury is a question easily and fairly answered in the negative. San Francisco is unique in situation. On an expanse of land between the ocean and the bay, there will never be a time when its supply of fresh air will be curtailed or an artificial limit placed upon its sunshine. Nothing can stay the benign touch of the sea breeze. Moreover, the climate here is devoid of approach to extreme heat. At no season do sweltering human beings have to gasp for breath. More park space would mean more beauty, but that the expansion is a present necessity can not be affirmed.

The second proposition is for \$6,475,000 in bonds for the construction of a sewer system, the building of a city and county hospital, and the erection or repair of school-houses. This proposition should be indorsed; to reject it would be worse than folly, for it would be to aim a blow at public health, to scorn the worthy poor, to flout the cause of education. It would be to set San Francisco far back in the list of progressive cities. There should long ago have been a sewer system—the lack of it has been a serious detriment and a reproach to the community. No other city the size of this has been so neglectful, and no other could have so little excuse. The heights sloping down to salt water, the absence of frosts, permitting the laying of pipe close to the surface, are exceptional advantages. The sewers at present are inadequate, in many cases unserviceable, and in every case unfitted for the emergency of flood. That the construction of sewers has not been by a comprehensive plan, but by fragment, and often dishonestly conducted for the benefit of contractors, that millions have been wasted on them, are reasons why the abuse should cease.

In relation to the erection of a hospital, the duty is equally clear. The building now in use was designed as temporary. For more than two decades it has been crowded. It is without proper ventilation or drainage. Disease lurks in all of its damp and musty corners. Its draughty corridors invite death, and many a patient, sent for

a trifling ailment to this retreat, has acquired there a fatal malady. Rickety, germ-laden, in peril from fire, of falling by its own decay, the hospital is a disgrace. To provide another would be simply a matter of decent self-respect and decent regard for the unfortunates. To provide for the sick poor is not a matter of charity, but of duty. This community has failed to perform this duty in any manner creditable to itself, and the issue of bonds will be indicative of a desire to make amends.

The proposition for school bonds needs no defense. The school system of San Francisco is theoretically on a high plane, but pupils are housed in buildings not fit for use. They are old, cramped, unhealthful, and so grotesquely dilapidated that their outward aspect causes a feeling of shame. There is not enough space in them for the children who are entitled to the benefit of educational facilities, and even the limited space is not designed to meet any requirement. Many of the rooms are sunless, the halls damp, while the locations are often undesirable. There are but few good school-buildings in the city—one being that usually termed the "Girls' High." Many of the rest should be demolished as unclean and a menace to life, or be so repaired as to be unrecognizable in the new form. It is a striking circumstance that in Denver, a city one-third the size of San Francisco, there is not a school-building that is not as modern, as handsome, and as sanitary as the "Girls' High" here, long this community's almost solitary tangible evidence that children and youth were not being neglected utterly.

The election for park bonds is set for the twenty-seventh inst., and that for the useful and necessary bonds for two days later. Far better that both be carried than that the latter be defeated. However, there is in the plan of elections some ground for apprehension. If the park bonds receive indorsement, the fact might jeopard the chances of the others, and even lead to their rejection. Such an outcome would be a calamitous anomaly. It would be like a man having his house frescoed and neglecting the plumbing. To indorse the first bonds and not the second would be ridiculous, bringing the city into contempt. To indorse the second and not the first would show the voters to be practical people, devoid of miserly instincts, willing to back judicious expenditure, but not with an overweening yearning for luxuries.

Jahart

The long-looked-for measure prepared by the finance committee of the Senate, reorganizing the financial system of the country, has at length made its appearance, and proves to be an interesting document. It provides that the gold dollar shall be the standard unit of value and that all other forms of money shall be maintained at a parity with it; for the retirement of the United States notes and Treasury notes and the ultimate substitution of silver certificates for them; for the issue of gold certificates in denominations of not less than twenty dollars; for the refunding of outstanding bonds with a higher rate of interest by the issue of bonds bearing not to exceed two per cent. interest; and for the issue of circulating notes by national banks to the par value of their deposited bonds.

For the retirement of the United States notes and the Treasury notes, popularly known as "greenbacks," the reserve fund is increased from \$100,000,000 to \$150,000,000, and this fund is to be used for no purposes other than such redemption. When notes are redeemed the fund is to be restored and maintained, first, by exchanging the redeemed notes for gold in the general fund of the Treasury; second, by re-issue of the redeemed notes for gold coin; third, by purchases of gold coin, payment for which coin is to be made by the redeemed notes. Practically the second and third methods do not differ in principle. Should these measures not be sufficient to maintain the reserve fund above \$100,000,000, the Secretary of the Treasury is authorized to issue five-per-cent. bonds payable at any time after one year from the date of their issue. As silver dollars are coined, redeemed greenbacks are to be canceled, and silver certificates are to be issued in place of them. The provision authorizing the re-issue of redeemed notes is intended only for the purpose of maintaining the reserve. In time the operation of this section will result in the substitution of silver certificates secured by silver dollars for greenbacks in the circulation.

In order to force silver coin and silver certificates into the circulation, a number of provisions are scattered through the bill. Greenbacks of a less denomination than ten dollars are to be canceled first; all outstanding silver certificates of a greater denomination than ten dollars are to be retired, and none of a greater denomination is to be issued in the future; gold certificates are not to be issued of a less denomination than twenty dollars, and national bank-notes, which hold the same position in the circulation as gold certificates, have a minimum limit of ten dollars. The result of these provisions should ultimately be to cause nearly all trans-

actions involving a less value than ten dollars to be carried on in silver.

The gold certificates are to be used in exchange for gold coin deposited in the Treasury in sums of not less than twenty dollars. The coin so received is to be held in the Treasury for the redemption of these certificates, and may be used for no other purpose. The certificates may be used in all transactions in the same manner as gold coin would be. These certificates may be issued in any amount, but should the reserve fund for the redemption of greenbacks fall below \$100,000,000, the issue of gold certificates is to be suspended until the fund has been restored.

The refunding sections provide that the Secretary of the Treasury may redeem five-per-cent bonds payable in 1904, four-per-cent. bonds payable in 1907, and three-per-cent. bonds payable in 1908, by the issue of two-per-cent. bonds having thirty years to run. An incentive for such exchange is offered in the longer period before the maturity of such bonds, and, in the case of national banks, by the provision for the reduction to one-half of one per cent. of the tax on circulating notes secured by the deposit of such bonds. No bonds are to be received in exchange, however, at a valuation greater than their present worth, to yield an income greater than two and one-quarter per cent. per annum. When outstanding bonds are called, all interest is to cease on them three months from the date of the call.

The national banks are to receive from the Comptroller of the Currency circulating notes to an amount equal to the difference between the notes they now have in circulation and the par value of the bonds they have on deposit, and for any bonds they may deposit in future, circulating notes to the par value of those bonds will be issued. Should any deposited bonds fall in value below par, the Comptroller of the Currency may call upon the banks for a deposit of additional bonds to make good the deficiency. As has been said, these circulating notes are not to be of a less denomination than ten dollars, and the tax on notes secured by a deposit of two per cent. bonds is decreased to one-half of one per cent.

The main points of difference between the Senate bill and the House bill are as follows: In the former the reserve fund for the redemption of United States notes and Treasury notes is increased to \$150,000,000, and can be used for no other purpose; in the latter it remains at \$100,000,000. The Senate bill gives more flexibility to the redemption machinery by permitting retired notes to be re-issued when necessary to maintain the reserve. The House bill provides that all debts, public and private, are to be paid in gold—a provision that is not found in the Senate bill. The Senate bill limits silver certificates to ten dollars in amount; the House bill provides for any denomination in excess of one dollar. The Senate provision that bank-notes shall not be of a less denomination than ten dollars does not appear in the House bill. The provision for the issue of two-per-cent. bonds for refunding purposes is in the Senate bill alone.

Jahart

With all the noise and much of the force of a cyclonic visitation the student bodies of the two great colleges of this State came to town last week for the annual contest on the foot-ball field. The growing interest in this event was shown by the fact that a large number of those whose college days have become only a memory also came to town and helped to form a part of the largest gathering that this city has ever seen at an athletic event. This is gratifying, as such occasions serve to keep up the general interest in the two institutions and also to maintain a healthy feeling among the students. A further source of gratification was the excellent spirit of good will displayed in the cheers for President Wheeler, given by the Stanford students, and for President Jordan and Captain Murphy, by those from the State institution. This is the pleasant side of the picture, but, unfortunately, it has an unpleasant side as well.

While the game in general was conducted in a spirit of friendly rivalry, there was one incident of the play that can not be too strongly condemned. After the crippled captain of the Stanford team had been brought to the ground, one of the Berkeley players threw himself upon the prostrate man with a force that could have been intended only so to injure him as to prevent his taking further part in the game. Foot-ball at best is a rough sport, and, while it has been defended on the ground that it accustoms the players to receiving hard knocks and develops courage and manliness, the style of play that aims at injuring an opponent discredits the game. It may be said in extenuation that the offender was excited at the time and lost his head, but this, in reality, is no defense at all. It is in moments of excitement that mental habits come to the surface which at other times exist, but are kept under control. One of the purposes of such sports is to eradicate all such thoughts of violence, so that they may not assert themselves on special occasions. On the other hand, Captain Murphy himself is to be blamed for

entering the game at all. His courage may be admitted, but it would be more admirable had there been an adequate occasion for its display. The fact that his team played a stronger game after he retired indicates that there was no pressing necessity for his presence on the field, and his attempt to play exposed him to the danger of serious and permanent injury. Had such a misfortune occurred, it would have affected the future of foot-ball here unfavorably. Public condemnation of the game as brutal would have followed, for a time, at least.

Captain Murphy took the chance of injuring the future of the game; Captain Whipple deliberately did all he could to injure it. The former had the excuse that he felt his team to be the weaker; the latter had no such excuse. The gravest danger to college sport is that it may degenerate into professionalism. To prevent this, rigid rules have been adopted defining the status of the amateur, and at least one Berkeley player was kept out of the game on this account, though his offense was not very serious. The status of the student who enters college, or who remains in college merely to take part in athletic sports, differs little from that of the professional. It is not probable that Mr. Whipple is open to this charge—the fact that he has nearly finished his college course negatives any such presumption. But he was delinquent in his studies, and so came within the rule prohibiting those not in good standing taking part in college contests. He was forbidden by the faculty to take part in the game on Thanksgiving Day. Had he obeyed that injunction he would have shown a far truer appreciation of the spirit that should pervade college sport than he did by the course he adopted.

Jahart

Certain trade publications are in the habit of presenting classified tables of the number of books issued in this country and in Great Britain each year, but hitherto no attempt has been made to number and classify the world's annual output. This has resulted from the fact that in many countries no official records are kept, and thus it has been impossible to obtain anything like complete statistics. A writer in the *Bookseller* has been studying the subject from official and non-official sources, and his results are both surprising and destructive of many preconceived notions.

The average total number of books published annually, according to this compilation, is 77,250, and, when it is considered that probably no issue is less than one thousand, while some of them number tens of thousands, the enormous output of separate volumes may be realized. The first surprise is in the classification according to subjects. In this table educational and classical works lead with about one-seventh of the entire number. Fiction is second, with arts and sciences, and political and social economy closely following in the order named. Theology is fifth on the list; history, sixth; and medicine, seventh. These classes include about two-thirds of the entire number. From the table of classification, according to subjects and countries, it is seen that Germany leads in the number of educational works, in arts and sciences, *belles lettres*, law, theology, medicine, and voyages; England in novels; France in poetry and drama; and—what will surprise those not familiar with the subject—Italy leads in the number of works on political economy. In the line of sports, France divides the honors with the United States.

In the aggregate number of books published, Germany leads with nearly one-third. France, Italy, Great Britain, and the United States follow in the order named, this country producing about one-fifteenth of the entire output. It is interesting to see the rank held by this country in the various subjects treated. Thus, in educational works the United States holds fourth place, leading England, but led in turn by Germany, France, and Italy. In arts and sciences it is again in fourth place, the four other countries maintaining the same relative rank. In political economy it is sixth; in fiction, third; in law, second; in medicine, sixth; and in theology, in history, in voyages, and in poetry and drama it is in fifth place. It is evidently necessary for the specialist who desires to keep abreast with the latest thought in his department to be familiar with more than one language, and of foreign tongues the most important is German.

Jahart

Admiral Dewey has again repeated his former assertions that he is not a candidate for the Presidential nomination of the United States. "President McKinley is a good friend of mine, and I hope to see him secure a second term," the admiral said one day last week. "I hope my friends will not continue to talk of my being a candidate. The American people have too much sense to do anything of that kind. It seems to me that these so-called battle-scarred heroes, as a rule, have made poor Presidents. President McKinley is a good friend of mine, and I shall never forget those noble, cheering messages that he sent me at Manila. I have preserved them all, and shall keep them as long as I live." The admiral expresses much satisfaction with the news from the Philippines, and he considers the insurrection practically an end.

IN A SINGLE NIGHT.

The Terrible Trial of a Young Wife Left on Guard.

"What a beautiful young woman! And yet her hair is white as snow."
 "And her complexion fresh as is a child's. Strange, is it not?"

Thus two loungers on a hotel porch. But they did not know the history of that snowy hair.

From the time Harry Wells fell in love with Mamie Clausen at church socials until their marriage in the First Presbyterian Church, the entire community gave minute consideration to their affairs. Mamie's father, John Clausen, was a prominent commission merchant in a Pennsylvania town, generally considered wealthy, and always lived like a man of means. Mamie was pretty, dashing, a local belle, and a general favorite. Harry's family lived a few miles from town, and they, too, were people of reputation in the county.

The marriage was in every way a suitable one. Harry was educated at Princeton, and although he had at one time the reputation of being wild, he had sobered down, and was such a frank, manly young fellow that he was generally forgiven any indiscretion.

The marriage was the occasion of general rejoicing. Mamie's father gave her an unusually good send-off, and the details were sent far and wide through the State. Harry had studied law for a while, and had settled down into a country notary, drawing up deeds, and doing hack-work of that sort. They lived about four miles out of town, and two miles from old John's. He had built them a pretty modern cottage on a detached portion of his farm. Harry had his office, an ornamental little structure, a few rods from the house, and there they lived as happy as two birds.

Gradually Harry picked up business, and finally, through his father, he became trustee for some minor heirs. They were an odd lot of children, with a half-crazy mother, and no end of coal lands and mining investments. It was a good thing for Harry, although it gave a naturally lazy man some additional work. The worst thing was that it obliged him to go to Scranton now and then, and leave Mamie. When Harry had to go away, Mamie would get in her phaeton and drive to town, and there were always some of the young people ready to go out and keep her company. Harry always insisted that she must not stay alone. For a law-abiding State, Pennsylvania has a pretty rough element in it, and there is a general sense of uneasiness.

One August afternoon Harry had an unexpected summons to go to Scranton about a suit connected with the minor heirs. He had recently sold some of their property, and had been making various collections, which left in his hands about forty-five hundred dollars. When he found that he had to go off at a few moments' notice, he wrapped up a bundle of papers and this money, and took them into the house. Mamie was making preparations for a picnic they were to go to the next day, and begged him to wait until the day after.

"But, my dear child, I haven't time even to go to town and put these in the bank, so you'll have to take care of them. I'll try and get back in two days at the furthest, meanwhile nobody will know that the money is here."

Then he explained to her the value of the papers, and handed her a canvas bag, in which was the forty-five hundred dollars belonging to the minor heirs.

"Where will I keep it, Harry? Between the mattresses?"

"Just like a woman! No. But I declare I don't know where to tell you. The most insecure place apparently is often the most secure. Any place, dear, but between the mattresses. I leave that to you. But you must guard it, if necessary, with your life; for remember the money is not ours, and at all hazards I am responsible. I don't really suppose there is the least danger, for no one knows I have it. But one ought to take proper precautions, and I beg of you not to admit any tramps while I am gone. Tell Sarah not even to allow them to eat a hiscuit."

"All right, dear; we won't let the tramps have a drink even, and I'll take care of the money, you may be sure."

Harry bade his wife good-by, and Mamie gave up the picnic. At the end of two days she received a telegram from him, saying he had been detained, and telling her to get some one to stay with her for two days, when he would be at home. She drove into town, and one of her old friends went out with her. At the end of two days she had another telegram saying that he was detained until the next day. Her friend went home, and in place of Harry came a third telegram, and so every day for ten days he was expected home, and every day came a disappointing telegram. By this time she had become accustomed to her charge, which she had set like a hag of seed-beans in a corner of a dark closet opening from her room.

The afternoon of the tenth day was a hot, murky afternoon. Mamie had gone upstairs to take a nap and refresh before dressing to meet Harry, who was expected home after the longest absence he had ever made from her.

After a time Sarah came up and told her there was a tramp down-stairs who wanted something to eat and who wouldn't be driven off.

"You oughtn't to leave him a minute alone, Sarah. Go down and watch him, and I will come down and send him off."

She dressed herself quickly and went down-stairs, surprised to find how late it had grown. When she reached the kitchen she found also a messenger with another telegram, which announced another disappointment, but the next day without fail, Harry wrote, he would be home. As Mamie turned into the kitchen she heard the tramp and Sarah in evident dispute.

"Yes," said the fellow, "when that time comes your mis-

stress will have another ironing-table, helping you, instead of wearing her Sunday clothes every day."

"An' spoilin' everything for me to do over. I think I see her. I've work enough to do," answered honest Sarah, not indisposed to have a chat over her work.

Mamie found a graceless-looking fellow, unshaven and ill-dressed, who, with a certain gentlemanly instinct, rose up as she came in.

"I suppose my girl told you we had nothing for you, and that it will be a great kindness if you will leave as soon as possible."

"Yes, she did just that, madam, but I took it upon myself to believe that it wasn't so urgent. The truth is, I'm very hungry and dead tired, and I didn't believe but that you would give me something to eat; at least I've waited to ask you in person."

Women are soft-hearted creatures. Mamie went and got him something to eat herself. The darkness that had been increasing for some time came down rapidly, and there burst one of those terrific thunder-storms that gather so rapidly and with such force in that country. After its strength was spent, there fell steady sheets of rain that brought the creek over the bridges before morning.

"Madam, it's no use talking. You can't send a fellow out in such a storm," said the tramp, as the three stood on the porch watching the storm.

"I'm sorry, but I've no place for you."

"What! in a house like this? It's a pity there isn't a cranny for a stowaway. I was walking around it, waiting for the girl, and it seems to me it ought to hold three people."

"You are very impertinent. I tell you I have no place for you, and the storm is already hreaking away."

Even as she spoke the rain came down in blinding sheets, and lightning streaked the heavens.

"Well," he said, carelessly, "we don't go much on manners on the road, but I know I wouldn't send a dog out such a night as this. I'm not a particular chap, leastwise not nowadays, and I'll have to insist on your giving me some sort of shelter, if it's only your dog-kennel."

The man spoke with decision. Mamie felt that after all they were really in his power.

"I will keep you on one condition," she said. "There is a loft to the house, a sort of garret, which is very comfortable. It is closed with a trap-door, and you may sleep on the lounge there if you will allow us to lock the door on the outside."

"Bless my stars and garters!" he said, looking at her curiously, "I don't care if you lock the door."

They took him upstairs, and he climbed up the steep attic stairs. The women shut the door as he politely bade them good-night, and they fastened the padlock, hearing him chuckle to himself as he kicked off his hoots.

"I'd take the key, mum," said Sarah.

Mamie took the key with her, and the two descended to shut up the house. After they had made everything secure they went back upstairs.

"You must sleep in my room to-night, Sarah," the mistress said. Sarah dragged in her hedging and made a pallet on the floor, and then, after the custom of women, they examined the closets, looked under the bed, and piled the chairs against the locked door. The rain was still falling heavily, and the night black as ink. The mistress and maid went to bed, and, although worried and anxious, went to sleep.

After midnight Mamie found herself awake, and a bright light shining in the room. She started up, and saw that it was the moonlight. The storm had cleared away at last. She got up, unable to compose herself immediately, and went to the window. The moon was shining brightly. As she stood looking at the peaceful scene before her she saw away down the road, for it was as bright as day, several horsemen. It was such an unusual sight at this hour that she stood watching them as they came nearer. To her surprise they turned up the lane leading toward her house, and on reaching the gate came into the yard. She was almost paralyzed with fear. The truth flashed across her. They must have learned that she was alone—that she had this money, and they had come to get it. For a moment she was paralyzed. She remembered Harry's last words: "You must guard it with your life if necessary."

She ran to the sleeping Sarah and awakened her. She got down Harry's rifle. The sleeping girl was soon thoroughly awake, and she explained to her their condition.

"It's the tramp that's done it."

"The tramp? No. Sarah, the key, the key of the attic." She flew up the stairs, unlocked the padlock, and opened the trap. The man sprang up at the sound.

"Come, come with me." His own senses alert, and hearing the noise of the horses below and steps about the house, he followed her without a word. At the foot of the stairs she stopped.

"I have a large sum of money in the house, and those men have come to get it, thinking that I am alone. If they kill me that money must be guarded."

"What have you? pistols, shotguns?" he whispered, taking in the whole situation.

"Here is my husband's rifle. It is loaded."

"Hist! Where are they going to break in?" The steps came holdly on the piazza to the front door.

"Get behind me. I will fire at the first man who enters. How many barrels are there?"

"Six, all loaded."

"Very well. Keep this cane in your hand for me, in case I need it."

There was no storming of shutters. They heard the key applied to the door softly. It opened, and a man followed by two others confidently entered. The first figure walked directly to the stairs. He had taken but a step when three shots came in rapid succession. There was a heavy thud; this man dropped and the other two turned and fled. Sarah ran to the window and two horses galloped down the lane.

"Don't faint, madam; there is work yet to do," said the tramp.

Mamie caught hold of the rail for support, and then went into the room.

"Get a candle, Sarah."

They lighted a candle and gave it to the tramp, who went down-stairs, the two women following with brandy and ammonia. The man had fallen backward, and lay with his face up and head toward the door.

"Aha!" said the tramp, curiously, holding the light up and peering into the dead man's face, "he's fixed. Shot through the head."

Mamie advanced and gazed at the white face, across which a thin, thread-like stream of blood was trickling. She fell back with a wild shriek.

It was her husband's dead body which lay before her.

OLD FAVORITES.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 21, 1899.
 EDITORS ARGONAUT: Many years ago the *Argonaut* published Browning's scathing poem on Tennyson (on his accepting a lordship) entitled "A Lost Leader." Some of its lines I remember vaguely:

"Shakespeare was with us, Milton was for us, Burns, Byron, and Shelley they watch from their graves," etc. Will you republish it in its original form from your files? In the collected works of Browning it is emasculated.

You also, in the old days, printed a poem called "Brahma," from the Persian of Dschelaladdin Rumi, translated by Ritter, the opening lines of which were:

"I am the mote in the sunbeam,
 I am the burning sun,
 'Rest here,' I whisper the atom;
 I call to the world, 'Roll on!'"

Can you not republish that also? You will oblige a number of your subscribers and admirers. Respectfully,
 BURNETTE G. HASKELL.

The Lost Leader.

Just for a handful of silver he left us,
 Just for a riband to stick in his coat—
 Found the one gift of which Fortune bereft us,
 Lost all the others she lets us devote;
 They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver,
 So much was theirs who so little allowed:
 How all our copper had come for his service!
 Rags were they purple his heart had been proud.
 We that had loved him so, followed him, honored him,
 Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
 Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
 Made him our pattern to live and to die!
 Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
 Burns, Shelley, were with us—they watch from their graves!
 He alone breaks from the van and the freemen,
 He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves!

We shall march prospering—not thro' his presence;
 Songs may inspire us—not from his lyre;
 Deeds will he done—while he boasts his quiescence,
 Still hiding crouch whom the rest had aspire:
 Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul more,
 One task more declined, one more footpath untrod,
 One more devil's triumph and sorrow for angels,
 One wrong more to man, one more insult to God!
 Life's night begins! Let him never come back to us!
 There would be doubt, hesitation, and pain,
 Forced praise on our part—the glimmer of twilight,
 Never glad confident morning again!
 Best fight on well, for we taught him—strike gallantly,
 Menace our heart ere we master his own;
 Then let him receive the new knowledge, and wait us,
 Pardon in heaven, the first by the throne.

—Robert Browning.

Brahma.

[Translated from Dschelaladdin Rumi by Ritter.]

I am the mote in the sunbeam, and I am the burning sun;
 "Rest here!" I whisper the atom; I call to the orb, "Roll on!"

I am the blush of the morning and I am the evening breeze;
 I am the leaf's low murmur, the swell of the terrible seas;

I am the net, the fowler, the bird, and its frightened cry,
 The mirror, the form reflected, the sound and its echo, I;

The lover's passionate pleading, the maiden's whispered fear,
 The warrior, the blade that smites him, his mother's heart-wrung fear;

I am intoxication, grapes, wine-press, and must, and wine,
 The guest, the host, the tavern, the goblet of crystal fine;

I am the breath of the flute, I am the wind of man,
 Gold's glitter, the light of the diamond, and the sea-pearl's lustre wan;

The rose, her poet nightingale, the songs from his throat that rise,
 Flint sparks, the taper, the moth that about it flies.

I am both Good and Evil; the deed and the deed's intent,
 Temptation, victim, sinner, crime, pardon, punishment;

I am what was, is, will be; creation's ascent and fall;
 The link, the chain of existence; beginning and end of all.

Denmark gives forcible evidence of increasing yields, according to J. Schoenhof in a recent number of the *Forum*. She has a population of 2,200,000, or 143 inhabitants per square mile. She is not only able to feed her steadily increasing population, but is in a position to export considerable quantities of food products. In 1885 her exports of such products amounted to \$54,000,000, her imports to \$22,400,000—an excess of \$35,000,000, or \$17 per capita. The exports of food products, animal and vegetable, of the United States for the fiscal year 1897 amounted to \$390,000,000, or \$5.55 per capita. In the phenomenal year 1898 they rose to \$550,000,000, or \$7.85 per capita. The rate of progress in Denmark is shown by the following statement: "According to official figures the production of grain, about one hundred and fifty years ago, amounted to about 12,000,000 bushels annually. In consequence, however, of the reforms effected at the beginning of the nineteenth century, the rate of production was gradually increased to 36,000,000; while, during the period of 1881-1887, it rose to an average of 86,000,000."

One Sunday recently, in Paris, a small crowd assembled what time the properties and scenery for Berlioz's "Taking of Troy" were being taken into the Opéra. Some amusement was caused by the appearance of the effigy of the "timeo Danaos et dona ferentes" wooden horse, which caused such a pother at the period. This animal, purporting to be filled with armed men in the legend, measured exactly seven yards high by five yards long.

A CRISIS AT THE COMÉDIE.

Retirement of M. Le Bargy—Discord Among the Actors—Easy-Going Incompetency of M. Claretie, the Administrator—Financial Success of the Theatre

There are doubtless more important subjects even for France to discuss than the good or bad standing of the Comédie-Française. But it is the fact that at the moment of writing there is nothing more talked of in Paris.

The "Complot" scarcely exists by the side of it. All the Royalists, and Anti-Semites, and Nationalists in the country may have conspired together like all the fiends, Paris is sick of politics and, after the first moment, goes caroling by in happy indifference. The precincts of the Luxembourg, where the trial of the plotters is held, remain quiet as ever. No sound breaks their autumnal peace save the joyous cries of the children fashioning mud-pies by the benches, or the guttural protestations of hespattered Alsatian *bonnes*. The police are gathered round the palace in full fighting force day by day; the prefect is there in person to hurl his men against the public at the first sign of manifestation. But there is nothing for all these armed battalions to do but to smile at the fresh-faced, chubby nurse-maids and wonder at the patience of the decorated dotards who spend hours in taming with crumbs the crowds of perky Paris sparrows in the gardens. Nobody cries "Vive Deroulède!" or "Vive le roi!" or proposes to smash in anybody's hat in the name of liberty.

The burning question among this strange people, who a few weeks ago were hoiling over with civil hate, is a question of masks and mummerys. The word has gone round that the House of Molière, the first theatre of the world, the glory of France, is tottering to its fall. And all Paris screams and denounces and counter-denounces. In every *café* every evening hot battle is waged between the partisans on either side—the side of Jules Claretie, member of the Academy and administrator of the Comédie-Française, or on the side whose standard-bearer for the moment is Le Bargy, the distinguished *jeune premier*, the brilliant actor of comedy, one of the hopes of the French stage, whose resignation has precipitated the discussion.

The question is not purely Parisian or purely French. Every one who cares for the dramatic art is concerned about the classic temple of comedy, its continued greatness or its menacing fall. And, as it happens, the *personnel* of the present trouble is interesting—there is a great deal of picturesque under-play, a march-past of character and temperament which make the situation diverting in itself. They of the House of Molière are acting a comedy out of hours—"admission free; all cordially welcome."

Le Bargy retiring! It was the disappearance of the sun from the heavens. All Paris hurried to know the reason. Was it because his colossal vanity, of which he made no secret, in which, indeed, he has gloried as a distinction, had received some terrible shock within the secrecy of the Comédie? Was it in disgust that the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor, which he was known to be soliciting, showed no signs of alighting on his expectant button-hole? Had he been meditating overmuch upon the career of Coquelin *dîné*, and planning for himself similar independent triumphs?

When the interviewers reached him, they received a shock, though it was given gently.

Very deftly, very delicately, without a single rough word, without even stating anything outright, he made it understood that the reason of his leaving was because he could not be a party, even by his presence, to the downfall of the Comédie-Française.

"Downfall of the Comédie! What can you mean? How—who—why—oh, please be definite." And the interviewers sharpened their pencils and prepared to take down astonishing things. But Le Bargy would not define. Just an opinion of his; it did not seem to him that things were going very well. He preferred not to say anything. Only, perhaps—how could he tell?—but possibly if the administration were in more capable hands than those of the excellent, oh, the very excellent, M. Claretie, *possibly* the *maison* would be able to stave off the doom.

They have wonderful ways of stabling in the hack, these artists who are so full of the cordialities of the brotherhood. They call each other *confrère*, and *cher confrère*, *maître*, and dear *maître*—and they stah and stah, deftly, so deftly that the victim scarcely knows he is touched till he falls to the ground in the last gasp.

Of course Le Bargy said nothing undignified, nothing quotably unkind. But he gave out the hint which set a hundred keen-witted writers hunting on Claretie's track. The chance of a genuine Parisian sensation, something that would touch every true-blooded son of Lutetia to the quick, was too good to be lost. Every one who had ever been connected with the Comédie was eagerly cross-questioned. Not a door-keeper, just appointed or long ago retired, escaped the reporter's five-franc piece. Not an actor or an actress of the old days, embittered by the dismal oblivion of the *vieux jeu*, but was exalted to a temporary importance by the crowd of press-men hanging at the gates. Every present member of the famous troupe was interviewed again and again. Every hash of republished "chroniques"—dreary, mechanical literature with which the old hook-stalls groan—was skimmed for any small fact that might add to the growing dossier against M. Claretie. And the luckless man was made to turn evidence against himself. A confirmed *chroniqueur*, he has dearly expiated his chronic sin. Every line he has ever written, to these many years, has been raked over in the search for matter which might be turned against his administration of the Comédie.

And on all this vehement research has been built up such a sensation as literary Paris has seldom enjoyed. It is a kind of "yellow" fever that has prevailed—something of the method of American "yellow journalism" applied to a

literary theme. Claretie was put on trial, judged, condemned, all hut hanged, in a space of about twenty-four hours.

The Comédie under his rule had been brought to the brink of ruin. It would smash financially; it would smash artistically; the glory of France would be laid in the dust. Thousands of good people were persuaded that the doors would be shut forever in the course of a week or a month. And so wild were they against the administration, the weak-voiced Claretie, that the cry was raised that he was a Dreyfusard. The charge has not been refuted, but no one seems quite able to show what that particular crime has got to do with his direction of the Comédie.

What has been shown is not exactly very serious, but neither is it by any means negligible. The Comédie will not give up the ghost just yet. But there is a good deal to be remedied. There are jealousies, and disputes, and discontents, and disorders within the troupe. Actors and actresses alike seem to be in a chronic condition of semi-rebellion; they pay only a grudging obedience to the rules and established customs of the originally magnificently organized institution from which they draw their princely salaries.

And all that is a sign of something very wrong at the head of affairs. The result that all the discussion and vituperation yields to the dispassionate observer is that M. Claretie, with a hundred good qualities, is not the right man for his job. He is too good-natured, a little hored, a trifle timid of initiative. He has the fatal habit of saying "yes." The famous decree of Moscow, the document regulating the administration of the Comédie which the great Napoleon found time to write in the middle of the disastrous Russian campaign, lays down the law very minutely as to the granting or refusing of leaves of absence and permissions to play outside the Paris theatre. Claretie has calmly abrogated all these minute imperial prescriptions, not out of disrespect to the theatre of Molière or to the great Napoleon, but simply on account of his constitutional inability to say "no." The "big" people of the company get leaves unlimited to absent themselves both for purely recreative purposes and for the purpose of playing elsewhere. The Comédie's own representations suffer considerably, both in efficiency and in prestige on this account.

Then M. Claretie is charged with being unable to recognize the need and the claims of new blood. Old stagers linger on the boards long after the time when Claretie's predecessor, the very strong man Perrin, would have given them their honorable and lavishly pensioned *congé*. In the new plays he has represented he has leaned to the Academy, playing the plays of the men of the old school. He let Coquelin snap up "Cyrano de Bergerac." Some of the plays of his friends of the institute, which he has staged at a vast expense, have failed hopelessly. And, with all his devotion to the ideal of the Comédie, the hard, practical work which tradition requires of the administrator disgusts him profoundly.

M. Perrin, the stern, terrible Perrin of whom everybody was afraid, used to direct every rehearsal from beginning to end, correcting, suggesting at every moment, prescribing the intonation of every line, the pose of every character at every stage of the movement. To Claretie, rehearsals are intolerable; he scarcely ever puts in an appearance at them; when he does, it is just an appearance, a smile all round, three minutes' observation, then a genial "au revoir, mes enfants, soyez sages!" and so away.

Curiously enough, however, on one point M. Claretie has won, hands down, over his critics. Under his easy-going administration the Comédie has been astonishingly successful financially. The receipts for last year totaled \$536,000, the highest figure ever reached. On the score of money neither the troupe—*sociétaires* or *pensionnaires*—nor the subsidy-supplying government has any cause of complaint. But artistically, and in its prestige, the Comédie has been steadily going backward. That is admitted on all sides.

It is very probable that M. Claretie will how before the storm and retire at the end of the season now beginning. He will be happier in his study writing his reminiscences or hammering out those *chroniques* of his which already appear in so many journals. An ingenious writer has discovered that the name Jules Claretie gives the anagram "Je sue l'artifice"; the ex-administrator, in his retirement, will "sweat out" a great many more articles than of old. And when the first sting is passed, he will console himself readily enough with Molière's own reflection: "Quels étranges animaux à conduire que les comédiens."

PARIS, November 12, 1899. STEPHEN MACKENNA.

A popular drink in Paris is made from dried apples, raisins, and water, with a little sugar, which is warranted not to intoxicate. It is called "piquette." In 1898 about fifty million gallons were consumed, and the consumption is on the increase. The *bourgeois* prefer it to wine because it is cheaper. Piquette drinkers generally make the excuse that wine is adulterated with harmful substances. However this may be, the wine consumption has fallen off greatly. At first cider began to take its place, and in 1895 ten million gallons were consumed. Then there were poor apple crops for two years, and as a very high duty prevented the importation of American cider, the scheme for using dried apples, which are largely imported from this country, was invented.

Professor Nussbaum, of Hanover, has discovered that the plastering in the walls seriously affects the acoustic properties of a room. Any admixture of sand with the plaster spoils the reverberation of musical tones. The best results are obtained, he says, by using pure gypsum that has been heated to a white heat.

It is a singular fact that little Switzerland, in proportion to the number of inhabitants, produces more hooks than any other country, the proportion being one hook to every three thousand Swiss. In our own country the proportion is one to every twelve thousand. And it is quite enough.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Björnstjerne Björnson lately saw for the first time the statue of himself set up before the National Theatre in Christiania. He is said to have turned red in the face, and now demands that it be removed, as it is a libel on his personal appearance.

Lord Ardilaun, who has just purchased the Muckross estate, with its famous lakes of Killarney, is the elder brother of Lord Iveagh and the head of the celebrated family of Guinness, whose brewery in Dublin and its product are known over all the world.

Three Parisians, well known in pseudo-scientific and literary circles abroad—MM. Barlet, Papus, and Sédir—have founded a curious school in the French capital which just now is the talk of *salons* of a certain social influence. The school is to initiate its pupils into the mysteries of occultism.

M. Françoisque Sarcey, the dramatic critic, undoubtedly made a good many enemies during his life-time, but it is rather surprising to find them among the members of the committee of the Comédie-Française. The members of the committee, however, have actually refused to receive his hush into their galleries, on the ground that it is that of a mere critic.

Eleonora Duse is so much interested in the subject of dress-reform that she recently got her daughter to write a German letter to Frau Pachhammer in Berlin, president of the Society for the Improvement of Woman's Dress, in which she declared that she herself never wears a corset, either off or on the stage, and has never allowed her daughter to wear any.

Louis S. Cohn, the new Lord mayor of Liverpool, is the second Jew who has held that office. Charles Mozles, a banker, was elected lord mayor thirty-six years ago. The new mayor was born at Sydney in 1846, and went to Liverpool in 1864, where he had been an important figure in the business community for many years. He is a strict Sabbatharian, and in accepting office made the announcement that he would make no engagements for Friday evenings or Saturdays.

An effort is being made by Poles to have Chopin's remains transferred from Paris to Krakow, where they are to be placed in the royal vault on the Wawel Hill, where former kings of Poland and other great men lie buried. M. Frederick Chopin has given two thousand florins toward the expenses, and the rest is to be raised among Poles, the plan being to make the occasion a great Polish festival. Chopin's body is now in a tomb in the Pierre la Chaise Cemetery between the graves of Cherubini and Bellini.

It is claimed that Maud Earle, of London, is the successor of Rosa Bonheur as the greatest living painter of animal life. A few months ago her pictures first appeared in public. Soon the private *salons* were hung with them. Owners of champion dogs sought Miss Earle's services to paint their favorites, and her studio in Bloomfield Place was constantly thronged with animals that have won a reputation in sporting England. Her fame reached the court, and she has the distinction of being the first woman to paint the dogs of royalty.

The appointment of J. W. Fifer, otherwise known as "Fighting Joe" Fifer, former governor of Illinois, as one of the interstate commerce commissioners by President Mc Kinley, has been approved by Illinois Republicans generally, and will, it is believed, have a tendency to solidify Republican ranks in that State broken at some points through matters connected with the administration of Governor Tanner. Fifer was governor for four years, being the immediate predecessor of John P. Altgeld, who defeated him for reelection in 1892.

The various statements made about Signor Crispi's health have reference more to the cataract from which he is suffering than to bodily weakness. The doctors hesitate to perform an operation, because of his age, which is just that of Queen Victoria; but the veteran Italian statesman declares that sight is more to him than the mere possession of life in darkness. He insists that he feels quite strong enough to stand the shock of the operation. He has been heard to exclaim, bringing his fist down on the table emphatically: "If Leo the Thirteenth, feeble as he is, at eighty-nine, could survive the removal of a cyst, I, strong and well, at eighty, can surely go through the cutting of a cataract."

In describing the operation which was recently performed on her in Paris, Yvette Guilbert said to a *Figaro* correspondent: "It is as simple as anything. They cut a button-hole in your back just big enough to let out the kidney, of which the doctors relieve you as easily as though it were a useless piece of furniture. Then they sew up the button-hole again, and there you are. I shall have only one kidney when I re-appear at the Folies-Bergères in February. It will be an additional attraction." It seems that Mlle. Guilbert has been suffering from nephritis for a long time. The first symptoms declared themselves shortly after her initial season in New York, four years ago. She attributes her illness to overwork and tight lacing.

Cardinal Luigi Orgelia, who has just been appointed by the Pope as one of his assistants in the opening ceremonies of Holy Year, is one of the most important members of the Catholic hierarchy. He is the dean of the Sacred College of Cardinals and also *camerlingo* of the Catholic Church, the office held by Pope Leo before his elevation to the pontificate. In case of the death of the Pope, Cardinal Orgelia would, by virtue of his office, become acting Pope until the successorship to the throne of St. Peter's is determined. It would be his duty to make the official announcement of the death of the Pontiff and to place the seal upon the pontifical property. He would also preside over the conclave of cardinals called to elect the new Pope.

STEVENSON'S LETTERS.

Extracts from His Correspondence with His Family and Friends—
 Sidney Colvin's Introduction—Stevenson's Views of
 "The Little Minister" and Kipling.

In the autumn of 1888, in the Island of Tahiti, during an illness which he supposed might be his last, Robert Louis Stevenson put into the hands of his step-son, Lloyd Osbourne, a sealed paper with the request that it should be opened after his death. Six years later, when he passed away at his Samoan home, the manuscript was opened and found to contain, among other things, the expression of his wish that his dear friend, Sidney Colvin, keeper of the prints in the British Museum, should prepare for publication "a selection of his letters and a sketch of his life." The journal-letters written to Mr. Colvin from his Samoan home, being the readiest material at hand, were accordingly published in 1895, entitled "Vailima Letters." The scanty leisure of an official life (chiefly employed, as it was for several years, in seeing his friend's collected and posthumous works through the press) did not allow Mr. Colvin to complete the remainder of his task; but the result of his recent labors, "The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson," in two volumes, covers such a wide scope, and is so satisfactory both in taste and arrangement, that we can readily overlook the delay.

In his critical study of Stevenson's personality and position in literature, he says:

By his study of perfection in form and style, he might seem destined to give pleasure chiefly to the fastidious and the artistically minded. But as to its matter, the main appeal of his work is not to any mental tastes and fashions of the few; it is rather to universal hereditary instincts, to the primitive sources of imagination, excitement, and entertainment in the race. By virtue, then, of this double appeal of form and matter; by his special hold upon the young, in whose spirit so much of his best work was done by his unceasing influence upon other writers; by the spell which he still exercises from the grave, and exercises most strongly on those who are most familiar with the best company, whether of the living or of the dead—Stevenson's name and memory, so far as can be judged at present, seem destined not to dwindle, but to grow.

While of the letters he remarks:

Stevenson's letters at their best . . . come nearer than anything else to the full-blooded charm and variety of his conversation. . . . Those whom his writings charm and impress, but who never knew him, can but imagine how doubly they would have been charmed and impressed by his presence. Few men probably, certainly none that I have ever seen or read of, have had about them such a richness and variety of human nature, and few can ever have been better gifted than he was to express the play of being that was in him by means of the apt, expressive word and the animated look and gesture. *Divers et oisifs*, in the words of Montaigne, beyond other men, he seemed to contain within himself a whole troop of singularly assorted characters—the poet and artist, the moralist and preacher, the humorist and jester, the man of heart and conscience, the man of eager appetite and curiosity, the Bohemian, impatient of restraint and shams, the adventurer and lover of travel and of action—characters several of them, not rare separately, especially among his Scottish fellow-countrymen, but rare indeed to be found united, and each in such fullness and intensity, within the bounds of a single personality.

We have already quoted extensively from these letters, especially those referring to his Bohemian life in San Francisco, but there are so many charming new glimpses of Stevenson's career and writings in the completed work—which contains twice as many letters as were published in the installments which appeared in *Scribner's Magazine* during the year—that we are sure our readers will eagerly peruse the following additional extracts. Here is a specimen of his boyish style, written in 1866:

RESPECTED PATERNAL RELATIVE: I write to make a request of the most moderate nature. Every year I have cost you an enormous—nay, elephantine—sum of money for drugs and physician's fees, and the most expensive time of the twelve months was March.

But this year the biting Oriental blasts, the howling tempests, and the general ailments of the human race have been successfully braved by your truly.

Does not this deserve remuneration?

I appeal to your charity, I appeal to your generosity, I appeal to your justice, I appeal to your accounts, I appeal, in fine, to your purse. My sense of generosity forbids the receipt of more—my sense of justice forbids the receipt of less—than half a crown. Greeting, sir, Your most affectionate and needy son, R. STEVENSON.

From Mentone, he writes to Mr. Colvin under date of January 27, 1874:

MY DEAR FRIEND: Last night I had a quarrel with the American on politics. It is odd how it irritates you to hear certain political statements made. He was excited, and he began suddenly to abuse our conduct to America. I, of course, admitted right and left that we had behaved disgracefully (as we had); until somehow I got tired of turning alternate cheeks and getting duly buffeted; and when he said that the Alabama money had not wiped out the injury, I suggested, in language (I remember) of admirable directness and force, that it was a pity he had taken the money in that case. He lost his temper at once, and cried out that his dearest wish was a war with England; whereupon I also lost my temper, and, thundering at the pitch of my voice, I left him and went away by myself to another part of the garden. A very tender reconciliation took place, and I think there will come no more harm out of it. We are both of us nervous people, and he had had a very long walk and a good deal of beer at dinner; that explains the scene a little. But I regret having employed so much of the voice with which I have been endowed, as I fear every person in the hotel was taken into confidence as to my sentiments, just at the very juncture when neither the sentiment, nor (perhaps) the language had been sufficiently considered. R. L. S.

One of the most beautiful letters in the whole collection is written to W. E. Henley, after the death of one of Stevenson's oldest friends, James Walter Ferrier. He writes:

When I knew you I had six friends. Bob, I had by nature; then came the good James Walter, with all his failings, the gentleman of the lot; alas! to sink so low; alas! to do so little; but now, thank God, in his quiet rest. Next I found Baxter. Well do I remember telling Walter "I had unearthed a W. S. that I thought would do." . . . Fourth came Simpson; somewhere about the same time I began to get intimate with Jenkins; last came Colvin. Then, one black winter afternoon, long Leslie Stephen, in his velvet jacket, met me in the Spec by appointment, took me over to the infirmary, and in the crackling, hlinghting gaslight showed me that old head whose excellent representation I see before me in the photograph. Now, when a man has six friends, to introduce a seventh is usually hopeless. Yet when you were presented you took to them and they to you, upon the nail. You must have been a fine fellow, and what a singular fortune I must have had in my six friends, that you should take to all.

To Miss Monroe, he writes of his poor health fromournemouth, June, 1886:

I am still in bed and stupid, incoherently stupid; yet I have to answer your letter, and if the answer is incomprehensible you must for-

give me. . . . The interest taken in an author is fragile; his next book, or your next year of culture, might see the interest frosted or outgrown; and himself, in spite of all, you might probably find the most distasteful person upon earth. My case is different. I have had health, am often condemned to silence for days together—was so once for six weeks, so that my voice was awful to hear when I first used it, like the whisper of a shadow—have outlived all my chief pleasures, which were active and adventurous, and ran in the open air; and being a person who prefers life to art, and who knows it is a far finer thing to be in love, or to risk a danger, than to paint the finest picture or write the noblest book, I begin to regard what remains to me of my life as very shadowy. I am ashamed to confess I was much in this humor when your letter came. I had a good many troubles; was regretting a high average of sins; I had been recently reminded that I had outlived some friends, and wondering if I had not outlived some friends; and had just, while hoasting of better health, been struck down again by my haunting enemy, an enemy who was exciting at first, but has now, by the iteration of his strokes, become merely annoying and inexpressibly irksome. Can you fancy that to a person drawing toward the elderly this sort of conjunction of circumstance brings a rather aching sense of the past and the future? Well, it was just then that your letter and your photograph were brought to me in bed; and there came to me at once the most agreeable sense of triumph. My hooks were still young; my words had their good health, and could go about the world and make themselves welcome; and even make something in the nature of friends for the sheer hulk that stays at home and hites his pen over the manuscripts.

In a letter to William Archer, from Tahiti, October 17, 1888, he addresses this bit of nonsense to Archer's three-year-old son, Thomas, rather to amuse himself than his nominal correspondent:

You may care to hear, Tomarcher, about the children in these parts; their parents obey them, they do not obey their parents; and I am sorry to tell you (for I daresay you are already thinking the idea a good one) that it does not pay one half-penny. There are three sorts of civilization, Tomarcher: the real old-fashioned one, in which children either had to find out how to please their dear papas, or their dear papas cut their heads off. This style did very well, but is now out of fashion. Then the modern European style, in which children have to behave reasonably well, and go to school, and say their prayers, or their dear papas will know the reason why. This does fairly well. Then there is the South Sea Island plan, which does not do one hit. The children heat their parents here; it does not make their parents any better; so do not try it.

In describing the society of Apia, Samoa, where he was about to establish his home, he wrote to E. J. Burlingame:

Three consuls, all at loggerheads with one another, or at the best in a clique of two against one; three different sets of missionaries, not upon the best of terms; and the Catholics and Protestants in a condition of unhealthy ill-feeling as to whether a wooden drum ought or ought not to be beaten to announce the time of school—the pertinacity of this dispute and the importance attached to it by the Catholics is something not to be conceived. The native population, very gentle, very sonful, very agreeable, very good-looking, chronically spoiling for a fight. As for the white population, I don't suppose it is possible for any person not thoroughly conversant with the South Seas to form the smallest conception of such a society, with its grog-shops, its apparently unemployed hangers-on, and its merchants of all degrees of respectability and the reverse.

On December 20, 1890, in a letter to Henry James, he said of Kipling:

Kipling is by far the most promising young man who has appeared since—ahem—I appeared. He amazes me by his precocity and various endowment. But he alarms me by his copiousness and haste. He should shield his fire with both hands "and draw up all his strength and sweetness in one hall." ("Draw all his strength and all His sweetness up into one hall") I can not remember Marvel's words.) So the critics have been saying to me; but I was never capable of—and surely never guilty of—such a debauch of production. At this rate his works will soon fill the habitable globe; and surely he was armed for better conflicts than these succinct sketches and flying leaves of verse? I look on, I admire, I rejoice for myself; but in a kind of anxiety we all have for our tongue and literature, I am wounded. If I had this man's fertility and courage, it seems to me I could heave a pyramid. Well, we begin to be the old fogies now; and it was high time something rose to take our places. Certainly Kipling has the gifts; the fairy godmothers were all tipsy at his christening; what will he do with them?

Stevenson thought "The Little Minister" should have ended badly. Writing to James Barrie, under date of November 1, 1892, he declares:

We all know it did; and we are infinitely grateful to you for the grace and good feeling with which you lied about it. If you had told the truth, I for one could never have forgiven you. As you had conceived and written the earlier parts, the truth about the end, though indisputably true to fact, would have been a lie, or what is worse, a discord in art. If you are going to make a book end badly, it must end badly from the beginning. Now your book began to end well. You let yourself fall in love with, and fondle, and smile at your puppets. Once you had done that your honor was committed—at the cost of truth to life you were bound to save them.

The last letter he wrote was to Edmund Gosse, dated December 1, 1894, only three days before his death. It acknowledged the dedication to "Tusitala" of that gentleman's volume of poems, "In Russet and Silver," just received:

Let me speak first of the dedication. I thank you for it from the heart. It is beautifully said, beautifully and kindly felt; and I should be a churl, indeed, if I were not grateful, and an ass if I were not proud. I remember when Symonds dedicated a book to me; I wrote and told him of "the pang of gratified vanity" with which I had read it. The pang was present again, but how much more soher and autumnal—like your volume. Let me tell you a story, or remind you of a story. In the year of grace something or other, anything between '76 and '78, I mentioned to you, in my usual autobiographical and inconsiderate manner, that I was hard up. You said promptly that you had a balance at your banker's, and could make it convenient to let me have a check, and I accepted and got the money—how much was it?—twenty, or perhaps thirty pounds? I know not—but it was a great convenience. The same evening, or the next day, I fell in conversation (in my usual autobiographical and . . . see above) with a denizen of the Savile Club, name now gone from me, only his figure and a dim three-quarter view of his face remaining. To him I mentioned that you had given me a loan, remarking easily that, of course, it didn't matter to you. Whereupon he read me a lecture, and told me how it really stood with you financially. He was pretty serious, fearing, as I could not help perceiving, that I should take too light a view of the responsibility and the service (I was always thought too light—the irresponsible jester—you remember. O, quantum multatus ab illo!) If I remember rightly, the money was repaid before the end of the week—or to be more exact and a trifle pedantic, the night—but the service has never been forgotten; and I send you back this piece of ancient history *consula Plauto*, as a salute for your dedication, and propose that we should drink the health of the nameless one who opened my eyes as to the true nature of what you did for me on that occasion.

Among the other well-known men of letters and artists, both deceased and living, with whom he corresponded, were P. G. Hamerton, J. A. Symonds, F. Locker Lampson, William Morris, Will H. Low, Augustus St. Gaudens, Cosmo Monkhouse, Theodore Watts-Dunton, S. R. Crockett, Dr. Conan Doyle, M. Marcel Schwob, James Payn, Henry James, and others.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, two volumes, \$5.00.

THE "GET-RICH-QUICK" SWINDLE.

How Miller's "Franklin Syndicate" Gulled the New York Public—Big Interest Paid out of New Deposits—An Endless Chain that Burst.

"There's a sucker born every minute—and sometimes two," was a favorite aphorism with Pat Sheedy, a gambler once well-known on this island of Manhattan, and its truth has been amply demonstrated in the past few days by the "Franklin Syndicate" swindle. The plain fact appears to be that, dazzled by a preposterous promise that they would receive ten per cent. dividends weekly on all moneys deposited with the concern, thousands of "suckers" have for months been pouring their savings into the "syndicate's" coffers, until the takings must amount to about \$3,000,000.

The business was started some two years ago, one William F. Miller, a Brooklyn lad of twenty-one, figuring as its responsible manager. Before that he had been employed as a clerk at five dollars a week in two tea-stores, and had been discharged from each for spending more time in bucket-shops than at his duties. But he was a plausible talker and president of a Christian Endeavor Society in Brooklyn, and when he told his young friends that by using "inside information" in Wall Street he could clear more than enough to pay people who lent him money ten per cent. a week on their loans, many were persuaded to let him have a few dollars. The interest was always paid promptly, the lucky ones told their friends of the good thing they had found, and the business thrived. Then Miller moved into the house at 144 Floyd Street, and hung out the sign of the "Franklin Syndicate."

The police were naturally attracted to Miller's transactions, but the upper-office men said they could do nothing until there was some evidence of crime, and they had heard of no depositor who had failed to receive his weekly dividend promptly on demand. Members of the police force themselves became depositors, and post-office clerks, and type-writers, and washerwomen, and factory bands, and small shop-keepers—poor people of all descriptions who believed that this young Napoleon of finance was at last turning the tables on the Goulds, and Vanderbilts, and Rockefellers by beating them at their own game in the stock market. And not only was all Brooklyn drawn into the scheme, but deposits began to come in from New Jersey, Connecticut, Ohio, the South, and even from Canada and the Pacific Coast.

Finally the banks became alarmed. One of them had received in one day drafts from all parts of the country, signed by the Franklin Syndicate and presumably in payment for the ten-per-cent. dividends, amounting to \$7,000. This represented \$70,000 in deposits in one day, the interest on which was paid by one bank alone, and Miller had deposits in several banks, besides paying many dividends in cash over his counter. The Protection Committee of the American Bankers' Association made an investigation, and laid the results before the grand jury of Kings County, with the effect that, after examining other witnesses, some of whom had been denied their original deposits upon demand within the week, an indictment was handed up charging Miller and his advertising agent, Cecil Lester, with conspiracy. The warrants for their arrest, however, were not served at once, and the two birds escaped. Miller had been at the office until one o'clock, when he had stuffed the deposits received up to that hour into a valise and gone away with them. It was his custom, it seems, to carry off the "take" from the mails and over the counter three times every day. Since that afternoon Miller has not been seen.

When the police seized the place in the evening, they found that \$13,000 had been taken in over the counter since Miller's noonday clean-up. Later, it was learned that postal orders and checks, estimated at \$20,000, arrived by mail on Saturday and Sunday—but this, of course, was returned to the senders. From statements made by late employees of the syndicate it is calculated that the daily receipts of the concern in the past two months have been about \$13,000 by mail and \$17,000 over the counter, or \$30,000 a day. This would amount in two months to nearly one and one-half millions of dollars. Another manner of getting an idea of the magnitude of the concern's operations is to be found in the fact that in the Floyd Street house were found some fifteen thousand checks for sums ranging from one to seventy dollars, signed by the syndicate and evidently ready to be mailed as interest to the depositors. Captain Lees, of the Brooklyn police, who has them in charge, says that they average about \$20, which would be \$300,000 in the aggregate, and, if this is the ten per cent. of the present sum of deposits, they represent a total of \$3,000,000.

The most curious part of the whole thing is that the scheme is not new. It has been cropping up here and in other parts of the country at intervals of two or three years for a couple of decades past. Back in 1878 Mrs. Sarah E. Howe established a "woman's bank" in Boston which was to receive deposits only from poor women and would pay them seven per cent. a month. It collapsed after about \$100,000 had been taken in, and Mrs. Howe was sent to prison for three years for swindling. Then there was the "Pittsburg pool" in 1893 and the "Fund W" in Chicago, and, more infamous still, the operations by which Jabez Spencer Balfour swindled English small investors out of no less than \$33,000,000. In this city the thing began with the notorious E. S. Dean Company, and it is regarded by many as a significant fact that the counsel for that swindle is the same lawyer who is now representing Miller. Moreover, it is said that a mysterious individual whom the clerks at the Floyd Street house described as "the whole thing when Miller was away" has also figured in the background of several similar operations in the past. It would prove very interesting when Miller is caught, as he eventually must be, if he turns State's evidence and shows that all these swindles have been the work of the same fine Italian hand.

NEW YORK, November 31, 1899.

FLANEUR.

LITERARY NOTES.

A Head-Devil of Chinatown.

The reason why the Chinatown of San Francisco, with its infinite possibilities of tragedy, pathos, and mystery, has never been adequately treated as a field of fiction by local writers, becomes apparent when one has read "The Shadow of Quong Lung," by Dr. C. W. Doyle. Ed. Mott has shown the Chinatown of New York in the strong sketches of the "chinks" and debased white women who are its most salient feature. But here the Chinese have retained their Oriental ways, and to write of them sympathetically and from the inside, so to speak, one must have lived among and studied the Orientals, as Dr. Doyle has done. He first gave evidence of his knowledge of those highly civilized barbarians in his "Taming of the Jungle," and even better evidence of it is contained in "The Shadow of Quong Lung," where the Oriental still maintains his peculiar characteristics even when set down in the midst of Western civilization.

Those who read Dr. Doyle's story, "The Seats of Judgment," which won the prize offered by the *Argonaut* in 1898, have but to recall it to know the general character of the five interrelated short stories that make up "The Shadow of Quong Lung." Quong Lung is a Chinese slave-master who adds to the craft and cruelty of the Oriental the command of practical methods accruing from the Occidental's mastery of the forces of nature. Ostensibly a merchant, he is really ruler of the strongest order of highbinders in Chinatown and owner of many female slaves. A graduate of Yale and a barrister of the Inner Temple, London, he prefers to the degree of Master of Arts that of Master of Accidents, the contriver of sinister events that blight all who cross his path and fall under "the shadow of Quong Lung."

In the first tale, "The Illumination of Lee Moy"—which tells of a fair white Samaritan's efforts to save a little blind China boy whose mother drugs him with gin in order that he may enjoy bright visions—Quong Lung looms large and sinister in the background. But in the others he is a central figure, the one to whom his many spies bring information of young wives who may be stolen for his dens, and who directs the unscrupulous plots that bring fluttering victims into his snares. His evil career moves on as irresistibly and as unrelentlessly as the course of the juggernaut-car until the final tale, "The Seats of Judgment," when he is himself destroyed in the diabolical machine he has made an opium-crazed American electrician construct for him.

There is the fascination of Stevenson's "New Arabian Nights" and that other Dr. Doyle's "Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" about "The Shadow of Quong Lung," and we can bespeak for it a wide popularity.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.25. jabart

The Dodge Calendars.

He would indeed be a captious person who could not select a suitable gift for a friend from the half-dozen holiday calendars which the Dodge Stationery Company of this city have brought out. It is difficult to decide which is the most handsome, but Edw. Mayer's "The Little Minister Calendar" (price, \$1.50) and Gertrude Partington's "The American Girl Calendar" (price, \$1.00), both printed on Japan proof-paper and mounted on boards will doubtless become the greatest favorites. Mr. Mayer's drawings represent the bewitching Lady Babbie and her lover, the little minister, in six notable scenes from James Barrie's popular novel, while Miss Partington's calendar gives us characteristic pictures of the American girl from 1860 up to the present day. The cover-drawing represents a pair of Colonial lovers "Coming Through the Rye," then follows "A Belle of 1760," "The Girl of 1900," "A Daughter of New England," "In the Days of 1670," and "A Society Girl"—all charmingly conceived and beautified with costumes and surroundings in keeping with the time.

The "Owl'd Wood Calendar" (price, \$1.50) is decidedly unique, being composed of two paper owls resting on the twig of an oak-tree under which is the inscription, "The moping owl doth to the moon complain." The background is burnt-wood work, which is all the rage now, and the whole makes a pretty ornament for a room.

The other calendars are "The Coon Calendar" (price, \$1.00), by H. Freck, which consists of half a dozen studies of little darkeys in various poses; a new edition of "The California Missions" (price, 75 cents), printed in colors and especially suited for mailing to distant friends or relatives; and "The Madonna Calendar" (price, \$1.00), including half-tone reproductions of Carlo Dolce's "St. Cecilia," Bouguereau's "Consolation of the Virgin" and "Madonna and Child," Sassoferrato's "Madonna at Prayer," and "The Virgin," and Guido Reni's "Magdalen." With the exception of the "Owl'd Wood Calendar," all the above-mentioned calendars are printed in cheaper grades at half the price.

Published by the Dodge Stationery Company, San Francisco. jabart

The End of France as a World Power.

The period treated in Francis Parkman's great work, "Montcalm and Wolfe"—1748 to 1765—is the most important of any in which the fate of this

continent has been in the balance. Another historian has said, fitly, "With the triumph of Wolfe on the Heights of Abraham began the history of the United States"; and the event that gave one nation great opportunities which were grasped with ready hands, was to another the disastrous close of an era that had seemed full of promise. The insignificant colonial war made England a mighty nation, and took away from France a glory she had long possessed and flaunted among the powers. From great stretches of country in the New World the French possessions were reduced to two island rocks, of value to fishermen only, and all that France lost England gained.

America has had no writer of history more brilliant than Parkman, none more patient in research, more able in judgment. His works are monuments of scholarship, and will continue eminent. This edition is a re-issue of the work produced in 1884, but made more attractive in many ways, and a notable specimen of the book-maker's art. There are some forty portraits, from original paintings, rare mezzotints and contemporaneous prints, numerous maps, and the index is complete.

Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, two volumes, \$6.00. jabart

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Beatrice Harraden is visiting her friends, the Kendalls, at El Cajon, in Southern California. She expects to return to England in the spring and go to Norway and begin serious work upon her new novel, which she will allow herself two or three years to finish. The serial rights of the story have been sold in advance. Miss Harraden has written a play, a comedy with a back-ground of intellectuality.

Hadleigh in Essex, England, where the Salvation Army's farm colony is situated, is the scene of the new novel on which Arthur Morrison is at present working.

"Mrs. John Drew's Reminiscences," which have been running as a serial in *Scribner's Magazine*, have just been published in book-form by Charles Scribner's Sons.

The first article of Henryk Sienkiewicz to appear in an American magazine will appear in the December *Century*. It is called "The Judgment of Peter and Paul on Olympus," and is translated by Jeremiah Curtin. This has not yet been published in Polish.

Ernest Seton-Thompson's "Wild Animals I Have Known" is already in its twenty-third thousand.

A new illustrated edition of "Sidney Lee's Life of Shakespeare" is announced, with slightly revised text. This, it will be remembered, was first published in the "Dictionary of National Biography." There are to be a number of pictures of Elizabethan London and several portraits of the poet.

"Parson Kelly," a new historical novel by A. E. W. Mason, the author of "The Courtship of Morrice Buckler," has just been published by Longmans, Green & Co.

The long-expected biography of Huxley, prepared by his son, is nearly ready for publication. It is of a varied nature, and will interest, not scientific people only, but all educated readers.

Winston Spencer Churchill's account of the recovery of the Sudan, "The River War," in two volumes, has been published by Longmans, Green & Co.

For the Book Number of the *Independent* (November 24) Professor Harry Thurston Peck gives this list as representing, in his opinion, the best six novels of the year, arranged in the order of their literary merit: 1. "The Greater Inclination," by Edith Wharton; 2. "David Harum," by E. N. Westcott; 3. "The Maternity of Harriott Wicken," by Mrs. Dudeney; 4. "Richard Carvel," by Winston Churchill; 5. "The Market Place," by Harold Frederic; and 6. "When Knighthood Was in Flower," by Charles Major.

"Ben Hur" has reached the large total of 640,000 copies. This has largely been accomplished without the aid of reviewing or advertising, and as such is a significant fact.

Longmans, Green & Co. have brought out two charming new books for children—"The Red Book of Animal Stories," edited by Andrew Lang, and "The Golliwogg in War," by Florence and Bertha Upton.

The original manuscript of Kipling's now famous poem, "The Absent-Minded Beggar," was auctioned off in London by the *Daily Mail* the other day, and brought \$2,525, the purchaser being Mr. Joseph Bibby, of Liverpool, editor of *Bibby's Quarterly*. "Many manuscripts of great men of times long gone have realized high prices," remarks the *Daily Mail*, "but we doubt if any short manuscript of a nineteenth-century author—four verses of a poem—has ever realized \$2,525; certainly never in the life-time of the writer of the manuscript." Adding the \$1,250 paid for it originally by the *Daily Mail*, the record price of \$3,775 has been obtained. It may be added that in the various ways in which the poem has been put to use, on the stage, and in the press, more than \$50,000 has been realized for the funds devoted to the families of British soldiers and sailors. jabart

You have missed a great feast of humor if you have not read "How to Cook Husbands"

4th EDITION. Holiday binding, leather, \$1.25; cloth, \$1.00

The Boston Beacon says: "The author has a keen sense of the ridiculous, and her accounts abound in wit that, like Benjamin Franklin's, calls forth a laugh for its fun, and at the same time conveys a sermon that sticks to the memory like a burr."

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The new magazine which the Macmillan Company will issue on January 1st is to be called the *International Monthly*. Edward Rod will lead with an article on "Later Evolution in French Criticism"; Professor N. S. Shaler will follow with "The Influence of the Sun upon the Foundation of the Earth's Surface"; Professor John Trowbridge on "Recent Advance in Physical Science"; Norman Hapgood on "The Theatrical Syndicate"; and Charles de Kay on "The Association of American Artists."

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Gilbert Parker has written a new novel of French-Canadian life, which is to be published next spring.

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THE BOOK OF THE SEASON FOR CHILDREN.

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PUBLISHER.

LITERARY NOTES.

A King, an Empress, and a Soldier Lad.

Somewhat "The Lively Adventures of Gavin Hamilton," by Molly Elliot Seawell, misses its mark. Its hero is such another gallant youth as he described in her popular "Little Jarvis," not in American history this time, but in the mighty conflict between the Empress-Queen Maria Theresa of Austria and King Frederick of Prussia. "Little Jarvis" was an historical monograph, while "Gavin Hamilton" assumes to be an historical novel, and as such it is a trifle insipid.

In the first place, it lacks a love interest. A son fighting to rehabilitate his mother, denied without reason by her husband, is a noble spectacle, but it has not the universal attraction of the man who does and dares for the love of a maid. Moreover, Gavin, though nineteen, and a veteran of two years' campaigning, is a bit too childish now and then to be a very admirable figure. He is brave, physically and morally, flinching neither at the immediate prospect of being hanged as a spy nor at the necessity of dropping his father out of a palace window when that individual speaks slightly of his mother. But his happiness is as boisterously expressed as that of a colt; and he is not one of the heroes who can remain on his pedestal after being made ridiculous.

The adventures he has are not very thrilling either in themselves or as they are described, and the book falls back for its best element on the intimate pictures it affords of Frederick and Maria Theresa. The former is shown in his private life, a brilliant talker and a devoted musician, whimsical and elfish, and yet always a born ruler of men. And the empress-queen is also shown in a more pleasing light than that in which the historians have generally painted her—a wise and loving wife and womanly woman, as well as a wise sovereign and lion-hearted defender of her people's rights.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

tell bright little tales about wholesome people. Moreover, the book may be useful to beginners in the game as an exercise to give glibness in its peculiar idioms.

Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price, \$1.00.

Brother Joe Kipling.

The London *Academy* publishes the following amusing poem entitled "Brother Joe," which has been inspired by the fact that Rudyard Kipling has recently joined an Edinburgh Masonic lodge, and is fraternally styled "Brother Joe":

I chanced to be at Rottingdean upon a little trip;
I met a fellow Mason there and gave the man the grip;

"What ho," I said, "my Rudyard!" But his look was cold as snow:

"My name, you ought to understand," he said, "is Brother Joe."

O it's Rudyard this, and Kipling that, with poems, tales, and such,
And Rudyard Kipling is a name that can't be known too much.

O it's Rudyard this, and Kipling that, with any writing dodge,
But it's Brother Joseph Kipling when he joins a blooming lodge.

I went into a library to get a book to read,
The man behind the counter asked: "What is it, sir, you need?"

"I want," I said, "the latest thing that Joseph Kipling's done."

"Go on," he said, "you're having me. Joe Kip? There isn't one."

O it's Brother Joe, and Joseph, when insignias are out,

And knives and forks are busy and the bottle goes about,

It's "Brother Joe from India" where'er the Masons throng,

But it's Rudyard Kipling only when he writes a blooming song.

As a delicate bit of satire the *Academy* announces that the poem is not copyrighted.

The Christmas Century.

Among the many entertaining features of the Christmas number of the *Century Magazine* are the second installments of "The Cromwell History," by John Morley, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's "The Autobiography of a Quack," and Ernest Seton-Thompson's "The Biography of a Grizzly"; the fourth chapter of Joshua Slocum's "Sailing Alone Around the World," dealing with his voyage from Samoa to Australia and Tasmania; "A Provençal Christmas Transcript," by Thomas A. Janvier; "The Art of Seeing Things," by John Burroughs; "One of Two Millions in East London," by Sir Walter Besant; several entertaining short stories, including "The Kid Hangs Up his Stocking," by Jacob A. Riis; "The Matrimonial Opportunities of Maria Pratt," by Virginia Woodward Cloud; "McCribben Sues the City," by Harry Stillwell Edwards; "Glass Houses: A Psychological Comedy," by Gelett Burgess; and verse by Edith M. Thomas, Marian Warner Wildman, James Jeffrey Roche, and Henry Sienkiewicz.

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The experience of the person who, with an imperfect knowledge of German, tries to make out the jokes in *Fliegende Blätter* and is stumped by the spread-letter words, is very much like that of the novice in golf who reads "Drives and Puts," by Walter Camp and Lilian Brooks. For example, the pretty little romance of the Apollo-like Arnold, Helen Thornton, and loyal Jackie Thomas runs along smoothly enough until, in the tender twilight, Arnold draws the girl gently to him and exclaims: "Oh, bother the score! Let's call it one off two."

That is all very well for the fluent golfer, but it is just a bit mystifying as a *mot de la fin* to the uninitiated. However, the use of a golf dictionary will make the eleven stories in the book intelligible, and with comprehension comes enjoyment of them, for they

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LITERARY NOTES.

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Tom is such another gentle, honest, sterling creature as Puddin'head Wilson. Misunderstood and hated by his aristocratic Southern father and brothers, he retires to a cross-roads in the North Carolina mountains, and there adopts a little girl whose mother dies in giving her birth. He makes it his life work to see that no cloud, not even that which obscures her antecedents, shall cast a shadow on her happiness, and in return her love compensates him for the secret loneliness of his life before she came. The picture of their perfect trust and sympathy is a very pretty one.

Another thread of the story deals with the tragedy of her mother's brief life—the undoing of a trusting girl; the sacrifice of her fanatical brother, who perishes his soul in order that their mother shall not know her shame; the remorse and sufferings of the brilliant young preacher who betrayed her; his life-long friendship with the unsuspecting brother; and the final tragedy when that brother learns of his friend's duplicity. In setting forth these facts Mrs. Burnett has spoken many solemn truths on social, moral, and religious questions.

Still a third element is the history of the De Willoughby family, typical Southern aristocrats of the ante-bellum days, whose light almost goes out in the neurotic and stimulant-craving product of a long line of high living, but is revived in the son who hates his dissipated father for having broken his mother's heart. This lad is Tom de Willoughby's nephew, to whom he gives his adopted child, and it is he and Tom who push the De Willoughby Claim against the government, which gives the book its name. All these themes are interwoven into a complicated yet simple tale, which is full of dramatic scenes and well-drawn characters.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

When Villains Were Heroes.

The growth of detail in the history of literature is one of the notable characteristics of this productive age. Most contributions to that branch of knowledge are marked by research and study, but few are so entertaining as "Romances of Roguery," by Frank Wadleigh Chandler. The volume, which is the third in the Columbia University Studies of Literature Series, presents what the author styles "an episode in the history of the novel," and has to do with the Picaresque novel in Spain, undoubtedly the original field of action of the figure that succeeded the mediæval hero of chivalry.

The Spanish *pícaro* is a rogue—part villain, part gentleman—who lives by trickery or robbery, and who wins distinction by his success in evading the punishment he deserves. One of the earliest and most famous of these rogues of romance is Lazarillo de Tormes, whose adventures include wonderfully varied experiences, from stealing the treasure of a dying hermit to the cruel baiting of a blind beggar. This Lazarillo has had a thousand imitators, and his influence has been felt throughout the fiction of all countries, but the type degenerated, and in time disappeared.

In the romances of this description there is little dialogue or attempt at character-drawing. Society is satirized, the army, the state, and, to a lesser degree, the church, because the power of the Inquisition was then at its height. In all departments of society the roguery of the *pícaro* is only a little bit more subtle than that of the judge, the soldier, or the bishop. Adventure follows adventure. Mr. Chandler's view of the field is close and comprehensive and his conclusions authoritative. An extended bibliography is one of the valuable portions of the volume, while the indexing is thoroughly done.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York, for the Columbia University Press; price, \$2.00.

Two Volumes on the Santiago Campaign.

Captain John Bigelow, Jr., well known as the author of the "Principles of Strategy," a valuable book on military tactics, has written a volume entitled "Reminiscences of the Santiago Campaign," which has been creating much comment in both army and navy circles. Captain Bigelow has made no attempt to write a history of the late war, but simply gives "a narration of what an officer participating in that campaign saw, felt, and thought, with such explanations and suggestions as his observations and reflections prompted." He writes modestly throughout, and has much to say of the work of the regulars in general and the colored troops in particular. The most important chapter—which should certainly be read by every officer in the United States Army—is the concluding one, in

which Captain Bigelow carefully discusses the whole military question as concerned with the United States. It presents a competent soldier's clear statement of the present situation, points out the radical defects of our system, and proposes what are in the author's opinion the best plans to remedy those defects. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25.

Major-General Joseph Wheeler's "The Santiago Campaign," on the other hand, is a distinct disappointment, for while he was intimately connected with all the movements leading up to the surrender of Santiago, there is comparatively little original matter in the entire three hundred and seventy pages. It is made up principally of reports of subordinate officers and articles reprinted from the *Army and Navy Journal*, *Harper's Weekly*, *New York Herald*, *Times*, and *Sun*—in short, nearly all the important events in which we are most interested are described and criticized, not by the writer, but unknown correspondents. Nearly one hundred and thirty pages are given up to the dispatches in the Santiago campaign, which form by themselves a continuous official, but rather disjointed, story.

Published by Drexel Biddle, Philadelphia; price, \$2.50.

New Publications.

"Punctuation Practically Illustrated," by Kate O'Neill, is a manual of value for students and correspondents. Published by A. Lowell & Co., New York.

All but one of the stories in "The Wanderings of Coco," by Florence Kingston Hoffman, are of children, but they are well written and of interest. Published by Drexel Biddle, Philadelphia.

Robert Edgren has drawn fifteen illustrations for Kipling's poem, "Mandalay," and they are well printed in the dainty Lark edition. Published by Doxey, San Francisco; price, 75 cents.

"Lesser Destinies," by Samuel Gordon, is a story of low life in London by one who knows his field and can draw his characters well. Published by Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.25.

An illustrated edition of "The Heroes, or Greek Fairy Tales for My Children," by Charles Kingsley, is the latest issue in the Temple Classics for Young People. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

A romance of the French settlements in Louisiana, and of Paris in the days of Louis the Fourteenth, is "The Black Wolf's Breed," by Harris Dickson. It is packed with deeds of danger and daring. Published by the Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Ind.; price, \$1.50.

The "Autobiographical Sketch of Mrs. John Drew" possesses an interest which few volumes of dramatic reminiscences hold. Its brevity is to be deplored. There are some forty portraits in the volume, many of rare worth. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

Minna Caroline Smith has made a spirited translation of "Saragossa," one of the brilliant historical novels of B. Pérez Galdós, the Walter Scott of Spain, and the tale of the second siege of Aragon by the generals of Napoleon will stir all readers. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

Sentimental rambles in the eleven provinces of The Netherlands, the first taken in 1869 and the last nearly thirty years later, furnished the material for "The American in Holland," by William Elliot Griffis. The book is eminently readable. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

The story of the developers and the development of the new wonder is well told in "A History of Wireless Telegraphy, 1838-1899," by J. J. Fahie. It is of interest to general readers as well as to students, as it is written with a sparing use of technical terms. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$2.00.

The drawings that make up the volume "Plantation Sketches," by J. Campbell Phillips, are not only well done, from the artist's point of view, but each one has the interest of a story or incident suggested, often with a touch of sentiment. The book is handsomely printed. Published by R. H. Russell, New York; price, \$3.50.

Two old English ballads, from one of which comes that haunting refrain, "As We Sail by the Lowlands Low," are given in "The Golden Vanity, and The Green Bed," with illustrations in colors by Pamela Colman Smith, and music by H. Fleetwood Sheppard. The pictures are as quaintly attractive as the words of the songs. Published by the Doubleday & McClure Co., New York; price, \$2.50.

One could hardly visit Norway in more enlivening company than the party whose experiences make up the volume "Peaks and Pines." The author, J. A. Lees, thoroughly enjoys travel, hunting, and all outdoor sports, and his records are spirited and faithful pictures of things worth seeing. His humor is irrepressible, and there are many good anecdotes of other times in the book. The illustrations are notable. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

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LITERARY NOTES.

The Origin of the Jameson Raid.

A woman's review of the events that led up to the famous Jameson raid is the principal motive of "Some South African Recollections," by Mrs. Lionel Phillips, but aside from the history of that movement, written from intimate acquaintance, the volume has many good descriptions of people and conditions that have especial interest at this time. Mrs. Phillips was for years a resident of the country of the Boers, and her husband was one of the four "reformers" who were imprisoned and sentenced to death after the collapse of the designs on the Boer government. Her knowledge of the field of the present war and the affairs which brought on the conflict makes her book an interesting one in spite of the personal details and its discursive manner.

The sympathy of Mrs. Phillips is, of course, always with the Uitlanders, and the plans for the uprising and the capture of Pretoria she describes as the work of the "reform" movement, a term seemingly more euphonious than exact; Dr. Jameson, however, is severely scored. Her sketches of Boer character are fairly drawn in most instances, though her idea of the proper method of dealing with the settlers of the country is hardly justified. There are thirty-six fine illustrations in the volume, reproductions of photographs.

Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$2.50.

The Best Poetry for Children.

Mrs. Lucy W. Thacher has named her anthology of verse "The Listening Child," and the thought in the title is an illuminating one. The volume is made up of selections from the stores of English poetry, from that of Chaucer to the rhymes of Robert Louis Stevenson, and beautiful and inspiring as the poems are, many of them will require to be read to the children rather than by them. In the introductory note, by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, this fact is noticed, and the suggestion and encouragement in the plan of the work pointed out.

The volume will commend itself to all who are called upon to choose the best reading for young people. There are many collections of poetry, but none so carefully chosen and arranged for its purpose as this. A large proportion of the selections are from the choicest lyrics, though some familiar names are missing, through the limitation of copyrights. Mrs. Thacher gave many hours of study and care to the preparation of the work, all, by the way, while enjoying the quiet of a California ranch home, and the welcome it has received is no more than a just recognition of her labors.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

New Publications.

Forty of the humorous sketches by Charles Battell Loomis have been collected from the pages of the various periodicals in which they were first published, and now appear in a volume entitled "The Four-Masted Cat-Boat, and Other Truthful Tales." Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

No little interest will be found in the descriptions which accompany the pictures in Charles Dana Gibson's "Sketches in Egypt." The artist is first, of course, but the author is not to be neglected by those who open this attractive volume. Published by the Doubleday & McClure Company, New York; price, \$3.00.

Thrilling stories of actual events in the history of the country are told in "Pike and Cutlass: Hero Tales of Our Navy," by George Gibbs. Its interest will appeal to many readers no longer young, and the spirited illustrations are added attractions. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.50.

"Boh: The Story of Our Mocking-Bird," by Sidney Lanier, is printed with many decorations and sixteen beautiful portraits in colors—varying poses of the feathered songster. It has a poetic preface and epilogue, and is an attractive and inspiring little work. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

All the sights of the zoological gardens are merely sips of pleasure when compared to the deep and lasting delights in "The Red Book of Animal Stories," selected and edited by Andrew Lang. Almost all the beasts of fable and of fact are pictured in its illustrations, and the adventures described are the best of their kind. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$2.00.

The "Maude Adams Acting Edition of Romeo and Juliet," giving the version of Shakespeare's tragedy used by this favorite actress in her popular production, showing positions, exits, entrances, etc., and illustrated by Ernest Haskell and C. Allan Gilbert, with half-tone engravings of Miss Adams and members of her company, has been published by R. H. Russell, New York; price, 50 cents.

Three volumes of short stories that merit more than passing notice are "Where Angels Fear to Tread," by Morgan Robertson; "Holly and Pizen," by Ruth McEnery Stuart; and "Little 'Jim Crow,'" by Clara Morris. The first is a collection of capital sea-stories, the second includes five pathetic and humorous sketches marked by the author's skill in

character drawing and dialogue, and the last is a book of sympathetic studies of child life. Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

In Macmillan's Pocket English Classics Series two recent issues are "Browning's Shorter Poems," and "The Last of the Mohicans," by James Fenimore Cooper. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 25 cents each.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Market Value of Proposed Municipal Bonds.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 3, 1899.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Can you explain how Mayor Phelan expects to sell 3-per-cent. and 3½-per-cent. municipal bonds here, when said bonds are taxable under the laws of California, with the present tax rate of \$1.63?

As a business man, conversant with finance, I would like to know whether our politician realizes

that he proposes to sell here bonds yielding 1.37 and 1.87 per cent. less interest than non-taxable United States Government bonds pay!

Furthermore, the present financial outlook in New York and London does not warrant a market for them elsewhere in the near future.

Yours faithfully, COMMON SENSE.

Information of California.

AUBURN, N. Y., November 15, 1899.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Can you inform me of any publication giving the necessary information concerning California to anybody thinking of making a home in the State? What I wish, in particular, are facts as to range of temperature, rainfall, etc. The literature of the average real-estate dealer I do not care about.

Thanking you in advance for kindness rendered, I remain, yours truly, CHARLES A. NOBLE.

["The Resources of California," by John S. Hittell, covers the ground thoroughly.—EDS.]



From "The Kid Hangs Up His Stocking," by Jacob A. Riis.

Christmas Number of The Century Magazine

Printed
in tints.

"Rich in the kind of literature that makes The Century THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY PERIODICAL OF THE WORLD."

Contains:

Cover Design, "The Christmas Angel," in Colors.

Frontispiece in Tint Louis Loeb.
Accompanying a poem, "The Old Master."

A Christmas Story Jacob A. Riis.
"The Kid Hangs Up His Stocking," the story of a newsboys' lodging-house.

Christmas in Southern France Thomas A. Janvier.
Mistral, the Great Supper, the Yule Log, etc. Pictures by Louis Loeb.

"The Art of Seeing Things" John Burroughs.

The Cromwell History.

By John Morley.

"A serial that we venture to say will rank among the most memorable published by this magazine."—*Mail and Express, N. Y.* "Promising to be one of the most important historical studies of the decade."—*Salt Lake Tribune.* Richly illustrated, with original pictures and reproductions of famous paintings.

The Biography of a Grizzly Ernest Seton-Thompson.
With three full-page pictures and decorations by the author.

The Christmas Tree J. Alden Weir.
A Christmas picture, printed in tints.

The Autobiography of a Quack Dr. S. Weir Mitchell.
"A story that from the very start promises to develop into a splendid story of adventure in modern life."—*Mail and Express, N. Y.*

A Full-Page Engraving Timothy Cole.
Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait of Lady Derby. Another beautiful full-page picture in the number is an engraving of French's new statue of Washington.

A Story by the Author of "Quo Vadis."

"The Judgment of Peter and Paul on Olympus," by Henryk Sienkiewicz, author of "Quo Vadis," "With Fire and Sword," etc. In the story the heathen gods appear before Peter and Paul for judgment.

Zionism Richard Gottheil.
"Never forget that you and I belong to a race which can do everything but fail."

Fakes and Fakirs Gustav Kobbé.
An account of the exhibition of burlesque pictures held yearly by the Art Students' League of New York.

Sailing Alone Around the World Captain Joshua Slocum.
A great magazine success. The personal narrative of the experiences of the sloop "Spray" on her single-handed voyage of 46,000 miles.

Life in the East End of London.

By Sir Walter Besant.

Illustrated by Joseph Pennell and Phil May.

The first of a series of papers, by the author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," taking the form of the story of the life of a girl of East London.

Other Stories, By Virginia Woodward Cloud, Edward Marshall, Harry Stillwell Edwards, and Gelett Burgess.

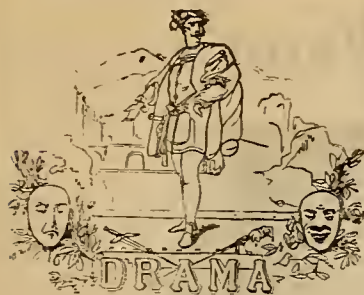
Poems, By Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, James Jeffrey Roche, Virginia Frazer Doyle, Edith Thomas, and others.

Price 35 cents. Sold everywhere.

SPECIAL TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

After the issue of the December number, subscribers who begin with that number will receive a copy of the November number, free of charge, if they ask for it on subscribing, thus obtaining the first issue of the volume and the beginning of the important serials, including the Cromwell History. Remit \$4.00 to the publishers,

THE CENTURY CO., Union Square, New York.



Every admirer of and believer in Francis Powers must have sat through the first act of "Mother Earth" in teose and breathless anxiety. I certainly know that I did. Was it to be a failure like "Greek Meets Greek," or another revelation of the strange, poetic, sombre genius that produced "The First Born"? It was an intense half-hour, and when the curtain fell on the wounded Andreas, the crowding Mexicans, chattering and staring, and the black figure of the priest, the house drew a long breath of relief. The first act had not disappointed.

The second act was unquestionably not up to the same standard. Here Powers's curious mind began to show its tendency to scatter. The action became broken, and the groups of subsidiary characters that he handles with such a brilliantly picturesque effect showed the inclination to a weaker loquacity that has often before marred some of his most telling situations. But the poetic spirit of the man dominated still. The whole scene throbbed with the current of an impassioned romance. The doom of the tragedy, the note of which was struck in the opening, concentrated to a finale, with a sombre inevitableness. With an effort the author groped his characters together for the fulfillment of their destiny. In its primitive force and largeess his idea almost overwhelmed him. The last act showed him, hampered by inexperience, tradition, and his own unconquered faults, struggling with it, as it rushed onward to its tremendous climax.

Though "Mother Earth" has not the startling power and completeness of "The First Born," it proves that that masterpiece—which first saw the light in a small underground play-house in San Francisco—was not the accident some people think it. "Greek Meets Greek" caused the sneer with which a good many well-intentioned persons treated Powers's claims to dramatic ability to deepen into open derision. The failure of "The First Born" in the East and London gave the sanction of other cities to their opinion. That "The First Born" should have failed as it did was astonishing and inexplicable, unless it was played before unintelligent audiences. If it was played before audiences of a representative order, all that can be said is that they did not have the same capacity to appreciate a remarkable piece of work that distinguished the audiences which "discovered" it here.

The same hand that molded "The First Born" into a thing of sinister tragedy is obvious in the making of "Mother Earth." Many of what one might call Powers's tricks are plainly in view in the development of the central idea. He has recourse to the numerous local types to enhance the color and open up the theme. As in "The First Born," the story rises in curling threads of vapor from the bowl of the pipe that the street-mender is repairing, so the tragedy of the lives of Gloria Martinez, Andreas Alcarra, and Manuel Quieterro is introduced by means of the saddle that Carlos Juarez, the worker in hides and leather, is given to mend. The piece is backgrounded and astir with the figures, each one specialized with some glowing touch of color, that make the life of the street, or square, or sordid alley in which these dark inbroglios work out to their unescapable conclusions. The dialogue, too, strangely apt and powerful at times, shows Powers's craving for localizing his *scenario* by the introduction of terms foreign to us but native to the place under portrayal. Pancho, discovering blood in the holy-water font—what a dramatic touch!—exclaims "Madre de Dios! Sangre!" Any other playwright in the world would have made him say, "Mother of God! Blood!" It is a defect easily remedied, but it shows the man's ineradicable leaning toward all that will help vivify his theme.

"Mother Earth" recalls to mind "Cavalleria Rustica" and "I Pagliacci." It has not the nobility of conception of "The First Born," which had for its pivotal motive paternal love. The new tragedy finds its animating passions in the love of man and woman, and the hate of man and man. The central idea is lofty and terrible. Gloria, the woman who stands for all that is finest, loves with the best in her Andreas, the man who is close to Mother Earth, one with her in her tropical moods, her tempestuous caprices, her inconstant passions. Manuel, the man who represents Gloria's natural mate in nobility of aim and purpose, is set aside by her for the rival whose unworthiness he knows. Powers has painted his Mexicans with an atmospheric sultriness that recalls Byron's lines on the Children of Africa:

"For Africa is all the sun's
And like its earth its human clay is kindled."

In the first act he displays the same sureness of touch, keenness of dramatic instinct, succinct force-

fulness of dialogue, and, above all, daring originality of treatment that distinguished his first play. Brushing aside all set standards, he hursts into the middle of his story without apology or preamble. The tragedy is well in motion when the curtain rises, and it moves forward, not in disjointed leaps, the way it does in act two, but with a sure, imperious sweep. The handling of the whole act is magnificent in its disregard of convention and confidence of poise. It opens up by means of small scenes, natural, intense, exquisitely tender, luridly impassioned. In the warm, lazy quietude of the little, sun-bathed plaza, the doom of life and death is quietly working itself out. The scene between the blind girl, her mother, her lover, and the priest is quivering with feeling. Yet how restrained, how simple, how piercingly pathetic is the dialogue! The attitude of each participant is absolutely true and natural. The emotions under which each one is suffering—so widely different, so deeply real—are indicated with such an unerring instinct that even the inferior actors that had the piece in their hands rose to the situation, and played it with moving sincerity.

Equally effective and forceful is the introduction of Carolina, the siren, whose attractions precipitate the general wreck. Any one else but Mr. Powers would have made of this woman the conventional Carmeo, indicating her character by means of lengths of illuminating dialogue. As it is, she flashes across the scene like a shuttle across a loom, leaving a scarlet thread. Her moment's entrance, at the head of a roystering procession, a brilliant figure, with the sparkle of laughing eyes, and the challenge of mocking lips, is a piece of splendid impressionism. She has a bunch of red roses in her hand that she gives to the shamed and sullen lover as a gift for Gloria. The roses carry a message and a sting. The gay procession sweeps on, carrying Andreas away from the shuttered house where Gloria sits in the darkness of the blind. Carolina never enters the piece except in this manner, like a terrible and beautiful embodiment of evil, flashing across the darkness of a moment's weakness and despair.

In the second act the author's dramatic sense is as keen as ever, but his power over his plot is loosened. His hand is not true. Neither principals nor actions display the sureness of pose that they showed in the earlier half. There is too much extraneous conversation, and it would seem as if Mr. Powers's passion for the poetic had carried him away. Some of the incidents of this act are steeped in a lurid romance, that, though striking, is unnecessary. The bandit episode, excellent in itself and burning with a Byronic rage against the trammels of the conventional, does not quite fit into the story. It is all beautiful and picturesque, from the man's breathless rush to the holy-water foot to cleanse his hand of blood, to his fall in the face of the soldiers' muskets. But it has no particular place just there and simply breaks into the main thread. The fact is the author ran short of material for act two, and seems, with a sort of careless haste to have introduced the bandit. He does, however, belong to the story—his entrance in the first act is something too richly effective to be dispensed with—only he wants to be molded into the ground plan.

The company play the piece with an excellence that is not surprising when one notices the pithy and honest dialogue. In the second act they show the effect of the falseness of tone by becoming theatrical. Mr. Ormonde, who is full of romantic sympathies, becomes a ramping barn-stormer, and rants about the stage like a boy playing the hero of private theatricals. Miss Foster alone remains in the perspective, and plays Gloria with steady sweetness. She has a soft and pretty voice, and maintains the integrity of the character to the end. The piece from first to last is full of original and striking touches. The idea of having the old woman making *tortillas* sing fitfully over her work is one of the most charming. As the voices of the loungers drop, the crooning song rises softly. It is one of those fancies indicative of a mind that sees the poetry in common things—of which Mr. Powers seems to have a limitless supply.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Frederick Warde in "The Lion's Mouth."

Admirers of the legitimate drama will have an opportunity to escape from farce-comedy, extravaganza, and melodrama next week, when the popular tragedian, Frederick Warde, will begin a limited engagement at the Columbia Theatre, presenting a series of standard plays. He opens to Henry Guy Carleton's romantic drama, "The Lion's Mouth," which will be repeated on Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday nights; on Thursday night and at the Saturday matinee, "Romeo and Juliet" will be given; the bill for Sunday night will be "Richard III."

Mr. Warde's supporting company is especially strong, including among others Mr. and Mrs. Clarence M. Brune (Minnie Tittell), Charles D. Herman, Frank Hennig, Charles H. Clarke, Harry C. Barton, Gregory Raymond, Alexander McKenzie, and Henry Buckler.

Ferris Hartman's Return to the Tivoli.

After a complete reorganization, the Tivoli Opera House will re-open this (Saturday) evening for the regular comic-opera season, the attraction being "Tar and Tartar," one of its greatest hits. That Ferris Hartman has a host of friends and admirers in this city is evident from the fact that since Monday the entire house for Saturday night has been sold out. The evening will be a gala one, and it goes without saying that the popular comedian will receive a hearty welcome on his return to the scene of his former successes. Among the others in the cast will be Annie Myers, Anoa Lichter, Tom Greene, Alf C. Wheelan, William Schuster, Phil Bransoo, Caroline Knowles, Charlotte Beckwith, and Julie Cotte.

Melodrama at the California Theatre.

"An Enemy to the King," at the California Theatre, gives way on Sunday evening to "The Fatal Card," a striking melodrama by Haddon Chambers and B. C. Stephenson, which, it will be remembered, served as the opening play of the Frawley season at the Columbia Theatre in 1897. The cast was a notable one, including Blanche Bates, Eleanor Moretti, Gladys Wallis, Frank Worthing, Theodore Hamilton, and T. Daniel Frawley. Doubtless the latter two will assume their former roles, and with the new favorites in congenial parts the production should prove a great success.

"The Fatal Card" is to be given for four nights only, when, owing to a great demand, "The Sporting Duchess" will be revived for the rest of the week, with the same cast that appeared in it a fortnight ago.

A Revival of "The Chimes of Normandy."

Although Robertson and Stewart's comic opera, "His Majesty," has been doing well at the Grand Opera House, it is to be withdrawn on Sunday evening and next week "The Chimes of Normandy" will be revived, with William Wolff as Gaspard the miser, Thomas H. Persse as Henri, Arthur Wooley as the bailiff, Winfred Goff as the notary, Oscar Lee as Grenichaux, Hattie Belle Ladd as Germaine, and Edith Mason as Serpolette.

Elaborate preparations are being made for the Christmas spectacle, which will consist of a splendid production of David Henderson's extravaganza, "Sinbad."

The Orpheum's Excellent Bill.

At the Orpheum next week the new-comers will be Mr. and Mrs. Milton Royle, who will present their latest vaudeville sketch, "The High Ball Family," which is said to be full of clever lines and situations; and Hamilton Hill, the noted Australian baritone, who, it is predicted, will prove a great favorite.

Those retained from this week's bill are Camille d'Arville, who enters on the last week of her engagement; George Fuller Golden, "the friend of Casey"; Emmonds, Emmerson, and Emmonds; the "Tennis Trio"; Jessie Millar; and the Biograph.

The Races.

There will doubtless be a large attendance at Tanforan Park this (Saturday) afternoon, when the Spring Valley Stakes are to be run for. It is a handicap sweepstakes for three-year-olds over a mile-and-a-quarter course and the value of the stake is \$1,500. Next week there are to be two events of special interest. On Wednesday the Tanforan Stakes, a handicap sweepstakes for two-year-olds,

will be run. The distance is one mile and, as there are some thirty-eight entries, there will doubtless be a large field. On Saturday, December 16th, the Holiday Handicap, another handicap sweepstakes for two-year-olds and upward, for which the value of the purse is \$1,500 and the distance one mile and a quarter, will be the big event of the day.

—MANY PEOPLE WISH A PURE ARTICLE of whisky strictly for family use, but do not like to go to a saloon or grocery for it. The Jesse Moore "A.A." Whisky—the purest and best—is now sold at all respectable drug stores.

Imitation Eye-Glasses.

The good folks who try to copy our clip have failed because they don't know our method of fitting them. They're the only firm and easy grip ever made—becoming and accurate; 50 cents.
Oculists' prescriptions filled. Quick repairing. Factory on premises. Phone, Main 10.

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Popular Prices—25c and 50c.
Telephone for Seats, Bush 9.

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Third Week of the Frawley Company. Beginning Sunday Night, and for Four Nights Only. The Best Melodrama Ever Written, "The Fatal Card," Thursday, Friday, and Saturday Nights, and Saturday Matinee, in response to a Great Demand, "The Sporting Duchess."

Our Popular Prices—Evening, 75c, 50c, and 25c. Matinee, 50c and 25c.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.

Beginning Monday, December 11th, Frederick Warde, Together with Mr. and Mrs. Clarence M. Brune, in a Great Repertoire. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday Nights, "The Lion's Mouth," Thursday Night and Saturday Matinee, "Romeo and Juliet," Sunday Evening, "Richard III."

No Increase in Prices. 25c to \$1.00.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

TELEPHONE MAIN 532.

Last Two Nights of "His Majesty," Week of Monday, December 11th, Planquette's Charming Opera,

THE CHIMES OF NORMANDY

Look out for our Christmas Spectacle, "Sinbad the Sailor," By Special Arrangement with David Henderson.

Popular Prices—50c, 35c, 25c, 15c, and 10c. A Good Reserved Seat at Saturday Matinee 25c. Branch Ticket-Office Emporium.

Orpheum

Camille d'Arville; Edwin Milton Royle, Selina Fetter-Royle, and Company; George Fuller Golden; Hamilton Hill; Emmonds, Emmerson, and Emmonds; Tennis Trio; Jessie Millar; and the Biograph.

Reserved seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box seats, 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday.

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Next Friday Afternoon, at 3:15,

THIRD CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERT

—BY THE—

MINETTI QUARTET

The programme will include Mendelssohn's String Quartet, E-Flat Major, Op. 12; and Goldmark's Piano Quintet, E-Flat Major, Op. 30.

ASSISTING ARTISTS:

Miss Margarethe Bruntch, Vocalist.

Mr. H. Gess, Pianist.

Reserved Seats, 75c. Admission, 50c. Tickets on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Music Store, on December 14th and 15th from 9 to 5.

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TANFORAN PARK

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The ideal winter race track of America. Patrons step directly from the railroad cars into a superb grand stand, glass-enclosed, where comfortably housed in bad weather they can enjoy an unobstructed view of the races.

Trains leave Third and Townsend Streets at 9:00, 10:40, and 11:30 A. M., and 12:15, 12:45, 12:50, and 1:25 P. M., returning immediately after last race and at 4:45 P. M. Rear cars reserved for women and their escorts. No smoking. Valencia Street ten minutes later.

San José and way stations. Arrive at San Bruno at 12:45 P. M. Leave San Bruno at 4:00 and 4:45 P. M. Rates: San Francisco to Tanforan and return, including admission to track, \$1.25.

W. J. MARTIN, Pres. F. H. GREEN, Sec'y and Mgr.

MT. TAMALPAIS

SCENIC RAILWAY. (Via Sausalito Ferry.)

Leave San Francisco, commencing October 1, 1899.

WEEK DAYS—9:30 A. M. and 1:45 P. M.

SUNDAYS—8:00, 10:00 A. M., and 1:15 P. M.

No Night Trips.

Steam-heated, closed car on all trains.

ROUND TRIP from San Francisco, \$1.40

VANITY FAIR.

During his recent visit to the United States, William Archer, the noted English dramatic critic, contributed many entertaining letters and essays to the *Pall Mall Gazette* and *Pall Mall Magazine*, in which he gave his observations and experiences in this country. These articles have been collected in a charming little volume entitled "America To-Day," and published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York (price, \$1.25). As Mr. Archer is always eminently fair in his criticism, his trenchant comments on our institutions and traits will be read with interest. For instance, he says that the one drawback to American hospitality is that it is apt to be too profuse. He adds: "I have more than once had to offer a mild protest against being entertained by a hard-working brother journalist on a scale that would have befitted a millionaire. The possibility of returning the compliment in kind affords the canny Scot but poor consolation. A dinner three times more lavish and expensive than you want is not sweetened by the thought that you may, in turn, give your host a dinner three times more expensive and lavish than he wants. Both parties, on this system, suffer in digestion and in pocket, while only Delmonico is the gainer. It seems to me, on the whole, that in this country the millionaire is too commonly allowed to fix the standard of expenditure. Society would not be less but more agreeable if, instead of always emulating the splendors of Lucullus, people now and then studied the art of Horatian frugality. And I note that in club life, if the plutocrat sets the standard of expenditure, the aristocrat looks to the training of the servants. Their obsequiousness is almost painful. There is not the slightest trace of democratic equality in their dress, their manners, or their speech."

One of the many reasons which lead Mr. Archer to regard us as a leisurely people rather than a nation of "hustlers" is the patience with which we submit to what he calls "the long-drawn tyranny of the barber." "In England," he says, "one grudges five minutes for a shave, and one pays from fourpence to sixpence; in America one can hardly escape in twenty-five minutes, and one pays (with the executioner's tip) from a shilling to eighteen pence. The charge would be by no means excessive if one wanted or enjoyed all the endless processes to which one is subjected; but for my part I would willingly pay double to escape them. The essential part of the business, the actual shaving, is, as a rule, badly performed, with a heavy hand and a good deal of needless pawing-about of the patient's head. But when the shave is over the horrors are only beginning. First, your whole face is cooked for several minutes in relays of towels steeped in boiling water. Then a long series of essences is rubbed into it, generally with the torturer's naked hand. The sequence of these essences varies in different 'parlors,' but one especially loathsome hell-brew, known as 'witch hazel,' is everywhere inevitable. Then your wounds have to be elaborately doctored with stinging chemicals; your hair, which has been hopelessly touzled in the pawing process, has to be drenched in some sickly smelling oil and brushed; your mustache has to be lubricated and combed; and at last you escape from the tormentor's clutches, irritated, overwrought, hopelessly late for an important appointment, and so reeking with unholy odors that you feel as though all great Neptune's ocean would scarcely wash you clean again. Only once or twice have I submitted, out of curiosity, to the whole interminable process. I now cut it short, not without difficulty, before the 'witch-hazel' stage is reached, and am regarded with blank astonishment and disapproval by the tonsorial professor, who feels his art and mystery insulted in his person, and is scarcely mollified by a ten-cent tip. Americans, on the other hand, go through all these processes, and more, with stolid and long-suffering patience. Yet this nation is credited with having invented the maxim 'Time is money,' and is supposed to act up to it with feverish consistency!"

Considerable comment has been occasioned among officials of the State Department over the fact that the new commercial treaty between Mexico and China is written in English (points out the *Washington Times*). The use of the English language in drawing up international agreements is something unprecedented. French has had the distinction of being the diplomatic language, but the State Department officials now think that the drafting of the Mexican-Chinese treaty marks the beginning of the end of the general use of the French in this particular. For the past two hundred years, in a large majority of negotiations looking toward the formation of international agreements, the language of the French people has been widely used by diplomats in official correspondence and in the actual drawing of the treaty itself. This rule, while general, has not been universal, but the few exceptions have only gone to prove the rule. French has been the great social language. Nearly all men of education have been taught it, and in the social intercourse of Europe it has been generally spoken. From the fact that the diplomats of the world have been familiar with it, it has crept into diplomatic intercourse to the almost total exclusion of other languages. The treaty of peace between the United

States and Spain was written in French, as have also been the majority of international documents during the past two centuries. Within recent years a rule has been made in diplomacy by which a diplomatic representative in official correspondence may employ the language of his own country, or that of any other if he chooses. Notwithstanding this rule, the French has been retained in perhaps a majority of instances. The German ambassador now uses German in his correspondence with the State Department, and England's representative the English. The Swedish, Norwegian, Russian, Belgian, Turkish, Italian, and Greek diplomatic representatives all employ the French, while those of China and Japan use English. In a large measure English is supplanting the French both as a social and commercial language. The statistics of the International Postal Union gave the number of letters addressed in English from all parts of the world as being about seventy-five per cent. In foreign universities the tongue of the Anglo-Saxon race is taking the place of the French, and it is fast becoming the social medium of intercourse. From the general prevalence of the language it is thought that it will, before a quarter of a century, be the diplomatic language.

New York is usually the have of most artists who come to this country from Europe, but Mme. Nevada has slighted the metropolis and is reversing the usual state of affairs. She is settled in Philadelphia, and when she comes to New York, it is only to sing (says the *New York Sun*). She has many friends in Philadelphia, made during her professional visit there several years ago, and at her home in Paris. She has long been a popular member of the American colony in Paris, and her house is a meeting place for many Americans and foreigners. She has selected Philadelphia for her American headquarters, because she likes to be in the society of friends in her own country. Another American, who has lately become a figure in permanent Paris life, is Loie Fuller, who expresses no immediate intention of coming back to her native land. She is now accounted a personage of sufficiently international celebrity to attract the visitors that are expected at the exposition next summer. She is either to occupy a theatre of her own, or accept an engagement to do some of her dances at the Grand Opera House in Paris, if the reports that come to this country be true. She will be the first woman without the long and careful preliminary training considered indispensable who ever got into the ballet at the French National Opera House. Miss Fuller is said to be ambitious to enjoy this honor, but the financial rewards of an independent enterprise would be so much greater that she will probably decide in favor of that. Miss Fuller was once a dancer, to any very strict sense of the word, and her success has been rather the result of industry and electric lights. But she will be more than a fair return for the services of Mlle. Cléo de Mérode, who has recently married, and is for that reason, among others, not likely to be seen here again.

At present among hair-dressers the most fashionable *coiffure* seems to take a rather peculiar form (writes Anne Morton Lane, the *Chicago Times-Herald's* Loodoo correspondent). The hair is brushed straight up from the back, quite to the edge of the forehead, where it is fastened into a sort of loose, puffy knot, almost shadowing the brow. On either side the hair is brushed out rather broadly from the face, and slightly *ondulante*, both at the back and sides. It gives a peculiar "pushed-forward" expression to the face, and from the side is anything but graceful, while from the back it looks as if the first stages of hair-dressing had only just begun. In front, however, the effect is rather pretty, especially when a high rose is stuck slightly to one side and also very much forward. Those glittering snakes, either of silver, greenish metal, or *diamante paillettes*, are still fairly popular, and as they coil malevolently round a high knot of hair, with a head showing glittering fangs and glittering eyes, poised just above the forehead, the effect, though curious, is rather attractive. Sparkling, winged ornaments of all kinds are also much in vogue for evening *coiffures*, but I am glad to see that Englishwomen are not piling such "job lots" in the way of flowers, tulle, spangles, wire, and the like on their heads as they were doing last season. What with feathers, spreading wigs, high combs, and buoches of tulle, the average Englishwoman's head resembles nothing so much as a cross between a birthday cake and a Zulu chieftain's head-dress. This woe, however, they seem to have discovered a happy mien of excellence, to which it is hoped that they will cling for some time yet.

Non-Sinkable Boats.

The latest invention for saving life comes from London, and is a non-sinkable boat. If people would pay as much attention to the preservation of life in other ways, there would be a great improvement. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a life preserver, discovered fifty years ago. It cures dyspepsia, indigestion, and all forms of stomach trouble. It is an excellent tonic for the whole system, and may be had from any druggist.

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THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, December 6th, were as follows:

	BONDS.	Shares.	Closed.
U. S. Coup. 3%.....	4,580 @ 108½-110		110
U. S. Coup. 4% (new reg.).....	20,000 @ 132½		
Los An. & Pac. Ry. 5%.....	5,000 @ 104	104	
Market St. Ry. 5%.....	40,000 @ 117-117½	116½	117½
N. R. of Cal. 5%.....	5,000 @ 113½	113½	114½
Oakland Gas & Ed 5%.....	9,000 @ 107½-108	107½	
Oakland Transit 6%.....	7,000 @ 112		113
S. F. & S. J. Ry. 5%.....	6,000 @ 115½-116	115½	
S. V. Water 6%.....	4,000 @ 114½	114½	
S. V. Water 4%.....	11,000 @ 103	103	
S. V. Water 4% 3d.....	9,000 @ 100½-101½	100½	101

	STOCKS.	Shares.	Closed.
Water.			
Contra Costa Water.....	815 @ 75-77½	76	76½
Spring Valley Water.....	435 @ 95-95½	95	95½

	Gas and Electric.	Shares.	Closed.
Equitable Gaslight.....	50 @ 5½	5½	5½
Pacific Lighting Co.....	15 @ 40½	40½	
S. F. Gas & Electric.....	1,170 @ 54½-57½	56	56½

	Banks.	Shares.	Closed.
Bank of Cal.....	55 @ 400-402½	402	
London P. & A. Bank.....	40 @ 131½	131	132½

	Street R. R.	Shares.	Closed.
Market St.....	315 @ 62½-62¾	62½	62¾

	Powders.	Shares.	Closed.
Giant Con.....	300 @ 93½-94	93½	93
Vigorit.....	200 @ 3½-3½	3½	3½

	Sugars.	Shares.	Closed.
Hana P. Co.....	725 @ 9-9½	9½	9½
Hawaiian.....	440 @ 90-92½	92½	
Honokaa S. Co.....	920 @ 32¾-33½	32¾	33
Hutchinson.....	360 @ 26¾-27½	26¾	26¾
Makaweli S. Co.....	150 @ 45		45
Onomea S. Co.....	475 @ 34-34½	34	
Paauihu S. P. Co.....	560 @ 32	32	

	Miscellaneous.	Shares.	Closed.
Alaska Packers.....	280 @ 117½-118½	117½	118
Oceanic Steam Co.....	20 @ 94-95	94½	96
Pac. A. Fire Alarm.....	250 @ 1½	1½	
Pac. C. Borax.....	80 @ 142½-145	139	

The market has been quiet and mixed. The sugar stocks have been weak, and about 3,700 shares changed hands at from one-half to two and one-half points decline, but closed up at about the starting point of the week, with light offerings.

Giant Powder has been quiet, and sold off one point on realization sales, and closed at 90½ bid, 93 asked, with small offerings.

Contra Costa Water sold off two and one-half points to 75, but closed at 76 bid, 76½ asked and sales.

INVESTMENTS.

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526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,187,617.90
Capital actually paid up in cash..... 1,000,000.00
Deposits June 30, 1899..... 27,656,513.03

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Deposits, July 1, 1899.....\$24,920,395
Paid-Up Capital..... 1,000,000
Reserve Fund..... 2,055,215
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THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL.....\$2,000,000
SURPLUS..... 1,000,000
PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT..... 2,365,968
October 1, 1899.

WILLIAM ALVORO.....President
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
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OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$3,702,300; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$2,112,546.

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.
COLIN M. BOYD, Agent for San Francisco, 411 California Street.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Father Macklin, who married Mrs. Hazen to Admiral Dewey at his rectory in Washington, some time ago wrote to Mrs. Hazen when her quarterly pew rent was due. In his note he said that her pew, No. 67, in his church was getting moldy, and he feared she might be going to some other church than his. On the wedding morning (says the Philadelphia Press) she reminded him of it, and said: "Now, Father Macklin, could you not say my pew is 'Mildewey,' instead of that very ugly word?"

Dean Hole, of Rochester, England, tells of a very innocent and gentle curate who went to a Yorkshire parish where the parishioners bred horses and sometimes raced them. He was asked to invite the prayers of the congregation for Lucy Grey. He did so. They prayed three Sundays for Lucy Grey. On the fourth the clerk told the curate he need not do it any more. "Why," said the curate, "is she dead?" "No," said the clerk, "she's won the steeple-chase." The curate became quite a power in the parish.

The enormous prices paid for the pinning on of orchids and button-holes at the Charing Cross Bazar, in London—in several cases five pounds having been demanded and given—recalls the cantankerous action of an elderly gentleman at a bazar given some years ago, when the "Professional Beauty" was first known by that term. One of these, before serving the elderly gentleman with a cup of tea, told him the price, which he paid; and then, after taking a sip herself, added: "And a guinea for that." "There's your guinea," said the gentleman, "and now give me a clean cup."

Several members of the Scottish Reserve, before leaving for the Cape, were entertained at a farewell supper by their fellow-workers in Dundee. "Now, boys," said the chairman, after an appropriate speech, "treat what is on the table as you would the Boers." As the feast ended one of the reservists was observed stowing away a bottle of whisky in his pocket. "What's that ye're daein', Tam?" shouted the chairman, good-bumoredly. "Oh," replied Tam, "I'm only obeyin' orders. Ye tell us to treat the supper as we would the Boers, and, ye ken, what we dinna kill we tak' prisoners."

One night Beau Brummell and Alderman Combe, a rich brewer, were playing hazard. Combe was then lord mayor of London. "Combe, mash-tub," said Beau, who was the caster, "what do you set?" "Twenty-five guineas," answered the alderman. "Well, then," returned Beau, "have at the mare's pony" (twenty-five guineas). He continued to throw until he drove home the brewer's twelve ponies, running; and then, getting up and making him a low bow, while pocketing the cash, he said: "Thank you, alderman; for the future I shall never drink any porter but yours." "I wish, sir," said the brewer, "that every other blackguard in London would tell me the same."

The late Chief Justice Cockburn was once counsel for the plaintiff in a certain case, and a Mr. B— was for the defendant. Cockburn called a witness, and proceeded to examine him. "I understand," he said, "that you called on the plaintiff, Mr. Jones. Is that so?" "Yes," replied the man. "What did he say?" demanded Cockburn. Mr. B— promptly rose and objected. The conversation could not be admitted as evidence. But Cockburn persisted, and Mr. B— appealed to the judges, who thereupon retired to consider the point. They were absent for nearly half an hour. When they returned they announced that Mr. Cockburn might put his question. "Well, what did he say?" asked counsel. "Please, sir, he wasn't at home," replied the witness.

The Rev. Frank Gunsauls, the popular Chicago preacher, when a poor circuit-rider, at one time found himself in possession of a sorry-looking steed, but it answered the purpose, and it was cheap. After he had bought it, he rode it home. His father was in the barn-yard when he came in, and he looked critically at the animal. "Where did ye git that boss, Frank?" he asked. "I bought him cheap, father," said the young preacher. "He's a sorry lookin' critter, I must say," said the father. "Well, father," said Frank, "you remember that our Saviour rode into Jerusalem on a worse-looking animal than this." And the old man looked at the horse again and said, "Durned if I don't think it's the same one!"

In his new book, "America To-Day," William Archer reproduces the following as examples of American humor: "On board one of the Florida steamboats, which have to be built with exceedingly light draught to get over the frequent shallows of the rivers, an Englishman accosted the captain with the remark: 'I understand, captain, that you think nothing of steaming across a meadow where there's been a heavy fall of dew.' 'Well, I don't know about that,' replied the captain, 'but it's true we have sometimes to send a man ahead with a watering-pot.' Again, a Southern colonel was conducted to the theatre to see Salvini's Othello. He

witnessed the performance gravely, and remarked at the close: 'That was a mighty good show, and I don't see but the coon did as well as any of 'em.' A third anecdote that charmed me was that of the man who, being invited to take a drink, replied: 'No, no, I solemnly promised my dear, dead mother never to touch a drop; besides, boys, it's too early in the morning; besides, I've just had one.'"

"ALONE IN CUBIA."

As Mr. Dooley Entitles Roosevelt's Book.

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "I just got hold iv a book that suits me up to th' handle; a gran' book, the grandest ivir seen. . . . 'Tis 'Th' Biography iv a Hero Be Wan Who Knows.' 'Tis 'Th' Darin' Exploits iv a Brave Man Be an Actual Eye Witness.' 'Tis 'Th' Account iv th' Destruction iv Spanish Power in th' Ant Hills,' as it fell fr'm th' lips iv Teddy Rosenfelt, an' was took down be his own hands. Whin Teddy was blowed up in th' harbor iv Havana, he instantly concluded they must be war. He debated th' question long an' earnestly, an' finally passed a jint resolution declarin' war. So far so good. But they was no wan to carry it on. What shud he do? I will lave th' janial author tell th' story in his own words."

"'Th' Secrety iv War had offered me,' he says, 'th' command iv a rig'mint,' he says, 'but I cud not consent to remain in Tampa while perhaps less audacious heroes was at th' front,' he says. 'Besides,' he says, 'I felt I was incompetent fr to command a rig'mint raised be another,' he says. 'I detarmined to raise wan iv me own,' he says. 'I selected fr'm me acquaintances in th' West,' he says, 'men that had travell'd with me acrost th' desert an' th' storm-wreathed mountain,' he says, 'sharin' me hurdens an' at times confrontin' perils almost as gr-reat as anny that beset me own path,' he says. . . . In a few days I had him perfectly tamed,' he says, 'an' r-ready to go annywhere I led,' he says. 'On th' thransport goin' to Cuba,' he says, 'I wud stand beside wan iv these r-round men threaten' him as an akel, which he was in ivrythin' but birth, education, rank, an' courage. . . . Honest, loyal, three-hearted la-ads, how kind I was to them,' he says."

"'We had no sooner landed in Cuba than it become necessary fr me to take command iv th' ar-m'y, which I did at wanst. A number iv days was spent be me in reconnoitring, attindin' on'y be me brave an' fluent escort, Richard Harding Davis. Wan day as I was about to charge a block-house, sturdily defended be an ar-m'y corps nnder Gin'ral Tamale, th' hr-rave Castile that I afterwards killed with a small ink-eraser that I always carry, I r-ran into th' entire military force iv th' United States lyin' on its stomach. 'If ye won't fight,' says I, 'lave me go through.' I says, 'Who ar-re ye?' says they. 'Colonel Rosenfelt,' says I. 'Oh, excuse me,' says the gin'ral in command (if me mim'ry serves me thur it was Miles), r-risin' to his knees an' salutin'. This showed me 'twud be impossible fr to carry th' war to a successful conclusion unless I was free, so I sint th' ar-m'y home an' attacked San Juan Hill. Ar-rmed on'y with a small thirty-two, which I used in th' West to shoot the fleet prairie-dog, I climbed that precipitous ascent in th' face iv th' most gallin' fire I ever knew or

heard iv. But I had a few r-rounds iv garll me-silf, an' what cared I? I dashed madly on, cheerin' as I went. Th' Spanish troops was dhrwn up in a long line in th' formation known among military men as a long line. I fired at th' man nearest me, an' I knew be th' expression in his face that th' thrusty bullet wint home. It passed through his frame, he fell, an' wan little home in far-off Catalonia was made happy be th' thought that their rprisintative had been kilt be th' future governor of New York. Th' hullet sped on its mad flight an' passed through th' intire line, fin'ly imbeddin' it-self in the abdomen iv th' Ar-chiebishop iv Sandago eight miles away. This inded th' war."

"'They has been some discussion as to who was th' first man to r-reach th' summit iv San Juan Hill. . . . I will say for th' binifit iv posterity that I was th' only man I see. An' I had a tiliscope.' . . . I haven't time fr to tell ye th' wurruk Tiddy did in ar'min' an' equippin' himself, how he fed himself, how he staided himself in battle, an' encouraged himself with a few well-chosen wurruks whin th' sky was darkest. Ye'll have to take a squint into the book yeersilf to larn them things. . . . If I was him I'd call th' book 'Alone in Cubia.'"—Harper's Weekly. Copyrighted, 1899, by Robert Howard Russell.

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New Mixed Nuts, 3 lbs.	50c
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New Cleaned Currants in pkgs. 2 for	25c
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Best Coriand Citron, lb.	15c
Best Orange and Lemon Peel lb.	15c
New Far Dates, lb.	15c
Plumb Pudding, G. & D.	15c
Imported Smyrna Figs, 1 lb. boxes	30c
Imported Smyrna Figs, loose, lb.	25c
Seedless Sultanina Raisins, lb.	10c
Currant Jelly, jar	15c
Guava Jelly, jar	25c
Cranberries, Cape Cod quart.	10c
Bourbon Whiskey, Emporium special reserve, 8 years old, full quart bottles.	\$1.25
Pure Rye Whiskey, bottled at distillery, Wilson's none better.	1.25
Holland Gin, Vissers Grey Stallion, large black bottles	1.60
Hennessey's Three Star Cognac, bottle	1.70
Domestic Porter, choice matured stock, glass bottles, dozen	1.25
A. B. C. Bohemian Beer, dozen quarts	2.30
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Emp. Rye's, Purgundy or Sauterne, choice quality, case 1 doz. qts.	4.50
Chateau American Champagne, a natural made wine—not clamped—24 8 good many domestic champagnes are, case 1 dozen q-art bottles, 1.00; case 2 dozen pint bottles	12.00
Sweet Cider, from New York gallon	.45c
Brandy, 7 years old good quality, gallon	4.00

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connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc.
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1899.
Coptic. (Via Honolulu)....Wednesday, Dec. 13
Gaelic. (Via Honolulu)....Saturday, Jan. 6, 1900
Doric. (Via Honolulu)....Thursday, Feb. 1
Coptic. (Via Honolulu)....Tuesday, Feb. 27

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America Maru.....Thursday, December 21
Hongkong Maru.....Tuesday, January 16, 1900
Nippon Maru.....Friday, February 9

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For C. & Puget Sound Ports, 10
A. M., December 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, Janu-
ary 1, and every fifth day thereafter.
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 2 P. M.,
December 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, January
4, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports, 9 A. M.,
December 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, January 3,
and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa
Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11
A. M., December 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, January 1, and
every 4th day thereafter. For further information see folder.

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SOCIETY.

The Keyes Ball.

The first ball of the season, and a very beautiful one, was given by Mr. Winfield Scott Keyes in honor of his daughter, Miss Azalea Keyes, one of this season's *débutantes*, at Native Sons' Hall last Wednesday night. Owing to the absence of Mr. Keyes in Mexico, the guests were received by Mrs. Alexander D. Keyes (*née* Salisbury), her first appearance at a large affair since her marriage, and by Miss Azalea Keyes.

The hall was very beautifully decorated, and the music was perfect. Dancing began at ten o'clock, about three hundred and fifty guests being present during the evening. At midnight an unusually elaborate set supper was served, and at its conclusion dancing was resumed and continued until after three o'clock in the morning.

The Friday Fortnightly.

The third dance of the Friday Fortnightly Club in the present season was given at Cotillion Hall last Friday evening. The members and their guests were hospitably received by Mrs. Monroe Salisbury, and at ten o'clock the cotillion was begun.

It was led by Miss Alice Colden Hoffman, whose partner was Mr. Joseph King, and among the young ladies in the first set were Miss Azalea Keyes, Miss Ethyl Hager, Miss Georgina Hopkins, Miss Mary Scott, Miss Margaret Salisbury, Miss Bernice Drown, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Kittle, Miss Mary Greenwood Josselyn, Miss Adelaide Murphy, and Miss Claire Hamilton.

Luncheons to Miss Edith Stubbs.

Miss Edith Stubbs was the guest of honor at two luncheons this week. The first was given by Miss Ethel Cooper on Tuesday at the University Club, where the large round table was decorated with Christmas berries and autumn leaves. Those seated at table were Mrs. James A. Cooper, Miss Ethel Cooper, Miss Edith Stubbs, Miss Beulah Stubbs, Miss Mary Greenwood Josselyn, Miss Leila Voorhies, Miss Clara Hamilton, Miss Edith Preston, Miss Frances Baldwin, Miss Bernice Drown, Miss Chipman, Miss

Sara Collier, Miss Follis, Miss Juliet Garber, Miss Olive Holbrook, Miss Margaret Salisbury, Miss Azalea Keyes, Miss Elizabeth Palmer, Miss Charlotte Louise Field, Miss Leslie Green, Miss Beatty, Miss Jeanette Hooper, Miss Ruth Knowles, Miss May Denman, and Miss Josephine Loughborough.

The second luncheon was given by Miss Charlotte Louise Field, at her home on Thursday. Miss Field's guests were Miss Edith Stubbs, Miss Helen Thomas, Miss Lillian Wood, Miss McClung, Miss Clara Hamilton, Miss Edith Preston, Miss Ethel Cooper, Miss Mary Greenwood Josselyn, Miss Irene Baker, Miss Margaret Cole, and Miss Hazzard.

The Carroll Dinner.

A dinner was given by Miss Gertrude Carroll at the University Club on Wednesday evening to several friends who were going to the Keyes ball. They sat down at table shortly after eight o'clock, and spent some three hours in the discussion of an elaborate menu.

Those at table were Mr. and Mrs. William Robinson Whittier, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel G. Buckbee, Miss Gertrude Carroll, Miss Thérèse Morgan, Miss Adelaide Murphy, Miss Josselyn, Mr. Clarence Follis, Mr. Maxwell McNutt, Mr. George E. P. Hall, and Mr. Francis Bruguière.

The Knowles Tea.

A tea was given by Mrs. Josiah N. Knowles at her home in Oakland on Saturday, December 2d, to introduce to society her daughters, the Misses Alice and Ruth Knowles. It was very largely attended by Mrs. Knowles's friends from San Francisco as well as in Oakland. Those who assisted the hostess in receiving were Miss Ethel Cooper, Miss Kate Stow, Miss Carmen Moore, Miss Grace Baldwin, Miss Green, Miss Jean Howard, Miss Elizabeth Palmer, Miss Florence Dunham, Miss Ethel M. Kittredge, Miss Ida Bell Palmer, and Miss Gregory.

Oakland's "Thursday Night Cotillion."

Invitations have been issued by the young ladies of the "Thursday Night Cotillion," in Oakland, for two dances to be given on the evenings of January 11th and February 15th.

The patronesses are Mrs. George W. McNear,

Mrs. T. L. Barker, Mrs. George H. Wheaton, Mrs. William Henshaw, Mrs. E. H. Kittredge, Mrs. Thomas Crellin, Mrs. Remi Cbabot, Mrs. F. M. Smith, Mrs. Lloyd Rawlins, Mrs. A. A. Moore, Mrs. William Starr, and Mrs. C. H. Holt.

The Stanford-Herrick Wedding.

The marriage of Miss Alice F. Herrick to Mr. Josiah Stanford took place at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Herrick, in Oakland, at four o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, December 6th. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. K. McLain in the presence of only the immediate relatives of the contracting parties. Later in the day Mr. and Mrs. Stanford left for the East, where they expect to spend a few months.

The bride is a sister of Mrs. Mark L. Requa and Mrs. Ross, and a niece of Mrs. Albert Miller, and Mr. Stanford is the son of Mrs. Stanford and the late Josiah Stanford, and a nephew of the late Senator Leland Stanford.

Coming Weddings.

The wedding of Miss Isabelle Hutchinson and Mr. William Bull Pringle will take place on Tuesday, December 19th, at the family residence of Mr. and Mrs. Tallemtyre R. Hutchinson in Oakland. It is to be a very quiet wedding, with only the relatives and intimate friends present.

Miss Martha Hutchinson will attend her sister as maid of honor, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Pringle, Miss Hess Pringle, Miss Elizabeth McNear, and Miss Caroline McDougal, of Mare Island.

Mr. Edward J. Pringle, brother of the groom, will be best man.

The wedding of Miss Meda Bowman, sister of Mr. George S. Bowman, of San José, and Major George W. Fishback, paymaster, U. S. A., will take place on Thursday, December 14th.

The marriage of Miss Maie Tucker, daughter of Mrs. Tucker and the late Dr. J. C. Tucker, will take place on Monday evening, January 1, 1900, at St. Paul's Church, in Oakland. The bridal procession will be led by three little nieces of the bride-elect—Miss Marian Miller, Miss Ernestine McNear, and Miss Albertine Detrick. The maids of honor will be Miss Wilhelmina Havemeyer, a cousin of Miss Tucker, who is coming out from Chicago for the ceremony, and Miss Berenice Macdonald. Miss Tucker has chosen for her bridesmaids Miss Elizabeth McNear and Miss Ida Belle Palmer, of Oakland, and Miss Bertha Dolbeer and Miss Florence Davis, of San Francisco.

The groom's brother, Mr. Royal Percival Macdonald, is to be best man, and the ushers will be Mr. Samuel Bell McKee, Mr. Andrew L. Stone, Mr. Albert P. Brayton, Mr. Robert M. Fitzgerald, Mr. George S. Wheaton, and Lieutenant A. P. Hayne.

No reception will follow the ceremony, but there will be a supper to the bridal party and a few intimate friends.

Notes and Gossip.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Clara Hamilton, daughter of Mr. Alexander Hamilton, to Mr. George A. Martin, son of Mr. William H. Martin.

Mrs. J. J. Valentine will give a tea at her home in Oakland to introduce her daughter, Miss Ethel Valentine.

Mrs. John I. Sabin has given the use of her residence, 2828 California Street, for a tea and Christmas sale for the benefit of the Free Ward of the California Eye and Ear Hospital on Saturday afternoon and evening, December 9th, from two o'clock until six and from eight until eleven. An admission fee of twenty-five cents will be charged.

Mrs. Thurlow McMullin will be at home on Thursdays in December and January at the northwest corner of California and Broderick Streets.

Mrs. John Barton and Miss Barton have sent out cards for an "at home" on Monday, December 11th, from four o'clock until six, at their apartment at the Palace Hotel.

The Philomath Club has issued invitations for a reception to Mrs. John Vance Cheney, to be held at 1433 Bush Street on Saturday afternoon, December 9th, from three o'clock until five.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry J. Knowles, of Oakland, has been brightened by the advent of a little daughter.

The University Club gave a dinner to President Benjamin Ide Wheeler, of the University of California, on Friday evening, December 8th.

A plan for the establishment of an American library at Manila, primarily for the use and benefit of the army, originated with the late Colonel J. D. Miley, whose death caused a suspension of the work. A commission has been organized under the auspices of the Red Cross societies of California and San Francisco, however, and the work taken up again. It is hoped to enlist local sympathy and aid in carrying out the project. Donations of books may be sent to Mrs. I. Lowenberg, room 238, Phelan Building; gifts of money will be received by P. N. Lillenthal, treasurer, care of the Anglo-Californian Bank, San Francisco.

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey will spend the Christmas holidays with their daughters, who are at school in the East.

Mr. H. E. Huntington left on Friday, December 1st, for a business trip to Los Angeles and Mexico.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Newhall have been in town for a few days from Los Angeles.

Mrs. Jane Stanford returned to town last Tuesday after a six months' absence in Europe and the East. She goes to the Stanford home in Menlo Park on Saturday, December 9th, to remain there through the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Davis came over from Ross Valley this week and are at the California Hotel.

Mrs. M. Greenwood and Miss J. Greenwood are at the California Hotel.

Miss Lillie Lawlor left Paris on Tuesday for London, to attend a house-party given by Mrs. Holden at Easwell Park. The Duke of Cambridge will be present, and will lead the party in a hunt at the park.

Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst moved into her new home in Berkeley on Monday, December 4th.

Mr. and Mrs. Graham E. Babcock, of Coronado, are guests at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Moore were among the recent visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais.

Mr. and Mrs. Duke Baxter are at the Bella Vista Hotel for the winter.

Mrs. Hugh C. Wallace, daughter of Chief Justice Fuller, of the United States Supreme Court, is at the Palace Hotel for a couple of weeks.

Mr. F. F. Runyon, Miss Belle Runyon, and Miss Jennie Graham made an enjoyable visit to the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Mrs. C. C. McMahon has come over from Seminary Park, and is at the Palace Hotel for the winter. She will be at home on Mondays in December.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Bell came up from Santa Barbara on Wednesday, and are guests at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Ryan and Miss Daisy Ryan have come up from their Menlo Park residence, and are at the Occidental Hotel for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope have returned from their visit to the East.

Mrs. D. E. Rutherford and the Misses Rutherford came up from Palo Alto recently and are at the California Hotel.

Mr. Norwood W. Howard arrived in town on Thursday, to attend the golf tournament.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Beesly and Mrs. W. E. Gerber, of Sacramento, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Bonny, of Sausalito, Mr. C. S. Wheeler, Mr. George E. Butler, Mr. George Davidson, Mr. A. H. Nahor, and Mr. G. H. Knight, of San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Allen, of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Hazzard, of Japan, Mr. and Mrs. William Hudson and Mr. Frank B. Ingersoll, of Seattle.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel are Mr. and Mrs. B. S. Huish, Mrs. W. D. Haslam, Mr. and Mrs. S. Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Burdell, Mrs. M. A. Burdell, Mr. W. H. Lamb, Mr. V. S. McClatchy, Mr. B. Rosenstein, Mr. J. R. Stanton, Mr. H. Luge, Mr. J. R. Dodds, Mr. C. E. Dodds, Mr. L. Roe, Mr. W. R. Rainey, Mr. J. I. Husband, and Mr. W. S. Lamey.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Captain Frank West, Sixth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been sent to Oregon to purchase cavalry horses. Lieutenant Harry H. Scott, ordnance department, U. S. A., has been ordered from Benicia Barracks to inspection duty at the works of the California Powder Company at Santa Cruz.

Ensign Arthur H. Cathcart, assistant-paymaster, U. S. N., is a guest at the California Hotel.

Golf and Tennis Notes.

The first annual tournament for the amateur golf championship of the United States will begin at the Presidio links on Saturday, December 9th, under the auspices of the San Francisco and Oakland Golf Clubs.

All players entering must have played a qualifying round over 18 holes on the Presidio links within two weeks before the contest begins, and only those sixteen players making the lowest scores will be entitled to compete. Those who had played a qualifying round up to last Thursday evening were:

Mr. John Lawson, of the Burlingame Country Club, 95; Mr. William Pierce Johnson, of the Oakland Golf Club, 95; Mr. Harry B. Goodwin, San Francisco, 97; Mr. E. Condé Jones, Los Angeles, 101; Mr. S. L. Abbot, Jr., San Francisco, 102; Mr. Frederick S. Stratton, Oakland, 102; Mr. Ernest R. Folger, Oakland, 104; Mr. Peter E. Bowles, Oakland, 104; Mr. R. M. Fitzgerald, Oakland, 104; Mr. R. H. Gaylord, San Francisco, 104; Mr. George D. Greenwood, Oakland, 110; and Lieutenant W. G. Miller, U. S. N., 111.

The first tennis tournament of doubles for the Davis Cups will take place at the courts of the California Lawn Tennis Club on Saturday, December 9th.

There will be a ladies' singles tournament for handsome prizes at the same courts on Washington's Birthday.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS, DRESS-SUIT CASES, Satchels, Canes, Umbrellas, "Knox" Hats. Eugene Korn, 726 Market Street.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Minetti Quartet.

The next concert of the Minetti Quartet will take place at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall on Friday afternoon, December 15th, at a quarter-past three. The programme will include the Mendelssohn string quartet in E-flat, with its beautiful canzonetta, and the Goldmark quintet in B-flat, which will be performed here for the first time. It is a grand composition, in four movements, of which the second, the adagio, is especially beautiful.

Mr. F. Stark will be the second violin in the quartet, and Mr. Hermann Genss will preside at the piano during the quintet. The addition of Mr. Stark, by the way, makes the collection of instruments to be used in this concert a truly remarkable one. Mr. Minetti's violin is a Nicolaus Amati of 1718, Mr. Stark's is a Domenico Montagnani of 1650, Mr. Heinsen's viola is a Petrus Guarnerius, filius Andreas, of 1710, and Mr. Weiss's 'cello is also a Petrus Guarnerius of the same date. The aggregate value of this rare collection of fine old Italian instruments is probably twenty thousand dollars.

The Holmes Chamber-Music Concert.

Mr. Henry Holmes gave his fourth chamber-music concert at Century Hall last Tuesday afternoon. The quartet was assisted by Waldemar Lind, second viola, and William Wertsch, second 'cello. The vocalist was Mrs. C. O. Richards, who sang Mendelssohn's "Minnelied" and "Suleika," and the accompanist was Miss Constance Jordan. The programme presented was as follows:

String quintet (two violas), in C, Mozart; songs; sextet, in B-flat, op. 18 (for two violins, two violas, and two violoncellos), Brahms.

The Holmes Symphony Concert.

A symphony concert was given at the Grand Opera House on Thursday afternoon by an orchestra of sixty-six musicians under the leadership of Mr. Henry Holmes. The programme included the Brahms symphony in E minor, a suite in C by Bach, Wagner's "Siegfried" idyl, and the "Leonore" overture by Beethoven.

A pastorella, entitled "Adria and Eon," composed by Mr. Peter C. Allen for production by Miss Florence Sharon and Miss Pauline Fore, with a septet of strings, was given at Dietz Opera House, in Oakland, on Friday evening, December 8th. There was also a music fore part by Miss Jean Husb, violinist, "The Madrigal Club" of women's voices, and a chorus of men.

The Bohemian Club Exhibition.

An exhibition of paintings by members of the Bohemian Club and others was opened in the new jinks-room of the club on Wednesday afternoon, from two o'clock until five, and a large number of ladies and their escorts availed themselves of the members' invitations to inspect the pictures and the new hall. A string orchestra on the stage played throughout the afternoon.

There were some three hundred canvases exhibited and a few pieces of sculpture, among which Mr. R. I. Aitkin's "Art Lured by Bohemia" was especially prominent. The twenty-one exhibiting members of the club, who displayed two hundred and fifty-two works, were Mr. H. R. Bloomer, Mr. Chris Jorgensen, Mr. Francis McComas, Mr. John Stanton, Mr. H. S. Fonda, Mr. M. Straus, Mr. Theodore Wores, Mr. C. C. Judson, Mr. G. Cadenasso, Mr. A. Joulain, Mr. John M. Gamble, Mr. Charles R. Peters, Mr. Thad Welch, Mr. H. J. Breuer, Mr. J. W. Clawson, Mr. C. J. Carlson, Mr. L. P. Latimer, Mr. C. D. Robinson, Mr. Emil Carlsen, Mr. F. S. Butler, and Mr. C. J. Dickman, and forty-one subjects were shown by eleven non-members, Miss Julia Heynemann, Mr. R. I. Aitkin, Mr. Paul de Longpre, Mr. Orrin Peck, Miss A. R. Wheelan, Miss Alice B. Chittenden, Mrs. O. A. Ackerman, Miss M. M. Froelich, Miss M. T. Menton, Miss A. Jorgensen, and Mrs. Mary Herrick Ross. In other rooms there were also several pictures loaned by members.

The exhibition will be open to invited guests on the afternoons of Saturday, December 9th, Wednesday, December 13th, and Friday, December 15th.

The Art Students' League holds a reception at its rooms, 8 Montgomery Avenue, on the afternoons of December 9th, 11th, and 12th, when a number of recent portraits and sketches by Miss Heynemann will be exhibited.

New Century Calendars.

Among the big array of Calendars this year one of the most effective is Kipling's "Recessional." Messrs. Cooper & Co., the Art Stationers, have represented all the leading publishers, especially those making local designs.

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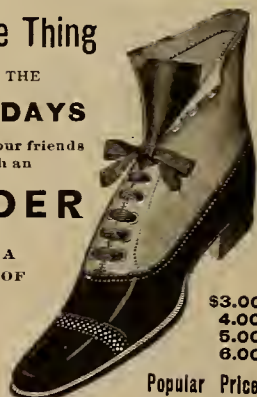
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*7.00 A	Marysville, Oroville, via Woodland, Elmira, Vacaville, and Runcney...	*7.45 P
*7.00 A	Shasta Express—Davis, Willows, Red Bluff, Portland...	*7.45 P
*7.30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa...	*6.15 P
*8.30 A	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago...	*5.15 P
*8.30 A	San José, Livermore, Stockton, Fresno, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, and Red Bluff...	*4.15 P
*8.30 A	*Milton, Oakdale, and Sonoma...	*4.15 P
*9.00 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations...	*11.45 A
*9.00 A	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East...	*9.45 A
*9.00 A	Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno...	*12.15 P
*9.00 A	Port Costa, Fresno, Mojave, and Los Angeles...	*6.45 P
*10.00 A	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations...	*6.45 P
*11.00 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations...	*2.45 P
*12.00 M	Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Sacramento, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville...	*4.15 P
*11.00 P	Sacramento River Steamers...	*18.00 P
*3.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations...	*5.45 P
*4.00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa...	*9.15 A
*4.00 P	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Oroville...	*10.45 A
*4.30 P	Niles, San José, and Stockton...	*7.15 P
*5.00 P	The Owl Limited, Tracy, Fresno, Bakersfield, Saugus for Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles...	*9.45 A
*5.30 P	Stockton, Merced, and Fresno...	*12.15 P
*5.30 P	Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans, and East...	*8.45 A
*5.30 P	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East...	*6.45 P
*6.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and San José...	*7.45 A
*6.30 P	Vallejo...	*12.15 P
*6.30 P	Oriental Mail—Ogden and East...	*8.50 P
*17.00 P	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Stations...	*19.55 P
*8.05 P	Oregon and California Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East...	*8.15 A

COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

LEAVE	From	ARRIVE
*8.15 A	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations...	*5.50 P
*12.15 P	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations...	*10.50 A
*4.15 P	Newark, San José, Los Gatos...	*9.20 A
*11.45 P	Hunters' Excursion, San José and Way Stations...	*17.20 P

CREEK ROUTE FERRY

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—	ARRIVE
*7.15	9.00 A.M.
*7.40	11.00 A.M.
*8.00	1.00 P.M.
*8.20	3.00 P.M.
*8.40	5.00 P.M.

COAST DIVISION (Broad Gauge).

LEAVE	From	ARRIVE
*16.10 A	Ocean View, South San Francisco, San José and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only)...	*16.30 P
*7.00 A	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Surf, Robles, San Luis Obispo, Pismo, Lompoc, and Principal Way Stations...	*1.30 P
*9.00 A	San José and Way Stations...	*4.10 P
*10.40 A	San José and Way Stations...	*6.35 A
*11.30 A	San José and Way Stations...	*5.30 P
*12.45 P	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove...	*10.36 A
*13.30 P	San José and Way Stations...	*7.30 P
*14.15 P	San José and Principal Way Stations...	*9.45 A
*15.00 P	San José and Principal Way Stations...	*10.00 A
*5.30 P	San José and Principal Way Stations...	*8.35 A
*6.30 P	San José and Way Stations...	*18.00 A
*11.45 P	San José and Way Stations...	*7.30 P

A for Morning. P for Afternoon.
* Daily. † Sunday excepted. ‡ Sunday only.
§ Saturday only.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"We keep three servant-girls," said Mr. Newlywed; "one coming, one going, and one here."—*Life*.

"Yes, there wasn't much variety, but we had three square meals a day." "What did you have?" "Soda crackers."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Mother—"Willie, did the grocer tell you these eggs were fresh?" "Willie—" He didn't say, but he told me to hurry home with them."—*Town Topics*.

First tramp—"Dese people what complain of dere work bein' too hard inake me tired." Second tramp—"Dey do?" First tramp—"Yes; why don't dey t'row up de job?"—*Puck*.

Bridget—"I can't stand the missus, sur." Von Blumer (sarcastically)—"It's a pity, Bridget, that I couldn't have selected a wife to suit you." Bridget—"Sure, sur, we all make mistakes."—*Tit-Bits*.

Clara—"Did you notice that fine-looking gentleman turn and look back at me after he had passed?" Maude—"Yes. Isn't it queer how little it takes to turn a man's head?"—*Chicago News*.

Home ties no drawback: He—"Marie, can you tear yourself away from your loving father's roof, and go with me?" She—"Mercy—yes; this isn't his roof, we're just renters."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Most of these variety dancers," said the shoe clerk boarder, "finish as total wrecks." "Of course," said the Cheerful Idiot; "their stage life is usually a succession of break-downs."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Sportsman (to Snobson, who hasn't brought down a single bird all day)—"Do you know Lord Peckham?" Snobson—"Oh, dear, yes. I've often shot at his house." Sportsman—"Ever hit it?"—*Tit-Bits*.

Physician—"I shall have to limit you to seven speeches a day hereafter." Free silver orator (in alarm)—"That's too sweeping a reduction, doctor! You ought to let me taper off gradually!"—*Chicago Tribune*.

Mrs. Golde Nugget—"I can not see any callers to-day, Nanette." Nanette (five minutes later to caller)—"Monsieur, I haf ze pleasure to inform you zat madame is blind to-day."—*Philadelphia North American*.

Juvenile logic: Boy—"You are going to fight against the English, aren't you, Captain Brown?" Captain Brown (indignantly)—"Fight the English! What on earth put that into your head?" Boy—"Why, daddy said you were a horrid Boer!"—*Punch*.

Still harder work: Mr. Close, Sr.—"What! more money? You seem to think that dollars are picked up in the street. I want you to understand that I had to work hard for every cent I've got." His son—"Yes; and I have to work harder for every cent I get."—*Life*.

Immune: "Look out for that live wire!" shouted the workman on the roof. His assistant looked at him calmly, and said: "Don't you worry. I've been to see every French farce that came to town. A little thing like a live wire couldn't shock me."—*Washington Star*.

"Lobelia," demanded Mr. McSwat, as he stood, hat in hand, waiting for her, "are you going out walking with that bicycling-dress on?" "This is my rainy-day skirt," replied Mrs. McSwat, "and I certainly am going out walking in it." "Then wait a minute," he said, "and I will turn up my trousers."—*Chicago Tribune*.

Small girl—"Have you any gum?" Drug clerk—"What kind of gum, young lady—Arabic, elastic, Senegal, caoutchouc, tragacanth, Jones's, Smith's, Robinson's spruce, the woody gum, the seask cure, the gum that's round, the square chips, the bicycle cake, or gum to eat?" Small girl—"No, I want chewing gum."—*Cornell Widow*.

Scene on a Boston electric car: Personæ—Small boy; Portly lady. Small boy (partially sotto voce)—"Gee! that woman must have swallowed a yeast-cake." Portly lady (overhearing)—"Yes, my boy, and if your mother had taken a yeast-cake you would have been better bred."—*Boston Transcript*.

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Teacher (to class)—"What is an octopus?" Small boy (who has just commenced to take Latin, eagerly)—"Please, sir, I know, sir; it's an eight-sided cat."—*Life*.

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The Argonaut.

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The *Argonaut* believes in considering both sides of public questions. It is aware that some of its readers do not agree with its views hitherto expressed concerning Asiatic annexation. The matter now is *res adjudicata*. We have annexed the Philippines. To discuss the advisability of annexation, therefore, would be a waste of words. But the Philippine war is as nothing to the Philippine peace to follow. Annexation is a trifle compared to reconstruction.

Herewith we print the letter of a subscriber who does not like our annexation views. He questions the wisdom

of the *Argonaut's* attitude, and he doubts the loyalty of its Republicanism:

GREAT FALLS, MONT., November 22, 1899.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: After December 28th prox., please discontinue paper. I have taken the *Argonaut* for a number of years, and regret very much to drop it, but the paper has changed so much that it is no pleasure to read its editorials now. I do not pretend to claim that there has been any change in the editorial writers of late years, but in the policy of the articles. I do not suppose that my dropping out will affect the circulation of the paper, but I can not enjoy reading your articles regarding the Philippines. You show such a lamentable ignorance of the true character of the natives. You gush most unblushingly over the fitness of the Filipinos to take care of themselves. I presume owing to your ignorance of the real conditions. If the editor would spend a few months in those latitudes, he would soon change his opinion about the capabilities of the natives for self-government. Still, I do not suppose that your policy will affect the circulation of the paper.

I do not admire some of the acts of the present administration, but as Mr. McKinley will surely be re-nominated and re-elected, I can not see the sense of trying to weaken our position and afford comfort to the opposition to good government.

There is another feature in your paper which can not be of interest to a majority of your readers who reside outside of your city and State, and that is that you fill up too much space with local matters which are of no interest to your general readers. Why not add a supplement for your city readers and thus not inflict outsiders with uninteresting matter. I do not suppose you will make any change through my suggestions, but the change would be a good one.

Yours truly, G— R—.

Answering the last complaint of our correspondent first, we think his suggestion an excellent one. The *Argonaut* circulates in every State and Territory of the Union, and has subscribers scattered all over the world. We are fully conscious that matters of much interest to Californians are of little or no interest to these other readers. But as the paper is printed in the chief city of the Pacific Coast, it must naturally concern itself with matters which interest the Pacific Coast. None the less, our correspondent's suggestion of a supplement may be a good one, and we shall consider it.

As to the complaint that the *Argonaut* "shows a lamentable ignorance of the true character of the Philippine natives," we plead guilty. Our ignorance concerning them is almost as lamentable as that of United States Consuls Wildman, Williams, and Pratt, who got us into this Filipino bog—almost as great as that of the Spaniards, who have governed them for four hundred years without understanding them—almost as lamentable as that of the administration, which has been trying to govern them for eighteen months with as little success as the Spaniards. We are indeed "ignorant of the true character of the Philippine natives." If our correspondent understands their true character we advise him to repair at once to Washington and advise the administration, for he is probably the only man in the United States possessing that much-needed knowledge.

As to our "gushing over the fitness of the Filipinos to take care of themselves," that we most certainly have not done. We do not believe they are fit to govern themselves, and therefore we do not believe that they are fit to help govern us, which is what the annexation of ten millions of them means. We do not relish the idea of being governed by congressmen from Roman Catholic Luzon or Mohammedan Mindanao. Yet this is inevitable when the islands are reconstructed. If we believe that the Filipinos are not fit to govern themselves, we must certainly believe that they are not fit to govern us. Does our Montana correspondent believe that they are fit to govern him?

The *Argonaut* has not based its opposition to Asiatic annexation on the fitness or unfitness of the Filipinos for self-government. We care nothing about the Filipinos. The various tribes may prey upon each other. Mohammedans may cut Christian throats and Christians may slit Mohammedan weasands. The friars may fry the natives in their own fat, and Spain may squeeze from the frying friars the fat they fried out of the natives. All of these things concern us not at all. We believe an American citizen should be loyal to his own country, his own flag, his own State, his own town, his own family, and his own wife, and let other countries, other peoples, and other men's wives alone. This country grew rich and great by minding its own business.

Whether it will grow richer and greater by minding other people's is an open question. We doubt it.

But waiving all these academic questions of liberating oppressed peoples against their will, the *Argonaut* has opposed the administration's Asiatic annexation scheme for two reasons: First, because it is bad business. Second, because it is bad politics. As a business proposition, Asiatic annexation will not pay; and, as a political proposition, it means danger to the Republican party. Still, the *Argonaut* believes that Bryanism is a more imminent danger to the Republic than imperialism—for the present at least. Therefore, we will support the Republican party, as we have always done—imperialism and all. But, in common with other loyal Republicans, we strove earnestly to hold back the party from the present entanglement—unsuccessfully.

As to the accusations which our Montana correspondent brings against this journal—of lack of loyalty to the principles of the Republican party—let us ask him what are the principles of that party on Asiatic annexation? Where were they formulated? In what document do they appear? Where did Mr. R— read them? How does he know what they are, any better than other Republicans? We do not know what they are. Will he tell us? And if he tries to do so, what is his authority? Did the last National Republican Convention approve of Asiatic annexation? Was it a plank in the platform? Was there anything in the platform advocating Asiatic annexation? Did not the platform, on the other hand, expressly advocate aiding Spain's struggling colonists to achieve their independence? We would like Mr. R— to quote us chapter and verse in our Republican Bible advocating Asiatic annexation. He would find it hard.

The last official utterance of any national Republican body on this subject was a resolution passed by the United States Senate in February, 1899. That body very reluctantly approved the treaty with Spain which paid her twenty millions for the Philippines. Its consent was finally obtained only by the casting vote of Vice-President Hobart, President McKinley's close friend. Even then the Senate passed a resolution expressly and explicitly disavowing any attempt to annex the Philippines permanently. Is there any higher legislative body in the United States than the Senate? If so, will Mr. R— tell us what it is? Patriotic American citizens should heed the solemn utterances of their highest legislative body. Loyal Republicans should heed the utterances of a Republican Senate. We do. Apparently Mr. R— does not.

Our correspondent might say that the policy of the administration is the policy of the Republican party. We do not agree with him. It is not always so. He may remember that there was a Republican President—one Andrew Johnson by name—whose policy was so distinctly not the policy of his party that his party attempted to impeach him, and very nearly succeeded. We do not say that Mr. McKinley's policy is disapproved by his party. We only say that it is not yet proved that his party approves of it. When a Republican Congress and a National Republican Convention approve of Mr. McKinley's Asiatic annexation policy, it will be an essential article of party faith and dogma. It is not so now.

But let us ask Mr. R— what is President McKinley's policy? Does he know? Does President McKinley know? Does anybody know? We frankly confess that we do not know; and good Republicans need not believe in a policy when they do not know what it is. The *Argonaut* has already declared that it will support the administration policy if it be Republican policy, and if it be possible to find out what it is. But these questions are still open. The most ardent McKinley Republicans will have to admit that the President's policy, as set forth in his speeches, has varied greatly during the past year. The spring McKinley was at variance with the summer McKinley. The autumn McKinley was much more blood-thirsty than the summer McKinley. While the winter McKinley is frosty, yet kindly. The President's present attitude toward the Philippine. His message, is extrinsic purely. He deposits the Phil

at the door of Congress with a jaunty air and an inscrutable smile.

The tone of his message has excited surprise even in the British cabinet—warm friends of the present administration. The *Morning Post*—an aristocratic and inspired Conservative organ which sings Mr McKinley's praises continually—says:

"We are surprised to find his statements in relation to the new possessions of the United States much less emphatic than those which he used during the summer and autumn in the speeches he delivered in various parts of the republic."

From the foregoing our Montana correspondent will see that he would find it difficult to tell us what the Republican policy is, or even what the administration's policy is. We by no means believe that the Republican party, as a whole, has favored or now favors Asiatic annexation. We have opposed it for the reasons given above—that it is bad business and bad politics.

But when we say "bad politics" we mean something higher than that gross phrase. The Republican party has its faults, but it has always been a party with high ideals. Whenever it has run after false gods it has come to grief. When it juggled with greenbackism it came to grief. When it dallied with free silver it came to grief. And now that it has gone into the Asiatic annexation business we very much fear that it may come to grief.

The *Argonaut* foresaw that this Asiatic annexation scheme would entangle the Republican party with free trade and servile labor. We have opposed Asiatic annexation because it meant danger to free labor, danger to protection, danger of free trade.

The Republican party was born as a result of the agitation against human slavery. Under Abraham Lincoln—greatest of American statesmen—it put down a rebellion which threatened the life of the nation. As a result of that rebellion it freed millions of human slaves. It reconstructed the rebel States. It healed the wounds of the war. It laid the foundations of a protective tariff under which this country has become one of the richest and most prosperous in the world. It has protected American industries and it has protected American labor. It has not only freed the humble African slave, but it has been the staunch friend of the American free-man.

Asiatic annexation means that the party must stultify itself, must stain its brilliant record, must tacitly permit human slavery in the Philippines, must openly permit servile labor there, must see its policy of protection disappear before the exigencies of commerce with the islands, must see hordes of Asiatic coolies shipped here to take the places of American workmen. It must, in short, see protection replaced by free trade, free labor by semi-servile labor, and American workmen by Asiatic coolies. All of these things are natural results of Asiatic annexation.

But the deed is done. It is now too late to prevent Asiatic annexation. But it is not too late to save the party from the results of Asiatic annexation, to wit: Asiatic immigration. As for Mr. R——'s objection to our "weakening our position" by trying to save the party from further blunders, that is folly. It is like the ostrich which hides by sticking its head in the sand.

We assure our Montana correspondent that the *Argonaut* firmly believes in the old principles of the Republican party which was the friend of freedom, the foe of slavery. We believe in the principles of the party which saved the Union, which built up protection to American industry, which has made the American workman the most favored toiler in the world. But the *Argonaut* disbelieves in the kind of Republicanism which advocates Asiatic annexation, which will be followed by Asiatic immigration, which will bring Malay coolies in competition with free American workmen.

That is our kind of Republicanism. If that be treason, Mr. R——, then make the most of it.

Of the ten million voters in the United States, more than one-half have been born and have attained their majority since the beginning of the movement to exclude the hordes of Chinese who poured in here during the twenty years succeeding the negotiation of the Burlingame treaty. It is natural, therefore, that the memory of those stirring events should have grown dim and that the voter of to-day should minimize the difficulties that were met and overcome.

When the news of California's admission into the Union of States reached this Coast there were 660 Chinese residing here. During the next twenty years the number increased but slowly; but in 1863 the Burlingame treaty was negotiated, and this gave an immense impetus to Chinese immigration. By 1870 the number had increased to 50,000, and far-sighted people were already becoming alarmed at the influx. They swarmed into the cities, taking the places of domestic servants; they crowded the white operatives out of the factories and the farm-hands off of the farms.

Opposition to the coming of the Chinese began within the first two years after the treaty went into operation, but the sentiment was of slow growth at first. In 1876, or after the treaty had been in force for eight years, the State senate took up the question in response to the increasing demand of the people. A committee was appointed, and proceeding to San Francisco it conducted an investigation into the manners and habits of the Chinese. At the same time a monster mass-meeting was held in this city, at which resolutions were adopted calling for congressional action. During the latter part of the year a committee of the United States Senate arrived here to conduct an investigation on its own account.

This year—1876—may be considered as marking the real beginning of the anti-Chinese movement. The people were thoroughly aroused, agitation was active, the State government in both executive and legislative branches was seconding the popular efforts, and the attention of Congress had been secured. Nevertheless, the victory was far from being won—it was not until the agitation had been continued for sixteen years longer, after many mass-meetings had been held in this city and in Sacramento, after resolutions of the people and memorials of the legislature had been adopted and forwarded to Congress, after the representatives of this State had persistently and tirelessly urged the Washington authorities to action.

In the meantime, the second year of the agitation saw it entering upon a period of violence. In Chico, five Chinese were killed in a riotous disturbance; in this city, wash-houses were demolished and fires were started at several points. The law-abiding citizens found it necessary to organize a committee of safety to assist the city authorities in maintaining order. Out of these events grew the Kearney movement, the sand-lot campaign, and the formation of the Workingmen's party, which forced the adoption of the constitution of 1879. The interest in exclusion may be gathered from the fact that, while only 145,000 votes were cast for and against the constitution, the vote in favor of exclusion was 154,000.

In 1882, after the active agitation had continued for six years, Congress passed the first exclusion law, which prohibited Chinese laborers coming to this country during a period of ten years. Two earlier bills had been passed, but were vetoed, one by President Hayes and the other by President Arthur. The law as enacted was a weak compromise and satisfied nobody, so the agitation was continued. In 1884 it was amended, providing heavy penalties for any person violating its provisions. In 1886 two conventions were held in Sacramento, at which strong resolutions were adopted and forwarded to Congress. In 1888 a supplemental law was enacted, prohibiting the return to this country of Chinese laborers who had formerly resided here but had returned to China. In 1892 came the beginning of the end, with the enactment of what is generally known as the Geary Exclusion Act. Unimportant amendments were added the next year, and this law has remained in force since that time.

From this brief review it appears that the exclusion of Chinese laborers was accomplished only after the labor of nearly thirty years, and during sixteen years of that time practically the entire population of the State carried on an active and persistent agitation. Is history about to repeat itself with the Asiatic races of the Pacific isles substituted for the Chinese?

In connection with the talk about an extra session of the legislature, the proposition has been advanced to revive the bill providing for an issue of bonds to improve the water front of this city. The measure was first proposed at Sacramento last year, and met with such well-deserved opposition that it was defeated. The attention of the legislature may well be called to the condition of affairs on the water front of San Francisco; but what is needed there is not more money to spend, but a reorganization that shall reduce expenses and at the same time provide for a more judicious expenditure of the money that is used.

The investigation that was conducted by a legislative committee one year ago proved that there was no more extravagant branch of the State government than the harbor commission in this city. The taxes upon shipping are extremely heavy, and sufficient money has been received from this source to complete the sea-wall as originally designed and to provide ample docking facilities for the increased commerce that will result from the development of trade with the Orient. Yet it will be recalled that when the government was establishing its transport service there was no wharf in this city available for its use, and the proposition of making Seattle the head-quarters of the service was seriously discussed. It was only after two steamship companies had released their option upon Folsom Street Wharf that the service was finally located here.

The harbor commission of this city was established in

1863, and the construction of the sea-wall was commenced at that time. During the thirty-six years that have elapsed since then ten sections have been completed, extending a distance of 9,203 feet at a total cost of \$1,612,911.22. This represents less than one-half of the sea-wall as originally planned. At the same time the receipts of the harbor commission have amounted to \$14,902,665. It is clear that bad economy has been exercised the entire sea-wall might easily have been completed and paid for out of these receipts. Instead of being conducted on business principles, however, the commission has been converted into a great patronage mill. The legislative investigating committee reported that there were from fifty to seventy unnecessary employees on the pay-roll, drawing an average of one thousand dollars apiece. The monthly salary-list amounts to \$23,135—equivalent to an annual expenditure of \$277,620. In all there are 223 employees to do work that a private business concern would perform with little more than one-half of that number. The careless methods that obtain are indicated by the fact that during the month of February of this year an employee working at the rate of four dollars a day received payment for thirty-six days' work.

It is not alone that the money received by the harbor commission has been recklessly squandered in salaries, instead of being expended for permanent improvements. That is had enough, but the fact that harbor dues in this city are far higher than they should be is much more serious. The next few years are certain to see an immense development of trans-Pacific commerce. The trade will come to that port in this country that offers the best inducements. Lack of sufficient docking facilities and high harbor dues in this city will be certain to drive it to other ports. In spite of the fact that Seattle has barely one-seventh of the population of San Francisco, that city more than divided the Alaskan trade while the great Klondike rush was in progress. In foreign trade the northern city is fast gaining upon San Francisco. Taking the trade of 1891 as a basis, the foreign commerce of this city is decreasing rather than increasing. For each thousand dollars of foreign trade in 1891 this city had \$812 in 1897, and only \$724 in 1899. On the other hand, the foreign trade of Puget Sound has been increasing by jumps and bounds. On the basis of one thousand dollars in 1891, the trade in 1895 was \$7,600; in 1897 it was \$17,920; and in 1899 it was \$21,240.

The cause of this is clearly to be found in the tax upon shipping in this port. The port dues include not only dockage and tolls, but also fees for pilotage. Formerly there were also quarantine fees to be paid, but it is probable that these will be held illegal by the courts. The pilotage fees are five dollars for each draught foot, and four cents for each registered ton. The dockage charges amount to four dollars for the first two hundred tons, and three-quarters of a cent for each additional ton, to be paid for each day that the vessel lies at the wharf discharging freight. While freight is being received, or while the vessel is lying idle at the wharf, one-half rates are charged. Tolls of five cents a ton are charged for freight bailed over the wharf.

How heavy a tax upon shipping this is may be appreciated by a little calculation. A company handling the Oriental trade would dispatch an average of two steamers of about 6,000 tons a month from this port. The monthly bill for port dues would read about as follows: Pilotage, \$1,660; dockage, \$997.50; tolls, \$500. This makes a charge of \$3,157.50 paid to the State for harbor dues. But there is also a charge in behalf of the federal government, graded according to the nationality of the company owning the vessels and the country in which the vessels were built. There is an entry tax of \$3,600, a tonnage tax of \$1,500, and light money amounting to \$1,500. This is assuming that the vessels were built abroad and owned by a foreign company. If the vessels were built in this country and owned by foreigners, there would be a reduction of \$600. The total annual charge would therefore range from \$81,090 to \$84,090. It is this tax upon shipping that is retarding the development of San Francisco. The federal charges are, of course, the same in all ports of this country, but in the State charges there is abundant room for reform, and if San Francisco is not to lose its position as the metropolis of the Pacific Coast that reform must be brought about.

Secretary of War Root's report, while covering a wide range of topics, is essentially an exposition of his views as to the future of our insular possessions. To set these forth in full required brevity in other directions, although the paper is long, and may fairly be termed exhaustive.

Considerable space is devoted to a plan of army reorganization, whereby the establishment is to be strengthened, more adequately equipped, and calculated to operate quickly and in complete harmony with the volunteer body. This plan includes the founding of a war college and the enlargement of West Point. Indeed, if acted upon, it will

bring about a radical change, giving to the military arm such relative importance as it does not now possess.

It is upon the theme of insular government that the report goes to greatest length, deductions being based almost entirely upon the experience and outlook of Porto Rico, where there are no complications to hamper, and no questioning of authority. Similar aspects of the Philippines are passed over in deference to the elaborate report of the commission, embracing all necessary information and suggestion. That to Congress alone belongs determination of the civil representatives and political status of territories ceded to the United States, is the premise of Mr. Root. He argues that set limitations completely deprive these people of the privilege of being treated as the citizens of States, of being treated as citizens of territory previously acquired have been, or even of asserting legal rights under the provisions of a constitution framed for the people of the United States. Nevertheless, he asserts the existence of intention to give them, to the greatest possible extent, individual freedom, self-government, just and equal laws, opportunity for education, profitable industry, and development.

In the case of Porto Rico, the natives are ignorant of modern systems of government, and so should be given the kind to which they have been accustomed, and permitted to participate in it as fully as might be without rendering it ineffective. This would allow a chance for increase of capacity. Past failures are ascribed to the refusal of a defeated minority to take any part in public affairs, and in this circumstance Mr. Root discerns the reason for revolutions in Central America and the West Indies. He counsels, as a beginning, a declaration as to laws to be applicable to Porto Rico, provision for federal officers to execute them, and a federal judiciary with appeal to the United States Supreme Court. The insular government he would have under the jurisdiction of Congress. His recommendation includes the appointment of a governor, who shall be named by the President and confirmed by the Senate. The chief officers are to be chosen in like manner, and the legislative council made up of the chief officers and a minority selected by the President from citizens of the island. Municipal government is to be conducted by a mayor and council, the positions being elective, with officials subject to removal by the governor.

The time, Mr. Root thinks, has not arrived for an elective legislature. Suffrage should be limited to those who can read and write, or who own property. He believes Porto Ricans should be placed in the offices they are competent to fill, and American office-holders be kept to the lowest practicable limit, and subject to the "merit system." Educational facilities should be provided at community expense, and, if necessary, aid advanced by the federal government. He advocates the retention of the Spanish civil code, with modifications, explaining that American laws would be oppressive and futile. A similar course was followed by this country in Louisiana, and by England in Lower Canada.

Emphasis is laid on the distress caused by the inability of the Porto Ricans to dispose of their goods. The Spanish market is closed to them, and the American tariff is an obstacle they can not overcome. Mr. Root hopes for some relief from these conditions, and asks for it. He views the whole problem cheerfully, and believes the solution, according to his outline, will be easy and within reasonable time. The report is marked by an absence of censure either for the Porto Ricans or other islanders, or those who have to do with the destiny of the islanders, all being credited with good intention or high purpose.

Referring to Cuba, Mr. Root uses comparatively few words, drawing attention mainly to the nearing independence of the island. He ascribes to the Cubans only laudable ambitions, nor does he hint at any murmurings of discontent. Control of Cuba will not be continued, he avers, beyond the time when it shall be able to maintain a stable government of its own. By April 11th the census is expected to be complete, and the decision announced of the Spaniards who may become Cubans or maintain allegiance with their native land. The Cubans, however, are handicapped by lack of experience, and a degree of ignorance so marked that two-thirds of them are unable to read.

Whether long tenures of office in Congress are best for the country and for the different constituencies is a question that may admit of various decisions, and must naturally be largely affected by the different points of consideration.

The belief that the practice of continuing congressmen and senators in office for long terms belongs particularly to the Eastern States, and especially to New England, and that to this fact is attributable the preponderance of those States in influence in national affairs is one that is not warranted by the facts. The long term of thirty years which Thomas H. Benton spent in the Senate was passed as the repre-

sentative of the Western State of Missouri. At all events, Benton's long service is no longer the wonder of official life. The practice is growing, and his tenure has been exceeded in both Eastern and Western States, and there are several men in Congress now whose expectation of exceeding thirty years of office in Congress is exceptionally good. Senator Morrill, of Vermont, who died in office, had served almost thirty-two consecutive years in the Senate, which had been preceded by twelve years' service as a member of the House. John Sherman, of Ohio, served only a few months less than Morrill in the Senate, although not consecutively, and he had been previously six years in the House.

There have been twenty-four men who have served twenty years or more in the Senate, and taking the Alleghenies as the dividing line, fifteen of them have come from the West and South. Among those who are dead or are not in office, William R. King, of Alabama, was thirty years in the Senate and five in the House; Anthony, of Rhode Island, was senator for twenty-six years; Hamlin, of Maine, was four years in the House and twenty-five in the Senate; Edmunds, of Vermont, was twenty-four years a senator; Sumner, of Massachusetts, and Ransom, of North Carolina, twenty-three years each. Of senators now in service, Allison, of Iowa, and Jones, of Nevada, have each twenty-six years to their credit. If they serve out their present terms, which expire in 1903, they will have been thirty years continuously in the office. Cockrell, of Missouri, has been in office twenty-four years, and is just beginning a new term. Hoar, of Massachusetts, has been in the Senate twenty-two years, and has two years of his present term to serve. Morgan, of Alabama, and Stewart, of Nevada, have each served twenty-two years. The former's present term ends in 1901 and the latter's in 1905. Teller, of Colorado, Platt, of Connecticut, and Vest, of Missouri, have been in their seats twenty years, and each has four years more of his present term to serve.

The longest record of service in the House is held by William S. Holman, of Indiana, who was a representative for thirty years, though not continuously. William D. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, served twenty-nine years without a break. Charles O'Neill, from the same State, served twenty-nine years, and Samuel J. Randall, twenty-seven. The oldest members in point of service now in the House are Harmer, of Pennsylvania, and Ketcham, of New York, each with twenty-six years of tenure behind him. It is to be observed that not all of the remarkably long careers in Congress have been enjoyed by Eastern men. Nathaniel Macon, of North Carolina, served twenty-four years in the House and thirteen in the Senate. In length of consecutive service he ranks next to Morrill. Shelby M. Cullom, of Illinois, was six years in the House and has entered on his seventeenth year in the Senate. Bland, of Missouri, who died recently, had been in the House twenty-four years. Henderson, the present Speaker, has represented Iowa for sixteen years. Cannon, of Illinois, has served twenty-four years, Hitt, seventeen years, and Hopkins, fourteen years, and all three are still in the House. From the same State Springer served twenty consecutive years, and Washburne and Morrison sixteen years each. John K. Jones, of Arkansas, has now been twenty years in the House and Senate. Logan, Chandler, Giddings, Douglas, Harlan, and Garfield served their respective States in Congress for terms varying from sixteen to twenty-two years.

It is also to be noted that the men who have been most widely popular are not those who have been retained longest in Congress. Van Buren was but seven years in the Senate, Blaine was but twelve years in Congress, and neither Jackson, Webster, nor Calhoun served for record-breaking tenures. The most remarkable family records are afforded by Pennsylvania and Delaware. Simon Cameron served the former State eighteen years in the Senate, and resigned in favor of his son, Don Cameron, who was duly elected and served continuously in the same body for twenty years. The elder James A. Bayard, of Delaware, was elected a senator in 1805, and served eight years. He had already been in the House four years. His eldest son, Richard H. Bayard, was a senator for nine years. Another son, James A. Bayard, was a senator for fourteen years, and Thomas F. Bayard, the latter's son, served as a senator for sixteen years—making fifty-one years of congressional life for the Bayard family. Willard Saulsbury, also of Delaware, was a senator for twelve years, and was succeeded by his brother, Eli Saulsbury, who served eighteen years.

In the facility for imitation no race not of the Orient can compete with the far East. The Japanese is particularly cunning, and in his operations is hampered by nothing suggestive of a conscience. If he sees an article that strikes his fancy he proceeds to duplicate it, in appearance at least, and leaves to the consumer the discovery that the likeness does not ex-

tend to quality. The basswood bam and the hand-made nutmeg, as achievements, pale beside the recent feats of the Oriental tradesman.

Recently the captain of a tramp steamer displayed certain goods he had bought in Japan at an average of thirty per cent. less than listed prices in San Francisco. He was persuaded that he had a bargain through the selling of an American cargo at auction, and the haste of the buyer to dispose of it. In all innocence he became a purchaser. The goods included condensed milk, rolled oats, California apricots, and tinned tongue. Each of these commodities bore the familiar brand of a reliable American house. A practical test showed all the products to be inferior, and the milk, particularly, unfit for use.

Considerably mystified, the captain made a closer examination, and found that the entire stock was bogus. Not only were the contents of the packages palpable imitations, but the packages themselves counterfeit. The labels had been lithographed skillfully, reproducing even the names of the original designers, and the work so well done that it could not be casually detected. Before the captain realized the truth he was far at sea, and reparation was out of the question, so he told the incident as being a joke of which he had been the victim. There is, however, a scant element of the jocular in such a swindle, but rather a menace to American commerce. Surely the comity between nations will work for the abolition of an evil so grave.

Not every purchaser of poor goods in bogus wrappings would have the discernment to arrive at a true estimate of the character of the cheat. The blame would, inevitably, rest upon the innocent manufacturers, whose reputations had been traded upon by unscrupulous imitators of the product by which the reputations were won. If food products too rank to be consumed are hawked about as American, the blame will be laid to this country, and the wily dealer, as a rule, be undetected. In anticipation of placing large orders for supplies, a foreign nation or corporation might examine the spurious, never having occasion to think but the genuine was under consideration. The result of this would be easy to see; trade would be injured, and in certain lines, possibly, ruined.

Jahart

From figures compiled by Comptroller of the Currency Dawes, and appearing in full in his report, some interesting conclusions may be drawn. If a plenitude of bank deposits and a steady growth both in the total and the number of depositors is an indication of prosperity, the figures are cheering. The banking resources, as revealed by a comparative study of the statistics, place the United States easily in the lead in the financial world, a statement that a few decades ago would have been regarded as absurd.

The studies of Mr. Dawes cover a period from 1889 to the present, and in completing them he examined returns from 10,000 banks, accepting estimates as to others. In July, 1889, there were on the books of 7,203 banks the names of 6,708,971 depositors; in 1894, in 9,508 banks, 8,993,766 depositors; in June 30, 1899, in 9,732 banks, 11,432,636 depositors; and in November of the same year, an increase to 12,804 banks and 13,153,874 depositors. All this time there has been a demand from borrowers for the use of a greater proportion of the deposits, but it has been less marked than the gain in the number of depositors. In 1889, the banks being the same as heretofore considered, the individual borrowers were 2,188,541. In 1899 the borrowers were 5,067,252.

There has been a lessening rate of interest both in deposits and loans. The size of loans has not varied much, but the size of deposits has grown measurably. The totals tell a volume concerning the common share in prosperity. July 12, 1889 (the banks being the same as appear in former calculations), the amount was \$3,776,410,402; in 1899, \$7,513,954,361. During the same period the increase in loans was represented by the difference between \$3,475,272,262 and \$5,751,467,610.

Locally there have been developments as striking as those set forth by Mr. Dawes. San Francisco savings institutions have on hand so much money that they do not court additions to deposits, and have in some instances placed a limit upon the sum to be carried for any depositor. At the same time there is a good demand for money, but such an abundance available that interest has been lessened.

According to Mr. Dawes, the banking business is thriving, and serves as an index to the condition of business in other lines. There is no reason for anticipating any change of an undesirable character, but, indeed, the spirit of the country seems with excellent grounds to be highly optimistic.

Jahart

The signature of the editor is appended to every article in this issue written, dictated, or inspired by him, in accordance with the "signature law," enacted during the last session of the legislature.

SOME LONG
TERMS OF SERVICE
IN CONGRESS.

FLOWER OF THE CRAZED.

Consuelo's Terrible Revenge.

Laurence Kirby was young, good-looking in a fair sort of way, a great favorite with women, and one of the best constructing-engineers that the "Pacífico" ever had in their employ. At home in New York he was a club-member, one of the bright and shining lights in the Engineers' Union, and, lastly, engaged to marry Miss Kent, daughter and heiress of old "Duff" Kent. Kirby had her picture, and once, in a fit of unwonted friendliness, showed it to me. She was not so very pretty—too thin and fragile for that. But it was a sweet, pure spirited face, and I thought then that Kirby was a lucky man.

At that time we were traveling along at a pretty rapid rate in the Acapulco direction, and surveying out more miles per day than you would believe, were I to tell you. Under the circumstances, all the tents and equipment, including the commissary department, of which old Tomas was chief, with his wife Juana as cook, were moved along with us each day. This quick work only lasted, of course, so long as we were in good surveying country; soon we got to the Sierras, or Guerrero Mountains, and then we had to call a slow-down and take things more quietly.

Old Juana, in spite of her age and flesh (she weighed close on to two hundred and fifty), had held out pretty well, considering the amount of cooking she did and the way in which she had been hustled along across the State of Guerrero. No sooner had we reached the "Buena Fé" Cañon, however, than she gave out completely, and said that she must have an assistant cook. Kirby turned the matter over to me. I asked Juana if we should bring her down a man cook from the City of Mexico. "No, señor; she would have no rude, awkward man pottering about her tent and *braseros*. If the señor would give leave, Consuelo would willingly come. Consuelo was her niece, and a very good and *simpática* girl, too. She was now in Chilpancingo with her mother, but would surely come to her old Tia at the word. How much would the señor pay for the services that Consuelo would lend? Fifteen pesos? Good: then the girl should be notified at once.

About a week later, Consuelo arrived. She was not much on the cook—though her *frijoles refritos* were good—and I do not think she ever did more than wash the dishes and keep the *braseros* going. But she was, out and out, the handsomest savage I have ever seen, with her six feet of strong, beautiful body, and the eyes and face of a tragedy queen. Lots of such women are to be seen throughout Guerrero, but I do not remember a grander woman, in all my trips, than Consuelo. Not that I am much in favor of big, handsome, black-eyed women; they generally have the devil in them, somewhere, and sooner or later it breaks out. But even so, you could not help admiring Consuelo.

Our total force comprised about thirty men, over half of whom were Mexicans and *peones*. Being pretty well up on the genus *Mexicano*, I had long ago informed old Juana that we would have no flirtations in camp; if Consuelo wished to remain and gain her fifteen dollars per month, she must have nothing to say to the men. It was against discipline, and Señor Kirby would not have it. Juana smiled quietly and went on with her work. "The señor need have no care; he does not know Consuelo. It would be a brave man who attempts to molest her in her work." So I went away, convinced, in spite of my knowledge of the Mexican character.

Soon afterward, I had ocular proof of the fact that Consuelo would not permit indiscriminate attentions. It was on a pay-day—Sunday, at that. Some of our Mexicans had gone over to the little *pueblo* of Santa Maria, near by, and just about supper-time three or four of them straggled in, rather the worse for liquor. However, as they were not hoisterous, Kirby said nothing, and I followed suit. Three of the men slunk off to their own tent, and the fourth one, a little fellow called Antonio, swaggered into the eating-tent. Shortly, I went in, too, for my supper, and arrived there just in time to see Consuelo, with the face of a fury, lift Antonio fully three feet into the air, after which she caught him and shook him as a terrier would a rat. I interposed, and asked what the trouble was. It seemed that Antonio had mildly and sentimentally remarked to her, "Beautiful one, with the luminous eyes!" There the matter ended, though Antonio took good care never even to look thereafter in Consuelo's direction, being a badly scared Mexican. I told Kirby about the matter, and we had a good laugh over it. Antonio was quite a man of valor and a fighter, where his Mexican companions were concerned, which made the joke still more droll.

Dating from this time, it seemed to me that Kirby paid more visits than were necessary to old Juana's tent; also, it occurred to me, more than once, that Consuelo gave more attention to the table-serving of our good-looking chief than she had formerly been accustomed to give. However, it was none of my business, and I made no remarks.

At this time we had emerged from the cañon and were surveying across a swampy, malaria-breeding bit of country. We had our breakfast and turned out every morning at sun-up, and I can tell you that it was bitter cold work, at that. In spite of our heavy clothes it all shivered steadily until the sun got up well beyond the mountains, after which we would bake until sun-down. (There is no great fun in rail-roading over tropical countries, I assure you!) And then soon the rainy season burst on us, in all its glory, which added to the discomfort of things. Many a day we worked in slimy, unhealthy water, up to our knees—sometimes up to our waists. This, quite naturally, was not conducive to good health, and the men began to sicken—particularly the Mexicans, who have no stamina, anyway. We "white men" got away all right, even though we had slight touches of chills and fever, and we worked along steadily, doing double work for each man, and covering ground nicely, in spite of all the drawbacks.

Soon we drew out of the worst country; the Mexicans

got well enough to work again, and Kirby hustled us along at a good rate, in spite of the fact that he was even then shaking and burning, by turns, with the Guerrero fever. I argued with him, but to no avail, trying to induce him to slow down a bit and get himself well before going on at the old speed. I could do nothing with him; it seemed that upon the expiration of his contract, which did not cover many more hundred miles, he was to go back to New York and marry Dorothy (that was Miss Kent's name). Even so, I could not understand his sudden feverish desire to rush over his work and get back to her. I suppose now that he had begun to realize the seriousness of his little flirtation with Consuelo, even though it had gone no further than one or two hand-squeezes, may be a careless kiss or two, and a few admiring, half-meant words. In other words, Mr. Kirby was slowly and surely finding out that a mild flirtation with a half-savage Indian girl is not exactly the fun that some people might imagine it—so far as results are concerned. It is all right to say "I love you" to a girl of your own race and education; she will possibly laugh at you, or tell you the same thing, and you both know that it is only in fun. But a woman of Consuelo's type would never so understand it; savages have strange ideas about these things, and they have very matter-of-fact opinions as to veracity.

It was not very long before what I had predicted came to pass, and Mr. Kirby was raving and groaning, flat on his back, with the worst case that I have ever seen of Guerrero fever; a good deal of malaria being mixed in with it, just to even matters up, I suppose. Not that there was any particular danger, for people rarely ever die from attacks of Guerrero fever and chills (you only wish that you could die). The usual remedy is to take quinine, lie quiet with plenty of blankets over you, and take more quinine! If you are delirious and insist upon leaving your bed to cool off, outside the tent, it is well to have a strong person to hold you down, and clamp the blankets over you. This is where, in Kirby's case, Consuelo proved to be of use and help.

In point of fact, no one else could be spared to look after the sick man. There was Juana—but Juana had the food of thirty men to look after; very naturally she could not be spared to do nursing. Kirby would not let a Mexican come near him, and we few Americans had to keep on with the surveying and track-planning, else the contract would run out, with our work half finished. Under the circumstances, we simply had to turn Kirby over to Consuelo's care. One good point was that she was a careful and very devoted nurse.

In two weeks or so he was up again and working a little, every day. He seemed to have lost his former desire to hurry our work to its end, and took things a little more coolly. No doubt Consuelo's constant care and devotion had had some effect on him. As for the girl, she followed him about like a dog; bringing him quinine at various hours during the day, cautioning him, in her broken Spanish, about the necessity for wrapping up well, or else making up savory hot drinks, such as the Indians use "for the taking away of the chill."

And so it went. I was sorry both for the girl and for Kirby, and let him see it. For which I naturally received no thanks. Meanwhile, she was as happy as a woman ever gets to be in this world, and he obediently took the quinine and hot drinks, and wrote fewer and fewer letters to Miss Kent. Which certainly was rather hard on the latter lady.

Well, we were working along briskly at only a few days' distance from Pueblo de Maria, our stopping point, when late one evening I received a message that Kirby wanted to see me. I was having my supper and sent the *mozo* back to him, saying that as soon as I had finished I would be with him. Somehow, I spotted at once that Consuelo was at the bottom of his message, and I thought things over as I drank my coffee. I had noticed lately that his careless and off-hand treatment of the girl had grown even more careless during the last few days; she, on her part, had never seemed to wish for more than the privilege to fetch and carry for him. A servile, savage sort of love, to be sure, but that is the way Indian women are.

Kirby was sitting at his writing-table, a worried, nervous look on his face, and Miss Kent's picture and a just-opened letter before him. As I sat down, I glanced lightly at the letter. It was a very thin one, covering only two pages, and the signature was visible; I shamelessly read it. "Your very sincere friend, Dorothy Kent," is not the way in which a *fiancée* usually signs letters, and I at once understood. Miss Kent had doubtless gathered from Kirby's letters that he was making love to some other woman, and, being a girl of spirit and pride, had at once written to break off the engagement.

Kirby, however, had little to say. He merely wished me to notify "Consuelo, old Juana's niece," that her services were no longer necessary. Her wages would be paid two months in advance, and she was to be furnished an escort to her own home in Chilpancingo. "And, by the way, Jackson," he finished up, "give her this fifty-dollar bill, and tell her that I send it. I really owe her more than that, for her attention to me when I was sick. I think that's all. Will you please see that she goes to-morrow morning early? We'd better get out pretty early with the instruments, too, for we ought to be in Pueblo de Maria by the end of next week."

Consuelo was not in the kitchen, and my interview, therefore, was with old Juana—for which I was not sorry. Who knows how the girl would have taken the news? The aunt was in a boiling rage. She called down the wrath of God and all the saints upon me; how had I the heart to so discharge and send away a good girl, who had always behaved herself properly? The old woman was hard to pacify, and finally waxed so abusive that I took strong measures with her; after which she quieted down, and said that Consuelo would leave early next morning. And then I went to bed, wondering if the thing was really over with, and thinking that I did not in the least envy Mr. Kirby.

We saw nothing more of the girl, and old Juana was

always ominously quiet and busy. Meanwhile, work was booming along nicely, and we expected to get to our terminus within four days, when our chief was suddenly taken, one day, with a sort of sun-stroke, and had to be carried home to the tents, raving and kicking like mad. We called it "sun-stroke," but I, at any rate, knew better. I had never seen a sun-stroke patient weep and curse alternately, and I was both scared and dumfounded. He had been working busily all the morning, when, all of a sudden, he burst out into insane weeping. Then followed fits of wild laughter, then silly, maudlin ravings, then more weeping. I put him to bed, and gave him an opiate. It had no earthly effect; so, frightened and puzzled out of my wits, I sat in the tent all that evening and night, listening to the raving and pitiful crying of what was evidently a crazed man.

Well, if you will believe me, that same thing was repeated every day for a week. Fortunately, I was able to finish up the remaining few days' work, and we entered Pueblo de Maria on time, thereby completing our contract. Kirby was still in the same mysterious condition, save that now he would sit motionless for hours brooding, overtaken by fits of awful melancholy, and oftentimes crying in a pitiful, wailing fashion that nearly drove me wild.

There was a Mexican doctor in Pueblo de Maria, and I had him come over and examine Kirby, who wept and moaned during the examination. I could see that the Mexican was frightened, but he merely shrugged his shoulders, and, having pocketed his fee and said a brief and heart-felt "Quien sabe," the investigation ended. So far as he could see, the Señor Ingeniero "was suffering from a bad attack of the sun; with care and perfect quiet he should be over the illness within a few days."

A day or two later I left the poor fellow in Juana's care, and rode over to the *pueblo* to get some opiate; I wanted him to have one night's rest, anyway, for next day I intended to take him, as best I might be able, back to civilization and doctors.

The trail which I was following led along the slopes of the hills and Sierras, all covered at this time of the year with dank, dense shrubbery and tropical vegetation. There was no sign of life anywhere about, and I was thinking sadly about poor Kirby, when suddenly I saw a woman slip noiselessly into one of the dark glades just ahead of me on the trail. It was, if not Consuelo, very much like her, and I wondered what was up. She was supposed to be many days travel away from our camp; what, therefore, could she be doing here, sneaking about in the mountain-glades? I began to suspect mischief; she had not seen me, I felt sure, and I would proceed to find out what she was after.

I tied my horse, loaded my revolver (for I was taking no chances with a savage of Consuelo's sort), and crept noiselessly on her track. Soon I caught a glimpse of her, kneeling with her back to me. Her occupation seemed innocent enough, for she was merely plucking the brilliant red blooms that grew densely around on the mountain side, and talking to herself as she did so. Wondering what she could be saying, I stealthily slipped closer and closer, hidden by the shrubbery. Nearing her, I saw that her face looked years older, lined, wicked, and hideous—the face of a crazed woman or a devil! Over and over again she was murmuring, as she tossed the little red flowers into her *reboso*: "Flor de los locos! Florecitos de los locos!" ("Flowers of the crazed—little flowers of the crazed!") Then I understood. She had been giving the deadly, crazing flower (made into some sort of tea, no doubt, through old Juana's arts) to poor Kirby. With the wish to torture him beyond belief, she was gradually crazing him; it would have been too merciful to kill him outright.

I drew my pistol and called to her. With the spring of a wounded tiger, she was at me, and, before she caught sight of the pistol, had buried her sharp teeth in my arm. Then, seeing the revolver, and before I had time to make up my mind to murder a woman, she was off like a flash, the red "flowers of the crazed" strewn the ground. I followed on a dead run; mounted my horse and galloped back to camp, hoping to be in time to circumvent her further evil work. But she had evidently bidden herself somewhere on the mountains, and though a search-party worked diligently to find her, we never saw her again. You may rest assured that I did not again leave Kirby's side until the Mexican police from the Pueblo de Maria had arrested and locked up old Juana, after I had forced her to confess.

As I had thought, Consuelo had never gone home, but had hidden herself in some mountain cave, whence she had come to our camp at night, bearing at each visit a fresh supply of the "flowers of the crazed." These our cook had faithfully made into tea, which was given daily to Kirby. "The first dose," the old wretch stated calmly, "had been a little too strong," for which reason it had so seriously affected the "poor señor!"

We carefully conveyed Kirby first to the City of Mexico, where every imaginable scheme was tried to restore his sanity. Nothing did any good. He still remained in the same melancholy, morose, weeping condition, refusing food, and fighting furiously when we endeavored to give him nourishment. The physicians were unanimous in saying that nothing could be done for him; the maddening flower had eaten too deeply into his brain and blood to be eradicated, and they declared he would never again be a sane man.

I took him to New York, and placed him in a private asylum. After which I called upon Miss Dorothy Kent, and told her the whole truth of the case. That was a long time ago. Often, when I am in New York, I go to St. Mark's Hospital to see Kirby. He is still there, and in the same hopeless condition. He does not know me, and it is difficult to recognize the stooped, gray-haired, melancholy man as my friend of by-gone days. He receives all the care and attention that money can buy, and the great, pure love which no wealth can win, for Dorothy Kent devotes her entire life to him. All to no avail, however, for the "flower of the crazed" did its work well—and there is no antidote.

SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1899. JOHN ADAMS.

CHANGES AT THE HARPERS.

The Famous New York Publishing House of Harper & Brothers
in the Hands of a Receiver—How Its Good Name
Will Be Saved.

"The downfall of the house of Harper & Brothers would be a national calamity," wrote J. Pierpont Morgan & Co. a week ago, and the sentiment has been echoed on all sides by all who have seen the great shadow that hangs over the old publishing house. There are few American readers living to-day who can recall a time when the imprimatur of "Harper & Brothers" was not a recognized guaranty of the high character of any book on which it might be printed, and the Harper periodicals—*Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, *Harper's Weekly*, *Harper's Bazar*, and, until last June when it was discontinued, *Harper's Round Table*—are known and admired wherever the English language is spoken. The obliteration of this fountain of good literature and the cessation of these periodicals would be a calamity of more than national extent.

But the fine old firm is not to go to the wall. It will be continued under its present style and title, even though an outsider has been called in to take the helm, and its character and identity will not be submerged under the tidal wave of Mr. S. S. McClure's business snap and hustle. The combination with the Doubleday-McClure Syndicate, of which I wrote you a few weeks ago, has been reconsidered. Though the consent of all parties to the union had been obtained, many minor points of effect and method had been left for later determination, and on these, when it came to adjusting them for practical working, the opinions of the two elements differed so radically that even a working agreement was impossible. This deadlock was solved last week by the retirement of Mr. McClure and the advent of Colonel George M. B. Harvey, who invested heavily in the stock of the Harper corporation, and was elected its president and is now to be appointed manager of the whole concern by the State Trust Company, the latter acting as trustee for the J. Pierpont Morgan Company, to which Harper & Brothers have assigned.

Colonel Harvey is eminently the man to bring the old firm out of its difficulties with name untarnished and energies renewed to hold its foremost place in the publishing world. Though but thirty-five years of age, he has shown himself to be possessed of brilliant executive ability and a fine literary taste, the two qualities most needed in the present juncture of the Harpers' fortunes. His schooling stopped at his graduation from a rural grammar school in Vermont, and at fifteen he was writing for the newspapers, his only other literature being the *North American Review*, of which he then formed the ambition of becoming editor. After working on the *Springfield Republican* and *Chicago News*, he came to this city in 1885, and in five years was managing editor of the *World*, being appointed manager-in-chief of the paper one year later. His health could not stand the strain, however, and he retired from journalism, devoting himself to Wall Street. For two years he was associated with William C. Whitney, developing electrical railways and other properties, and since then he has operated for himself. He is a member of a dozen clubs, from the Metropolitan and Rockaway Hunt to the Sons of St. Patrick, and he is ranked financially with the millionaires. Last February he bought the *North American Review*, and became its editor in May, since which time he has doubled its circulation.

The firm of Harper & Brothers, probably the oldest publishing house in the United States, was founded by James Harper, son of a Long Island farmer, in 1817. He opened a little shop in Pearl Street, and remained there with his brother, John Harper, whom he had taken into partnership, for eight years, moving then to a shop in Cliff Street, which has grown to the present enormous plant. Their first book was "Seneca's Morals," and it bore the imprint of "J. and J. Harper," but in 1833, two more brothers having served their apprenticeship and been taken into the firm, its name was changed to its present form, Harper & Brothers. The business thrived, and in 1844, James Harper, then and until his death in 1869, the head of the firm, was elected mayor of the city. When the plant, which then occupied nine buildings in Cliff and Pearl Streets, was burned in 1853, the firm was rated at \$1,000,000—an enormous fortune in those ante-bellum days. The *Monthly* had been started in 1850, and the *Weekly* in 1857, and both became very valuable properties in war times. The *Bazar* was started in 1867, and the *Young People* in 1881, the latter being changed later into *Harper's Round Table*.

The original James Harper died, as I have said, in 1869, and he was succeeded by John Harper. Wesley, the third brother, died in 1872, and several sons and nephews were then admitted to the firm. John Harper's death followed in 1875, and two years later the last of the original quartet passed away in Fletcher Harper. The corporation was formed in 1896, and at the time of the combination with McClure no less than seventeen members of the Harper family were in the firm, being known to the employees in quite old-family-retainer style as "Mr. James," "Mr. Henry," and so on, the patronymic seldom being heard in the store. But, though each was thorough master of his own department, no one of them all seemed able or willing to control the whole, and the result of this lack of a responsible head was loose business methods and unnecessary waste. When the corporation was formed, it was capitalized at \$2,000,000, and a mortgage of \$3,000,000 was placed with J. P. Morgan & Co., to clear off the old firm's debts. Only \$200,000 of this mortgage has been paid off, and the corporation's liabilities, including paper held by New England banks and other claims, amount to \$3,163,212.19. Against this the assets are estimated at \$6,282,716; but this sum includes \$375,000 for "boilers and machinery," which are antiquated and would be little but old iron in another owner's hands, and more than \$3,000,000 in electrotype plates, which would be equally

difficult to realize on. With time, however, and this the creditors concede, the firm should be able to pay its debts and retain its eminence in the publishing world.

How this is to be done it remains for Colonel Harvey to decide. The *North American*, of course, will remain his private property, but it is to be printed by the Harpers. The encyclopedia and other enterprises projected in connection with Mr. McClure will be carried out by him, with Walter Page as editor. Dr. Finlay and James McArthur will also be in Mr. McClure's employ, the former as editor of the new monthly review that is to appear in March, and the latter as general literary adviser. Page's place as general literary adviser to Harper & Brothers will be taken by H. G. Paine, formerly assistant editor of the *Weekly*, and John Kendrick Bangs is made editor of the *Weekly* in place of Henry Loomis Nelson, who, however, still remains of the Harper staff. In addition to this, the entire seventeen Harpers in the corporation's employ have placed their resignations in Colonel Harvey's hands. How many of them have been or will be accepted is not known, but the fact remains that the new president has announced that he will make a saving of \$100,000 a year in salaries alone, and this looks as though some of the Harpers would be affected. However, they will not be seriously inconvenienced, for they are all men of wealth, and their great concern is that the fame and honor of Harper & Brothers shall not be tarnished.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, December 6, 1899.

THE BALLAD OF CHARLES MARTEL.

Stands the old Austrian castle white against the hills afar,
Ere spire and tapering turret pointing to some splendid star;
On its battlements the moonlight breaks in many a silver bar.

Tramp of horse, with jest and laughter, from the oaken draw-
bridge sounds;
With his archers and companions, with his kingly hawk and
hounds,
Charles the Duke comes riding homeward from his feudal hunting-
grounds.

Clattering up the rocky roadway, rides with wild and breathless
speed
Straight to Charles's side a herald; there he checks his foaming
steed.
Silent now the merry courtiers, crowding near his words to heed.

"Sire, the dreaded Moorish army presses on through Aquitaine;
Eudo with his stout retainers strives to check their course in vain.
All the south of France lies groaning 'neath the yoke of Moslem
Spain!"

As the Duke heard, looking upward at the tall gray towers, by
chance
Bright the horned moon beyond them rose within his rapid
glance;
And he cried, "'Tis right that ever, in the tranquil skies of
France,

"God's own crescent should be gleaming; but I swear by all that's
high,
While I live no other crescent shall be queen of yonder sky!
France shall see, O paynim Calif, which is master, you or I!"

Summer glided into autumn. Northward rolled the Moslem tide.
Still the call to arms resounded; Christendom with hope and
pride
Heard the tramp of Charles's soldiers coming to their chieftain's
side.

Where the winding Loire rolls seaward with its song of quaint
romance,
There he met the Moslem army, there he staked the fate of
France—
Nay, the fate of Christian Europe—on a single battle's chance.

Arah chief and Berber horseman mingled with the swarthy Moor,
Sunburnt borders from Lihyan deserts—Sennar, Kordofan, Darfur—
Stood the soldiers of the prophet on the rolling plain of Tours;
Splendid with the spoils of conquest in a hundred battles won—
Gems from Gothic monasteries, silks in far Damascus spun;
Golden crescents on their turbans glittered in the morning sun.

Six long days of fighting followed. On the seventh day once
more
Clashed the hostile arms at sunrise; and the sudden battle-roar,
Opened then the final struggle, deadlier far than e'er before.

"Courage!" cried the Christian chieftain. "Let him die whose
cheek shall pale!
Right is ours, and God will help us—if we fight we can not fail!"
And the sturdy, Frankish warriors hewed their way through Mos-
lem mail.

Lo! the Ameer Abd-er-Rahman lies among his thousands slain.
Swift the last charge of the Moslems surges forward, and again
Breaks, as on some granite headland hoarsely breaks the baffled
main.

On that day the Frankish chieftain dealt his battle-blows so well
That, henceforth the stroke unerring, Moslems by the hundred fell;
And they called him ever after "Carl the Hammer"—Charles
Martel.

Darkness closed the scene of carnage; but through all that autumn
night
Panic reigned among the conquered, and the morning, calm and
bright,
Found the Moorish tents deserted, telling of their southward
flight.

And that shattered host retreated back to Spain, as o'er the seas
Backward drift the cloudy legions broken by the rising breeze.
Ne'er again a Moslem army crossed the frowning Pyrenees.

—William Hurd Hilmyer in St. Nicholas.

We have been apt to think (says the *Outlook*) that in Cuba the line of social demarcation was very lightly drawn between the pure-blooded whites and those in whose veins flowed a tincture of African blood. Was not the patriot Antonio Maceo a mulatto, and have not a fair share of the men in the ranks of the Cuban Army been negroes? It might be thought that a people good enough to give their lives in support of Cuban independence would be held in esteem by Cubans. But among the Cubans of the aristocratic classes—the element represented by students in American schools—race prejudice is more narrow, more uncompromising, than among any class of Americans. The *mestizo*, or half-breed, is regarded as so low and contemptible an inferior that friendly intercourse with him is a disgrace.

ENGLAND'S AWAKENING.

Consternation Caused by the Checks and Losses Suffered by the
Army in South Africa—Necessity for More Troops—
British Prestige at Stake.

If Justin McCarthy had lived to add a chapter to his "History of Our Own Times," on England's war with the Boers, he would be surprised at the present condition of consternation into which the seven weeks' prosecution of hostilities has thrown the English people. Indeed, it might justly be termed a state of subdued panic, to use an apparent contradiction in terms. Everybody is surprised to a point of bewilderment. What does it all mean? The idea that the magnificently organized, armed, drilled, and disciplined army of Great Britain should have received a positive check—let us put it as mildly as we can—from an irregular horde of uncouth Dutch farmers, whose only arms are rifles, is something past comprehension. Yet, so it is. There is no getting away from the grim fact. Disguise it, soften it, excuse it, explain it as they may, the English people are brought face to face with the fact that their generals have been out-generaled and their troops out-fought by the despised Boers.

No one can gainsay the stuhhorn courage of English soldiers—both officers and men. The hayonet-charges of British infantry live in history, as do the charges of their cavalry. But cold steel—the one thing of which the Boers are said to have a wholesome dread—must have living hands to wield it, and never before have the hayonets had such withering fusillades to face ere they reached close quarters. The Boers are the finest of marksmen, and lucky is the hayonet that reaches them; so that all the cold steel in the world against them would not counterbalance their unerring volleys of cold lead.

A few weeks ago the proposed campaign was regarded as a sort of picnic. Every officer you met was eager to go out to the "fun," as they called it. Fun, indeed! Many of them who went with that idea now are sleeping their last sleep 'neath the *veldt*, or lying sorely wounded in the hospitals. And such a number of them are young fellows of scarce a year's standing in their regiments. It is awfully sad to think of so many young lives that but a few weeks ago were full of youth, and spirits, and health, and strength, with a bright career before them, cut down to gratify the ambition and greed of two men. I need not mention names. When the true, unvarnished history of this war comes to be written—if any man can be found with sufficient courage to set down the real facts and true inwardness of the anti-Boer movement in England—the names of the two will be spelled with very large letters for the eyes of those poor wives and mothers whose husbands and sons have been sacrificed. Indeed, the casualties among officers have been something quite appalling.

I know of one case where two brothers, captains in different regiments—I mean the two Pechels—have been killed. I said something to a lady the other day about the sadness of this, and how the poor mother must feel. "I don't agree with you," she snapped back; "she ought to be proud. How better could a soldier die than in battle, fighting for his queen and country?"

I need not say that the lady was a childless matron, whose maternal affections were lavished on a dog. Curiously enough, her husband is a retired colonel, who, I do not believe, was ever in a battle in his life. England is crammed with such. I was going to say: "How would you like Colonel ——— (the husband) or Pepper (the dog) to be shot by the Boers?" But I did not. It was not worth while.

Speaking of the retired colonels, the clubs fairly swarm with them. And just now, as you may imagine, they are the greatest hores going. Of course they know all about it, and would have known just what to do. Luckily they talk to each other. Other men get away directly when they come into the smoking-room. But you can not help catching a word now and then, and you wonder how on earth it is that the war-office people are so negligent as not to send them out to supersede Sir Redvers Buller at once, and end the war without delay. Poor, old chaps, they certainly earn their pensions with their jaws.

And now the entire British army is going, or to go—so it would seem. The militia have to be "embodied," that is, put into permanent organization for garrison duty, while the regulars are away. One can not avoid the reflection, when one sees all this caused by a war with such a tiny nation as Krüger's, what would England do had she to face one of the great powers? It is this thought that I believe is at the bottom of the consternation—the reason of the panic. Of course, no one doubts the ultimate victory of British arms. There is one thing. It has opened the eyes of the English people to the necessity of quadrupling the army if England wants to retain her accustomed tone of dictation to Europe. It has been an unfortunate spectacle for Europe to witness, however. For questions like this will result: If it takes the English army to squelch the Boers, how is England going to tackle Germany, or Russia, or France, when she wants to? But she will not want to. That is the best answer. Another thing which puzzles thinking people is this: In face of the oft-repeated assurances from the British war-correspondents in South Africa that the Boers are disheartened and are going back to their farms; that they are constantly suffering "heavy loss" in every engagement, from sorties and skirmishes to pitched battles; and that they dare not attack any place—why, oh, why, is there need to send out such enormous reinforcements? The only answer there can be is that the war-correspondents must lie. Otherwise the people at the war office must be a set of fools. *Chacun à son goût*; or, to freely translate: "You pays your money and you takes your choice."

COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, November 25, 1899.

THE BATTLE OF OMDURMAN.

How the Khalifa's Army Was Crushed by the Anglo-Egyptian Forces—Gallant Charge of the Twenty-First Lancers—Kitchener's Reception at the Dervish Capital.

The death of Khalifa Abdullah on the battle-field seven miles south-east of Jebel Gedir, three weeks ago, when his principal emirs were killed or captured, and his thousands of faithful followers forced to surrender, makes especially timely the publication of "The River War: An Historical Account of the Reconquest of the Sudan," by Winston Spencer Churchill, son of Lady Churchill, who, while acting as correspondent for the London *Morning Post*, was recently taken prisoner by the Boers. He served in the Sudan campaign with the famous Twenty-First Lancers, and, therefore, enjoyed especial opportunities for carefully studying his subject; and, as the two volumes of nearly five hundred pages each are edited by Colonel F. Rhodes, and "all the statements of fact are based upon the written evidence of independent, disinterested eye-witnesses," while in nearly every action he has had the advantage of "comparing the personal account of the officer who commanded, both with the official reports and with the private letters of his subordinates," Mr. Churchill's work is at least as accurate as any other that is likely to be written.

The first three chapters are devoted to an account of the rebellion of the Mahdi, the death of Gordon, and the Dervish empire; with the fourth chapter the military chronicle begins, following in detail the slow but systematic advance of the expedition, culminating in the Battle of Omdurman, with which our extracts principally deal. The appearance of the enemy as it spread over the open plain before the Dervish capital was fascinating, says Mr. Churchill:

The emblems of the more famous emirs were easily distinguishable. On the extreme left, the chiefs and soldiers of the bright-green flag gathered under Ali-Wad-Helu; between this and the centre the large dark-green flag of Osman Sheikh-ed-Din rose above a dense mass of spearmen, preceded by long lines of warriors armed presumably with rifles; over the centre, commanded by Yakub, the sacred black banner of the Khalifa floated high and remarkable; while on the right a great square of Dervishes was arrayed under an extraordinary number of white flags, amid which the red ensign of Sherif was almost hidden. All the pride and might of the Dervish empire was massed on this last great day of its existence. Riflemen who had helped to destroy Hicks, spearmen who had charged at Abu Klea, emirs who saw the sack of Gondar, Baggara fresh from raiding the Shillouks, warriors who besieged Khartoum—all marched, inspired by the memories of former triumphs and embittered by the knowledge of late defeats, to chastise the impudent and accursed invaders.

Of the reckless bravery of the Dervishes, in spite of the galling fire, the writer says:

I was but four hundred yards away, and with excellent glasses could almost see the faces of the Dervishes who met the fearful fire. About twenty shells struck them in the first minute. Some burst high in the air, others exactly in their faces. Others, again, plunged into the sand and, exploding, dashed clouds of red dust, splinters, and bullets amid their ranks. The white banners toppled over in all directions. Yet they rose again immediately, as other men pressed forward to die for the Mahdi's sacred cause and in the defense of the successor of the True Prophet of the Only God. It was a terrible sight, for as yet they had not hurt us at all, and it seemed an unfair advantage to strike thus cruelly when they could not reply. Nevertheless, I watched the effect of the fire most carefully from a close and convenient position. About five men on the average fell to every shell; and there were many shells.

Soon twelve thousand of the British infantry were engaged in the mechanical scattering of death, which the polite nations of the earth have brought to such monstrous perfection:

They fired steadily and stolidly, without hurry or excitement, for the enemy were far away and the officers careful. Besides, the soldiers were interested in the work, and took great pains. But presently the mere physical act became tedious. The tiny figures seen over the side of the back-sight seemed a little larger, but also fewer at each successive volley. The rifles grew hot—so hot that they had to be changed for those of the reserve companies. The Maxim guns exhausted all the water in their jackets, and several had to be refreshed from the water-bottles of the Cameron Highlanders before they could go on with their deadly work. The empty cartridge-cases, tinkling to the ground, formed small but growing heaps beside each man. And all the time out on the plain on the other side bullets were shearing through flesh, smashing and splintering bone; blood spouted from terrible wounds; valiant men were struggling through a hell of whistling metal, exploding shells, and spurting dust—suffering, despairing, dying. Such was the first phase of the Battle of Omdurman.

Mr. Churchill thus describes the terrible execution of the Maxim guns:

The enemy's rifle-fire continued, and as soon as the heavy firing ceased it began to be annoying. The ground, although it appeared flat and level to the eye, nevertheless contained depressions and swellings which afforded good cover to the sharpshooters, and the solid line behind the *seriba* was an easy target. The artillery began to clear out these depressions by their shells, and in this work they displayed a searching power very remarkable when their flat trajectory is remembered. As the shells burst accurately above the Dervish skirmishers and spearmen who were taking refuge in the folds of the plain, they rose by hundreds and by fifties to fly. Instantly the hungry and attentive Maxims and the watchful infantry opened on them, sweeping them all to the ground—some in death, others in terror. Again the shells followed them to their new concealment. Again they rose, fewer than before, and ran. Again the Maxims and the rifles spluttered. Again they fell. And so on until the front of the *seriba* was clear of unwounded men for at least half a mile. A few escaped. Some, notwithstanding the vices of which they have been accused and the perils with which they were encompassed, gloriously carried off their injured comrades.

The charge of the Twenty-First Lancers, who, in their attempt to prevent the escaping hordes from entering Omdurman, accidentally encountered a dense mass of Dervishes who had been obscured from sight by a huge crease in the ground, was not so uneven a fight, for in 120 seconds 5 British officers, 65 men, and 119 horses out of less than 400 had been killed or wounded. Mr. Churchill's pen-picture of this engagement is especially vivid:

The collision was prodigious. Nearly thirty lancers, men and horses, and at least two hundred Arabs were overthrown. The shock was stunning to both sides, and for perhaps ten wonderful seconds no man heeded his enemy. Terrified horses wedged in the crowd; bruised and shaken men, sprawling in heaps, struggled, dazed and stupid, to their feet, panted, and looked about them. Several fallen lancers had even time to remount. Meanwhile the impetus of the cavalry carried them on. They shattered the Dervish array, and, their pace reduced to a walk, scrambled out of the *khorr* on the further side, leaving a score of troopers behind them, and dragging on with the charge more than a thousand Arabs. Then, and not till then, the killing began; and thereafter each man saw the world along his lance, under his guard, or through the back-sight of his pistol;

and each had his own strange tale to tell. . . . Two living walls had actually crashed together. The Dervishes fought manfully. They tried to hamstring the horses. They fired their rifles, pressing the muzzles into the very bodies of their opponents. They cut reins and stirrup-leathers. They flung their throwing-spears with great dexterity. They tried every device of cool, determined men, practiced in war and familiar with cavalry; and, besides, they swung sharp, heavy swords which hit deep. The hand-to-hand fighting on the further side of the *khorr* lasted for perhaps one minute. Then the horses got into their stride again, the pace increased, and the lancers drew out from among their antagonists. Within two minutes of the collision every living man was clear of the Dervish ranks. All who had fallen were cut at with swords till they stopped quivering, but no artistic mutilations were attempted. The enemy's behavior gave small ground for complaint. Two hundred yards away the regiment halted, rallied, faced about, and in less than five minutes were re-formed and ready for a second charge.

When the Dervish line also re-formed, the lancers, desiring to clear out the *khorr* and deprive them of their vantage-ground, opened a heavy fire with their magazine carbines. This was too much for the Dervishes, and they retreated swiftly, though in good order, leaving the lancers in possession of the ground—and of their dead.

The hero of this gallant charge was a private named Byrne, who has since received the Victoria Cross for unusual bravery:

Lieutenant Molyneux fell in the *khorr* into the midst of the enemy. In the confusion, he disentangled himself from his horse, drew his revolver and jumped out of the hollow before the Dervishes recovered from the impact of the charge. Then they attacked him. He fired at the nearest, and at the moment of firing was slashed across the right wrist by another. The pistol fell from his nerveless hand, and being wounded, dismounted, and disarmed, he turned in the hope of regaining, by following the line of the charge, his squadron, which was just getting clear. Hard upon his track came the enemy, eager to make an end. Beset on all sides, and thus hotly pursued, the wounded officer perceived a single lancer riding across his path. He called on him for help, whereupon the trooper, Private Byrne, although already severely wounded by a bullet which had penetrated his right arm, replied without a moment's hesitation and in a cheery voice, "All right, sir!" and turning, rode at four Dervishes who were about to kill his officer. His wound, which had partly paralyzed his arm, prevented him from grasping his sword, and at the first ineffectual blow it fell from his hand, and he received another wound from a spear in the chest. But his solitary charge had checked the pursuing Dervishes. Lieutenant Molyneux regained his squadron alive, and the trooper, seeing that his object was attained, galloped away, reeling in his saddle. Arrived at his troop, his desperate condition was noticed, and he was told to fall out. But this he refused to do, urging that he was entitled to remain on duty and have "another go at them." At length he was compelled to leave the field, fainting from loss of blood.

It is interesting to note how the Sudanese battalions acted at this crucial period. Mr. Churchill says:

The bravery of the blacks was no less conspicuous than the wildness of their musketry. They evinced an extraordinary excitement—firing their rifles without any attempt at sight or aim, and only anxious to pull the trigger, re-load, and pull it again. In vain the British officers strove to calm their impulsive soldiers. In vain they called upon them by name, or taking their rifles from them, adjusted the sights themselves. The independent firing was utterly beyond control. Soon the ammunition began to be exhausted, and the soldiers turned round clamoring for more cartridges, which their officers doled out to them by twos and threes in the hopes of steadying them. It was useless. They fired them all off and clamored for more.

When the Khalifa Abdullah saw that the last army that remained to him was broken, that all his attacks had failed, and that thousands of his bravest warriors were slain, he rode from the field of battle in haste, regained the city, and, after further resistance proved impossible, made good his escape. In the meantime, individual Dervishes began to walk toward the advancing squadrons, throwing down their weapons, holding up their hands, and imploring mercy. The writer adds:

As soon as it was apparent that the surrender of individuals was accepted, the Dervishes began to come in and lay down their arms—at first by twos and threes, then by dozens, and finally by scores. Meanwhile, those who were still intent on flight made a wide *détour* to avoid the cavalry, and streamed past our front at a mile's distance in uninterrupted succession. "It looked," to quote an officer's description, "just like the people hurrying into Newmarket town after the Cambridgehire." The disarming and escorting of the prisoners delayed our advance, and many thousands of Dervishes escaped from the field.

As they entered the suburbs of Omdurman, Lord Kitchener, attended by his whole staff, with the black flag of the Khalifa carried behind him and accompanied by the hand of the Eleventh Sudanese, rode in front of the conquering army:

The sirdar had not penetrated the suburbs more than half a mile when three Dervishes, their *jibbas* turned inside out, and bearing a white flag, ran forward to meet him and threw themselves at his feet, imploring him to accept the surrender of the city and to spare the lives of its inhabitants. The conqueror required the principal emir, and after a short delay an old man approached on a donkey. He abased himself to the ground, and then, rising, offered the keys of the gates. These were accepted, and the sirdar informed him, in Arabic, that he would spare all who would lay down their arms. The old man kissed the general's hand, and ran back toward the great wall, shouting the good news. Immediately there arose a loud cry of relief from the hidden thousands who awaited the answer. The suburbs, which till now had seemed occupied only by advancing infantry, sprang to life. From every house men, women, and children appeared in dozens and scores. Many of the inhabitants rushed toward the staff, kissing the boots of the officers, shaking their hands, and calling down blessings on their heads. Slatin Pasha was nearly pulled from his horse by the numbers of old friends and recent enemies who fawned on him. The sirdar himself received a royal welcome from the city he had taken; nor can he be blamed because in his dispatch he chose to regard this natural manifestation of joy on the part of the townsfolk, at hearing that they were not to be put to the sword, as their satisfaction at their deliverance from the rule of the Khalifa. The first is, however, the true explanation. The cries of the populace were loud, but the heaps of dead on the plain bore more convincing testimony to the real wishes of the people.

In concluding his chapter on "The Fall of the City," Mr. Churchill says that while many atrocious acts were perpetrated by the camp-followers, which no general could have foreseen and warded against, thousands of Dervishes survived the day, many were succored by the soldiers, and upwards of five thousand taken prisoners. "But, when all this has been said," he remarks, "the mind turns with disgust from the spectacle of unequal slaughter. The name of the battle, blazoned on the colors, preserves for future generations the memory of a successful expedition. Regiments may exult in the part they played. Military experts may draw instruction from the surprising demonstration of the power of modern weapons. But the individual soldier will carry from the field only a very transient satisfaction, and the 'glory of Omdurman' will seem to any who may five years hence read this book a very absurd expression."

Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, two volumes, \$10.00.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Adelbert S. Hay, son of the Secretary of State, has been appointed consul at Pretoria, to succeed Mr. Charles Macrum.

Prince Lohengula, the Kaffir chief who shocked London society, a few months ago, by eloping with Miss Kate Jewell, a well-bred society girl, was recently arrested for brutally heating her and biting her viciously in the throat.

According to the latest advices from Mafeking, Lady Sarah Wilson, aunt of the Duke of Marlborough, who was captured while acting as correspondent for the London *Daily Mail*, has been exchanged for a Boer woman who was a prisoner at that place.

The Grand Duke Constantine has translated "Hamlet" into Russian verse, and last season parts of the play were performed at his palace, he playing the part of Hamlet. The Czar has now intimated that he wishes to see the play acted in its entirety, so the performance will take place when the court goes into half-mourning.

Congressman A. C. Harmer, of Philadelphia, who is now the "Father of the House," began his service in Congress in 1871 with the Forty-Second Congress, and he has been continuously a member since then, with the exception of two years, 1874-77, the period of the Forty-Fourth Congress, for which he was defeated by John Robbins.

Dr. Charles F. H. Willgohs, the oldest practicing physician in Ohio, celebrated his ninety-sixth birthday anniversary at Doylestown last month. Longevity is a characteristic of his family, and very few of the male members of it have died a natural death until ninety or one hundred. His grandfather, at the age of one hundred and six, was able to do a day's work in the field with any man, while his father was able to sit on his horse at eighty-three.

Advices from Yokohama state that the future Empress of Japan has been chosen and her engagement to the crown prince announced. She will have a dower of a million and a quarter yen from her own family and from the emperor, the latter contributing the larger part of the sum. By this marriage the crown prince will become related to the highest Buddhist priest in the empire. In view of the strong Buddhist movement to secure state recognition, the fact is commented upon as of great interest.

Alfred Carré, the director of the new Opéra Comique in Paris, has been sued by the Duc de Fitz-James and the Duc de Marmier, as representatives of the Choiseul family, for the hereditary free box in the theatre to which the Choiseuls are entitled. The right to the box was granted by Louis the Sixteenth to the Duc de Choiseul in 1781, in consideration of his having built the original Opéra Comique. The government, which subsidizes the theatre, tried to put an end to the privilege in 1880, but the courts upheld the Choiseul right. M. Carré is going to have the question decided again.

Last week, when the clerk of the Senate read the title of a bill introduced by Senator Frye, "granting a pension to Marcus Alonzo Hanna," there were smiles from the senators on the floor and the spectators in the galleries, who noticed in the tedious reading of the bills by titles that the name was the same as that of the junior senator from Ohio. The proposed beneficiary, however, is not the Ohio senator, but the light-house keeper living in South Portland, Me., who served in a Maine regiment during the Civil War. Speaker Reed, in the last Congress, was good-naturedly chaffed by some of his friends over a bill before the House "for the relief of Thomas B. Reed," and involving a small claim for supplies furnished the federal army in the Civil War.

The appearance of Mrs. George Gould and her daughter, Miss Marjorie Gould, at the recent wedding of Mr. Snowden and Miss Churchman, at Philadelphia, a fortnight ago, seems to have greatly excited the newspapers of that city, who are just recovering from the fit of hysterics caused by the return from Europe of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel. A writer in the *Sunday Times* says: "Miss Bertha de Pourtales Churchman just missed being the most prominent figure at her own wedding. If it had not been for Mrs. George Gould, of New York, and her daughter Marjorie, the paramount place would undoubtedly have been given to the bride, but the cold, steely glitter of Mrs. Gould's pale-gray sequins, and the rhinestone buttons of Miss Marjorie's white kid shoes, were too much for even the glacial calm of Philadelphia. It was such a pity, for there has not been a prettier wedding in Philadelphia this season."

"The Waldersees will be installed in the Wilhelmstrasse before many weeks have passed," is a remark one hears on every side in Germany just now (says the *Bazar*). For years past, the Count Waldersee has been looked upon as the coming man in Germany, and the Countess Waldersee's *salon* is one of the most brilliant on the Continent; while the countess herself, it has been for years acknowledged, wields great power socially. This lady comes from New York City, and is the daughter of the late David Lee. On her marriage to Count Waldersee she was the Princess de Noer, the morganatic widow of Prince Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein. Prince Bismarck always looked askance at the countess, and considered her "dangerous" even before he came to fear her husband as his son Herbert's rival. He accounted it unto her a crime that she was the confidential friend of the present Kaiser and the chosen adviser of his wife. Now a crisis is at hand in Berlin, for the Prince Hohenlohe can not hold the chancellorship much longer, Count Waldersee is again the foremost candidate for the post, and the countess is once more the "power behind the throne" in Germany. Mrs. Lee, with her daughters, lived in New York in the early 'sixties, and their residence on Union Square was the scene of many brilliant entertainments.

LITERARY NOTES.

A Novelette by W. C. Morrow.

A book that will be read and discussed in San Francisco for its author's sake is "A Man: His Mark," by W. C. Morrow, and it will attract attention elsewhere, because Mr. Morrow could not write anything that is commonplace.

The central situation is an unusual one. A man who has retired to the mountains to recover, in the face of nature, from a heavy blow, rescues a young woman from death in a snow-storm, and takes her to his isolated cabin where they are imprisoned by the storm for four months. She has broken her leg in an accident, and he has to set it and be surgeon and nurse for her as well as host for weeks. The situation is a difficult one, but Mr. Morrow handles it with the utmost delicacy.

To this peculiar condition is added another remarkable element by the fact that the young man had been separated from the girl he loved by the meddling of another person, and the crippled invalid reveals to him that she was the meddler. The beautiful and petted daughter of a man whose only god is success, she feels contempt for romantic weakness, and she tells the story of her deed to show the man the folly of sentiment. She can not see that, in spite of his gentleness and chivalry, he is a man of strong character, but in time his strength is impressed on her, and she longs to conquer him. This feeling grows to love, and the end comes when, after he has starved himself to death that she may live, she learns that he was the victim of her interference, and that she loves him.

Mr. Morrow's method in fiction-writing is so intensely logical that it would be difficult to point out a single improbability in this tale. But it is not convincing because it lacks the emotional element. Mr. Morrow's forte, in fact, is the short story. No one better than he can develop a striking situation into a logical and dramatic climax. But for more than a short story the gift of the story-teller is needed, and this Mr. Morrow has not shown in "A Man: His Mark." It is, in fact, a short story expanded beyond its natural limitations, and as such fails quite to reach its aim. Still, it is a bold and original piece of work, and will be widely discussed.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.25.

The Jewish Inner Life.

For those who seek them there are problems of weight and importance in the stories of the Ghetto by I. Zangwill, problems that concern not only the race whose tenacity keeps it a people apart from all others, but the races and countries that receive the Hebrews yet can not absorb them. Some of the secrets of that continued separation are told in Mr. Zangwill's books, and his own concern with the question is apparent, but the romantic interest of his work is sufficient for the multitude of readers.

His latest volume, "They That Walk in Darkness," contains eleven stories, some of which were first published ten years ago under the title "Ghetto Tragedies," but there are several additions, and the new work shows the author's development in philosophy as well as in art. The best of the tales is that which gives the title to the book. It is a pathetic story without a line of false sentiment. The conflict between Judaism and Christianity furnishes the motive in several of the tragedies, and the bonds that can not be broken cut deeply into the flesh of those who struggle against them.

Among the many writers who have attempted to interpret the Jewish race, Mr. Zangwill may be given the first place. His attitude, that of a sympathetic spectator rather than that of a sufferer, is well preserved in his latest work, and adds to its attractiveness.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

The Cecil Rhodes of Fiction.

For cool "cheek," Morley Roberts's novel, "The Colossus," rather goes ahead of anything the yellowest of yellow journals has yet achieved. It takes Cecil Rhodes, flimsily disguised under the name of Eustace Loder, and, utterly disregarding all claims a living man may have to privacy, holds him up, the man, his motives, and his character, for all the world to see, with no more reservation than if he had ceased to feel a hundred years ago. That the great imperialist could have consented to such treatment is not to be conceived, and, now that Mr. Roberts has recorded his analysis of Mr. Rhodes, it would be vastly entertaining—though perhaps a trifle shocking—to hear Mr. Rhodes's opinion of Mr. Roberts.

Mr. Rhodes—to drop the name of Loder—is first shown in "The Colossus" on a hotel piazza at Cairo. He is staring back at the Pyramids, meditating his plan of a "Cairo to the Cape" railway, and his secretaries, like faithful watch-dogs, guard all approaches so that none may disturb the great man's thoughts. The chief menace to his peace lies in the efforts of a young woman in his party to attract his notice. She is pretty and bright, and can not understand how any human male can ignore her attractions. But Rhodes has no thoughts for women at any time, and especially at this juncture.

He has struck a deadlock in his plans. He needs a concession from the Khedive, and the key to the

Khedival favor is an Egyptian official who is unhappily but strongly Anglophobic. How to get around this man Rhodes does not know. But the persistent young woman, Gertrude Broughton, determines to compromise the official and then force Rhodes to ask her aid. That she succeeds goes without saying. "The Colossus" being fiction, but her victory is an empty one and the story ends rather weakly.

The literary and society papers in London, where the book is attracting much attention, publish keys professing to reveal the identity of the chief personages in Mr. Roberts's tale, but who they are is matter of little moment to us. The interesting point is the fact that Cecil Rhodes has been thus treated in fiction, and that Mr. Roberts's characterization of him, while idealized, affords explanation of many of the peculiarities of the man that could not be derived from news items.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

According to the *Bookman*, the new novel upon which Mrs. Craigie ("John Oliver Hobbes") is at work is to be called "Robert Orange."

"The White Terror" is the title of the new romance by Félix Gras, author of "The Reds of the Midi," which is to be published immediately by D. Appleton & Co.

Isa Bowman, the actress, who as a child was one of Lewis Carroll's little friends, and the original Alice in the stage "Wonderland," is making ready to publish a book about its author. It will include the letters which Lewis Carroll wrote to her, the "Diary of Isa," which he kept during her visit to Oxford, her reminiscences of him, and reproductions of a number of his playful drawings.

Cyrus T. Brady's new romance of the War of 1812, "For the Freedom of the Sea," published by Charles Scribner's Sons, promises to surpass in popularity the author's "For Love of Country."

Elizabeth Strong Worthington will follow up her clever work on "How to Cook Husbands" with some similar advice on wives, which will appear early in January from the press of the Dodge Publishing Company.

J. M. Barrie has been four years writing the novel, "Tommy and Grizel," his sequel to "Sentimental Tommy," which begins in *Scribner's Magazine* for January. Nothing has appeared from him in the meantime except his dramatization of "The Little Minister."

Egerton Castle, whose "Young April" is meeting with a large sale, is proving himself a prolific writer. Already he is engaged on a new novel entitled "The Bath Comedy," which will first be published serially.

Bishop Whipple's reminiscences, "Lights and Shadows of a Long Episcopate," has been published by the Macmillan Company.

"The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson," which were reviewed at length in last week's *Argonaut*, are published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

"Striving for Fame and Fortune," is the title of a group of articles which the *Youth's Companion* will publish next year. One is on "Character, Credit, Capital," by the Secretary of the United States Treasury; another on "Ambitions: True and False," by the Rt. Rev. Bishop H. C. Potter; and a third on "The Habit of Thrift," by Andrew Carnegie.

The new editor of the Paris *Nouvelle Revue*—the successor of Juliette Adam—is M. Ghensi, a relative of Gambetta. He is only thirty years old, and has written poems, plays, and novels, and has interested himself in politics.

F. Marion Crawford's "Via Crucis," published by the Macmillan Company, is already in its thirty-first thousand.

Arrangements have been made for an Australian edition of "David Harum," which will be issued shortly. It is said that the three-hundred-and-fifty-thousand mark has been passed with this phenomenal book.

Students of antiquities will be delighted with Francis W. Kelsey's translation of August Mau's "Pompeii: Its Life and Art," which has been published by the Macmillan Company.

Archibald Colquhoun has just finished "The Russian Borderlands in Central Asia," a volume describing the Russian advance up to date in Central Asia, which will be issued in April, and has almost written an important work on a recently completed journey through Siberia, Eastern Mongolia, and the Yangtze Valley, and thence through China, Tonquin, etc., to be entitled "Overland to China."

"FATHER GOOSE" IS THE CLEVEREST juvenile book of the year. It can be had at Cooper's, at \$1.25.

H. G. Wells is busy at work on a new novel in the vein of "The War of the Worlds."

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LITERARY NOTES.

London as Seen by Mrs. Krout.

Despite the fact that she has given undue prominence to many incidents of an insignificant nature, Mary H. Krout's latest volume, "A Looker-On in London," contains much valuable information, presented in an entertaining manner, and covers a peculiarly interesting epoch in English history. During her three years' stay in England she enjoyed unusual opportunities for observation, and, as a result, her studies of the country and its institutions are far more trustworthy than the hasty deductions and comparisons of the average tourist and correspondent who spend but a few weeks in the British metropolis.

Late in July, 1895, Mrs. Krout sailed for England, arriving in London in time to witness the impressive opening of Parliament. Among the other important state ceremonials and brilliant pageants which she describes graphically are the wedding of the Princess Maud to Prince Charles of Denmark; the funeral of the Prince of Battenberg, the husband of Princess Beatrice, who sailed from England with the expedition sent to reduce the Ashantees and died from the effects of fever of a virulent type which he contracted on the march upon Kumasi; the great Diamond Jubilee parade and illumination; and the Princess of Wales's dinner to the crippled children of London. English politics receive special attention, the principal topics being the Venezuela boundary question, which, after fifty years of controversy was submitted to arbitration, and the Jameson raid, including detailed accounts of the invasion of the Transvaal, the arrest of the leaders, their return to England, and their trial and conviction.

There are also charming chapters on "Lord Leighton," "After the Season and London Weather," "Carlyle's House," "English Women and Their Affairs," "Women's Clubs," "In Kentish Fields," "Henley," and "Women's Schools and Colleges."

Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.50. Juhart

Great Conflicts on the Sea.

Edward Kirk Rawson, superintendent of the naval war records of the government, has produced a work of more than transitory value in his "Twenty Famous Naval Battles." His subjects are well chosen, his descriptions are done with spirit, and his deductions presented with modesty.

The battles described begin with Salamis, 480 B. C., and this is followed by the victory of Octavius at Actium, the second great naval conflict of ancient history. Next comes Lepanto in 1571, and the defeat of the Armada in 1588; the last fight of the *Revenge*, 1591; the fight off Dungeness, 1652; the battle of La Hogue, 1692; the contest between *Bon Homme Richard* and *Serapis*, 1779; the battle of the Nile, 1798; the duel between *Foudroyant* and *Guillaume Tell*, 1799; Trafalgar, 1805; the battle between *Constitution* and *Guerrière*, 1812; Lake Erie, 1813; the famous engagements between *Monitor* and *Merrimac*, 1862; and *Kearsarge* and *Alabama*, 1864; Mobile Bay, Lissa, 1866; the victory over the *Huascar*, 1879; Manila Bay, and Santiago, 1898.

The volumes are illustrated with many portraits, battle-scenes, maps, and plans, and there are several appendixes and a complete index.

Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., Boston; price, two volumes, \$4.00. Juhart

Pictures for the Months and the Year.

J. Campbell Phillips has made a series of drawings with romantic interest that appear to the best advantage in the "Cupid Calendar" (\$2.50). Some of the scenes depicted tell a story complete, and others depend upon those that follow, but all have seasonable touches to suit the time when they will appear for daily reference.

Frank Verbeck offers something beyond the thirteen artistic studies that grace his "Animal Calendar" (\$1.50), for each leaf bears a verse to point the moral of the picture. The beasts and birds that come from Mr. Verbeck's pencil are distinctive creations, impressive and companionable in their way. The calendar is printed on sheets of gray card-board that serve as mats for the pictures, which are reproductions of charcoal sketches.

"Acrobatic Animals" (\$1.25), by Frank Verbeck, is a book of the funniest pictures imaginable. There are fifteen stories in the volume, but the longest has less than a hundred words—the drawings are more expressive than any description. The bears, the lions, the alligators, the turtles, the foxes, and the wolves in this collection are unlike those best known, but they are excessively humorous in their saddest moments and not easily to be forgotten.

Published by R. H. Russell, New York. Juhart

An Up-to-Date La Fontaine.

It has been pointed out by some discerning writer that there are two varieties of slang, and that one kind is not particularly reprehensible. Some vivid American phrases serve such good purposes that they cross the sea and arrive in good form for emphatic use. George Ade has originated no small number of these apt misapplications of words which attract attention by their peculiar force, and those who have read his stories, "Pink Marsh," "Artie," and "Doc

Horne," will attest that however lively his imagination his ear is always true.

In his latest book, "Fables in Slang," Mr. Ade has made the most of his gift of framing the bright expressions suited to hurried life, but that gift alone can not be held responsible for the success of his work. The author is a genial satirist, and the weaknesses of human nature furnish targets in plenty for his wit. There are twenty-six good stories in the little volume, and many half-hours of enjoyment, for his slang is not forbidding, and his humor has no sting.

Published by Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.00. Juhart

New Publications.

In "The White King of Manoa" Joseph Hutton has written a stirring novel of the days of Sir Walter Raleigh's expedition in search of the golden coast. Published by R. F. Fenno & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

A well-written and handsomely illustrated volume is "Among English Hedgerows," by Clifton Johnson, and the rural scenes and characters pictured are striking and attractive. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$2.25.

In a small and quaintly embellished volume is presented "Wordly Wisdom of Chesterfield," being extracts from the earl's letters to his son, prefaced with a biographical sketch. Published by R. H. Russell, New York; price, \$1.00.

A holiday edition of Moore's Oriental romance, "Lalla Rookh," has over one hundred fine illustrations by such artists as J. Wells Champney, Kenyon Cox, Walter Satterlee, and J. A. Fraser. The volume is attractive in every way. Published by Dana Estes & Co., Boston; price, \$2.50.

Among the many calendars of the season, one that has more than passing interest is the "California View Calendar," which is ornamented with engravings of the Cliff House, Moss Brae Falls, Mount Shasta, Yosemite Valley, Santa Barbara Mission, and the State Capitol. Published by Edward H. Mitchell, San Francisco; price, 75 cents.

"Julia Marlowe as Barbara Frietchie" is the title of an artistic collection of pictures showing Miss Marlowe as the Frederick girl in Clyde Fitch's new play, which has been crowding the New York Criterion Theatre during the past few months. The booklet also includes illustrations of this popular actress in other of her best rôles—Rosalind, Juliet, Constance, Viola, Collette, and Countess Valeska. Published by R. H. Russell, New York.

A pleasing story of the South, for young people, is "Little Doctor Victoria," by Louise Carnahan. The title comes from the name bestowed by a colored mammy on the daughter of the house who was so much like her father the doctor. The story traces the career of the winsome little miss from her infancy to her wedding, and many scenes of pleasure and pathos are depicted in natural colors. The book promises to be as great a success as the author's earlier work, "Polly's Lion." Published by the Carnahan Publishing Company, San Francisco; price, \$1.25.

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LITERARY NOTES.

The Woman Reporter, a Fancy Portrait.

Robert Barr will not have endeared himself to the editorial tribe by his latest story, "Jennie Baxter, Journalist." There were young women plenty waiting, like Peris, outside the sanctum door, but it will be worse a hundredfold when this book has been in circulating libraries for a month or so.

Jennie Baxter makes enough money as a free lance in London journalism to be able to afford a very pretty gown and a cab when she calls on the editor of the *Daily Bugle* to get a permanent position on his staff. While in a waiting-room she overbears him discussing with a sub-editor a great "scoop" which they are considering. He declines to take her on the staff, and forthwith she uses for a rival sheet the information she had acquired by eavesdropping. This brilliant bit of work secures the desired place, and her future is assured.

Her first detail is to go to an Austrian *schloss* in the disguise of private secretary to the princess and unravel the theft of the Steinheimer jewels. She not only locates the jewels but makes a life-long friend of the princess by dissipating the cloud that hung over the princely *ménage*. Moreover, she gets hold of an invitation to the princess for the Duchess of Chiselhurst's hall in London, which her editor wishes her to "cover" for the paper. Accordingly, she impersonates the princess at the ball and gives the paper a splendid account of the function. At the ball she is befriended by a young English diplomat who had known the princess in Washington, five years before, and he, of course, falls violently in love with her. She avoids him, as a modest young woman should, but finally her journalistic work brings them together, and she saves his diplomatic career by "falling down on a detail" which would have involved his ruin.

This wildly romantic tale is told with a fluent ease that disarms suspicion—though it is a shock to find that an astute English detective can believe that a young woman type-writer from Chicago speaks only French. But when one thinks it all over afterward, it seems as if Miss Baxter were not an altogether admirable young person, or that journalistic doings were not to be measured by the code of ethics that obtain in other spheres of usefulness.

Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

A Noted Revolutionist.

In his preface to Peter Kropotkin's "Memoirs of a Revolutionist," which was first brought out as a serial in the *Atlantic Monthly*, George Brandes says: "There are at this moment only two great Russians who think for the Russian people, and whose thoughts belong to mankind—Leo Tolstoy and Peter Kropotkin. Tolstoy has often told us, in poetical shape, parts of his life. Kropotkin gives us here for the first time, without any poetical recasting, a rapid survey of his whole career."

Of the two, Kropotkin's life has been, if possible, far more adventurous. The scion of a noble Russian family, he was for a number of years a page in the imperial court, became chamberlain to the Czarina, and early achieved distinction as a scientific student. Becoming involved in the revolutionary movements in Russia, he was arrested as an anarchist in 1873, his property confiscated, and he imprisoned in the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, in St. Petersburg. After being confined for three years, he escaped from the hospital of the fortress under the most thrilling circumstances, and continued to preach revolution in Switzerland and later in France, where he was again imprisoned. More recently he has been living in England, writing much in favor of his social and political theories.

Inasmuch as Kropotkin is far more anxious to give the psychology of his contemporaries than of himself, the record of his extraordinary career contains, not only the history of Russia during his lifetime, but the history of the labor movement in Europe during the last half-century as well.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$2.00.

The Loved D'Artagnan and His Friends.

Of all the figures that pose or glide or strut in the innumerable pages of Dumas there is none that can out-glory D'Artagnan, the Gascon, and the story that first introduces him and his three companions, Athos, Porthos, and Aramis, will compel the admiration of youth and age while fiction is read. The illustrated holiday edition of "The Three Musketeers" is one of the most attractive forms in which the tale has been presented. The introductory note offers some interesting references to its truth in history, and quotes many lovers to show the esteem in which the adventures have been held. The volumes have seventeen engravings, several of which are historical portraits from old paintings, and they are handsomely printed and bound.

Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, two volumes, \$3.50.

A Queen Who Ruled Europe.

In "Queen Elizabeth," by Mandell Creighton, Lord Bishop of London, the reader finds a good study of a great woman, with only so much of general history as is required to make plain the difficulties before her and the immediate result of her decisions. The story is more personal even than

most biographies, and is entertaining, even if there remained few new points of view for the chronicler.

The queen who represented England as no other ruler ever did, upon whom the fortunes of the whole of Europe long depended, will always be one of the most fascinating figures of history, and the author has drawn her portrait with skill. He ascribes the qualities of caution and prudence which Elizabeth possessed to heredity, as they were shown by her grandfather, Henry the Seventh, while her royal imperiousness and personal charm he considers the gift of her father, the licentious Henry the Eighth. From her mother, the unhappy Anne Boleyn, whom the author pronounces a hardly judged woman, she derived her vanity, her unscrupulousness, and her relentless and overhearing temper. "There are many things in Elizabeth which we could have wished otherwise; but she saw what England might become, and nursed it into the knowledge of its power."

Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

New Publications.

"The Bible in Court," by Joseph Evans Sagebeer, is an effort to apply the method of legal inquiry to the study of the Scriptures. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.25.

Among the holiday books of exceptional interest is "Colorado in Color and Song," a handsomely bound volume containing twenty-four landscapes of Colorado, all unique views, and twenty-four poems, one for each picture. Published by Frank S. Thayer, Denver, Colo.; price, \$2.50.

"Funny Folks," by F. M. Howarth, is a volume made up of such stories in pictures as have made the artist's name familiar to all readers of *Puck*. Mr. Howarth's style is all his own, and there is humor in every drawing in his book. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; price, \$5.00.

In general, birthday books are a weariness, but here is one that is not. It is "The Kipling Birthday Book," compiled by Joseph Finn, and authorized by Kipling himself. The eight hundred quotations it contains are rays from a great light. Published by the Doubleday & McClure Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

Wit and wisdom set forth in verse, and illustrated by drawings of beasts and birds that will have a lasting charm for young readers, make "A Hundred Fables of La Fontaine," with pictures by Percy J. Billinghurst, one of the notable volumes of the holiday season. Published by John Lane, New York; price, \$1.50.

In collaboration, Louise Becke and Walter Jeffery have produced an interesting and valuable biography entitled "Admiral Phillip," a life of the first governor of the first Australian colony. The volume is the latest issue in the Builders of Greater Britain Series. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

"Cupid and the Footlights," by James L. Ford, illustrated by Archie Gunn, tells in fac-simile letters, telegrams, and newspaper clippings, and in full-page pictures, the story of a *soubrette*, a leading-juvenile, and a newspaperman, whose interests were mingled for a short time. Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Joyous Recollections of Life in Georgia.

The stories of Joel Chandler Harris are always faithful pictures of the South, drawn with surpassing art. His latest volume, "The Chronicles of Aunt Minervy Ann," has all the charm of those that have preceded it, and a sustained strength that should give it a prominent place among his works. The characters are nearly all old acquaintances, under new names, but the episodes treated are neither backneyed nor conventional.

Many of the stirring scenes described are recollections of Aunt Minervy Ann, and in all of them she is a prominent figure. "How She Joined the Georgia Legislature," and "How She and Major Perdue Fought the Gossett Boys," are chapters told in her most picturesque phrases, and in "An Evening with the Ku-Klux," and "The Case of Mary Ellen," though the descriptions are in the words of others, the old colored mammy is one of the chief actors. There is humor in every page, with frequent bits of pathos, and at no time are the reader's smiles and tears far apart.

The illustrations, engravings from drawings by A. B. Frost, are worthy of the story, and no small attraction in themselves.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons; New York; price, \$1.50.

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The reader has come to expect new sensations when he takes up for the first time one of Stephen Crane's books, and he is seldom disappointed. "The Monster, and Other Stories," is the title of the latest volume bearing Mr. Crane's name, and in the first story of the collection the reader's expectations are fully realized. The tale is of a negro servant who possesses all the good qualities, is dignified, always well-dressed, and numbers his friends by the score, until a terrible misfortune makes him a monster in appearance. Trying to save the son of his employer from a burning house, his face is terribly scarred, and his brain affected. The father of the child, who is a physician, in his gratitude not only labors desperately to save the life of the faithful servant, but cares for him after he has brought him out of danger. But the poor fellow presents such an appearance that strong men can not look upon him unmoved, and women and children cry out with fright when they see him. The doctor's devotion to the unfortunate finally results in the loss of his medical practice, and this in spite of the efforts of his friends. The story is a gruesome one, lightened in parts by grotesquely humorous situations, but it is not good reading. There are two other stories in the book, and those are more agreeable, if less forceful.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25.

New Publications.

Opie Read's latest novel, "Judge Elbridge," is a story of Chicago. Published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.25.

A novel book-marker, fashioned of Japanese hand-shaved wood-fibre, and bearing an apt quotation from Emily Dickinson, with an illuminated initial, the whole designed by Mrs. Charles A. Keeler, has been printed by the Unitarian Headquarters and Book-Rooms, San Francisco.

An artistic volume of fancies in verse, accompanied by illustrations in color, is "Outside Things," by Alice Ward Bailey, pictures by Annita Lyman Paine. Its sub-title is "A Sky Book," and the poems are of stars and winds and rainbows. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; price, \$2.00.

A story of thirty years' life among the cannibals of unexplored Australia is the feature of "The Adventures of Louis de Rougemont, as Told by Himself." It is a wonderful narrative, and seemed especially so when it was first put forward as fact instead of fiction. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$2.00.

Three novels of adventure in the days of chivalry are "A Gentleman Player," by Robert Neilson Stephens (\$1.50); "Lally of the Brigade," by L. McManus (\$1.25); and "The Knight of King's Guard," by Ewan Martin (\$1.50). These stories deserve a place in the front rank of romances written in later days. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

Late issues in Appleton's Home Reading Books Series are: "The Story of the Fishes," by James N. Baskett, a scientific yet fascinating work, with many fine illustrations (75 cents); "The Insect World," by Clarence Moores Weed, is something more than an introduction to entomology, fully illustrated (60 cents); "About the Weather," by Mark W. Harrington, sketches the growth of the study, and gives the results of scientific effort (60 cents). Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

The favor won immediately by Paul Leicester Ford's story of Revolutionary times, "Janice Meredith," seems lasting, and the publishers have brought out, in response to the wishes of many of its admirers, a finely illustrated edition of the novel, in two volumes. The added attractions are notable, there being a miniature portrait of Washington, in colors, by Sharpless; another of the heroine, which

is an ideal presentment; and some seventy engravings of figures and scenes in the story. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$5.00.

A collection of quotations from all sources is given in "Our Country in Poem and Prose," by Eleanor A. Persons. The selections are of the best, and the volume will give young readers many historical suggestions of value. Published by the American Book Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

Golf Notes.

The first contest for the amateur golf championship of the Pacific Coast, held under the auspices of the San Francisco Golf Club and the Oakland Golf Club, was commenced at the Presidio links on Saturday, December 9th. The names, clubs—Burlingame Country Club, San Francisco Golf Club, Oakland Golf Club, and Los Angeles Country Club—and scores of those who had previously made the qualifying round, over 18 holes, are as follows:

	1st	2d	Total
Mr. John Lawson, Burlingame.....	50	45	95
Mr. W. P. Johnson, Oakland.....	51	44	95
Mr. H. B. Goodwin, San Francisco.....	45	52	97
Mr. E. Condé Jones, Los Angeles.....	53	48	101
Mr. A. B. Williamson, Burlingame.....	51	51	102
Mr. F. S. Stratton, Oakland.....	52	50	102
Mr. S. L. Abbot, Jr., San Francisco.....	52	50	102
Mr. E. R. Folger, Oakland.....	50	54	104
Mr. R. M. Fitzgerald, Oakland.....	53	51	104
Mr. R. H. Gaylord, San Francisco.....	50	54	104
Mr. P. E. Bowles, Oakland.....	52	52	104
Mr. J. W. Byrne, San Francisco.....	54	51	105
Mr. Charles Page, San Francisco.....	55	52	107
Mr. Chauncey R. Winslow, San Francisco.....	58	50	108
Mr. Lansing O. Kellogg, San Francisco.....	53	56	109
Mr. George D. Greenwood, Oakland.....	56	54	110
Major Hugh J. Gallagher, U. S. V.....	56	55	111
Lieutenant W. G. Miller, U. S. N.....	54	57	111
Mr. Norwood W. Howard, Los Angeles.....	60	53	113
Mr. P. G. Gow, Oakland.....	60	57	117

The sixteen making the lowest qualifying scores were entitled to enter the tournament—which was 18 holes for the first and second rounds and 36 holes for the semi-finals and finals. Mr. Peter E. Bowles and Mr. Chauncey R. Winslow withdrew. The results of the first day's play, when the first round was completed, follow:

Lieutenant Miller defeated Mr. Kellogg, 6 up and 4 to play; Mr. Page defeated Mr. Byrne, 1 up; Mr. Lawson defeated Mr. Folger, 6 up and 5 to play; Mr. Johnson defeated Mr. Williamson, 3 up and 2 to play; Mr. Jones defeated Mr. Gaylord, 2 up and 1 to play; Mr. Fitzgerald defeated Mr. Stratton, 2 up and 1 to play; Mr. Goodwin defeated Mr. Greenwood by default; and Mr. Abbot defeated Major Gallagher, 6 up and 4 to play.

It was left to the discretion of the contestants to play the second and semi-final rounds at their convenience during the week, the final match being scheduled for Saturday, December 16th. The results of the second round are as follows:

Mr. Lawson defeated Mr. Johnson, 6 up and 4 to play; Mr. Goodwin defeated Mr. Abbot, 8 up and 6 to play; Mr. Page defeated Lieutenant Miller, 5 up and 4 to play; and Mr. Jones defeated Mr. Fitzgerald, 7 up and 6 to play.

Each of these successful contestants has won one of the four handsome prizes offered. Weather permitting, the tournament will be concluded on Saturday.

The San Francisco Golf Club's first contest for the Council's Trophy for men will be begun on the Presidio Links on December 23d, 24th, or 25th. The qualifying round is over 18 holes, medal play, and the score-cards must be signed by an official scorer designated by David Stephenson, the club's professional. The eight making the lowest scores will be entitled to enter the tournament, which will be a match-play contest. The preliminary rounds will be finished on December 30th, and the finals will take place on New-Year's Day.

The Council's Trophy, a handsome silver tankard, must be won three times by the same player to become his personal property, but it will be inscribed after each tournament with the name and score of the winner, who will also receive a smaller replica of the trophy.

The usual bi-weekly tournament for men and women will be played on the links of the San Rafael Golf Club on Saturday, December 16th. Owing to the shortness of the days, the men's contests, beginning with this one, will hereafter be over 13 holes instead of 18. This arrangement will be continued until February, when it is expected that the full course of 18 holes, already practically completed, will be in condition for play.

—PRETTY POEMS IN PRETTY BINDINGS FOR Christmas are to be seen at Cooper's.

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COMMUNICATIONS.

Against the Taxing of Bonds.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 12, 1899.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Would it not be a patriotic and progressive move for Mayor Phelan to endeavor to have the law repealed taxing State, county, city, or other municipal or public bonds?

At present the bulk of these bonds escape taxation in California by reason of their enforced market being in the Eastern States, where such property is not taxed. It is wrong that a Californian can not invest in public bonds of his State, on an equal interest-yielding basis with an outsider, unless he degenerates into a tax-dodger.

Our savings-banks and the public generally have the greatest need of these prime bonds as investments, which, owing to their inertia in not having the law changed, are being continually diverted from us by Eastern capital. In view of the proposed municipal bond issues, this matter deserves local consideration.

Yours faithfully,

COMMON SENSE.

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For a satire in verse of about 1,000 lines on the same subject, to pay which a special deposit has been made with the Lincoln National Bank. MSS. may be sent in immediately and must be in, at latest, the poem by January 15th, and the story by February 1st, 1900. They must be accompanied by stamps for return. MSS. will be received and returned only at the writer's risk. Address,

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NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 27, 1899.

I hereby certify that the Ess Ess Publishing Company has this day specially deposited the sum of Fifteen Hundred Dollars.

Thos: L. James,

President, Lincoln National Bank.

The editor of "The Smart Set" will promptly consider, and, if accepted, liberally pay for, MSS. of clever stories, long or short, poems, sketches, witicisms and all entertaining matter.

FIRST NUMBER TO BE PUBLISHED MARCH 10TH.



It takes only ten years, they say, to bring around a new set of theatre-goers, hence the old plays live. Each new generation wishes to see the standard plays which have become classics, even though Old Time has tarnished with many a defect their once shining merit.

It is probably about two decades since Frederick Warde made his first bow before a San Francisco audience, and was discovered to be a very agreeable stock actor who speedily made himself a favorite with his public. Since then he has developed into a star, with a special liking for the portrayal of the romantic, the heroic, or the tragic roles which abound in the old plays, and, although his reputation is not wide, he is established in the good opinions of many who like the legitimate. He has always kept the San Francisco public with him, and is probably now just embarked on his career through the affections of a third generation of youngsters, but he does not look it. In "The Lion's Mouth" he appeared as a tolerably young prince, in the dress of a Venetian gallant, and in the last two acts, costumed as one of the people and bearing triumphantly the crucial test of a décolleté shirt and a jersey cap, he almost looked the youthful and romantic prince and lover in a picturesque disguise.

But, in spite of his ample experience as head of numerous traveling companies, Warde needs a theatrical god-father. He would do better to have some one at hand with a more reliable judgment than his own, who would assist him in the selection of his plays, their costuming, mounting, and setting; some level-headed person who would choose the proper histrionic material, to throw out in relief the knightly, or historic, or romantic character rendered by the star. He himself lacks the insight, the business shrewdness, the quick judgment required in handling these matters, and, most important of all, he lacks the dominant quality both in acting and personality which could carry his auditors off their feet and make them overlook the poorness of the material around him—for his company is very poor stuff.

In a play such as "The Lion's Mouth," which aims at representing the romantic and the picturesque, it is a very necessary thing to have a leading lady who has some decided charm, either of appearance, personality, or acting, that will justify the Romeo-like lover's hyperbole into which Rinaldo falls. Mrs. Brune was not meant by nature to play the central figure in a romantic drama. She is very young, and has plenty of time in which to acquire the finished arts of her calling, but at present her methods are crude and immature in the extreme. She does not know how to carry herself, how to use her voice, how to throw herself into a picturesque pose, how to gesticulate, and her facial play is unintelligent and inexpressive. Many a raw, untrained girl, who gave little promise of future power, has developed into a finished actress; and some have even succeeded in triumphing over the lack of beauty or physique, and woo their way by force of some happy trick of charming, or by the power of a rich, dramatic temperament. Mrs. Brune's most pronounced trait, and one which probably placed her in the position that she occupies in the company, is a certain amount of abandon. But such are her limitations in natural grace and beauty of expression that we can not follow her, and remain cold and unmoved by her sharpest cries of agony and her wildest hysterics.

Marcella, the high-born madcap, is intended to supply the merry motive of the play. Henry Guy Carleton evidently had in his mind some blithesome rogue of the type of Shakespeare's Beatrice who he wrote the part, but he provides nothing original to round out the conception, and it remains merely a feeble imitation. It was played with a sort of jack-in-the-box vivacity by a young lady whose idea of comedy is unremitting and extreme fussiness, and whose gayest moments left upon her audience a heavy depression that was sadder than sorrow.

Charles D. Herman has had an experience as Modjeska's leading man that should make him a valuable addition to Warde's company, and has the sonorous voice and impressive delivery necessary to an actor in the legitimate drama. He plays the part of Fra Angelo with a melodramatic ferocity that one should not cavil at, perhaps, for that is the dominant note in the character, but he was, nevertheless, stagey.

In fact, that is the trouble with the play. It is not a good play, although a fine scorn sat throned upon Warde's brow and played about his lips when, in his brief speech before the curtain on Monday night, he mentioned the damning fact that New York is the

only one of the large cities that has not indorsed it. I am afraid that I agree with New York. I find the romance high-flown, the language, although good in spots, stilted; the philosophizing trite, and the heroics cheap. It is a play that is full of echoes from the work of greater men, and yet with each borrowed touch the playwright has infused some element of the commonplace that prevents one from having even a borrowed thrill.

Visitations from traveling stars with wretched companies and poor plays are becoming all too common in San Francisco. Even in the "Shenandoah" production, which was not burdened with the expense of a star, and in which was presented a very good play, the players were untaught, raw in accent, uninteresting, incompetent, and deadly commonplace. Clay Clement, Nance O'Neil, and Frederick Warde have now each in turn demonstrated the necessity of a proper support, and are bringing us to a dismal realization that San Francisco is still regarded as too "jay" a town to be able to appreciate financially a first-class company often than once a year. The ever-faithful Frawley is doing his best for us, but so far his plays are of the luridly melodramatic type.

Why do not some of these talented people who gain only a partial success with poor plays and worse companies join forces, and with the lustre of their several names added to form a powerful combination, storm all the big cities west of the Mississippi?

And as for plays, why not follow the example of John Blair, an actor in the East, who, with a carefully selected company, is about to present, in a tour through the principal Eastern cities, the masterpieces of famous foreign dramatists, with whose plays the general run of theatre-goers have absolutely no stage acquaintance. Warde, remembering the James-Kidder-Warde combination, would probably think he has had enough of that, for James showed uncommon skill and assiduity in picking out all the plums in the bistrionic pie, and left his colleague to a steady diet of crusts. Still, the triple-partnership gained prestige for all three of the players, and I do not remember ever to have known Warde in his own company play with so excellent a leading lady, nor be provided with so good a support, nor have the background of so handsome and tasteful a setting.

Warde has never seemed to me to be a natural tragedian. There is nothing grand, gloomy, or peculiar about him. He impresses one as a cheerful man with the taste for playing tragedy that cheerful men sometimes have. If you examine the cut of his nose—and the nose they say is the most important facial index to the character—you will observe when it is in profile that the line at the base has a cheerful upward slant, just enough to indicate to the physiognomist that he was never meant to walk the stage in professional woe. He lacks the sacred fire, and always sports about of that exaltation of feeling in which men inferior to him in the dramatic gifts can sometimes lose themselves. He would be an invaluable member of an organization producing plays of real literary pretension and genuine dramatic power, and with his fine appearance and rich voice, and the care, intelligence, and dignity with which he always reads his lines, he would make a more marked and striking figure than he succeeds in doing as a star.

JOSEFITA.

STAGE GOSSIP.

"The Hottest Coon in Dixie."

The Frawleys will give their final performances of "The Sporting Duchess" at the California Theatre this (Saturday) afternoon and night, and next week will be devoted to preparations and rehearsals of their Christmas offering, Franklyn Fyles's great war drama, "Cumberland '6r." In the meantime, the farce-comedy, "The Hottest Coon in Dixie," an elaboration of "Clorindy," the rag-time skit which enjoyed such a success at the Orpheum last year, will be the bill. It is presented by a company of nearly forty singers, comedians, and specialty people, including William H. Proctor, Boh Kelly, Billy Cole, Fred T. Carey, Phil R. Miller, the Grundys, Lew Gilbert, Arthur Payne, Eddie Harris, Norris Smith, William Dixon, Miss Neale G. Hawkins, Bessie Hamilton, Mollie Minor, Clara Bell Carey, Sallie Douglas, Georgie Dohbs, the Gilbert Sisters, the Dixie Quintet, and the original "Clorindy" chorus.

Warde's Second Week.

The repertoire of the second and last week of Frederick Warde's engagement at the Columbia Theatre is as follows: Monday and Saturday nights, "Virginus"; Tuesday night and Saturday matinee, "The Merchant of Venice"; Wednesday night, "Richard III."; Thursday and Sunday nights, "The Lion's Mouth"; and Friday night, "Romeo and Juliet."

On Christmas night, December 25th, Hall Caine's dramatization of his much-discussed novel, "The Christian," is to be produced. The demand for seats is said to be unusually large.

Second Week of "Tar and Tartar."

Such has been the success of the revival of "Tar and Tartar" at the Tivoli Opera House that it is to be continued another week. It could easily run longer, with such a drawing card as Ferris Hartman, but the Tivoli management will adhere to its usual

policy of presenting a Christmas spectacle about the holidays. This year it is to be based on the nursery rhyme, "Little Bo-Peep," and, as the opening production will be given on Saturday evening, December 23d, there will be no matinee of "Tar and Tartar" on that afternoon. Oscar Fest has painted some gorgeous scenery, of which his transformation scene, entitled "Butterflies," is said to be especially beautiful. The cast will include Ferris Hartman, Alf C. Wheelan, Phil Branson, Anna Lichter, Tom Greene, Annie Myers, John Cotte, William Schuster, Ida Wyatt, Caroline Knowles, Cora Harris, J. Fogarty, J. P. Wilson, and Charlotte Beckwith.

A Popular Strauss Opera.

At the Grand Opera House on Monday night "The Chimes of Normandy" ("The Bat"), one of the best operas of Strauss, the "waltz king," which has not been heard here for some time. It will be handsomely staged and costumed, and will have the advantage of the following cast: Gabriel von Eisenstein, Thomas H. Persse; Rosalind, his wife, Edith Mason; Adele, her maid, Hattie Belle Ladd; Ida, sister to Adele, Ethel Strachan; Alfred, a music teacher, Winfred Goff; Prince Orloffsky, Bessie Fairbairn; Dr. Frank, William Wolff; Dr. Blind, Charles Arling; and Frosch, Arthur Wooley.

"Sinbad" is to be the next attraction.

The Orpheum's New Bill.

There are to be five new specialties at the Orpheum next week, including La Sylphe, the dainty little Parisian danseuse; Harrigan, the tramp juggler, who introduces some droll comedy-work into his clever performance; the Llewellyn Sisters, two of Australia's most famous operatic stars; Gertrude Rutledge, who sings "coon" songs; and Dan and Lizzie Avery, colored sketch artists. Those retained from this week's bill are Mr. and Mrs. Milton Royle and company in "Captain Impudence," George Fuller Golden, Hamilton Hill, and the Biograph.

The Races.

The California Jockey Club announces several interesting events at the Oakland track next week. On Monday the Emeryville Stakes, a free handicap for two-year-olds and upward, will be run, the distance being one mile, and, as there are some forty-six entries, there will doubtless be a large field. A selling handicap for three-year-olds and upward on Tuesday, free handicaps for all ages and for two-year-olds, on Thursday, over a mile-and-a-quarter and mile course, respectively, complete the special events. The Christmas Handicap for three-year-olds, and the Milroy Handicap for all ages, will be the principal features of the races on Christmas Day, Monday, December 25th.

A New Magazine Announced.

The first number of a new magazine, to be called *The Smart Set, a Magazine of Cleverness*, will be published March 10th, and the promise is made that it will be conducted on new and original lines. Its chief feature will be a complete novel of considerable length in each number, and there will also be several short stories and poems. The aim of *The Smart Set* will be to entertain and to publish work that will make the writers well known. The cover design, by Mr. Ernest Haskell, is striking and significant. In the first number we are promised a satire in fiction on modern smart society, while an early number will contain a similar effort in verse. Large prizes are offered for such productions.

Carefully Examined.

Every quart of milk offered at any one of the many condensaries where the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is produced is scientifically tested, and must be of the highest standard. Valuable book entitled "Bahies," sent free.

A plan to found a colony in Cuba, with the twin purposes of raising fruit for United States markets and of establishing a winter resort, will be brought out soon.

Creme de Lis Cures

Complexion faults, not by bleaching or peeling off the skin but by supplying it with the necessary nutriment to "create" and preserve a natural, youthful appearance.

SOME GORGEOUS DESIGNS IN MOUNTINGS in Ladies' Purses are shown at Cooper's.

EVERY MAN WHO GOES TO A BAR TO ORINK can get the Jesse Moore "AA" Whisky. There are many who want this whisky who do not visit bar-rooms. They can get it by the bottle at any drug store.

PRETTY LITTLE SEALS IN NEW DESIGNS for Christmas are at Cooper's.

WM. WILLIAMS & SONS
(LTD.) OF ABERDEEN.
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Scotch Whisky
Importers - MACONDRAY & CO.

Christmas Eye-Glasses

Can be purchased for anybody and exchanged later to suit the sight. All fitted with the new clip-on slip, tilt, or waver. New Opera Glasses arriving daily. E. & L. Zeiss Stereo Field Glasses. Oculists' prescriptions filled. Quick repairing. Factory on premises. Phone, Main 10.

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TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.

The Great Comic Opera.

-- TAR AND TARTAR --

With its Superb Cast and Ferris Hartman, will be Continued Next Week. Last Performance, Friday Evening, December 22d. The Gorgeous Holiday Extravaganza, "LITTLE BO-PEEP," will be Produced Saturday Evening, December 23d. Seats on Sale One Week in Advance.

Popular Prices—25c and 50c.

Telephone for Seats, Bush 9.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.

Beginning Monday Night. Second and Last Week of Frederick Warde, Together with Mr. and Mrs. Clarence M. Brune. Monday and Saturday Nights, "Virginus." Tuesday Night and Saturday Matinee, "The Merchant of Venice." Wednesday Night, "Richard III." Thursday and Sunday Nights, "The Lion's Mouth." Friday Night, "Romeo and Juliet." Xmas Night, "The Christian."

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.

SPECIAL. Commencing Sunday Afternoon, December 17th, the Big Rag-Time Sensation From the East.

-- THE HOTTEST COON IN DIXIE --
Presented by 40 of the Leading Colored Singers, Dancers, and Comedians of Their Race, Including the Original Clorindy Chorus.

Sunday Night, Dec. 24th, the Frawley Company in "CUMBERLAND '61."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

TELEPHONE MAIN 532.

Week of Monday, December 18th. Matinee Saturday at 2:15. The Charming Comic Opera.

-- DIE FLEDERMAUS --

("The Bat.") By Strauss, the Waltz King.
Popular Prices—50c, 35c, 25c, 15c, and 10c. A Good Reserved Seat at Saturday Matinee 25c. Branch Ticket-Office Emporium.

Orpheum

La Sylphe; Harrigan the Juggler; Llewellyn Sisters; Gertrude Rutledge; the Averages; Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Milton Royle and Company; George Fuller Golden; Hamilton Hill; and the Biograph.

Reserved seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box seats, 50c. Matinee Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday.

RACING! RACING! RACING!

California Jockey Club

Winter Meeting, 1899-1900, Dec. 18th to Dec. 30th, inclusive.

OAKLAND RACE TRACK.

Racing Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Rain or Shine.

5 OR MORE RACES EACH DAY.

5 Races start at 2:15 P. M. sharp.

Ferry-boats leave San Francisco at 12 M., and 12:30, 2:00, 2:30, 3:00, and 3:30 P. M., connecting with trains stopping at the entrance to the track. Last two cars on trains reserved for ladies and their escorts; no smoking.

Buy your ferry tickets to Shell Mound. All trains via Oakland Mole connect with San Pablo Avenue electric cars at Seventh and Broadway, Oakland; also all trains via Alameda Mole connect with San Pablo electric cars at 24th and Broadway, Oakland. These electric cars go direct to the track in fifteen minutes.

Returning—Trains leave the track at 4:15 and 4:45 P. M., and immediately after the last race.

R. E. MILROY, Sec. THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, JR., PRES.

MT. TAMALPAIS

SCENIC RAILWAY. (Via Sausalito Ferry.)

Leave San Francisco, commencing October 1, 1899.

WEEK DAYS—9:30 a. m. and 1:45 p. m.

SUNDAYS—8:00, 10:00 a. m., and 1:15 p. m.

No Night Trips.

Steam-heated, closed car on all trains.

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VANITY FAIR.

The opening day of Congress is always noteworthy on account of the floral displays. In the Senate, where the senators have their regular seats, every one can tell at once how well the members are remembered, but in the House, where the members are scattered about indiscriminately, many of the floral designs are kept in the cloak-rooms until after the seats are drawn, and the day is so far advanced that half the crowd has departed. Some of these floral designs are terrors in conception and construction (says the Washington correspondent of the New York Mail and Express). Many coming from political clubs cost large sums of money and are unwieldy and hideous. The designs ordered from the leading Washington florists are, however, not only elaborate but artistic, and bring joy to the wives of the members when they are taken home. But the great shields and horseshoes and "tributes" which come by express to the rural members only serve to lumber up the desks, and are a source of expense for additional expressage in having them removed to the private residences of the members. On December 4th, the floral tributes exceeded those of any previous year. Indeed, so many flowers were sent to the Senate chamber that the officers had to order the pages to quit carrying them into the chamber. One wagon-load of flowers was dumped into the Senate basement corridor, and left there until the clerk of each senator picked out the property of his chief and carried it off. After the Senate adjourned one florist's wagon arrived loaded with flowers for the senators, and these were not even unloaded. On the House side the great corridor back of the chamber was filled with flowers for members, so that it looked like a conservatory. William Astor Chanler was the representative most favored, so far as number and highness of floral designs went. After he had drawn his seat the pages brought in his flowers, and they filled up not only his own desk, but the desks of all the members of his entire row. One large horseshoe of roses and chrysanthemums towered so high that it required six men to carry it, and, when placed on Mr. Chanler's desk, it was so unsteady that his colleagues seated near him were in constant dread of being crushed, as the tribute was continually falling over. The oddest and most handsome offering was the one presented to Representative Richardson, the Democratic leader. It consisted of a rose-bush, at least six feet high, made up of about fifty great American Beauty roses. Each rose stood erect, and the great tree made a veritable hower when placed on Mr. Richardson's desk.

In a recent letter to the New York Sun, Elizabeth Cady Stanton writes: "Mrs. Jacob Bright, in announcing to friends the death of her distinguished husband, one of the great English reformers, and a member of Parliament for many years, without the usual emblems of gloom, sets a good example for the common-sense women of America to follow. The pure white paper, without the traditional black border, is headed with a laurel wreath and a glorious rising sun, a prophecy of the higher life to come, with the following statement:

JACOB BRIGHT
Entered the Land of Light
November 7th, 1899—aged 78 years.
There should not be a shadow of gloom
In aught that reminds us of thee.

The recipient of a black-bordered letter is always oppressed with a transient sentiment of sympathy and pain. Do we not all have sorrows and disappointments of our own without being burdened with the troubles of others? I knew an American lady who was so desirous of doing the right thing on the death of her husband that she made a journey to our metropolis to inquire of an English harness-maker the style for the equipment of her carriage, harness, coachman, footman, horses, and dog, as her husband was English, and she wished everything done according to the custom in his native land. As he was expected to trot demurely under the coach, the dog's collar was wound with a black ribbon, with a large bow on the back. The wife, draped in the deepest black, wore a long, double crape veil that touched the ground, which style required should be kept over the face during the first year of widowhood; a most uncomfortable and unhealthy fashion. These mournful figures always call to mind the lines in Wesley's hymn:

"Hark! from the tombs a doleful cry—
Sinners, come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie."

The Brights belong to a religious sect called Friends (or Quakers), who never change their dress for these habiliments of woe.

The Kansas City superintendent of schools has issued an order directing the women teachers to wear long skirts. The only excuse offered for the inhibition of the "golf skirt" and the rainy-day skirt is that they "are not proper" for teachers who are expected to furnish our youth examples in propriety and womanly decorum. The authority of the superintendent of schools of Kansas City to act as a censor in questions concerning the proper length of woman's skirts will be vigorously challenged all over the country (remarks the Chicago Times-

Herald). The fact is, the "rainy-day skirt" has come to stay. It is going to stay after it gets through raining. It is the only change in woman's apparel in a century that has the universal and unqualified approval of sensible men. So long as men befool sidewalks and street-car steps with expectation, the long "trailer," which distorts the female figure and compels a woman to twist herself out of all resemblance to a human being in order to hold it up, should be permanently banished. Fortunately the expectation habit is on the wane. Public sentiment will settle the skirt question as it has gradually reformed the expectation habit.

An extraordinary ceremony recently took place in Amsterdam, with a counterpart in Africa. It appears that a young man left Holland some years ago to serve in the telegraph department of the Transvaal. It had been his ambition to make a certain young lady in Amsterdam his wife if he ever attained to prosperity. But when success was achieved he was unable to leave his work for a journey to Holland. In this difficulty a marriage by proxy—known in Holland as a glove marriage—was suggested (says the Pittsburgh Dispatch). The details were all carefully arranged, the difference of time exactly calculated, and continuous cable connections between Pretoria and Amsterdam secured. The bridegroom and his friends assembled in the Hotel Krüger. An operator using a wire from the cable notified the lady's family in Holland that all was in readiness, and the reply came that the ceremony would then begin. In the Amsterdam mansion a friend of the bridegroom made the responses, and when the time came to clasp hands produced a glove belonging to the bridegroom which he had worn. The proxy, holding one end of the glove and the bride the other, the promises were exchanged and the ceremony completed. A cablegram from the bride to her husband, six thousand miles away, gave him her wifely greeting, to which he responded. There was a wedding feast in Pretoria and another in Amsterdam, and the cable was kept busy with congratulations. Then the bride said farewell to her family and went on board the steamer to begin her voyage to her new home. The custom of the old glove marriage dates back to the old colonial days, when they were more common than in these times of rapid and cheap journeys.

The new departure of hiring trained nurses by the hour is becoming more and more popular in New York, where, three or four years ago, the experiment was first tried, and is being introduced into other cities throughout the country (says the Bazar). The suggestion was first made by Miss Kimber, a young English woman, who graduated at the Bellevue Training School in the 'eighties, and after a few years' practice of her profession in New York, returned to her home in England. She pointed out to her associates that only the comparatively wealthy could afford to pay the weekly fees of twenty-five to thirty dollars, and also that in the average city household the limited room allowed no accommodation for a nurse. It happens, too, in many cases of illness, that a trained nurse is not a necessity except at certain times of the day. Miss Kimber and a number of other graduate nurses then announced their willingness to pay hourly visits, at the very moderate rate of fifty cents for the first hour, and twenty-five cents for each additional hour or fraction of an hour. Now all the nurses' registries in New York keep lists of those who give hourly as well as weekly services, and the demand for them is increasing steadily from the usual private sources, and from physicians who need assistance in trifling operations or in emergency cases. The plan has been of great benefit to the nurses as well as to their patrons. The profession is one of the most fatiguing in which a woman can engage, and long rests between difficult cases are absolutely necessary to her health. Thus a nurse's income which seems large is not really so, owing to these periods of enforced idleness. To be able to earn a little without working many hours in the day is of manifest advantage to the resting nurse. Again, many women who take the hospital-training course have homes of their own, and prefer to spend most of their time in the domestic atmosphere. To such the hourly engagements are especially congenial, keeping them in constant touch with their work, and affording them a certain income.

New Pass in Rocky Mountains.

After numerous hairbreadth escapes and many thrilling adventures, a party of explorers in the Rocky Mountains stumbled on to a pass where they had believed it possible for none to exist. In a like manner, people who have believed dyspepsia incurable are astonished to find that there is a way to health. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters used faithfully makes the digestion strong, the digestive organs regular, the liver active. Try it.

The Peaceful Invasion of the Sudan.

The prediction made some time ago, when the British and Egyptian troops were making their successful march to the Sudan, that the "Ubiquitous Cook" would soon be leading armies of tourists to Khartoum and Omdurman was a true one, for Thos. Cook & Son have arranged to extend their Nile steamers and rail service to Khartoum this season. Particulars can be obtained at Cook's Tourist Bureau, 624 Market Street, San Francisco.



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SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE. AVOID SUBSTITUTES. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.
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THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions for the week ending Wednesday, December 13th, on the Stock and Bond Exchange were as follows:

	BONDS.		Closed.	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Hawaiian C. & S. 5%	12,000	@ 106 1/2	106 3/4	
N. R. of Cal. 5%	18,000	@ 113 1/2	113 3/4	113 3/4
Oceanic S. Co. 5%	4,000	@ 109		
Omnibus C. R. 6%	7,000	@ 126 1/2	126 1/2	
S. F. & S. J. Ry. 5%	1,000	@ 115 1/2	115 1/2	
S. P. Branch 6%	1,000	@ 124 1/2	124 1/2	125
S. V. Water 4 3/4	107,000	@ 100 1/2	100 1/2	

	STOCKS.		Closed.	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Water.				
Contra Costa Water.	525	@ 75 1/2 - 76 1/2	73	75 1/2
Spring Valley Water.	220	@ 95 - 95 1/2	95 1/2	
Gas and Electric.				
Equitable Gaslight.	375	@ 5 1/2 - 5 1/2	5 1/2	5 1/2
Mutual Electric.	255	@ 14 - 15	14 1/2	16
Oakland G. L. & H.	30	@ 44	44	45
S. F. Gas & Electric.	625	@ 55 - 56 1/2	55 1/2	55 1/2

	BANKS.		Closed.	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Anglo-California.	50	@ 65		
Bank of Cal.	10	@ 40 1/2	40	
Cal. S. D. & T. Co.	10	@ 97		
Nevada National.	100	@ 192 1/2	180	191

	STREET R. R.		Closed.	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Market St.	250	@ 62	61 3/4	62

	POWERS.		Closed.	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Giant Con.	120	@ 90 1/2 - 92	90 1/2	
Vigorit.	125	@ 3	3 1/4	

	SUGARS.		Closed.	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Hana P. Co.	1,715	@ 8 1/2 - 9 1/4	8 1/2	8 1/2
Hawaiian.	100	@ 92 1/2	95	100
Honokaa S. Co.	495	@ 32 1/2 - 33	31 3/4	32
Hutchinson.	1,020	@ 25 1/2 - 26 1/2	26	26 1/2
Makaweli S. Co.	465	@ 43 - 44 1/4	41	42 1/2
Onomea S. Co.	25	@ 34		33 1/2
Paauhau S. P. Co.	1,165	@ 29 1/2 - 31 1/4	30 1/4	

	MISCELLANEOUS.		Closed.	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Alaska Packers.	100	@ 117 1/2 - 118	117 1/2	
Oceanic Steam Co.	610	@ 95 1/2 - 98	97	99
Pac. C. Borax.	30	@ 140	145	

The sugar stocks were weak and declined from three-quarters to two and one-quarter points on transactions of over 5,000 shares. The market was a little steadier at the close on inside buying. Paauhau was sold down to 29 1/2, but reacted to 31, and closed at 30 1/4 bid. Hutchinson sold down to 25 1/2, but closed up at 26 sales and bid. Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar Company announced dividend of 50 cents per share, on which the market for the stock advanced to 95 bid, and the rest of the sugar stocks reacted from the lowest price reached from three-eighths to one and one-half points per share. The stock of the Hana Plantation Company has been in good demand at the low prices reached this week, and there has been strong buying all through the week at from 9 1/4 to 8 1/2.

Gas and Electric has been quiet, and sold down to 55 on small sales.

Contra Costa Water sold down to 75 1/2 on small sales, and closed at 75 1/2 asked.

Giant Powder sold down to 90 1/2 on offerings of the bear interest on a dull market.

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Deposits June 30, 1899..... 27,656,513.03

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Paid-Up Capital..... 1,000,000
Reserve Fund..... 205,215
Contingent Fund..... 442,763

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SURPLUS..... 1,000,000
PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT, 2,365,968
October 1, 1899.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The colored regulars in the Philippines are as quick at repartee as they are prompt to obey orders. A black sergeant was hailed by a breezy Western volunteer recently with: "Well, nig, what are you going to do here?" The negro replied: "We're going to take up the white man's burden, I suppose."

Dr. Frankland always wore spectacles. One day on Ludgate Hill a porter passing him was nearly pushed off the pavement by an unintentional motion of the doctor. The fellow, with characteristic insolence, exclaimed: "Damn your spectacles!" Frankland, smiling, observed: "It is not the first time they have saved my eyes."

A day or so after Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, R. A., had been knighted, a lady called upon him and Lady Alma-Tadema and expressed herself to him as follows: "Oh, dear Sir Lawrence, I am awfully glad to hear of the honor you have received. I suppose, now that you have been knighted, you'll give up painting and live like a gentleman!"

A young minister who did not scruple to fish for compliments, was once invited to take dinner with a dour old elder, as reticent as they make them. Manipulate the conversation as he would, the young man could not get his host to say "sermon," and at last he boldly introduced the important subject by remarking directly, "That was a fine text I had today." But the elder knew his man. "Ou, ay, there's naething wrang wi' the text!"

Maurice Barrymore's wit is far-famed, but a neat little witicism at his expense was Augustus Thomas's laconic criticism of one of Barrymore's plays. The playwright had been mercilessly picking flaws in the actor's drama until the good-natured "Barry" winced. "Oh, come, Gus," he interrupted, "don't be quite so hard, if it's not an 'Alabama.' Just remember that I wrote it in a week." "Did you, Barry?" retorted Thomas; "then you must have loafed."

An American lady who was in the Highlands shooting with her husband, attended the local kirk one Sunday morning, but left it with scandalous precipitation. For an hour the good minister had been fiercely raging at his benighted congregation, and wound up: "And pairhaps" (with pious cunning) "ye'll be thinkin', ye wairthless waistrels, that ye can daddle intae Paradise by clootchin' tae my coat-tails! Dinna be deceivit, for mark weel" (a pause of stern and holy joy), "when the Trump of Gabriel sounds, I'll sneek them aff!"

Professor Frederick von Martens, who holds the chair of international law in the St. Petersburg University, is a notable linguist and author, and at the Venezuela arbitration conference in Paris, where he read the decision of the commission, he had a pleasant fashion of addressing each delegate in his own language. One of the English jurists wondered how the professor was able to keep up his knowledge of so many modern tongues. The professor replied: "It is self-defense. You see, in case I lose my chair I wish to be prepared for any offer you foreigners may make."

The London Outlook reports a serious trouble among a set of work-house officials. The infirmity nurses, three in number, had demanded a separate sitting-room and Sunday dinner therein, and the matron had sought to humble them by sending the cook to Sunday dinner in their company. The brawny cook described what occurred as follows: "Well, Nurse Blank she come down and got inside the door. 'Four covers?' she says. 'Four? Who's the fourth?' 'Me,' says I. 'You!' she says, and with that she tosses her head and walks away." Here cook drew a long breath, then continued: "If it hadn't a' been Sunday, gentlemen, I should have let her have it for calling me 'you'!"

The young woman had slipped on the stepping-stones in front of her father's house and injured her knee. It grew so bad that she thought it necessary to call in a physician. She had formed a dislike to the family doctor, so her father suggested several others, and finally it was decided to call the spruce young man with a homeopathic case who passed the house every day. They kept a sharp lookout, and when he came along, called him in. The young lady modestly raised her skirts and showed the disabled member. The little man looked at it and said: "That certainly is quite serious." "Well," she said, "what shall I do?" "If I were you," he whispered, "I would send for a physician; I am a piano-tuner."

When its limited express trains were put on a few years ago the Lake Shore Railway Company decided to charge extra for the privilege of riding on them, and John Newell, who was president of the system at that time, gave orders that passes, half-rate tickets, etc., should not be honored on the "flyers." It was not intended, of course, that the complimentary issued to high officials of other

roads should be void on the fast trains, but through an oversight a yearly pass was sent to D. W. Caldwell, president of the Nickel Plate, which bore on its face the words: "Not good on Lake Shore limited trains." A few days after Mr. Caldwell's pass had been issued Mr. Newell received an annual pass on the Nickel Plate, with the following indorsement: "Not good on passenger trains."

JOHNS

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

My New Umbrella.

I chose with care and had my pick
In weight of silk and fancy stick,
And, of the cover sizes, got
The very smallest of the lot.

And now, with Gladys in the rain,
The wisdom of my choice is plain;
To keep from getting wet, you see,
She has to walk so close to me.

—Joe Lincoln in Life.

Tommy Atkins.

Oh, Tommy, Tommy Atkins, you're a scrumptious little man,
You've gone to torrid Africa to get a coat of tan.
You're up against a puzzle that is very hard to guess,
A puzzle that can shout and run and cause you much distress.

But, Tommy, Tommy Atkins, you will down him in the end;
You'll drive him to his Boerish lair and there you'll have him penned.

But, Tommy, ere you do it he is going to make it warm
For the horse-and-foot caboodle of your entire red-coat swarm.

But, Tommy, Tommy Atkins, you will never come to grief.
For the heart within your redcoat will be fired by Yankee beef! —Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

THE WAYS OF WOMEN.

At the Exhibition.

SHE [with a slight bow, and ignoring his outstretched hand]—The idea of seeing you here. I never supposed you had any leaning toward Art.

HE [innocently]—Oh, I haven't, but you said last night you were coming.

SHE [frigidly]—Most men are too blasé or too busy to look at pictures, unless they happen to be artists.

HE—Oh, I don't profess anything in that line, but when you told me you would be—

SHE [quickly]—There are really some exquisite bits. "The Heart of Midlothian" is simply divine.

HE—Beg pardon. Whose heart did you say?

SHE [distinctively]—Nobody's heart—the "Heart of Midlothian." And there is one of Maule's Interiors, perfectly wonderful.

HE [looking startled]—Maule's Interiors? What on earth are they?

SHE [reading from catalogue]—"Interior of a Southern Kitchen."

HE [relieved]—Oh!

SHE—There's a glorious thing just opposite.

"Dutch Girl, with Cabbage." Isn't that fine? Such fidelity, such breadth!

HE—Yes, indeed, she'd make three ordinary women.

SHE—I mean breadth of treatment. And do look at this one—D'Auber's "Tramps Asleep." What do you think of that for tone? Oh, his harmonies are beyond anything.

HE [wonderingly]—Is he a musician, D'Auber? I never knew that before.

SHE [loftily]—I am speaking of his harmonies of color.

HE—That's so. The donkey in the background is very natural.

SHE [with quiet scorn]—The donkey in the background happens to be a cow.

HE—By Jove, so it is [venturing to be jocose.] I am the donkey in this case, I'm afraid.

SHE [unrelentingly]—The conclusion would seem rather obvious. But the gem of the collection is in the next room. A Madonna, by Smeaeril—I have been sitting before it for nearly an hour.

HE—Oh, why didn't I come sooner? Let us go and sit before it now.

SHE [moving on, with her head in the air]—We may glance at it a few moments, and then I really must go.

HE [despairingly]—Oh, don't say so, please!

SHE [politely]—But that need not interfere with your enjoyment of—

HE—You know very well I only came because—

SHE—Ah, here is my Madonna! And now that we are in a quiet corner by ourselves [suddenly smiling into his eyes], you dear, ridiculous boy!

HE [rapturously]—Ethel! What was the matter?

SHE [gleefully]—Mrs. De Spuy was right behind us, listening to every word we said, with her eye-glass.

HE—Great Caesar—I thought—I didn't know what to think.

SHE—And Mrs. De Spuy was in precisely the same condition. She can only report on the fact that I was snubbing you. She'll tell it to every one she meets. What fun!

HE [rather blankly]—Ye-es. Isn't it?—Madeline S. Bridges in Life.

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SOCIETY.

The Newhall Dinner.

Mr. George Almer Newhall gave an elaborate dinner on Friday evening at the home of his mother, Mrs. H. M. Newhall, at the south-west corner of Van Ness Avenue and Sutter Street. Covers were laid for fourteen, and a couple of hours were spent in the discussion of the menu. After the coffee the company adjourned to the drawing-room, where they were entertained by Professor Alfred Benzon, the illusionist.

Those at table were Mrs. H. M. Newhall, Mrs. Florence Pope Frank, Mrs. George A. Pope, Mrs. Walter S. Newhall, Miss Edith McBean, Miss Helen Hopkins, Miss Katherine Dillon, Mr. William Sherwood, Mr. Frank Owen, Mr. George A. Pope, Mr. R. McK. Duperu, Mr. Frank Grace, Mr. Walter S. Newhall, and Mr. George Almer Newhall.

The McBean Theatre-Party.

Miss Edith McBean gave a theatre-party on Monday last at the California Theatre. It was given in honor of Miss Scott, and the other guests were Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mr. Peter McG. McBean, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, Mr. George Almer Newhall, Mr. H. W. Crowell, Miss Cadwalader, Miss Kittle, Miss Smedberg, Miss Georgina Hopkins, Miss Edna Hopkins, Miss Carrie Taylor, the Rev. Mr. O'Rourke, Mr. George Cadwalader, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. Gerald L. Rathbone, Mr. Philip Tompkins, and Mr. Carl Howard. After the performance the party was driven to the Palace Hotel, where supper was waiting for them.

The Voorhies Dinner.

A dinner was given by Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Voorhies at their home at 2111 California Street, on Tuesday evening, December 12th, in honor of their debutante daughter, Miss Lella Voorhies. The others present were:

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, Mrs. Henry E. Huntington, Miss Mary Voorhies, Miss Anna Voorhies, Miss Elizabeth Huntington, Miss Georgina Hopkins, Miss Jeannette Hooper, Miss Florence Josselyn, Miss Mary Greenwood Josselyn, Miss Olive Holbrook, Miss Maybelle Poett, Miss Ethel Cooper, Miss Jessie Wright, Miss Katherine Dillon, Miss Josephine Kane, Miss Mary Nichols, Miss Florence Ives, Miss Alma McClung, Miss Margaret Cole, Miss Alice Brigham, Mr. Chester Murphy, Mr. Alfred Poett, Mr. Lawrence I. Scott, Mr. Andrew Stone, Professor Sanford, Mr. Thomas P. Bishop, Mr. Burr Chamberlain, Mr. Roy Pike, Mr. Horace G. Platt, Mr. Percy King, Mr. Alexander Center, Mr. James Reid, Mr. Bingham, Mr. Foster, Lieutenant Roscoe C. Bulmer, U. S. N., and Lieutenant John P. Hains, Third Artillery, U. S. A.

Notes and Gossip.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Anna Voorhies, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, to Mr. Thomas P. Bishop, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Bishop. Miss Voorhies, who was in the class of '98 at the University of California, made her debut last year. Mr. Bishop was graduated from Berkeley in the same year, and is now studying law at the Hastings College of the Law and with his father's firm, Bishop & Wheeler.

The marriage of Miss Miriam Moore and Mr. Edward J. Pringle will take place at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Moore, at Exeter, Tulare County, on January 15th. Miss Frances Moore, sister of the bride-elect, will be the maid of honor, and Mr. Sidney Johnson Pringle will be his brother's best man. There will be no other attendants, and the ceremony will be witnessed only by the immediate relatives of the contracting parties.

Mrs. Myra Sperl and Mr. Samuel Prather will be married on December 27th at the residence of the groom-elect's brother, Mr. Thomas Prather, in Oakland.

Miss Meda Bowman and Major George W. Fishback, additional paymaster, U. S. V., were married at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Bowman, in San José, on Thursday, December 14th. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Weedon. Miss Mabel Bowman, sister of the bride, was the maid of honor, and the groom was supported by Dr. Edward R. Stitt, passed assistant-surgeon, U. S. N., and Lieutenant Robinson, U. S. N.

A costume dinner that should be very enjoyable—"costume d'enfant de rigueur," the invitations read—is to be given by Miss Hager at her home on the south-west corner of Franklin and Sacramento Streets. It was to have taken place on Thursday, December 21st, but has been postponed until after Christmas.

The next meeting of the Friday Fortnightly Club, which will take place on the evening of December 25th, will be a Christmas cotillion. Mrs. Salisbury and several other ladies will receive, and the cotillion will be led by Miss Sarah Collier, whose partner will be Mr. Percy King.

La Jeunesse Club will meet again on December 29th, when a Christmas cotillion will be danced.

Mrs. Russell J. Wilson gave a dinner in honor of the debutante, Miss Mary Scott and Miss Georgina Hopkins, at her home at 2027 California Street, last Friday evening. Covers were laid for eighteen.

Miss Tucker was the guest of honor at a luncheon given by Miss Dolbeer on Wednesday at the Palace

Hotel. The others at the table were Miss Ida Belle Palmer, Miss Macdonald, Miss McNear, Miss Florence Davis, Mrs. Philip A. Williams, Miss Drown, Miss Mai Moody, Miss Warren, Mrs. H. C. Breeden, and Miss Wagner.

Mollenhauer Pupils' Recital.

A recital was given by the violin pupils of Mr. Bernard Mollenhauer at Byron Maury Hall on Friday evening, December 8th, when the following programme was presented:

Air varié "Sur un thème de Mercadante," Chas. Dancs, Miss Catootte Barbé; "Fantasie Pastorale," Singelee, Miss Jean Henry; sixth air varié, De Beriot, Master Raymond Gott; "Air Militaire," Prume, Miss Caroline Dooley; ninth concerto, De Beriot, Mr. Otto Rauhut; "Grand Valse," D. Alard, Mr. Eugene Redeville; (a) "Le Départ," (b) "Le Retour," A. Bazzini, Mr. John Lewis; "Elegie," A. Bazzini, Miss Lillie Spink.

The Christmas concert was given on Thursday evening, December 14th, the following artists taking part: Miss Newport, Mr. Robert Lloyd, Miss Therese Sherwood, Miss Lily Sherwood, Mr. Bernard Mollenhauer, Mr. S. Martinez, Mr. H. Clay Wysham, and Mrs. W. J. Batcbelder.

Pioneer Kindergarten Society.

The Pioneer Kindergarten Society will hold its annual Christmas festival at Golden Gate Hall on Saturday, December 16th, at two o'clock. The three kindergartens supported by the society will sing and play games appropriate to kindergarten training, after which the gifts will be distributed.

The officers of the society comprise: Mrs. David Bixler, president; Mrs. Frederica George, treasurer; Mrs. Helen Hecht, corresponding secretary; and Mrs. Alonzo M. Grim, recording secretary. These ladies will be pleased to receive at their homes, or at the hall, donations for the kindergartens in money, clothing, toys, or provisions.

What was once the palace of Queen Hortense, in Paris, is now in an advanced state of demolition. This is the house at 17 Rue Lafitte. A few weeks ago a calico band was stretched across the front of the building bearing the legend: "Demolition of the palace of Queen Hortense, the former dwelling-place of M. Salomon Rothschild. To be sold, with its sculptured wainscoting, its pictures, etc." The building never excited much interest among Parisians, but to foreign tourists it has been pointed out as being identified with the history of Eugénie Hortense de Beauharnais, who, by her marriage with Bonaparte, was Queen of Holland. She liked life in Paris better than she did in her own capital, and her receptions were the rendezvous of artists, wits, and literary men. It was at 17 Rue Lafitte that she composed the once famous air, "Partant pour la Syrie," and it was under the shadows of the trees in the garden there that the boy who was afterward to become Napoleon the Third spent the earliest days of his life. It will be recalled that after Napoleon the First went into exile Queen Hortense reigned for a time in Holland as regent. On her return to France she was accused of various offenses. She then went to Switzerland, where she died in 1837, and, in accordance with her express wish, her remains were interred by the side of her mother at Reuil.

WHY WOMEN ARE NERVOUS.

[British Medical News].

The frequent cases of nervous prostration or utter collapse of the nervous system under which women "go all to pieces," as the saying is, have caused much thought and investigation on the part of physicians.

Certain inorganic substances are well known to cause various forms of nervous diseases which are readily traced to the poisons producing them. Further research leads to the belief that alum is a prevailing cause of so-called nervous prostration, for the symptoms it produces on the nervous system after its absorption into the blood are very remarkable indeed. Experiments physiologically made upon animals by Orfila, Professors Hans Mayer, Paul Seim, and others, show that alum frequently produces no visible symptoms for many days after its introduction into the body. Then follow loss of appetite and other alimentary disturbances, and finally a serious prostration of the whole nervous system. The most prominent physicians now believe that "nervous prostration" and many affections of the nerves from which both men and women suffer are caused by the continued absorption of alum into the system.

It is probable that many medical men are unaware of the extent to which salts of alumina may be introduced into the body, being under the impression that the use of alum in bread is prohibited. Alum, however, is still used surreptitiously to some extent to whiten bread, and very largely in making cheap kinds of baking powder. In families where baking powder is generally used great care should be exercised to procure only those brands made from cream of tartar. The alum powders may generally be distinguished by the lower price at which they are sold.

"Do you think Congressman Roberts is guilty of bigamy, Aunt Melissa?" "Bigamy? He's guilty of trigonometry."—Chicago Record.

ART NOTES.

The Loan Exhibition.

A great deal of interest is being taken in the forthcoming Loan Exhibition of foreign and American painters at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art. The owners of meritorious pictures have responded generously to the request of the management of the Institute for representative works. Paintings by such men as Detaille, Verboeckhoven, Bouguereau, Vedder, and many others equally well known, have been contributed, and it is announced that through the courtesy of Mrs. William H. Crocker the famous picture of "The Man with the Hoe" is to be exhibited.

The private view and reception for members took place on Thursday evening, December 14th, from eight o'clock until eleven. It was largely attended, and during the evening an orchestra under the direction of Mr. Henry Heyman presented the following programme:

March, V. Huber; overture, "Semiramide," Rossini; selections, "Tannhäuser," Wagner; waltz, "Fledermaus," Strauss; gavotte, "Precieuse," Eilenberg; song, "Am Meer," Schubert; "Forest Murmurs" (strings only), Czibulka; quartet from "Rigoletto," Verdi; serenade, Wekling; waltz, "Violets," Waldteufel; selections, "Runaway Girl," Caryl; march, "Stars and Stripes Forever," Sousa.

The exhibition will remain open for one week, and on Thursday evening, December 21st, there will be a special concert under Mr. Heyman's direction.

There was a sale of small sketches by members of the Sketch Club on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, December 13, 14, 15, and 16, 1899, at the Sketch Club, No. 1308 California Street. The house-warming of this, the club's new home, will follow shortly, probably during the last week of December.

According to the probate proceedings in Judge Troutt's court, the amount of property of which Mrs. Genevieve Goad-Martin becomes possessed as widow of the late Andrew Donahue Martin is fifty thousand dollars. The assets of the estate consist of stocks aggregating that sum, and to this inheritance will be added the late husband's one-fifth interest in the estate of his aunt, Mrs. Anna Donahue, which is subject to a life-interest of his mother, Mrs. Eleanor Martin. This share is estimated to be worth two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

If you want to enjoy a pleasant day's outing, take a trip to the Tavern of Tamalpais. The ride on the Scenic Railway through Mill Valley is delightful and the views of the bay and surrounding country are incomparable.

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Miss Cantrell and Cochrane,
You are hereby appointed
Manufacturers of Mineral Waters
to His Royal Highness The Prince of Wales

Given under my hand and seal
at Marlborough House
this 1st day of June 1888

Dist. Prof. G. G.
Comptroller

As Mr. Cantrell and Cochrane are appointed
Manufacturers of Mineral Waters to His Royal Highness The Prince of Wales
and as it is the duty of the Comptroller of the Household to see that the said Manufacturers comply with the provisions of the Statute in that behalf made, I do hereby certify that the said Manufacturers are duly appointed.

Export Orders Filled on a most Superior Manner for all parts of the World

Wm. Wolff & Co.

Pacific Coast Agents

329 Market Street

Pears'

To keep the skin clean is to wash the excretions from it off; the skin takes care of itself inside, if not blocked outside.

To wash it often and clean, without doing any sort of violence to it, requires a most gentle soap, a soap with no free alkali in it.

Pears', the soap that clears but not excoriates.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

THE GREAT LEADER OF CHAMPAGNES

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WHILE words tell, statistics prove.

The importation of G. H. MUMM & Co.'s EXTRA DRY in 1898 aggregating 86,855 cases, or 52,649 cases more than of any other brand, is certainly the most striking evidence of the great popularity of this famous brand of champagne, and particular attention is called to the fine quality, purity, and natural dryness of the wine now coming to this market.

Used at almost all notable banquets, balls, weddings, etc.

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GOODS**

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MONEY

To buy Holiday Gifts, Borrow it of

UNCLE HARRIS,

15 Grant Ave.

NOTHING SO GOOD



SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. George C. Boardman returned from their Eastern trip on Monday, December 11th.

Miss Eva McAllister left on Wednesday last for the East, where she will spend the winter.

Mr. E. J. Le Breton was a guest at the Tavern of Tamalpais this week.

The Count and Countess Festetics de Tolma are in New York visiting the countess's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Haggin, at their home in Fifth Avenue.

Miss Alice Moffitt returned from the East on Thursday evening, after an absence of several months.

Mr. Arthur M. Sewall, of Bath, Me., father of Mr. Harold M. Sewall, who married Miss Millie Ashe, and of Mr. Oscar T. Sewall, arrived in town on a business trip last Tuesday, and is at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Wintrop Elwyn Lester are again occupying their home on Van Ness Avenue and Washington Street, after several months spent in Europe. Mr. Lester was called back by business some three weeks ago, and Mrs. Lester returned on Tuesday last.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Preston came up from Portola on Wednesday, and stopped at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Henry T. Squires, wife of the first secretary of the American legation at Peking, was among the passengers on the Japanese steamer *America Maru*, which reached port from the Orient on Monday, December 11th. She is at the Palace Hotel with her daughters.

Mrs. Elizabeth Greathouse, mother of the late Clarence Greathouse, for many years diplomatic adviser to the King of Corea, arrived from the Orient on the Japanese liner *America Maru* on Monday, December 11th. She is on her way to her home in Kentucky.

Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Jackson, of Tacoma, expect to arrive in town on Saturday, December 16th, and will spend the holidays with Dr. and Mrs. R. E. Williams.

Mr. E. Waldo Ward, of New York City, is at the California Hotel.

Mr. Nathan L. Bell, of San Francisco, and Mr. E. F. Millikan, of New York City, made a pleasant visit to the Tavern of Tamalpais during the week.

Mr. Willard T. Barton sailed for Southampton on Wednesday, December 6th, on the American Line steamer *St. Paul*.

Mr. Andrew S. Mosely left on the Overland Limited last Wednesday morning for Chicago and the East.

Mrs. Hyppolite Dutard, of this city, was among the week's guests at the Tavern of Tamalpais.

Mr. and Mrs. William Fries left on Saturday, December 9th, for New York, where they will remain until January 4th, sailing on that date to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Morse are in town from Santa Cruz, and are guests at the California Hotel.

Mrs. Thurlow McMullin and Mrs. Charles A. McNulty have moved to 2200 California Street, corner of Buchanan.

Mr. W. A. Folger and Mr. George R. Guppy, of Oakland, registered at the Tavern of Tamalpais this week.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Pease, who were married in New York last month, are expected in San Francisco this week, by way of Washington and New Orleans. They expect to make Los Angeles their future home.

Mrs. Sarah A. Keith and Mr. W. H. Keith are living in Paris.

Mr. A. C. House and Mr. F. E. House, of Beaver, Pa., and Mr. C. H. House, of Mill Valley, were at the Tavern of Tamalpais during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Case Bull are at the California Hotel.

Mrs. M. E. Hooper and Miss B. A. Brown, of Philadelphia, are guests at the California Hotel.

Mrs. Andrew J. Moulder is living in Berkeley.

Mrs. U. S. Grant, Jr., came up from Los Angeles last Tuesday, and is a guest at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Paul Boole McKee, Mrs. J. D. McKee, and Miss May S. Wilson made a pleasant trip to Tamalpais summit this week.

Mr. E. W. Runyon is at the Occidental Hotel for a few days prior to his departure for Paris to take up his duties there as California Commissioner at the Exposition.

Mr. Morgan Hill returned on Wednesday from Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Gillette and Mr. H. English, of San Francisco, were at the Tavern of Tamalpais recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Sullivan and Miss Mollie Phelan, whom they went East to meet on her return from Europe, arrived in town on Thursday last. They are accompanied by Miss Maud and Mr. Duval, of New York.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Shaw, of Butte, Mont., Mr. R. E. Allardice and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hudson, of Stanford, Mr. T. H. Kennedy, of Stockton, Mr. C. R. Cooper, of Chicago, Dr. D. Smith, of Napa, Mrs. K. K. Peiser, of Rossland, B. C., Mr. T. W. Griffin and Mrs. S. E. Murry, of Oroville, Mrs. J. H. Wilson and Mr. D. W. McPherson, of Santa Cruz, and Mrs. M. L. Gordon, of Louisville.

Remember the sick children. Donation days for the Children's Hospital will be December 21st, 22d, and 23d, when donations of all kinds may be left at 227 Sutter Street, whence they will be forwarded.

— THE "MAUDE ADAMS" CALENDAR IS among this year's productions. For sale at Cooper's.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Major-General Leonard Wood, U. S. V., who was promoted to that rank last Tuesday, was on Wednesday appointed military governor of Cuba, succeeding Major-General Brooke, who is ordered back to Washington, D. C.

Admiral Kautz, U. S. N., and Mrs. Kautz left for San Diego early in the week, but are expected to return soon to their apartment at the Hotel Richelieu.

Lieutenant-Commander Walter S. Hughes, U. S. N., is a guest at the California Hotel.

Lieutenant Elliot Snow, naval constructor, U. S. N., has been appointed to additional duty superintending the construction of the United States ship *Tacoma*, now being built at the Union Iron Works in this city.

Passed-Assistant Paymaster Walter L. Wilson, U. S. N., is registered at the California Hotel.

Leave of absence for ten days, to take effect on December 14th, was granted to Major George W. Fishback, additional paymaster, U. S. V.

First-Lieutenant Benjamin J. Eager, Jr., assistant surgeon, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at Fortress Monroe, Va., and ordered to this city.

Ensign George L. P. Stone, U. S. N., is stopping at the California Hotel.

Mr. S. M. Laundry and Mr. P. H. Scott, of the *Thetis*, Mr. S. B. Winran, of the *Rush*, Mr. C. A. McAllister and Mr. J. I. Bryan, of the *McCulloch*, Mr. E. P. Berthoff and Mr. A. L. Gamble, of the *Bear*, registered at the California Hotel recently.

The annual Christmas festival of the Occidental and the Jeannie Alice Moore Memorial Kindergartens will take place at Union Square Hall on Tuesday, December 19th, at half-past one o'clock. The public is cordially invited.

— PURSES IN BEAUTIFUL LEATHERS, NEW and original designs in mountings, are to be found at Cooper's.

— A PLACE OF INTEREST FOR VISITORS IS THE Gump Art Gallery of Paintings, by European masters. No. 113 Geary Street.

A Thoroughly Reliable Establishment To buy precious stones, pearls, fine jewelry, and silverware. A. Hirschman, 10 Post Street (Masonic Temple).

— HOLIDAY PRESENTS, DRESS-SUIT CASES, Satchels, Canes, Umbrellas, "Knox" Hats. Eugene Korn, 726 Market Street.

Moët & Chandon.

By strictly adhering to the conservative traditions of the old, honored custom of the ancient house of Moët & Chandon, the present management's aim is not to turn out immense quantities, but it has well succeeded in its endeavor for recognition on part of the connoisseurs, by catering principally to the aristocratic classes in Europe and better custom all over the world.—*Wine Review*.

WILLIAM WOLFF & CO.,

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NEW GOODS

Bar Le Duc
Bon Bons
Stuffed Dates
Wiesbaden Stuffed Prunes
Goosebreasts
Appetit Silds
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Many Other European and Eastern Delicacies

Full Line of the Most Famous

FRENCH AND GERMAN WINES.

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BYRON MAUZY, 308 Post

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The moderate charges, delightful orchestral concerts, and the undoubted luxury are the attributes that make the new Supper Room at the Palace Hotel the favorite place for after-theatre parties. Open every evening (Sunday excepted) from 9:30 to 12:00 o'clock. Entrance from main office and grand court.

J. C. KIRKPATRICK, Manager.

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This Library is the most important of its kind, containing 20,000 books. Among them are the best ancient and latest authors.

Under the auspices of the Library are French Classes for adults only—afternoons and evenings—graduate teachers from France give tuition.

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY,

(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)
Trains leave and are due to arrive at
SAN FRANCISCO.

(Main Line, Foot of Market Street.)

LEAVE	FROM	ARRIVE
10.00 A.	Benicia, Suisun, and Sacramento	7.45 P.
10.00 A.	Marysville, Oroville, via Woodland, Elmira, Vacaville, and Runsey	7.45 P.
10.00 A.	Shasta Express—Davis, Willows, Red Bluff, Portland	7.45 P.
10.00 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa	6.15 P.
10.00 A.	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago	5.15 P.
10.00 A.	San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, and Red Bluff	4.15 P.
10.00 A.	*Milton, Oakdale, and Sonoma	4.15 P.
10.00 A.	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations	4.15 P.
10.00 A.	Athletic Express—Ogden and East	4.15 P.
10.00 A.	Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno	4.15 P.
10.00 A.	Port Costa, Fresno, Mojave, and Los Angeles	4.15 P.
10.00 A.	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations	4.15 P.
10.00 A.	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations	4.15 P.
10.00 A.	Niles, Livermore, Stockton, and Sacramento	4.15 P.
10.00 A.	Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville	4.15 P.
10.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	10.00 P.
10.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations	5.45 P.
10.00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa	9.15 A.
10.00 P.	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Oroville	10.45 A.
10.00 P.	Niles, San Jose, and Stockton	7.15 P.
10.00 P.	The Owl Limited, Tracy, and East	9.45 A.
10.00 P.	Bakersfield, Saugus for Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	9.45 A.
10.00 P.	Stockton, Merced, and Fresno	12.15 P.
10.00 P.	Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East	8.45 A.
10.00 P.	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	6.45 A.
10.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San Jose	7.45 A.
10.00 P.	Vallejo	12.15 P.
10.00 P.	Oriental Mail—Ogden and East	8.50 P.
10.00 P.	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Stations	19.55 P.
10.05 P.	Oregon and California Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East	8.15 A.

COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

(Foot of Market Street.)

8.15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations	5.50 P.
12.15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations	10.50 A.
4.15 P.	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos	9.20 A.
11.45 P.	Hunters' Excursion, San Jose and Way Stations	17.20 P.

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)

4.15 A. 9.00 A. 11.00 A. 2.00 P. 13.00 P.

From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—6.00 8.00

10.00 A. M. 12.00 P. 1.00 P. 3.00 P. 4.00 P. 5.00 P. M.

COAST DIVISION (Broad Gauge).

(Third and Townsend Streets.)

6.10 A.	Ocean View, South San Francisco	6.30 P.
7.00 A.	San Jose and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only)	1.30 P.
9.00 A.	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Surf, Lompoc, and Principal Way Stations	4.10 P.
10.40 A.	San Jose and Way Stations	6.35 A.
11.30 A.	San Jose and Way Stations	5.30 P.
12.45 P.	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove	12.36 A.
13.30 P.	San Jose and Way Stations	7.30 P.
14.15 P.	San Jose and Principal Way Stations	9.45 A.
15.00 P.	San Jose and Principal Way Stations	19.00 A.
15.30 P.	San Jose and Principal Way Stations	18.35 A.
16.00 P.	San Jose and Way Stations	18.00 A.
11.45 P.	San Jose and Way Stations	7.30 P.

For Morning. For Afternoon.
Daily. Sunday excepted. Sunday only.
6 Saturday only.

PACIFIC TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. Inquire of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Rule: All the world loves a lover. Exception: The District of Columbia.—*Life*.

Teacher—"Johnny, you may define the first person." Johnny—"Adam."—*Brooklyn Life*.

A definition: He—"What is a flirtation?" She—"Attention without intention."—*Chicago News*.

"Dead men tell no tales." "They don't have to; they leave widows who can do the talking."—*Town Topics*.

Judge—"Have you anything to say before the court passes sentence?" Prisoner—"Well, all I've got to say is, I hope you'll consider the extreme youth of my lawyer, and let me off easy."—*Tit-Bits*.

"Well, Drake, I suppose you are saving up to buy your wife a Christmas present?" "Saving up? I guess not. It takes all I can spare to give her to save up to buy me something."—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

"Where's your bottle of cough medicine, Josiah?" "What do you want with it?" "Well, you won't take it, and as it cost sixty-five cents, it shan't be wasted; I'm going to polish the piano with it."—*Chicago Record*.

Giles—"Statistics show that fewer men fill drunkards' graves than in former years." Miles—"What's the cause—world growing better?" Giles—"No; I guess cremation has something to do with it."—*New York Evening World*.

Visitor—"What was the matter with the man they just brought in?" Doctor—"Stuck his head through a pane of glass." Visitor—"How did he look?" Doctor—"His face wore an injured expression."—*Baltimore News*.

Miles—"Where is your friend Jaggs now?" Giles—"He's gone to the spirit land." Miles—"Indeed! It's strange I never heard of his demise." Giles—"Oh, he isn't dead. He's visiting relatives in Kentucky."—*Chicago News*.

"This," the bold young man whispered, touching her blushing cheek, "is the pink of perfection." "And this," his fair cousin retorted, bringing her hand against his cheek with a ringing slap, "is the sounding brass!"—*Chicago Tribune*.

Ethel (rummaging in grandma's drawer)—"Oh, grandma, what a curious key this is!" Grandma—"Yes, my dear; that was your grandfather's latch-key." "And you keep it in memory of old days?" "No, my dear; old nights."—*Tit-Bits*.

He was "touched": "What," asked the sentimental young woman, "was the most touching incident you ever witnessed?" And, after some thought, Senator Sorghum answered, with emphasis: "An election."—*Washington Star*.

A fine point: *Statue of liberty*—"What on earth has driven you to wearing spectacles. Your good eyesight has always been proverbial." *American eagle*—"I strained my eyes trying to see the point to this war with the Filipinos." *Statue of liberty*—"Beware, and stop in time, as I did, or even you will go stone blind."—*Life*.

"I understand," said Mrs. Kostique, "that you have been seen promenading with my husband; is that true?" The governess drew herself up defiantly. "Yes, it is," she replied. "Well, Miss Primer, the other continued, calmly, "if you wish to remain here you'll have to keep better company."—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

O'Rell—"A soldier was saved by a bullet striking something he had in an inside pocket; guess what it was?" Luke—"His girl's picture or a pack of cards." O'Rell—"Neither! It was a paper containing a New York murder mystery." Luke—"How could that stop a bullet?" O'Rell—"Why, nothing could penetrate it."—*Chicago News*.

"I understand you are an athlete," remarked the landlady to the new boarder. "Yes, ma'am," proudly answered the n. b.; "I am the champion high-jumper from Jumpserville." "That being the case," said the landlady, "I will have to ask you to pay your board in advance. I've had all the experience with jumpers I care for."—*Chicago News*.

Steedman's Soothing Powders claim to be preventative as well as curative. The claim has been recognized for over fifty years.

"I may have wheels," said the driver of the van, "but I move in the best society."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*.

—TO RESTORE GRAY HAIR TO ITS NATURAL color use Egyptian Henna—a vegetable dye—perfectly harmless—immediate effect. Sent by mail on receipt of price, \$1. Agents, Langley & Michaels Co., San Francisco.

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MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

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This magnificent train again, for the Sixth Season, offers its superior service to the traveling public.

Its high standard of excellence is abundantly attested by its past brilliant record, and the Southern Pacific management gives the assurance that it will be maintained in all respects, and improved where possible.

For more complete information call on the nearest S. P. Co. Agent.

60 DENSMORES

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New York and Southampton (London, Paris), from New York every Wednesday, 10 A. M.

St. Paul. December 27 | St. Louis. January 10
New York. January 3 | St. Paul. January 17

RED STAR LINE.

New York and Antwerp. From New York every Wednesday, 12 noon.

Westernland. December 27 | Noordland. January 10
Kensington. January 3 | Aragonia. January 17

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Rates and Sailings for 1900 now ready. For passage and freight apply to International Navigation Company, G. D. FAHNESTOCK, General Agent Pacific Coast, 30 Montgomery Street.



S. S. Mariposa sails via Honolulu and Auckland for Sydney, Wednesday, Dec. 27, 1899, at 8 p. m.
S. S. Australia, for Honolulu only, Wednesday, Jan. 10, 2 p. m.

J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 114 Montgomery St. Freight Office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

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Wednesday sailings from New York.

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For passage apply to G. W. FLETCHER, 613 Market Street, or to official railway and steamship offices on Pacific Coast.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING: Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for

VOKOHAMA and HONG KONG, Calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with Steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1899. Coptic. (Via Honolulu)..... Wednesday, Dec. 13

Gaelic. (Via Honolulu)..... Saturday, Jan. 6, 1900

Doric. (Via Honolulu)..... Thursday, Feb. 1

Coptic. (Via Honolulu)..... Tuesday, Feb. 27

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.

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America Maru.....Thursday, December 21

Hongkong Maru.....Tuesday, January 16, 1900

Nippon Maru.....Friday, February 9

Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market Street, cor. First.

W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.



Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.: For Alaskan ports, 10 A. M., December 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, January 1, change to company's steamers at Seattle.

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The article entitled "The Menace of Asiatic Immigration," which appeared in these columns a fortnight ago, has created a vague feeling of alarm among the workingmen of California. Curious as it may seem, the danger of Filipino coolie competition had not impressed them until it was pointed out by the *Argonaut*. The imperialist journals have been so enthusiastic in advocating Asiatic annexation that they have overlooked its inevitable corollary, Asiatic immigration. The one goes with the other. The Philippine Islands are now a part of the United States. The Philippine people will soon be competing in our labor market with our American workmen.

The danger pointed out by the *Argonaut* is attracting the attention of the leading journals of the State. But only outside of San Francisco, for the dailies of San Francisco have so sung the praises of Asiatic annexation that in this dilemma they are dumb. They dare not discuss the sub-

ject. Fear of alienating the workingmen keeps them silent, and there is no possible trick by which they can explain away the danger. This Asiatic peril confronts the American workingman. It is imminent. It is not remote. It is not an intermittent stream of contract laborers from foreign lands, but a vast volume of coolie labor from a part of our own country—to wit, the Philippines. And this coolie part of the United States contains ten millions of people—about one-seventh of our present population—and their wage is from five to ten cents a day. No wonder the San Francisco dailies are dumb. When they recover their speech they will have a difficult task to explain to American workingmen why they advocated Asiatic annexation when it meant Asiatic immigration.

The interior journals, however, are discussing the matter with more freedom. One of the leading newspapers of the State is the *San José Mercury*. In a recent number the *Mercury* discusses at length the *Argonaut's* article on Asiatic immigration, and endeavors to allay any fears which it may cause among workingmen. But, despite its adroitness, the *Mercury* finds great difficulty in dodging this troublesome issue. Its explanation does not explain. As we said in our article, this menace to American labor can not be sneered away or whistled down the wind. The *Mercury* remarks that the *Argonaut* must be "out of joint" when it can see any danger of "reviving the old hogie of Asiatic immigration from the Philippines"; that "the success of restriction as against the Chinese has demonstrated the power of the American people to keep out whomsoever they please."

No one doubts the power of the American people to keep out whom they please. But can they keep a part of their own people out? The Philippine Islands are now American soil. The Stars and Stripes floats over them. American law protects them. American liberty is the highest type of liberty known to the world. There is no freer man than the American freeman. Yet the commonest type of liberty is liberty freely to come and go. Beggars have it. Tramps have it. All men have it except jail-birds. To give the Filipinos "liberty" and yet deny them the liberty to come and go would be indeed a mockery. Are they less free under the Stars and Stripes than under the blood-and-orange banner of mediæval Spain? Have we by making the Philippines American soil turned them into convict islands?

No—there can be no hair-splitting over what "liberty" means to the American mind. Under American law the Filipinos are free, and American freedom means "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," with freedom to come and go in its pursuit. Therefore they may come and go freely. That they will do so can not be doubted. When the islands are pacified we may look for the beginning of a vast immigration of laborers from the Asiatic islands of the United States to the mainland of the United States. Men who cheerfully toil for five cents a day would be more than glad to go to another part of their country where laborers receive from a dollar and a half to two dollars a day. Even if they were not anxious to come, coolie contractors would bring them, whether or no. The element of consent will not be needed for Philippine emigration, any more than for Philippine liberation.

It is for this reason that the *Argonaut* demands that the Republican party, which is responsible for Philippine annexation, shall at once pass laws preventing Philippine immigration in order to protect American workingmen from coolie competition.

The *Mercury* says that "public opinion respecting Oriental immigration is a fixed thing." It took a long time to fix it. California workingmen know that it took from 1868 to 1892 before the "public opinion" of the United States protected them. It was thirty years after Chinese immigration began before Congress would pass any exclusion law at all, and that law excluded for only ten years. Two exclusion bills were vetoed—one by President Hayes and one by President Arthur. "Public opinion" throughout the East was hostile to the exclusion bills. It

was only by shrewd diplomacy with the two great parties, each fearful of the labor vote, that the workingmen succeeded in securing the Geary Exclusion Act of 1892. Yet these exclusion hills were leveled at a people alien to us in every way, for the white race and the Chinese never fuse, and China has changed not in four thousand years. But with the Filipinos it would be different. They are Christianized, most of them civilized, many of them educated. They have been governed by a European power for over four hundred years. There is a college in Manila older than either Harvard or Yale. Furthermore, these people are not "foreigners" like the Chinese, for they have been annexed by formal treaty. Their soil is American soil, and they are inhabitants of the United States. If it took thirty-two years to exclude laborers of an alien and pagan race, how many years would it take to exclude laborers of a Christian and semi-civilized race who are already a part of our population and over whom floats our flag?

The *Mercury* remarks: "Law and common sense forbid the preposterous notion that the people of the Philippine Islands are endowed with the rights and privileges of American citizenship." Nobody ever said they were—the *Argonaut* least of all. The *Mercury* is attacking a man of straw. But no one can deny that when we freed the Filipinos we gave them freedom, and American freedom can not be construed to mean the freedom of a dog chained to his kennel. We shall have to give them a different kind of freedom from ours—a modified freedom.

Those who have brought about Asiatic annexation are in a quandary. To say that we have freed the islands from Spain; then to deprive the islanders of even the small measure of liberty which cruel Spain gave them; to take from them the natural and inherent right of man to come and go; to yoke them like beasts of burden to the soil upon which they labor; to treat the islands as a convict settlement or as a plantation, to be exploited purely for profit—this is the inevitable result of annexation and exclusion. It is bad. But had as it may be, it is better than to allow Filipino coolies to come to America to compete with American workingmen. And while it may place this great nation in a humiliating position in the eyes of the world, it can not be helped. The Republican party must protect American workingmen at any cost. It has made one blunder. Let it not make two.

The *Mercury* closes by hurling at the *Argonaut* a Partisan shaft in the shape of the 1893 decision of the United States Circuit Court, Judge Morrow presiding, which held that "the Territories of the United States are entirely subject to the authority of Congress. They are not subject to the constitution."

Assuming that this decision will be upheld by the supreme court, it only strengthens our case. For these are the *Argonaut's* demands:

That the laborers of the Asiatic islands of the United States be excluded from the mainland of the United States.

That as self-preservation is the first law of nature, we must look out first for our own.

That even if we turn the Philippines into a convict settlement, we must do so to protect American laborers.

That Congress has the power so to protect them.

That the Republican party controls the executive and both branches of Congress.

That the Republican party is responsible for Asiatic annexation.

That it must now at any cost prevent Asiatic immigration. The Republican party has made Asiatic laborers a part of the people of the United States.

The Republican party must now protect the working people of the United States against Asiatic laborers.

The unwise and unwarranted attacks made by some partisans of the administration upon Admiral Dewey on the occasion of the transfer of the Washington home which had been presented to him, and which the *Argonaut* noticed at some length three weeks ago, has brought out two facts which

of a most uncomfortable character for the most active supporters of both McKinley and Bryan. We refer, of course, to the re-birth of a wide-spread desire to make the admiral the Democratic candidate in next fall's campaign. Until the outburst of misrepresentation, the statements of Admiral Dewey that under no conditions would he be a candidate, that his education and training had not fitted him for the position, that he was a sailor and not a politician, had apparently smothered the proposition. Now the matter raises its head again and with entirely new features. In its earlier stage the admiral expressed devoted loyalty to the President, and announced his desire to see Mr. McKinley succeed himself. In its newer development, although Admiral Dewey has said nothing, there are elements which may be very potent in inducing him to change his mind. If he does, the President may thank his alleged friends for it.

The admiral has been maligned by some of those closest to the administration, and if he chose to think that it was purposely done to weaken him as a dangerous competitor, it would not be wholly unnatural for him, as a man or as a sailor, to resent it and to have a desire to prove that his popularity is not the evanescent thing his detractors might have supposed. Dewey, on the deck of the *Olympia*, might regard himself as out of the question as a Presidential possibility. But "home is the sailor, home from the sea," and a few months on land might give him a very different point of view. The admiral is a modest man—as modest as was General Grant—but when he is exposed to the solicitations of politicians and the adulation of the people, he may conclude that the high office is not beyond the range of his ambitions. His recent marriage to a sister of the potential Democratic power in Ohio brings him personally within the circle of strong Democratic influence, and the attacks upon him naturally tend to urge him into the arms of that party.

Nor is that all of the influence that is working upon him. The Democratic party is in a bad way for a successful candidate next year, and would jump at a chance to make Dewey their leader. As the matter stands now the Democrats have no man whom they can nominate, except Bryan. Hundreds of thousands of Democrats would repudiate Bryan in the next campaign as they did in the last, and a contingent fully as large who supported him in 1896 would decline to do it again because they have lost faith in his cause. Bryan is not a man who will ever be trusted in high office by thinking men of any party. They may try to sidetrack silver as an issue and attempt a campaign upon the questions of anti-expansion and anti-trust, but if Bryan is placed at the head of the ticket on such a platform the campaign will necessarily turn upon the question of sound money and the gold standard. The result of such a campaign is a foregone conclusion. It would be a repetition of the defeat which Democracy incurred in 1896, except that it would be more overwhelming. All of the evidence tends to such a conclusion.

After the election in 1896 Mr. Bryan announced that the fight for silver had only commenced, and that he proposed to start out at once on a four years' campaign of education. He did so. He has stumped the country from one end to the other. He has swung round the circle, east, west, north, and south, orating in every hamlet and village. He has talked for silver in halls and from the rear end of trains. And what is the result? First, a patient hearing, then doubt about the wisdom of continuing the fight, then an open discussion among Democrats whether silver should be the leading issue, then propositions to throw it aside for new questions, and now an open revolt against having the party tied up to it any longer. A revolt of considerable magnitude against free silver is proceeding in Virginia, and it is led by both the Democratic senators from that State. Ex-Senator John M. Palmer has said that the gold Democrats who favored Buckner and himself four years ago could never be induced to accept Bryan on any platform, and the newspapers of that complexion have indorsed his statement. The Democratic *Richmond Times*, referring to free silver, disgustfully asks: "How long can we cling to this dead body?" Out of eighteen Democratic members of the congressional delegation from New York, eight have supported the currency bill before the House, which is intended to establish the gold standard. They are so earnest on the subject that they abandon partisanship to assure the country from the dangers of Bryanism. These things are sufficient to prove that Bryanism, otherwise free silver, is dead and that no party can elect a President on that issue.

Among the lessons taught by the sudden necessity for war was that the army maintained by the United States had lacked several elements of effectiveness. The contest with Spain, albeit carried to speedy and even brilliant conclusion, showed that under its existing organization the army could not be mobilized with the readiness that is so essential a part of military strength, that it was unwieldy, and wanting in officers com-

petent to handle large bodies of men. It was not strange, therefore, that Secretary Root devoted a portion of his report to suggestions designed to remedy the weaknesses disclosed either by the turmoil of camp life, of march and transportation, or actual experience on the field of battle.

The Secretary says nothing as to the size of the army he deems to be required, but devotes himself to consideration of the methods by which it should be controlled, the integrity of the *personnel* to be preserved, and the regular and volunteer, when called upon to act in concert, shall do so with the least amount of jar or friction. He advocates the establishment of a war college where a course of training such as is not now available shall be given. This college he would have comprise the major-general commanding the army, the heads of staff departments, and a number of the ablest high-ranking officers, and to it should be intrusted the scheme of reorganization. Every officer below the field-officers, and not a graduate of the service schools, should receive instruction in the college.

In the matter of promotions radical changes are urged. The Secretary recommends that staff appointments, after the college had become a feature, should be made from the line of the army, but only for a fixed period, four or five years being mentioned as a suitable term, the older to return to the line at the end of that time. These staff appointments should be made on the war-college record for efficiency, with due allowance for gallant conduct in the field, and excepting only the technical branches of engineer, ordnance, and signal service. Present promotions by seniority should be so modified as to officers below field rank, and no longer based alone on seniority but divided so as to rest partly on gallantry and efficiency. Staff appointments and line promotions other than those made for seniority should be determined by a board of officers. In reaching conclusions, both college efficiency and active records should be considered.

Clearly, the idea of the Secretary in this regard is to do away with favoritism, and prevent the choice of incompetents for places of responsibility. It must be remembered that the war college is designed to end the paucity of material. Possibly the best was not available at the outbreak of hostilities with Spain, and had it been, and the scheme devised by Secretary Root been in force, there would have been less illness among the troops, and the breath of scandal would not have touched any adjunct of the War Department.

The report is brief but emphatic in touching upon the wisdom of hearty coöperation between the army and navy for joint action, this clause being directly traceable to the conduct of certain affairs of note both in Cuba and the Philippines. There the jealousies were so manifest that they not only weakened the badly combined forces, but occasioned heart-burnings that still linger, and excited adverse comments from military and naval authorities of other nations.

The artillery branch should have a head, a member of the war college and on the staff of the major-general commanding. The inspection corps also should be increased. Army men have long felt that this important branch was being neglected. Particularly were promotions discouragingly slow, lieutenants growing gray, lieutenants still, while infantry lieutenants only a short time from West Point were being rewarded by captaincies. The present need for troops in the new possessions has left the heavy guns of coast defense, representing the expenditure of many millions, without sufficient men to care for them even to the extent of preventing deterioration by rust.

In relation to the volunteer element, the Secretary has recognized its vast importance. As it must be relied upon to support the regular army in time of war, and, indeed, in all save title to become a part of it, too much stress can not be laid upon the urgency of subjecting it to a similar discipline, familiarizing it with the same arms, and generally treating it so that when assembled the body shall be homogeneous. This subject should be especially considered by the war college, which not only should invite the confidence of State military, but open its doors to national guard officers. That this phase of the report was based on the lesson taught by the late war there can be no doubt.

When the call to arms was heard, there was prompt response. Men from every State were ready to answer, but willing as they were, they were ill-prepared. Their equipment—when they were not utterly without it—was antiquated. Their officers had not been qualified by practical training, and in many instances were political hangers-on, holding office by virtue of partisan activity, and in no manner suited to the serious business of bivouac and battle. The regular army could not furnish enough to supply the lack. The result was confusion, and perhaps bickering, loss of time, and loss of valuable lives. Had the war been against a stronger nation than Spain, the absence of preparation, of facilities, and of the commonest necessities would have been direful. Under the circumstances, it was a warning which the Secretary is asking the country to heed. He has but

voiced the popular feeling that the United States can not afford again to risk being caught in such a position that a formidable foe could inflict awful damage before the armed strength of the people could be concentrated against it. The head of the War Department wants the interests under his care systematized. That they must also be enlarged is palpable, but this he leaves to the judgment of Congress. It is not to be supposed that he in any manner belittles the army that drove Spain out of the west, for, on the contrary, he praises it in the highest terms. The willingness and excellence of the service it rendered appealed to every observer here and abroad, and yet there were weak points. Without mentioning these specifically, the Secretary shows that none of them escaped him, and that he is not only alive to the utility but the means of abolishing them.

To judge the temper of the French nation by the voice of its press would be to reach the conclusion that the people had gone daft. Just at a time when, as a matter of policy, an effort to cultivate the good will of the world generally should be making, Parisian papers seem bent upon the creation of antagonisms. With a bitterness which finds expression in terms the most gross and insulting, it attacks those who have been the friends of France, whose bread the famished Gaul was glad to eat in the days after the siege, and upon whose patronage rests in large measure the material prosperity of the republic. Such a condition of mind is hard to understand. Has reason departed from France? Or has the degeneracy deplored by Nordau reached an actual ascendancy?

The scurrilous character of a portion of the Paris press exceeds in virulence anything that could be tolerated in this country. To what extent this reflects the general sentiment there is no exact way of knowing. Certainly there have been protests from individual Frenchmen, but unless serving as a sort of balm to wounds inflicted, they seem to be without effect. The abuse goes on, and in caricature and screed the English continue to be vilified and held up to scorn. At the news of a British defeat such head-lines as these appear: "Death to the British," "The End of England," "Let Us Boycott English Houses." Underneath will be an array of insult and invective.

France is preparing to have an exposition of such magnitude as shall surpass any heretofore attempted. For the success of this it must depend upon the friendliness of other nations, and yet it seems to be bending its energies to the alienation of all these, taking them in turn. During the war between the United States and Spain it espoused the cause of the latter to such extent that many American women declared they would no more, even at the dictate of fashion, patronize the shops of Paris, and large firms that had intended to exhibit, canceled all arrangements. This policy has been in vogue so long that almost every nation which by its support could add to the success of the exposition has been maligned and traduced. Just now the chosen victim is England.

The character of the Parisian press is such that the present outbreak, save for the apparent suicidal idiocy of it, is no surprise. In domestic affairs it is as vindictive, unfair, and untruthful. The hatred for England may be traced to jealousy of its colonization, the Dreyfus procedure, and the Fashoda incident; but all these do not excuse the base and monstrous ingratitude where gratitude should be felt for the acts of English people during the Franco-Prussian War. It was in English music-halls, then, that the French "Marseillaise" was sung, while people listening wept with emotion, and it was English food that first gave to the beleaguered Parisians a change from the cat and rat diet that had become irksome. So much for the sentimental side, but the practical is also worth consideration. Great Britain spends for French products two hundred millions of dollars a year—a sum not lightly to be thrown away, a sum twice as large as the next customer, and five times greater than comes from the people of the United States. The boycott would be an impolitic weapon to be employed by the French.

The effect on the exposition, even were the tone of the press to be modified, must already have been serious. No nation has officially declined to participate, but interest has been deadened, and individual disgust has spread until the outlook is far less bright than a short time ago. People who are not English resent the publication of an article in advocacy of the hanging of the English queen, nor do persons of discernment care to visit a city where the scheme seems to be to take their money and then revile them.

Several Frenchmen of acknowledged standing have written to protest against the shameless virulence of the prevailing anglophobia. M. Urbain Gohier proclaims that intelligent Frenchmen should be the last to denounce other nations after "having permitted so many abominable crimes beneath the French flag in Indo-China, Madagascar, and

the Sudan." He speaks of the way in which Parisian trade will feel it, and of the exposition declares that Englishmen would be *naifs* to bring their guineas to people who insult them and prate of their extermination.

A stronger paper from the pen of C. A. de L'Aubiniere appears in the columns of the London *Daily Mail*. He ascribes the attacks to the crass ignorance of young France, and the mercenary promptings of President Krüger and Dr. Leyds, who he says are men who would sell their mother's corpse, or betray their country for five francs a day; which arraignment, however severe, is no real excuse for assaults so foul that decency, though neutral, stands aghast in contemplation of it.

France extends an invitation to the world. Freely translated, it reads: "Come and visit us, and be traduced; spend your money with us, and be blackguarded."

Urged on by the sensational press, the House of Representatives has refused to seat B. H. Roberts, congressman-elect from Utah. There is no doubt that Mr. Roberts is guilty of polygamous conduct, as charged, and it is equally certain that he should be denied membership in the American Congress. The proper course to be pursued being so obvious, it is particularly unfortunate that the House should have adopted the method of procedure that it did in handling the case. It is true that under the constitution each House of Congress is made the judge of the election return, and qualification of its own members, and that under this provision the ineligibility of Roberts could have been determined and his seat declared vacant. But this provision did not justify, and could not justify, the practical condemnation of Roberts without trial. The statute regulating the organization of the House provides that it shall be called to order by the clerk of the last House, and that upon the roll of members-elect shall be placed "the names of such persons, and of such persons only, whose credentials show that they are regularly elected in accordance with the laws of their States, respectively, and of the United States." Under this statute Mr. Roberts was entitled to be sworn in. Further action by the House should have come only after a full investigation of the facts.

Senator Mason, of Illinois, is one of those explosive statesmen who are always amusing if not always correct. Last week he startled the Senate by the introduction of a resolution expressing sympathy with the Boers in their struggle against Great Britain. The resolution was hacked up by one of his fiery speeches, in which he argued that the war was an attempt at oppressing a republic by the monarchial syndicate, and that should this country remain silent it would be accepted by the world as an abandonment of the principles of Washington, Webster, and Lincoln. It is unnecessary at this time to comment upon the exploded doctrine that the republican form of government is under all circumstances the best form that can be adopted. The so-called republics of Central and South America and the fact that the Transvaal Republic is in reality an absolute autocracy under Krüger would furnish themes to enlarge upon were it desirable to discuss this subject. Nor is it necessary now to consider the merits of the controversy between the British and the Boers.

Senator Mason's resolution raises a question that is far more important for us to consider—is it policy for this country to attempt any interference in the struggle now going on in South Africa? There may be abundant reasons for individuals to feel and to express sympathy with the Boers, but a nation has wider responsibilities. The conduct of foreign relations is intrusted to the executive branch of the government, and the executive has already proclaimed a policy of neutrality. A repudiation of this policy by Congress would be an unwarrantable intrusion by the legislative into the field set apart by the constitution for the executive. It is not so long ago that Congress was guilty of such intrusion, and forced the executive into a war with Spain. The consequences of that war are still upon us, and it will be many years before the burden of taxation caused by that war will be lifted from the shoulders of the people. That burden is scarcely felt at the present time, when the country is prosperous, but eras of financial depression are periodic, and should hard times, such as were seen six or seven years ago return, the burden would be almost intolerable.

The successive defeats that the British armies have received in South Africa have left the people of England in an extremely sensitive condition. They would bitterly resent the adoption of the resolution proposed by Senator Mason. It must not be forgotten that this country and Great Britain are still discussing the adjustment of the Alaskan boundary. The temper of Canada has been extremely bitter, and nothing but the friendly attitude of England has prevented serious friction. Canada is now proving its loyalty in a manner that must warm the British heart. But little is now

required on our part to turn England in this controversy from a friend of the United States into a partisan of Canada. Under such circumstances an appeal to force to settle the dispute is by no means among the impossibilities. A war with Great Britain, with the British navy menacing us upon the seas, and with Canada as a base of land operations along the entire northern border, would be a far different matter from the little affair with impotent Spain.

The adoption of Senator Mason's resolution would be of no assistance to the Boers. It might possibly encourage them to more stubborn resistance, thereby sacrificing a greater number of lives, but the outcome is inevitable. It is foolish to suppose that the reverses England has met with mean that the Boers will triumph in the end. Those reverses are the result of a stupid underestimation of the strength of the enemy, but that lesson has now been learned and the mistake is not likely to be repeated. But, while the adoption of the resolution would do the Boers no good, it would almost certainly work serious harm to this country. There is great need for the invention of an effective safety-valve for such emotional statesmen as Senator Mason.

In discussing the question of Asiatic annexation last week, the *Argonaut* said that it has opposed such annexation because it means a menace to the protective policy which has always been one of the fundamental principles of the Republican party. The principal products of Hawaii, Porto Rico, and the Philippines are sugar, rice, and tobacco. From these three articles the United States receives an annual tariff revenue of about forty millions of dollars. Though Cuba has not yet become a part of the United States, a delegation from that island has already visited the President and urged the remission of sugar duties as absolutely necessary for the reestablishment of the industry. From these islands this country will in time receive all the sugar, rice, and tobacco that it imports, and these important sources of revenue will be absolutely cut off. Whatever protection these industries in this country have received will be swept away.

Under the constitution, no tariff restrictions can be laid upon domestic commerce, and, therefore, if these insular possessions form a part of the United States, their products must be admitted free of duty. It is true that Secretary Root has argued that the United States holds these islands by virtue of its sovereignty as a nation, and not under the powers conferred by the constitution; that they are therefore possessions of the United States, and not an integral part of the nation. This is a new theory of the constitution; but, if it is sound, the federal government would have ample power to dictate the terms upon which trade between the islands and the States shall be conducted. At the same time, Secretary Root urges that it is the duty of this country to admit the island products free. As colonial possessions they had trade privileges with the mother country that have been swept away as the result of the war. Should this country refuse to assume the position from which it has driven Spain, instead of giving the natives independence we should be placing them in a position far worse than that which they formerly occupied. Should we refuse them the privilege of a free market in this country, they would be condemned to the most abject poverty.

Whether as a legal or as a moral proposition then, the islands must have the benefit of free trade with this country. With regard to the Philippines there is another point to consider. The administration has demanded that Great Britain, France, Germany, and Russia must recognize our treaty rights in China. In other words, American goods must be admitted within their several spheres of influence upon the same terms as their own goods. This position, however, would be untenable unless this country is prepared to admit British, German, French, and Russian goods into the Philippines upon the same terms as its own. If American goods are to be admitted to the Philippines free of duty, European goods must have the same privilege; if a duty is charged upon foreign goods, the merchants of this country will still have no trade advantages. These are but some of the difficult questions that Congress will have to meet and settle; under any circumstances their tendency is to weaken the Republican protective system.

As to the wisdom involved in the granting of the franchise to the negro, the time has passed when there may be profit in discussion. Assuredly, however, nobody desires to see the value of the franchise impaired and the principle underlying it made a nullity. Therefore, the defeat of the Hardwick bill before the Georgia legislature may be regarded as a triumph, not only by the negroes, to whose logical opposition the defeat was largely due, but by lovers of justice everywhere.

The Hardwick bill was the concentration into one measure of all the methods by which the colored voter had been deprived of his statutory rights, excepting, of course, the grossly illegal ones as intimidation, counting out, and fraud-

ulent primary. There has been applied in some parts of the South an educational test with an "understanding" clause. This required that a voter must be able to read and write or to understand a clause of the constitution when read to him. This, most obviously, put into the hands of the judges of election the power to dictate who should and who should not deposit a ballot. Another provision, also found effective as a regulator, was the educational test, and a "grandfather" clause. This curious arrangement barred from the polls anybody who had not been a qualified voter January 1, 1867, or who could not swear that his direct ancestor had been. This placed the colored voter at such disadvantage that in many instances he found the best policy to be to stay away, making no attempt to participate in any election. When the fact is considered that the Hardwick bill combined the repressive features of both the old methods, there is no marvel that the colored voters should have protested. They did this in a calm, dignified, and convincing manner. Portions of the memorial presented to the legislature of Georgia are well worth reproducing. Acknowledgment is made in the document that government based on the consent of the governed must assume, in civilization, that those taking part in the governing be intelligent. The colored men said further:

"We join heartily with the best conscience of the State, of the nation, and of the civilized world, in demanding a pure, intelligent ballot, free from bribery, ignorance, fraud, and intimidation. And to secure this, we concur in the movement towards imposing fair and impartial qualifications upon voters, whether based on education, or property, or both."

"Nor is this, gentlemen of the legislature, a light sacrifice on our part. We negroes are to-day, in large degree, poor and ignorant through the crime of a nation. Through no fault of our own we are here brought into contact with a civilization higher than that of the average of our race. And we have not been sparing in our efforts to improve."

"Notwithstanding all this, so far as the Hardwick bill proposes to restrict the right of suffrage to all who, irrespective of race or color, are intelligent enough to vote properly, we heartily indorse it."

From this it may be seen that the negroes were not swayed by an unreasoning passion. Having laid their foundation they proceeded to attack the objectionable parts, saying of the "grandfather" clause that it was wrong in theory and in application unfair. "If ignorance," it continued, "is dangerous to democratic institutions, then proscribe ignorance and not color." It pointed out that twenty-two per cent of the illiterate of Georgia are white, that illiteracy among the blacks is rapidly declining, and that whatever degrades the labor of the State injures the State. It closed with an appeal for sympathy and forbearance. This petition was freely discussed, and had due weight in determination of results.

If ability to inspire sensational discussion is the test of an eminent divine, Dr. S. G. Smith, of St. Paul, is certainly deserving of the title. In a recent address he took occasion to declare against women as wage-earners. Later he developed his ideas more in detail, and suggested his remedy. He points out the fact that in four States of the Union women are forbidden to work in mines. He would have these laws extended to cover about one hundred of their present occupations, which are too severe and too unhealthy. Further, he would forbid the employment of all girls under eighteen years of age in any commercial or industrial pursuit. These measures would reduce the ranks of female wage-earners at least one-half, and, as to the others, he would have them paid wages equal to those that men earn in similar employments.

The position of Dr. Smith is combatted by the Chicago *Post*, which declares that the present tendency is not toward the employment of minors, but rather toward the substitution of adults for children in factories, because in the end adult labor is cheaper. From the point of view of the employer, the consideration is not what he has to pay for labor each day in dollars and cents, but the ratio between that amount and the value of what the laborer produces. Adult labor must be paid more than the cost of minors, but the speed and efficiency required by modern conditions are such that children are incapable of meeting the requirements. The reports of labor commissioners show that while the actual number of minors who are wage-earners is increasing, the proportion as compared with the adults is steadily falling off.

Concerning the Asiatic immigration threatened by Philippine annexation, a leading Californian writes to us: "I have read your editorial on the Asiatic immigration question with great interest. I was talking to an Italian workman the other day. He said: 'You going to annex the Philippines; going to let those fellows come here, work seven cents a day? Never get a Republican vote from me again—never, never.'"

The signature of the editor is appended to every article in this issue written, dictated, or inspired by him, in accordance with the "signature law," enacted during the session of the legislature.

ELECTIONS OF SUPREME IMPORTANCE.

The approaching elections, on Wednesday and Friday, December 27th and 29th, are of supreme importance to the present and future welfare of our city. The interests of the city demand that every citizen should exercise the elective franchise upon these two momentous occasions. The propositions for the issuance of municipal bonds to construct an improved sewer system, new school-houses, and a modern hospital, will undoubtedly be carried almost unanimously. There is every reason to hope that the citizens of San Francisco, now realizing the value of the park extensions, will also give the proposed bond issue for park purposes more than the necessary two-thirds vote.

There are strong reasons that should impel every citizen of this municipality, having at heart the welfare of the city, to vote in favor of the proposed park bond issue at the election on next Wednesday.

From the æsthetic as well as the utilitarian points of view, the extension of the park panhandle, the connection of Golden Gate Park with the Presidio and a Mission public park, should commend themselves to the favor of this municipality. The extension of the park panhandle from Baker Street to Market Street and Van Ness Avenue will add thirteen blocks of valuable land to the park area of the city. By adding seven and a quarter blocks in the Richmond District, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth Avenues, a direct connection is open between Golden Gate Park and the Presidio Reservation, thus adding, without cost or maintenance, fifteen hundred acres of government park. The addition of two blocks in the Mission will give a beautiful little park opposite the Mission High School, which will soon be connected by a boulevard with Golden Gate Park. Thus our city will have a chain of municipal parks second to none in the world.

The distribution over a period of twenty years of the \$4,550,000 required for the foregoing park purposes will be so light as not to be felt by the tax-payers of San Francisco. Admitting that the assessed valuation of property will even remain at the present amount of \$400,000,000, the average tax will not exceed one cent on the dollar. In other words, the tax-payer who owns \$1,000 of assessed property will pay only \$15.40 during the entire twenty years, or an average of 77 cents a year. Think of these magnificent improvements for such a trifling amount!

The city can not make a better investment than the twenty-three blocks of land contained in the proposed park bond issue. Golden Gate Park originally cost but \$800,000; it is worth to-day not less than \$11,000,000. Central Park, in New York, has cost altogether to date about \$25,000,000; it is worth to-day not less than \$200,000,000. Where could San Francisco find a better investment? Moreover, the additional taxes received from the increased valuation of property adjoining this proposed park improvement will more than offset the amount required for the interest and sinking fund.

Aside, therefore, from the æsthetic benefits derived from these additional park areas, it will prove one of the best investments ever made by any municipality. Not only will visitors and strangers be attracted to the city, thus benefiting every trade and calling, but the increased demand for labor will give a new impetus to the industrial activity of the city. Let every citizen, therefore, carefully consider the significance of the approaching bond elections on the twenty-seventh and twenty-ninth inst., and cast his vote not only in favor of new sewers, school-houses, and a hospital, but also in favor of the extension of the park area of the city. A vote in favor of these bond issues means a vote in favor of the progress and prosperity of the entire city.

A sensation was caused in the Spanish Senate recently by the declaration of Count d'Almenas that owing to the ignorance of the Spanish-American peace treaty commissioners three islands of the Philippine group, the two Balanes and Calayan Islands, both north of Luzon, were not included in the scope of the treaty. These islands, he asserted, ought to be made the basis of negotiations for the liberation of the Spanish prisoners. The islands in the Philippine group referred to as not having been included in the treaty ceding the archipelago to the United States are not regarded by the members of the Philippine commission as of any importance, and no regret, they say, need be felt if the statement should prove correct. The opinion was expressed by one of the commissioners that the islands referred to are not worth negotiating for, as they would not be of any material benefit. They are not thickly populated, and their commerce is small, as the islands are out of the way of the regular ocean travel. The Balanes Islands referred to are north of latitude twenty degrees, and if the parallel should be strictly adhered to will not fall within the scope of the treaty.

A Hungarian philologist, Dr. Anton Velics, thinks he has discovered the original language of man. He has found that the great groups of languages, Indo-Germanic, Semitic, Celtic, and Altaic, are all based on between two hundred and three hundred ancient Chinese roots, some of which have disappeared from the Chinese language and are now found only in Japanese.

THE BEAUTY PATCH.

A Railway Comedy.

The Saint-Lazare Station is a gay station, in the heart of the city, a stone's throw from the Opéra and the boulevard, five minutes from the Champs-Élysées, twenty minutes from the Bois de Boulogne. In the waiting-room, the Hall of the Lost Footsteps, lined up before the booking-offices or seeking *quem devorent*, there are always a lot of pretty girls, with extravagantly yellow hair crowned by marvelous hats. They walk down the Rue d'Amsterdam, their noses in the air, striking the echoing kerbstones with their little high heels, and generally carrying small leather bags—supposed to give them a countenance. What a countenance! Hence, trips to Saint-Germain or Versailles, starting from the above-mentioned gay station, are true pleasure trips.

Yesterday I was obliged to go to Versailles, and profiting by my experience—in garrison there for several years—I strolled up and down, in no haste to choose my compartment. The railway carriages standing high above the level of the platform, the women passengers have to practice regular gymnastics to get aboard, and there are, therefore, all sorts of picturesque sights to be seen, not to speak of services to be rendered. For the latter purpose, the best thing to do is to stand opposite the revolving platforms. They make the steps at least a foot higher—enough to make one quite dizzy climbing in. I was on the lookout for a pretty fellow-traveler. I might even say that I had the embarrassment of choosing; it almost looks as if the Western Company has the monopoly of good-looking ticket-holders. But alas! Not one of them was alone. Naturally, I avoided cavalry officers, they all go to the terminus of the line. The infantry add to the chances of a *tête-à-tête*, for they generally get off at Courbevoie, Saint-Cloud, or Ville d'Avray. As to the artillery—that's a risk to run; there is a battery at Suresnes, but there are two regiments at Versailles as well.

I was at this stage of perplexity when, in one of the last of the first-class compartments, I caught sight of a pretty brunette—to be classified among the *piquante* brunettes—velvety eyes, fringed with long lashes, a faintly shadowed upper lip, and above the left corner of the mouth—a souvenir of a by-gone century—a dainty little black patch that our gallant ancestors would have called killing. She wore a maize-colored bengaline bodice, trimmed with guipure; on her head was perched a big hat with outspread white wings, that made her look like a Valkyrie—but a gay, not a warlike one. Beside her was seated a large, elderly gentleman, with big moustaches, a decoration in his button-hole; he had a military air and imposing eyebrows, and was reading the paper. But, from time to time, he raised suspicious eyes on her—the eyes of a proprietor defending his domain. The husband, evidently.

I got into the carriage, and seated myself discreetly opposite the pair, but in the far corner. Although I had made a slight bow on entering, I did not have the good fortune to claim the lady's attention; she seemed preoccupied, and kept her head out of the window, as if she were expecting some one. The mustached gentleman, however, returned my bow most politely. He was no doubt obliged to me for having left the seat opposite him unoccupied. At the moment the train was starting, a handsome, blonde young fellow, carrying a brief-case under his arm, sprang inside breathlessly. He rapidly exchanged a smile of intelligence with the lady, and then sat down opposite her, knee to knee.

"Look sharp!" I said to myself, "this is going to turn out interesting."

Naturally, the big, elderly man, absorbed in his paper, had noticed nothing. The whistle sounded, the train started, and the fair young man, no doubt to appear occupied, began to turn the leaves of the voluminous document in the leather case. But every now and then he raised his eyes, and then it was easy to see that the lady with the patch smiled at him imperceptibly. It would have been impossible to be more imprudent, and this little manœuvre, barely concealed, ran a great risk of being discovered by the man with the terrible eyebrows.

My soul is instinctively lenient to human weaknesses, and at the bottom of my heart I always find a secret pleasure on learning that the corporation of husbands counts one more victim. So, as far as was possible, I decided to come to the assistance of the sweethearts by attracting the attention of the husband. Seizing the first slight pretext, I engaged him in conversation. As we approached Asnières, I uttered a reflection that suddenly passed through my mind: "To think that that bridge was cut in 1870! What was the good of it, pray, with Mont-Valérien just opposite?"

"It was idiotic," returned the decorated gentleman. "At that time I was on the staff of Admiral La Roncière Le Noury. You have no conception, sir, of all the mistakes that were committed during the siege of Paris. Just fancy—"

Here the big man obligingly changed over into the corner seat, to be nearer me, leaving the pretty *brune* opposite the fair man; and he went on with his course in tactics, with broad gestures, pointing out to me the magnificent horizon, the Seine like a silver ribbon at the foot of the green slopes of Courbevoie, and far in the background, Paris, with its houses and its monuments, among which stood out the gigantic silhouette of the Arc de Triomphe, dishonored by scaffoldings, and the gilded dome of the Invalides.

"Remember," continued the decorated gentleman, "that we were occupying the region near Clichy."

But I hardly heard him, for I saw with terror that, profiting by my manœuvre, our two lovers had begun to whisper in smothered tones. The brief was still spread out on the young man's knees, for the looks of the thing, but it was easy to see that he no longer even cast a glance at it. And the train sped along, and the soldier, absorbed by his memories, went on with his discourse on military history that I

feigned to listen to most devoutly, so as to draw his attention to the left side of the line.

We reach Saint-Cloud; we enter the tunnel, and in the pitch-darkness, on my word, I would swear that I heard the sound of a kiss. When we rush out again into the light, I cast a glance at the fair-haired man, who is once more deeply absorbed in his case. What do I make out on his left nostril but a funny little black spot. *Sapristi!* It is the patch, the killing patch, that in a thoughtless contact has loosened and passed from the lips of the dark beauty to the nose of her admirer.

I foresaw a horrible tragedy, for my tactician turned a questioning and suspicious look upon the lady, as if he had found something altered in her appearance, he hardly knew what. I would have given worlds to have been able to whisper to the good-looking young man: "For heaven's sake, remove that compromising patch at once, or you are betrayed!" Unfortunately, it was quite out of the question, seated as I was at a distance. So it seemed wiser to recall the officer's thoughts to the war of 1870, and the heights of Viroflay. But he no longer paid any heed to me. He chuckled in a sinister way behind his fierce mustache, gazing at the be-patched nose of the fair young man.

As for the woman, crimson, overcome with terror, she began to fan herself violently—a most distressing sight. What was going to happen? What terrible sentence was the implacable judge going to pronounce on the guilty wretches cowering beneath his gaze? Was I going to be obliged to look on, in this narrow railway carriage, at a challenge, a boxing-match, perhaps a butchery, a massacre?

Suddenly, to my intense relief, I caught sight of the three little yew-trees, trimmed into sugar-loaf shape, that guard the entrance into the Grand Monarch's town; a guard called out "Versailles! Versailles!" The train stopped. I got out, determined to stick to the officer to see what would happen. Judge of my stupor on seeing the lady take the fair man's arm and trip along at his side, while the decorated gentleman said to me, as he saw them disappear:

"They are charming. I know them. They live quite near me, in the Rue Duplessis. The husband is a lawyer. They are half-way through the honeymoon, as you might infer, sir. What a hug he gave her in the tunnel at Ville-d'Avray, to be sure!"—Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Richard O'Monroy.

It has been related that in one of the battles in the Philippines participated in by the Twentieth Kansas, Albert R. Stuteville, a member of the Abilene company, had his gun at his shoulder when an insurgent bullet passed into the muzzle of the rifle and was stopped by the breech-block, against which it now rests. The circumstance was so extraordinary that General Otis sent for the gun and had it transferred to the War Department at Washington. Stuteville believed he had the right to buy this gun under the rules of the department, and so he made some inquiries about it. Now, he is informed from Washington that he has that right, and that the gun will be sent to him on demand, though the officials would very much like to keep it in the war museum at the capital. Having established his right, Stuteville now gracefully yields to the wishes of the department, and the rifle will remain in the museum.

Holders of the Victoria Cross in the British army, who have been a slowly dwindling band for some years, promise to receive new companions as a result of the Boer war. Seven years ago they numbered one hundred and ninety-six, and just before the outbreak of hostilities in the Transvaal there were only one hundred and fifty-five. The Indian Mutiny still accounts for the largest number of names on that roll of honor, no fewer than forty-two recalling that year of heroic struggle. The Crimean War, which started the roll, now ranks second with South Africa, each claiming twenty-five names. Afghanistan contributes eleven names, and Egypt and Sudan together make up the same number. For the rest of the names one must follow the union-jack to all parts of the globe.

The wreckers working on the sunken Spanish armored cruiser *Ambirante Oquendo*, near Santiago, discovered a chest containing nineteen thousand dollars in Spanish gold which the firm employing the divers will retain. Work on the cruiser has been in progress for five months, and many thousands of dollars' worth of treasure has been secured. On the torpedo-boat destroyer *Furor* the wreckers found a service of heavy silver plate. Experts assert, after inspecting the destroyer, that she might easily have been raised and repaired. The wrecking operations have proved a source of large returns to the companies, estimated at five hundred thousand dollars.

In one of the historical volumes of John F. Maginness is recounted a most remarkable coincidence. On the very day that the Declaration of Independence was promulgated and old Liberty Bell proclaimed the joyful news in Philadelphia, a little band of Scotch-Irish settlers, without any knowledge, of course, of what was occurring elsewhere, assembled at a certain place on the banks of Pine Creek, about fourteen miles above where now stands the city of Williamsport, and declared themselves free from the yoke of British rule.

The popularity of golf in England is proving a godsend to the farmers and land-holders in the near vicinity of the larger towns. In many cases fabulous prices have been paid for club grounds, and lands which have hitherto been considered worthless for agricultural purposes have acquired a particular value, and are being sold or leased for sums of which their owners scarcely dreamed before the general introduction of the game.

A PARIS SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM.

The New Ecole de Journalisme of the Collège Libre des Sciences Sociales—M. Fouquier's Explanation of Its Methods and Aims.

Schools of journalism are not exactly novelties at this end of the nineteenth century. Probably nowhere in the world have there been or are there more of them than in the United States. The European studying the "ads" of the big popular magazines of New York would form the idea that in America one-half of the educated (or semi-educated) public was engaged in teaching the other half how to enter the sacred precincts of the newspaper world. The very words "newspaper business," consecrated on the Park Rows of America, show how absolute has been the acceptance of the same popular idea that journalism is not a veiled mystery accessible only to mysteriously initiated adepts, but a pursuit open, in its elementary stages at least, to any ordinary cultivated man who takes the trouble to learn what is wanted and how to supply it.

But even in America nothing has been attempted on so large a scale or with such thoroughness and such promise of genuine success as the Ecole de Journalisme which the Paris Collège Libre des Sciences Sociales has just established.

The Paris school sets out with the candid statement that one becomes a journalist as one may become a shoemaker or a gasfitter. You make shoes or you make articles as your life-business, which you will. But you have to learn either trade from the beginning upwards. And as you apprentice yourself to a shoemaker to learn to shoe people, so you must apprentice yourself to a journalist to learn how to amuse them, or instruct them, or guide them. And as the good young shoemaker—at any rate here in France, where nothing is done without solemn official papers—receives at the end of his apprenticeship a portentous document, *visé* by prefects and mayors, certifying that he has duly learned his trade, so your finished pupil of the Ecole de Journalisme is to receive an official parchment testifying his competence to make sound articles.

The idea was received with a howl of rage by many of the older journalists of Paris. Here, more than anywhere, the old inspiration idea prevails. The journalist, like the poet, is supposed to be horn, not made. [I remember, by the way, how an experienced writer of New York once perpetrated an instructive pun on this question: "They may be horn, not made, in one sense; but, none the less, I have observed that if they are not also made, they are not easily horn; I know I can't bear 'em myself."] Writers like Rochefort, the fiery, untamed war-horse of revolution, and De Cassagnac, who beats the royalist drum in the *Autorité*, and Drumont, he who is popularly supposed to have a Jew as the *pièce de résistance* of his dinner every day, and the Comtesse de Martel, better known as "Gyp," who would willingly share in the meal—these, and many like them, profess to believe that journalism consists simply and solely in vigor of idea and intense emotionalism, the fervor and frenzy of the soul pouring forth a scalding lava which by the direct interposition of Providence takes the form and length of a leading editorial or of a series of mordant paragraphs filling just the right space—the paper.

I went to head-quarters to find out how the people working the new scheme defended themselves against all the ridicule hurled at their heads. M. Henri Fouquier, himself a *publiciste* of ancient date, but of still living efficiency and repute, put himself at my service with a charming courtesy. He undertook to prove that there was nothing very ridiculous about the idea or the methods employed. "Let us begin with my own course of lectures," he said; "not because it is mine, but because it opens the hall and because it will make our system plain to you and to your American readers. I begin, then, with a general lecture on the *role* of the press in our days, its future, its duties, its responsibilities. All this, I avow, is designed to warm the interest of the students; without that you can do nothing; a harmless trick, I think, you will admit. Then we plunge into the subject directly. I give a series of talks upon the practical side of things. I imagine a journal existing only in the idea, and I consider with my class how, step by step, the idea is developed; how the writers are chosen and grouped; how the editor-in-chief, the *man with the idea*, subordinates, coördinates all the subjects that centre on the main idea; how he arranges the proportions of things; how he decides upon the accessory subjects which either hang on to the general notion or are demanded by the necessity of interesting the reader as well as guiding him—all that is designed to give my students the idea of a journal as a thing *made up* by an effort of the brain, not something that comes ready-made from the clouds, the prevailing notion.

"Then I explain the requirements of a reporter's work; I show my pupils how to get their facts, how to handle them, how to work in a sufficiency (and, above all, not too much) of their own feeling and perception into the *compte rendu*. Here I set them practically to work. Every student has to bring me for the next lesson a vivid, exact, and interesting account of something he has seen in the streets or heard in the *cafés*, something that has come recently within his own experience. And I require him to write two articles on the same subject—one long, say half or three-quarters of a column; the other within the limits of a paragraph. And I make them vary their style; sometimes asking them to treat grave subjects in a light, flippant style; sometimes calling for the serious, profound comment of which even the most trivial happening is invariably susceptible. And, besides this exercise, I require each of the *élèves* to turn in every week a *chronique*. The pupil chooses his own subjects from the week's events, just as Claretie would or any other writer of small facts. All I require is actuality and interest; the writer is free to write politics, or literature, or art, or the variations in the barometer and the effects of such variation on the temper of the people or on the price of shoe-leather. The one point is that what is written be

capable of interesting the readers of some existing paper, or even of some non-existing but possible paper.

"I teach the students how to edit copy, by myself editing their output. When I return their exercises with my suggestions and corrections, we hold a general discussion upon the merits and demerits of my editing—and I am happy to say that I have already found once or twice that a pupil has considerably improved upon my handling of his theme. The practice side of our work is made still more practical by the kindness of the director of the *Figaro*, who will allow pupils of six months' standing to visit the editorial and composing-rooms of his journal and study the whole process of editing and printing a great daily journal. Frankly, I think this is one of the most valuable sides of our system; it alone is a sufficient justification of our *école*. It gives our students an opportunity which without us they could never have had.

"For the other courses, very important in detail, but not specially interesting to your readers, I need only say that we have lectures by M. Cornély, of the *Figaro*, upon the history of the press; by M. Finot, editor of the *Revue des Revues*, upon the present condition of the press in France; M. Yves Guyot, editor of the *Séde*, upon the conduct of press campaigns or crusades; M. Cruppi, of the Chamber of Deputies, upon the law in relation to the press; M. Seignobos, professor at the Sorbonne, upon contemporary history, treated from the point of view of the practicing journalist; finally, M. Félix Lively upon some features of foreign journalism.

"Yes, I think M. Lively will have something to say about the American papers. I know he has studied them carefully, both here and on the spot.

"Ah! You will have to put that question to himself personally. I would not like to tell you what I think he thinks of some features of your press."

Unfortunately, I had not time to see M. Lively personally. It would have been interesting to know what he thinks of us and our yellowism. But, is there not an idea for us in this new and intelligently organized school? Might not a better condition of things journalistic on our side of the Atlantic be the result of an adoption and adaptation of the French idea? STEPHEN MACKENNA.

PARIS, November 19, 1899.

THE BIRTH OF WINE IN ANCIENT PERSIA.

Purple and silver the grapes of Shiraz
Ripened for wine in the long-fingered leaves:
Who is it told us that drinking was sin?
Surely he mocked God's will and deceives!
Clustered by thousands the blue and white berries
Swinging, and swelling in sunlight, shine:
Allah created the grape for man,
Jamshid altered the grape into wine.

Jamshid loved the grapes of Shiraz,
Hated the winter which swept them away;
Vessels an hundred, of bunches ripe,
In the vaults of his palace he bade them lay:
Those he will eat in the time of the frost.
Lo! when he opened one,—*Al, bu chist!*
Sour to the nostril, and sharp to the tongue,
Jamshid he spat, and he swore, and pished.

That was the working away of the must!
When the season of ferment was o'er
Grape-juice grew mellowed to nectarous stuff;
Noble liquor hid there, in store!
"Mark it as poison," the Sultan said:
"Zahr" they wrote on those jars despoised.
Nobody dreamed what the days had done,
Changing the grapes into wine well prized.

Jamshid's Queen had a turn of the blues,—
Maddened to frenzy for something amiss—
A frown from her lord, or a dead gazelle,
Or a ruby dropped, or a rival's kiss.
Wandering lorn those vessels she spied;
Read, in the Persian, "poison" there;
One beaker drained—two heakers—and then
Straightened her robe to die, severe.

Nay—and another! Death seems so sweet
Quaffed in that dark and delicious draught!—

What's fallen the Princess? Her woes have fled!
Joyous, at evils of life she laughed!
Bright were her eyes as the planets of night;
Her breast as calm as a Rose unshed;
But twice on the hem of her golden gown
Her white feet tripped as she went to bed.

Comes, in the morning, great Jamshid;
Sees by his Queen a painted pitcher,
A jeweled cup;—her tantrums gone!
What hath the midnight wrought to bewitch her?
Never more lovely her face—more sweet
Her tulip cheeks and lips—as she said:
"Lord of the World! I drank the 'poison,'
Wishing and willing thy slave were dead."

"But 'tis Zahr-i-Khush! 'Tis the Water of Heaven!
'Tis energy, ecstasy, life made anew!
A fresh blood swims in my veins; soft madness
Gladdens me,—all from thy magical brew!"
Then Jamshid filled,—and Jamshid tasted;
And the golden wonder ran through the King.
As Rukhnad glides and slides and sparkles
With ripples which joy and refreshment bring.

And there issued decree to summon a Court,
And, in midst of the highest, to set the Wine:
And Princes, and Captains, and gray-headed Mirs
Drank, all day long, of that drink divine,—
Drank, and were merry, and let cares go;
While the ladies sipped too, in their latticed bowers.
And that is how good wine came to be known
In Jamshid's reign, to this Land of ours.

—Sir Edwin Arnold in December Harper's Magazine.

Seven years ago Bernard Brewster, of Grafton, W. Va., established a library in that town and equipped it with a thousand hooks, and in order to make them more durable the donor had the volumes bound in thin sheet-iron covers. The latest report of the librarian shows that all the hooks are still in good condition, notwithstanding the fact that each has passed through the hands of three hundred and fifty readers, and not one penny has been spent for repairing the bindings.

MANILA ABSORBS AMERICAN GOLD.

Paymaster McClure on Philippine Finances.

Major Charles McClure, who was chief-paymaster on the staff of General Otis, went out to Manila with General Merritt, and after his arrival there handled over eleven millions of dollars in government money, which means double that amount in the coin of the islands. He is now in this city and in a recent interview gave the San Francisco *Call* a thorough account of the financial situation in the Philippines.

American gold was always eagerly accepted by the Manila banks and by the tradesmen, but they were somewhat shy of the American silver money. At first they would not pay the premium, and it was only when it was proved to them that the value of the silver dollar lay not in the metal of which it was made but in the stamp it bore that they would take it at the same rate as gold. The hanks in the islands and in Hong Kong are all run on a silver basis, and that, too, caused endless trouble. The hanks would accept gold from the officers and men, but they would accept it on a silver basis, and when it came to drawing money out, if the depositors wished to have gold they had to pay from six to eight per cent. premium for it. It was so with every deposit. A determined effort was made to have it so the officers and men of the army could deposit their gold in the hanks and draw it out again; but the hanks would not agree to any such arrangement. They were working on a silver basis, they said, and any one who wanted gold would have to pay for it. This state of affairs led to the establishment of a safe deposit by the paymaster's department. A strong room was built in the city of Manila, and any officer or man who wished could leave his money and his valuables there. At one time there were nearly one thousand depositors. Each man's money or valuables were tied up in a little canvas bag, and whenever he drew any out he had to make a note of the fact on a tag attached to the bag.

As a matter of fact, whenever the hanks got hold of any of the army gold it was shipped out of the country at once. Major McClure made a deposit of nearly \$250,000 on one occasion, and when he went back after it a few days later, \$20,000 had been sent to Hong Kong and \$150,000 had been sent to London. He drew out the remainder. Exchange on America and England is rather high in the islands, and drafts on the sub-treasuries in this country were correspondingly valuable—first, because they were as good as exchange and could be secured for nothing; and second, because there need be no advice from the sub-treasuries as to whether or not there is money to pay the drafts. In the ordinary course of events, if a draft he presented to a bank in Manila, as is the case anywhere else, the first thing the bank must do is to ascertain if the man presenting the draft has money to pay it in the bank upon which the draft is drawn. It costs money to telegraph from Manila, however, so it becomes an expensive operation. But in the case of a draft on the United States Treasury, no such advice as that need he sought, so when Major McClure wanted any funds the hanks in Manila were more than anxious to accept his draft on the Treasury. At one time the premium was as high as \$2.08, but it did not remain at that. Major McClure figured that by not having to telegraph for advice, and by using the drafts as exchange, thereby not having to have the gold the drafts represented sent out to them with a delay of perhaps three months, the hanks saved enough to more than pay them without having to shave the premium on the soldiers' pay.

The hanking business with the soldiers was materially decreased by a permission Major McClure secured before he left for the islands. Foreseeing that a great many of the men would send home much of their pay, he secured permission to pay such men as would accept them in checks. In that way the paymaster's department saved over \$4,000,000, which was paid in checks, leaving the gold they represented to be used in other ways. It was no uncommon thing for a captain to come to the paymaster with a list of men all living in the same town and drawing their pay in a lump sum. This check would be mailed to some hank in the town with a list of the amounts and to whom they should be paid; and all it cost was the postage and one-quarter of one per cent. for insurance. Thousands of dollars were sent home in this way.

At first gold notes were not welcome, but soon they went through the same course as had the silver dollars. As soon as it became known that their redemption value was fully as good as gold and it was realized they could be shipped not by freight but by mail, there was a rush for them, and the banks gathered them in. It was the intention to put them in circulation in the islands, and by letting them mingle with the currency of the country, gradually to bring the financial system round to what it is in this country, and have business transacted with the American standard as the basis. With this object in view, \$500,000 in gold notes was sent out as a venture. The Eastern soldiers, being used to paper money, were glad to get them. Then the hanks, finding they were just the thing for shipments of coin, went after them, and before long the \$500,000 in gold notes had disappeared. The greater part of it had been sent out of the country. Since then there have been other amounts floated at different times, and now they have secured a foothold.

There is perhaps not more than \$1,100,000 in native money in circulation in the islands. Most of it is debased silver coined in Spain and sent out to the islands. There is some native money, coined in Manila, and the Filipino Española Bank had the right to issue notes. Besides, there is the Mexican money. Everything down there is on a silver basis. Gold is at a premium of from six to eight per cent., but it is not kept in the country. It is shipped out to England as soon as it is taken in. Of our own money there is now in circulation over \$3,000,000 in specie and paper. The hanks are all paying the full premium of \$1.06, and the natives are becoming used to it.

THE STROLLERS' SHOW.

A New York Club of Amateur Actors Presents "The Lady from Chicago"—A Western Millionaire's Assault on the Four Hundred.

In spite of the defection of the Duke of Manchester, of whose forthcoming appearance on the amateur stage I wrote you a fortnight or so ago, The Strollers produced their Christmas theatricals at the Waldorf-Astoria on Monday night, and the affair was a great success in many ways. The house was jammed with an audience which, though heterogeneous, unquestionably contained a predominance of fashionable people, the performance was received with more and warmer applause than can be accounted for by mere friendly interest in the performers, and the indications are that by the end of the week a very handsome sum will have been taken in for division, after the expenses have been apportioned, among the charities named as beneficiaries.

The Strollers, as I wrote in my recent letters, is a club of amateur actors, with a few members from the ranks of the professionals, and many, who might be considered contributing members, from other walks in life. It is an outgrowth of a club formed in Columbia College a decade and more ago, and its particular office now is to bring together society and the stage. This it does in its little club-house, a suite of portrait-hung rooms over a chop-house, near Broadway. It has frequent jollifications and shows for men only, and once a year it gives a "Ladies' Day," when fashionable women rub elbows with men they have only seen across the foot-lights before, and take tea poured for them by women of the stage. The last such affair was a tremendous crush, being given at the Waldorf, instead of in the club-rooms, and the reason for the large invitation-list was apparent a few days later in the announcement that the club was preparing its "Christmas theatricals" for the benefit of various charities. The tickets were expensive, but the hundreds who had accepted the club's hospitality felt bound to attend the show.

This was a musical comedy entitled "The Lady from Chicago," written and composed by members. So many had a hand in the pie that one might well think each man in the cast had written his own lines. The lady from Chicago is Mrs. Zigger, whose husband has made his pile as president of the Peanut Trust. She is determined to assault New York society, with her two pretty daughters, Imogene Michigan and Peachy, and her "sporty" son, Auditorium Lakefront Zigger. Mr. Livingston, of New York, is the leading male part, enacted and presumably written by Edward Fales Coward, the dean of The Strollers, and the other characters are an actress, a Spanish dancing-girl, two French counts, a negro porter and his "baby," another negro wench, a dive waiter, a "professor" who operates on the piano, and sundry others. The whole thing was dovetailed together by J. Cheever Goodwin, known to fame as the original author of "Evangeline"—the burlesque, not the poem—and the adapter of the libretto of "Erminie."

The first scene takes place on the train from Chicago. There, Mr. Livingston, who is traveling on a wager that he can cross the continent without spending a cent or disclosing his identity, makes the acquaintance of the Ziggers, and promises to aid them in their social aspirations. The next act is at a reception at the Waldorf-Astoria, where Livingston presents to the Ziggers a lot of chorus-girls masquerading as such lights of the Four Hundred as Mrs. Central Park West, Mrs. Dewey Arch, and so on. The men are Livingston's club friends, and Mrs. Zigger, surprised that there are no "pairs," is informed that in New York husbands and wives are never seen together. There is a lot of fun made in this scene over Mrs. Zigger's *gaucheries* and the "breaks" of the chorus-girls. The decorations of the Waldorf-Astoria in this scene have been done over to suit Mrs. Zigger's occidental taste, and are quite remarkable. Conventional pigs adorn the walls, and on a central panel is the Zigger coat of arms—a pig rampant and a prancing steer supporting a field that resembles the cattle-yards, surmounted by money-bags, with the mottoes "Money Talks" and "The Pen is Mightier than the Sword."

The scene now shifts to the Lobster, a resort in the tenderloin, whither Livingston's friend, Van Rensselaer, being of an economical turn, has invited the visitors. Here the various members of the company do "turns" of greater or less merit. The Gas-House Quartet sing part-songs, there are rag-time melodies and a cake-walk, the waiter "obliges" with a solo in true dive style, and the curtain falls on a pandemonium of clubmen, pirouetting *soubrettes*, coons with razors, and old Zigger in the midst, uproariously waving a bottle in each hand. There were a lot of clever specialties in this act, but the *finale* was pretty strong for an amateur show. The only professional in the cast, be it understood, is Carrie Perkins, a former Casino favorite, who has the part of Mrs. Zigger, and puts a lot of snap into it.

The last act takes place at the Waldorf-Astoria again, where Mrs. Zigger gives a masquerade ball, doubtless intended to burlesque the one that made Mrs. Bradley-Martin famous. In this act Mrs. Zigger is arrayed with unparalleled gorgeousness, and leads in leash a young pig, whose squeals add to the general hilarity. Her unique phrase of introduction, "Everybody know each," sets the ball rolling, and a burlesque minuet is danced. Then comes the only pretty thing in the entertainment, a Spanish dance by Miss Emily Kay Hoffman. She is a beauty of a brunette type, and her handsome costume set off a perfect figure, the lines of which were lavishly revealed in her sinuous swaying and gyrations. It was abundantly good enough for the professional stage, but, coming from an amateur, it made some of the dowagers lift their eyebrows. Miss Hoffman got half a dozen encores. Presently the plot was resumed long enough for Livingston to rehabilitate the Zigger fortunes—the old man had been trying his luck in Wall Street—by returning a lifting loan of a million he had borrowed from Auditorium, and for Livingston and Van Rensselaer to win the Zigger

girls, to the discomfiture of the two French counts, and the curtain fell on a joyous stage—and a somewhat tired audience, for it was long after midnight.

The beneficiaries of the performances, which continue through Saturday night, are the orthopaedic ward of the Post-Graduate Hospital, the Phoebe Guild, the West Side Day Nursery, St. Andrew's Convalescent Hospital, one performance each, and the building fund of The Strollers, three performances. The three dates set aside for the last-named beneficiary are the first night, Friday night, and Saturday afternoon, probably the most lucrative of the season. The expenses will come to ten thousand dollars, it is estimated, and the receipts at two and three dollars a seat may reach twice that sum. The hospitals will thus get something, and The Strollers will have feathered their nest. How noble a thing it is to labor for sweet charity's sake.

NEW YORK, December 14, 1899.

Some surprise is manifested at the meagre results from the heavy guns of the Boers besieging Ladysmith. The proportion of cases in which artillery men are able, in the excitement of battle, to burst shells in exactly the right position in front of a line of battle to do much execution is very small, even at a range of only one mile. At a distance of two miles or more the risk to the men in a moving skirmish line is hardly entitled to the classification of "extra hazardous" by the insurance underwriters. The execution done by the artillery in battles is usually greatly overrated. During our Civil War, out of 245,790 shot wounds, 14,032 were caused by artillery, viz., 350 by solid shot, 12,520 by fragments of shells, etc., and 1,153 by grape and canister. The recent improvements in small arms have given them a useful range about as great as the cannon. By the useful range is meant, not the greatest distance to which a projectile can be thrown, so as to do at an expense of ten dollars a damage of one dollar to the enemy, but the distance at which the shot can be made effective against small groups of single individuals. Just before Pickett's celebrated charge at Gettysburg the Confederates opened upon our line with about 150 pieces of artillery, which were immediately answered by an equal number on our side, but among the 20,995 Union and Confederate wounded left on this battlefield there were only 204 wounds caused by artillery. In numerous other instances the results were apparently about the same.

Major-General Henry W. Lawton, U. S. V., was killed in a battle on the bank of the San Mateo River, in Luzon, Monday, December 18th. He was standing in an exposed position, watching the advance of two battalions of infantry under Lieutenant-Colonel Sargent, when the bullet struck him in the breast, and he fell without a word. General Lawton was an Ohio man, who served in thirty-seven battles of the Civil War and won the eagles of a colonel. He was also given a medal of honor by Congress for acts of special bravery. In 1886, after his reenlistment, he captured the noted Apache chief and desperado, Geronimo, in the Terrace Mountains, Mexico, after a chase of three months. At the opening of the war with Spain, the President appointed him brigadier-general of volunteers, and assigned him to the Fifth Army Corps, commanded by General Shafter. After service in Cuba at Caney and Santiago, he sailed for the Philippines, and his victories in the islands are matters of recent history. For the capture of San Isidro he received the special thanks of the President. General Lawton was married in Louisville, Ky., in 1881 to Miss Mary Craig, and his wife and four children survive him. Since 1894 the home of the family had been in Redlands, this State, until last January, when they went to Manila to join the husband and father.

Mr. Dooley, like others, has been puzzled by the South African dispatches. He thinks they are written by an "English pote," one of whose tales of battle Mr. Dooley thus gives: "Las' night at eight o'clock," he says, "we found our slendher but intrepid ar-rmy surrounded by wan hundhred thousan' Boers," he says. "We attacked thim with gr-reat fury," he says, "pursuin' thim up th' almost inaccessible mountain-side an' capturin' eight guns, which we didn't want, so we giveth thim back to thim, with several iv our own," he says. "Th' Boers retreated," he says, "pursued by th' Davitt Terrors, who cut their way through th' fugitives with awful slaughter," he says. "They have now," he says, "pinethrated as far as Pretoria," he says, "th' officers arrivin' in first-class carriages an' th' men in thrucks," he says, "an' ar-re camped in th' bettin'-shed, where they ar-re afforded ivry attintion be th' vanquished inimy," he says. "As fr us," he says, "we decided, afther th' victhry, to light out fr Ladysmith," he says. "Th' inimy had similar intintions," he says, "but their skill has been vastly overrated," he says. "We bate thim," he says—"we bate thim be thirty miles," he says."

The mournful annual summary of the disasters to the Gloucester fishing fleet has just been published. The number of vessels lost last year was fifteen, having a value of \$79,750, with an insurance of \$64,201. Sixty lives have been added to the great total accumulated during past years, thirty-two by actual wreck, the remainder either washed overboard or drowned while hauling trawls. Every year the number of sad-eyed women who walk the streets of Gloucester in black increases, and every year seamen's wives and children flock to the wharves when a fishing schooner comes into that beautiful harbor to see whether its flag is at half-mast. And yet every year there is no dearth of captains courageous and sailors courageous to risk the dangers of the Grand Banks.

It took a bid of \$55,000 to secure the privilege of letting out seats for the Paris exhibition of 1900. For the 1889 exhibition the successful bid for the monopoly was \$7,800.

OLD FAVORITES.

A Wedding Under the Directory.

In the French Republic, second year,
About the first of May,
(It was Germinal, they say,)
A wedding party went on their way
Under the newly-huddled trees
In the Garden of the Tuileries,
That was crowded far and near;
And old, and young,
They chatted, and sung,
For the wind was mild, and the weather was clear.

This newly wedded groom and bride
Strolled slowly homeward side by side,
He holding her reticule and fan,
And counting himself a happy man;
She thinking herself a happy wife,
And Buddal the brightest season of life.
Oh, she was fair in her long white dress
Of silk or satin—who cares which now?
With her yellow curls low down on her brow,
Under her flowing bridal veil,
That made her look just a trifle pale—
Pure as the rose-hud in her breast—
(Ah, little bird, to have such a nest!)

A picture of perfect loveliness!

What do you think of your Aucassin,
O beautiful Nicolette?
He is brave without, and good within,
And he will never forget!
Life is rosy with him to-day,
As he struts along with your big houquet,
And his jaunty hat—no cockade there!
(Does he think of the 13th Vendémiaire?
No, he lives, so he was away,
Or was not in the Rue St. Honoré!)
Do you guess what songs are singing within
The half-turned head of your Aucassin?
Hearken, and you will hear
In your inner ear:
"Ma mie,
Ma douce amie,
Reponds a mes amours,
Fidèle
A cette belle
Je l'aimerai toujours."

What do you think of your Nicolette,
O Citizen Aucassin?
Without, a coy rose-hud coquette,
She's as chaste as a lily within!
The sprays above her are not so sweet,
Nor the day so debonaire,
As she with her delicate, noiseless feet
Tripping from stair to stair.
You lucky fellow, you have on your arm
A loving, confiding, perfect charm!
"Tra-la! tra-la!" her light heart goes
As she trips and skips on the tip of her toes.
Her slippers were made by Bourdon; her hair
Was dressed by Léonard—Peste! Why do you smile?
I know his style.
And, as Buffon says, the style is the man,
The Citizenne's is a la Persane.
Do you know what pretty chansonnette
Runs through the head of your Nicolette?
"Je le veux; car c'est la raison
Que je sois maître en ma maison."
(That elderly person looking this way
Wrote that *vieille ronde gauloise*—Beaumarchais!
He is lifting his hat. "Merci, M'sieu.")
Such is the song she is singing to you;
But deeper down, where her feelings are,
She is crooning the dirge of the Queen of Navarre,
(See that she does it never!)
"Je n'ay plus ny pere, ny mere,
Ny saeur, ny frere."
Here she sighs,
And looks in your eyes,
And hopes you will love her forever!

What do you think of the happy pair,
O saucy, pert Dorine?
You only think that you are fair,
And you know you love to be seen.
You have no heart, but plenty of art,
And you flatter yourself that you are smart—
Don't be so quick,
It is my vile English—"Tu est chic!"
You are wearing a love of a hat, Dorine,
And what dainty satin shoes!
Whose miniature is that, Dorine,
On your little white neck?
Do you run at his beck?
But remember you still have something to lose;
She heeds me not—she is lost, not won,
And is singing a song of Villon:
"Dites moy, ou ne en quel pays
Est Flora la belle Romaine,
Archipiada, ne Thais
Qui fut sa cousine germaine?"

(HE SINGS.)

"Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine;
Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre,
Ne sait quand reviendra."
And Nicolette hummed the refrain,
And Dorine went "Tra-la-la."

(HIS FRIEND WARNS HIM.)

"What are you doing, and why so gay,
Georges Cadoudal? A word in your ear.
Barras and Carnot have seen you here,
Mon cher camarade at Savenay!
O General Cadoudal, fly with your wife!
Madame, heesech him to save his life!
I warn you, ami, have nothing to do
With Pichegru;
For he is rash as you are brave,
Or you will fall in the Place de Grève
Riddled with bullets." "We'll change the strain,"
Said Cadoudal, with a new refrain:
'General Cadoudal est mort,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine;
General Cadoudal est mort,
Est mort et enterre."
"Fi donc," Dorine said. "Mais il est fort."
—And he was, on that terrible day.
—Richard Henry Stoddard.

The French people have erected at Chalon-sur-Saône a beautiful and costly monument to François Chabas, the eminent Egyptologist, who, when he began to publish his works, was a wine merchant. Curiously enough, this authority on things Egyptian never visited Egypt. His only excursion abroad was to the museums of Italy, where he remained a few weeks in 1869.

A BRIEF DREAM OF EMPIRE.

The Mirage That Napoleon the Third Saw in the West—Mexico and France—Arrival of Maximilian and the Empress—The Tragedy of Querétaro.

In Sarah Yorke Stevenson's book, "Maximilian in Mexico," the reader is offered graphic views of many important events in the French Intervention of 1862-67, and portraits of the leading figures, drawn by one who saw and understood them. The author of these reminiscences was at school in France when the idea of Mexican conquest seized Napoleon the Third, and her description of the false enthusiasm in some circles when the movement was fairly under way is drawn from her own experiences.

It was an alluring prospect that the French monarch wrought out of his imagination:

When the Mexican empire was planned our Civil War had been raging for nearly two years. From the standpoint of the French rulers, the moment seemed auspicious for France to interfere in American affairs. The establishment of a great Latin empire, founded under French protection and developed in the interest of France, which must necessarily derive the principal benefit of the stupendous wealth which Mexico held ready to pour into the lap of French capitalists—of an empire which in the West might put a limit to the supremacy of the United States, as well as counterbalance the British supremacy in the East, thus opposing a formidable check to the encroachments of the Anglo-Saxon race in the interest of the Latin nations—such was Napoleon's plan, and I have been told by one who was close to the imperial family at that time that the emperor himself fondly regarded it as "the conception of his reign." . . . He saw across the seas the mirage of a great Latin empire in the West, and beheld the muse of history inscribing his name beside that of his great kinsman as the restorer of the political and commercial equilibrium of the world, as well as the benefactor who had thrown Eldorado open to civilization. With the faith of ignorance, he proposed to share with an Austrian archduke these imaginary possessions, and to lay for him, as was popularly said in 1862-63, "a bed of roses in a gold-mine." Unmindful of warnings, he pushed onward for two years, apparently incapable of grasping the fact that the mirage was receding before him; and finally found his fool's errand saved from ridicule only by the holocaust of many lives, and raised to dignity only by the tragedy of Querétaro.

The alliance formed by Great Britain, France, and Spain to protect the interests of investors in Mexican bonds, payment upon which had been suspended, was not continued in good faith. The French troops, in greater number than agreed upon by the allies, soon after landing upon Mexican soil, pressed forward toward the capital. The first important battle came at Cerro de Guadalupe, May 5, 1862, when the French under General de Lorencez were repulsed with great loss by the Mexican forces commanded by General Zaragoza:

This day is proudly recorded in the Mexican annals as the "Cinco de Mayo." The historic importance of a battle is not always to be measured by the numbers of the contending forces, and although its far-reaching significance was at the time scarcely understood, this check must ever be remembered by future historians as the first serious blow struck by fortune at Napoleon the Third and his fated empire. The honor of France was now involved and must be vindicated. There was no receding upon the dangerous path. No French sovereign could dare to withdraw without avenging the first check met with by the French army since Waterloo, and thus was the emperor rushed on to fulfill his own destiny. To-day the fire from the fort of Guadalupe casts a flash of lurid light upon the beginning of *la débacle*, and upon the last chapters written at Sedan. During the whole of that fatal day the doomed men marched, as they were ordered to march, upon the Mexican battery. They hopelessly fought, and died heroically; and when night came they beat an orderly retreat, carrying away with them most of their wounded.

But the Mexican troops were in no condition to resist the invaders, and a little more than a year later the City of Mexico was invested, Juarez being forced to retire. Another year went by and the Archduke Maximilian, of Austria, chosen for the throne under the terms of an agreement between a selected junta of Mexicans and the French monarch, landed at Vera Cruz with the Archduchess Charlotte, and proceeded to the capital to take the reins of power:

The new sovereigns might well imagine that they were the elect of the people when, followed by a multitude of Indians, they entered the capital. It was under the scorching rays of a hot June sun that they made their formal entry into the city of Montezuma. Never had such a sight been seen since the days of the Aztecs. The lavish ingenuity of the French—eager, for obvious reasons, to make the occasion a telling one—vied with the interested patriotism of the clerical party to excite the enthusiasm of the people, and to produce an impression upon the Austrian travelers. "Triumphal arches of verdure, draped with flags and patriotic devices, were raised along the principal avenues leading to the Plaza Mayor and to the palace. As far as the eye could reach, the festively decked windows, the streets, and the flat roofs of the houses were crowded with people eager to catch a glimpse of the sovereigns. As they slowly approached in the official landau, the new crowd was so dense as to be with difficulty held back.

At first all went merrily:

Indeed, an *entente cordiale* between the population of Mexico and the French army was rapidly established. In a few days the place assumed an unwonted aspect of cheerfulness and festivity. The French officers, who for over a year past had led a life of hardship, were now bent on pleasure. They fell gracefully into the Mexican mode of life, and took kindly to the *havanera*, the bull-fights, the *paseo*, and the style of flirtation preferred by the Mexican women. For this they soon coined a French word, *novioteage*, and thus expressed the semi-platonic love-making of indefinite duration and undefined limits which with the Mexicans usually culminates in marriage, after a prolonged term of years, but which with foreigners seldom culminated at all for lack of time. They "played the hear," and ogled their chosen one from the street or at the Alameda, or followed her carriage on horseback at the *paseo*, according to the most approved Mexican methods; and in exchange for small favors received they cast a glow of sparkling cheerfulness upon the dull city of Montezuma.

There were some misadventures in the ceremonious gatherings:

It was at first difficult to establish among the republican Mexicans the rigid etiquette of the Austrian court, and some unsuccessful attempts to do so were fruitful of heartaches on both sides. For instance, when Señora Salas, the wife of the regent, was first introduced to her young sovereign, the poor little old lady amicably advanced, prepared to give her the national *abrazo*—a graceful greeting which closely simulates an embrace. In Mexico its significance in good society was very much that of a shake of the hand with us. Much to her consternation, the tall empress stepped back and drew herself up to her full height at what she regarded an undue liberty, while tears of indignation came into her eyes. Whereupon the poor *señora* was dissolved in tears, and the incident came near to disturbing the good feeling that every one hoped might at once be established between the sovereigns and their Mexican court.

Few could have seen in the radiance of the morning of the empire any indication of the storms approaching:

The glitter of all this court life, the revival of trade, the abundance of money so freely brought and spent in the country, dazzled the

people, and a golden dust was thrown into the eyes of all, which for a brief period prevented them from seeing the true drift of political events. Indeed, the brilliancy of the scene was not entirely due to flash-light. The revenues derived from the customs of Tampico and Vera Cruz were at this time materially increasing. . . . The mirage that had lured Napoleon to these perilous shores now appeared materially nearer, and its outlines seemed more vivid and attractive than ever before. But if it was an easy matter to create an empire as the result of an armed invasion of an unwilling land, it was quite another thing to organize it upon a permanent basis. As Prince Napoleon—famously known as "Plon-Plon"—very wittily remarked later, "One can do anything with bayonets, except sit upon them." For over two years Napoleon the Third endeavored to make Maximilian perform the latter feat—with what result we all know only too well.

At no time were the Mexicans generally disposed to accept the new order of affairs. There were continued attacks upon the French, and the leaders were never idle:

But a far more serious danger was threatening the empire in the north. On April 9, 1865, General Lee surrendered to the federal army. The Civil War in the United States was at an end, and the French were beginning to understand that the northern republic, whose unbroken unity stood strengthened, could no longer remain a passive spectator of the struggle taking place at its frontier. . . . A rumor reached us that President Juarez had succeeded in raising a loan in the United States. The ranks of the Liberal army were receiving important reinforcements from the officers and men of General Bank's command, who passed the border in large numbers to take part in the attack of General Cortinas at Matamoros.

Maximilian had demonstrated his incapacity and alienated Rome by his measures. The French monarch realized that that he could not keep up his military investment, and prepared to desert his *protégé*:

During the winter of 1866 Napoleon the Third sent Baron Sallard upon a special mission to prepare Maximilian for the gradual withdrawal of the French army, and to intimate to him that he must not depend upon a continuance of present conditions. The envoy, however, failed to make upon the prince the impression which it was intended that he should make. Maximilian received him only twice, and rather resented his warnings. His visit only added to the coldness of the young emperor's relations with the French.

Disasters followed in rapid succession:

In July, 1866, Tampico and Monterey were, like Matamoros, lost to the Imperialists. The revenue derived from the port of Tampico thereby ceased altogether and went to strengthen the national party. This event caused a painful shock. To us in Mexico there was no concealing the fact that the knell of the Mexican empire had struck. Maximilian must fall. How? was the only question.

The devoted consort of the ill-fated Maximilian planned an expedition in his aid:

And now the only hope of the empire rested upon the power of Empress Charlotte to induce the courts of Austria, Belgium, Rome, and especially the court of France, to grant a reprieve to the tottering empire by lending it further support. To defray the expenses of her journey, thirty thousand dollars were taken from an emergency fund held sacred for the dikes which defend Mexico against the ever-threatening floods from the lakes, the level of which is higher than that of the city.

Soon after the departure of the empress, Maximilian found his position in the capital untenable:

On October 2, 1866, Maximilian, Señor Arroyo, Father Fischer, Dr. Basch, and Counselor Hertzelt, under the escort of Colonel Kodolitch and his Austro-Hungarian regiment, started from Chapultepec at three o'clock in the morning. There was no doubt in any one's mind that his departure for Orizaba was the first relay in the emperor's journey to the coast. . . . Whatever his dreams may have been, the reality was pitiful. The gliding thimble spread over the Mexican crown had worn off; the glitter had disappeared. The treasury was empty, courtiers were now few, and the successor of the Montezumas, the descendant of the Hapsburgs, the popular archduke, the Austrian admiral, was now reduced to the intimacy of a corrupt adventurer in priestly garb who had stolen into his confidence upon the shortest acquaintance.

The story of his capture has been told many times, but it is still a matter of surprise that Maximilian did not realize that his life was in danger until the last:

Brought up for trial on June 13th before a military tribunal composed of six captains and one lieutenant-colonel, which held its court on the stage of a public theatre, he was ably defended by Mexico's ablest lawyers, Messrs. Mariano Riva-Palacio, Martinez de la Torre, Eulalio Ortega, and Jesus Maria Vazquez; but his doom was already sealed. On June 14th, at eleven o'clock at night, he was sentenced to death. Every effort was made by his lawyers and by the foreign representatives whom he had summoned to his side to obtain from the republican government a mitigation of the sentence. The Queen of England, the Government of the United States, begged for mercy. Baron Magnus, Baron Lago, and M. de Hoorickx, in the names of the European monarchs allied to the prince by ties of relationship, moved heaven and earth to influence the president. Princess Salm-Salm cleverly used every means in a woman's power to accomplish the same end. In vain.

The imperial prisoner had no legal defense:

When Maximilian remained to carry on the civil war on factional lines, after the French, recognizing their mistake, had retired from the country, he placed himself, if taken, within the reach of the law. The people were then rising in arms, ready to drive out the empire. By his own act he deprived himself of the only excuse which he could logically offer for his presence in the country, namely, that in good faith he had accepted a crown offered him by what might be regarded as the suffrage of the nation, under conditions with the creating of which he had nothing to do.

A false report came to sadden the dethroned emperor in his last days:

On June 15th, tidings of the Empress Charlotte's death reached Querétaro. General Mejia, who was the first to hear it, broke it to Maximilian. While it stirred the very depths of his nature, this false information proved a help to him in his last moments. The bitterness of leaving his unfortunate wife in her helpless condition was thus spared him. "One tie less to bind me to the world," he said.

The last scene in the tragedy was one not easily to be forgotten:

Followed by Generals Miramon and Mejia, Maximilian walked toward the open square, where an adobe wall had been erected, against which they were expected to stand. About to take his position in the middle, Maximilian stopped, and, turning to General Miramon, said: "A brave soldier should be honored even in his last hour; permit me to give you the place of honor"; and he made way for him. An officer and seven men had been detailed to do the deadly work. The prince gave each of the soldiers a piece of gold, asking them to aim carefully at his heart; and taking off his hat, he said: "Mexicans, may my blood be the last to be spilled for the welfare of the country; and if it should be necessary that its sons should shed theirs, may it flow for its good, but never by treason. Long live independence! Long live Mexico!" He then laid his hands on his breast, and looked straight before him. Five shots fired at short range pierced his body; each of them mortal. He fell, and as he still moved, the officer in charge pointed to his heart with his sword, and a soldier stepped forward and fired a last shot.

The book is illustrated with numerous portraits, reproductions of photographs in most instances, and has an appendix containing proclamations and treaties, and a complete index.

Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$2.50.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Admiral Dewey has received from a resident of Atlanta a letter written many years ago by Admiral Farragut, which contains the following sentence: "That young Dewey is a very promising chap."

Mrs. George Gould is organizing some private theatricals for a house-party she is to give at her Lakewood home during the Christmas holidays, and in which she herself is to appear. This will be her first theatrical venture since she closed her professional career at Daly's New York Theatre.

Leslie M. Shaw, who was reflected governor of Iowa by a great majority, is one of the most popular Republicans in the Hawkeye State, and had much to do with making it a sound-money commonwealth. Governor Shaw was chosen president of the monetary commission that met at Indianapolis in January, 1898.

Maitre Lahori, the chief counsel of Captain Dreyfus in his trial at Rennes, has been awarded four hundred dollars in his suit against the *Libre Parole* for casting doubt on the genuineness of the wound received by Lahori at the time of his attempted assassination, and the paper was ordered to insert the verdict in forty Paris papers and two hundred provincial newspapers.

It is said that an inexperienced author once complained to M. Claretie, the manager of the famous Comédie Française, whom M. Le Bary recently accused of incompetency: "M. Claretie, I thought you would have directed the rehearsal of my first act yesterday." "Ah, my dear friend," said Claretie, "I am reserving to myself the pleasure of a surprise on the first night." A director who stores up first-night surprises for himself, instead of laboriously preparing them for the outer world, is certainly something new in the history of the Comédie.

A humorous touch in connection with Lafcadio Hearn's naturalization as a Japanese was the reduction of his professional salary from one hundred and fifty to fifty yen a month. As a foreigner he drew a larger salary than the native instructors; but at the dinner in celebration of his change of nationality the president of the university rose and observed that now that Professor Hearn had become one of them the last insidious distinction would be removed by cutting down his salary. And the American-born professor tried to look as though he enjoyed it.

Queen Victoria's New-Year's gift of chocolate to the brave defenders of the British empire in South Africa will be unique. Having expressed the desire that none but her soldiers and sailors in South Africa should receive the tins, special orders have been issued that no more than the required number shall be manufactured, and when the total number has been made the dies will at once be destroyed. In the centre of the cover of the tin there will be a gilt medallion of the queen, and the design will include the royal monogram in red, white, and blue, and the words, prominently engraved, "South Africa, 1900."

Sir Francis Reginald Wingate, who has crowned his many achievements by destroying the Khalifa, received his lieutenant's commission in the Royal Artillery in July, 1880. He served in the Nile campaign of 1884-5 as acting aide-camp and military secretary to the major-general, and received mention in the dispatches, brevet rank of major, fourth-class of the Medjidie, medal with clasp and Khedive's star. He was engaged in the Sudan frontier operations in 1889, and was again mentioned in the dispatches relating to the battle of Toski. He took part also in the operations of 1891, including the capture of Tokai, and received an additional Egyptian decoration. In Lord Kitchener's last two campaigns he acted as director of military intelligence.

Colonel Duncan H. Hood, son of the famous General Hood of the Confederate army and a graduate of West Point, has cast his fortunes with the South African republic and is now a commissioned officer in the Boer army. When the war between the United States and Spain broke out, he promptly left Columbia College, where he was engaged in the study of mining engineering, and went at once to his native State, Louisiana, where he enlisted in the army. Hood was the first to suggest to President McKinley the idea of immune regiments for service in Cuba, and was called to Washington to discuss the idea. The result was that he was commissioned as colonel of one of the regiments. It happened that this regiment saw no active service in Cuba, and last July, after being mustered out, Colonel Hood returned to New York and resumed his studies, which he again dropped just before the South African war began.

An amusing litigation between Sandow, the strong man, and Mr. Harry Leigh, a professional pianist, was recently brought to a conclusion. Sandow had engaged Mr. Leigh to assist at an exhibition which he was giving at the Empire Theatre in Liverpool. The musician's duty was to impersonate Paderewski, and, after giving a short musical recital, to sit tight on his stool, which was attached to the instrument, while Sandow carried both piano and performer off the platform. This entertainment had been given without mishap during a tour of some length. But on this particular occasion, while the strong man was carrying his double burden off the stage, he shot both the instrument and the artist over his head, smashing the former and injuring the latter. For this untoward incident Mr. Leigh claimed damages, maintaining that at the time when Sandow attempted to do the accustomed feats he was exhausted by several previous displays of his physical prowess. The strong man, on the other hand, vigorously denied this impeachment, and asserted that he had tripped on a crease in the carpet, which it was Mr. Leigh's duty to have removed. After some deliberation the jury returned a verdict in favor of the plaintiff, and awarded him six hundred and twenty-five dollars by way of compensation.

LITERARY NOTES.

A Foot-Ball Epic.

"The Half-Back," by Robert H. Barbour, is aptly described in its sub-title, "a story of school, foot-ball, and golf," but the foot-ball should have come first. The trail of the gridiron is over it all, and school and golf are very subsidiary elements to the tale.

Joel March is the half-back. He has punted a ball about with the hired man on the pasture of his father's stony farm in Maine, and he dreams of becoming a great player. He has earned with his own hands the money to pay for his schooling, and he means to win a scholarship; but foot-ball is his object in life. On his first appearance the raw country lad is unmercifully "guyed," but his athletic prowess soon brings him respect, and in the end his work as half-back wins the game for his college in the great Harvard-Yale contest.

For two years he is at a famous preparatory school in New York State, and for four years at Harvard, and in describing his adventures the best side of American school and college life is shown. There is, of course, the black sheep in the school, and he nearly gets March expelled in revenge for the latter's superseding him on the foot-ball eleven. But for the most part March's associates are clean-living, clean-thinking young fellows, who have a sense of justice unhampered by minor considerations, and give honor where honor is due. Boys will be the better for reading about them, and the book may even inform some parents of the benefits their sons may derive from being sent to such a school as the Hillton Academy.

The author is evidently a confirmed believer in the benefits to be derived from athletic sports in school and college life, and in two discussions between foot-ball players and "digs" he makes out a very strong case for his side of the question. He also gives notable descriptions of three interesting contests, the foot-ball game between Hillton and a rival academy, a golf tournament, and the great intercollegiate game.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

An Irish Parson and an English Beauty.

A. E. W. Mason and Andrew Lang, writing in collaboration, may be expected to produce a remarkable novel, and they certainly have done so in "Parson Kelly." The one is a born spinner of yarns, as those who read "The Courtship of Morrice Buckler" will agree, and Lang is a poet, critic, and historian. In "Parson Kelly" they have taken several historical personages who were concerned in the attempts of the Stewart pretender to wrest the throne of the United Kingdoms from the Elector, and, treating them with a strange mingling of romantic freedom and historical accuracy, have woven out of their experiences a most fascinating tale.

Kelly is an Irishman, who, having allowed his sympathy for the pretender to color too highly his sermons, is unfrocked and thereafter becomes an emissary of the conspirators. In the course of these duties he is thrown much with Lady Oxford—who, the authors are careful to explain in a prefatory note, is not a historical personage—and becomes the victim of that unprincipled voluptuary's whims. At first he is her Strepson and she his Smilinda, while Lord Oxford nurses his gout and wavers on the verge of the conspiracy. But to pay her losses at cards, Smilinda robs Strepson of his entire fortune and then casts him off. And the lover who had preceded him in Lady Oxford's favor sets himself to ruin the parson and the cause for which he works.

It would be impossible here to recount the parson's adventures and hair-breadth escapes, and the ready wit, the audacity, and the marvelous luck by which he avoids irremediable disaster. It is enough to say that the happenings that befall him hold the reader absorbed to the end of the tale, when he has come safely through the snares laid for him by Lady Oxford and her lovers, and is happily wedded to brave little Rose Townley.

Though the action turns on Parson Kelly, the bravest figure in the tale is his stanch friend, the Chevalier Nicholas de Wogan, a rollicking Irish lad who would rather fight than eat, and who, for all his blarney, is as clever at unraveling a plot and returning repartee as any polished courtier. And on the parson's side, too, is Lady Mary Wortley Montagu—doubtless it is to Mr. Lang that we owe the portrait of this brilliant woman—whose verbal passages-at-arms with the profligate beauty are "as good as a play."

Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Pen-Pictures and Poems of the Prairies.

Among the millions who throng the cities and towns of the great Middle-West there are few to whom the experiences related in "Boy Life on the Prairie," by Hamlin Garland, will seem new and strange, and in every centre of population from ocean to ocean there are many who will read the book with the pleasure found in old memories not willingly put away. The volume is made up of chapters in the seemingly dull life of a boy who grows to manhood on a farm in Iowa, but the pen of a poet, and yet a realist, has brought out some of

the rare enjoyments of that phase of existence. The boy of the prairie home had his pleasures, and if his labors began at an early age and were heavy and long in the seasons of sowing and reaping, there was time for rest and recreation when from December to March the frost king forbade toil in the fields.

Mr. Garland writes as one who has seen and pondered all that life holds in rural surroundings, and finds words easily to record his thoughts and impressions. He is more concerned with the truth of his pictures than with their beauty, and he shows the weeds in the grain, but his purpose is of the best. The poems that preface the several chapters breathe the fresh air of the valleys, the hills, and the woodlands, and their music is sweet, if in a minor key.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

Literary Reminiscences of Thirty Years.

The second volume of "American Lands and Letters," by Donald G. Mitchell, carries on the record, which the author closed with Rip Van Winkle in the earlier hook, from Leather-Stocking to Poe's "Raven." In the thirty years covered, the growth of our literature was marked, and the names of many American writers were inscribed on the rolls of fame. Irving and Cooper were not widely known at the beginning of that era, Bancroft, Hawthorne, Emerson, and Longfellow were boys at school, and Poe, with whose death the new record ends, was but an infant. Few of the Americans of distinction in that generation are passed without notice in this volume, though Mr. Mitchell's work is not meant to be a history. It deals in a personal, reminiscent way with the men and women whose influence was felt in the world of letters, and the critical reflections are seldom extended, but always clear and graceful. There is the charm of "Ik Marvel's" reveries about many of these recollections, and with all the play of fancy a wealth of information.

The first chapter of the volume gives glimpses of New York and Philadelphia in 1830, pictures the Round Hill school at Northampton, and tells of the labors of Bancroft and George P. Marsh. A study of Horace Bushnell begins the second chapter, and then there are glimpses of Willis, Simms, J. P. Kennedy, and others. Emerson, Margaret Fuller Ossoli, and Alcott are among those next described and illuminated; and then a chapter is given to Hawthorne and his surroundings at Salem and abroad. Thoreau, Longfellow, Whitier, and Holmes are written of with just appreciation, in spite of the affection which the author felt for them. The closing essay, devoted to Poe, is kindly and yet discriminating.

The publishers have illustrated the volume with a lavishness that makes it doubly precious to all readers. There are many portraits—some of them rare and all distinctive—autographs and specimens of manuscript, views of historic homes, and reproductions of title-pages from first editions.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$2.50.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The Macmillan Company have secured the publishing rights of those of Jane Lane Allen's books which have hitherto been published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers. This gives them the control of the whole of Mr. Allen's works issued up to the present, and makes possible a uniform edition for which the desire has so often been expressed.

Paul Leicester Ford and Mildred Dowling are at work on a dramatization of "Peter Stirling" for Nat Goodwin.

Winston Spencer Churchill's new novel, "Savrola: A Tale of the Revolution in Laurania," will be presented early in 1900. "Savrola" is said to be a dashing tale, told with much force and vigor, which, in scenic effects and development of plot, reminds one of the romances of Anthony Hope.

Caspar Whitney, who for the past ten years has been connected with *Harper's Weekly*, has severed his connection with that publication and will start a monthly magazine devoted to sport, travel, and adventure. Later he expects to follow this with a weekly paper to cover current comment, news, criticism, etc.

Mrs. Mahel Osgood Wright is engaged upon a book for children which she will call "The Dream Fox Story Book," and which the Macmillan Company will publish early in the spring.

Hall Caine has left England to spend the winter in Rome, where he will work on his new novel. It is rumored that Rome may possibly figure in the new volume.

Rudyard Kipling is making his way in Germany. The second part of the "Jungle Book" is announced for early publication by a Leipzig firm in a German translation under the title "Das neue Dschungelbuch."

Some time ago Colonel Higginson had occasion to write to Professor Brander Matthews, and in his letter he quoted Wordsworth's line, "A man he was of cheerful yesterdays and confident to-morrows." At that time Colonel Higginson had in hand his volume which ultimately bore the title "Cheerful Yesterdays," and Wordsworth's line was the explanation of the title to Professor Matthews. The latter at once pounced upon the second part of the

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quotation as a fitting title for a novel he was then preparing, "A Confident To-Morrow."

A biography of Sir Redvers Buller, by Walter Jerrold, has just been published in London, where the subject is styled "The Hero of the Hour."

Mrs. W. A. Dellquest, the wife of the well-known hook-seller at Brockton, Mass., is at work on a book to be entitled "Places and People," in which will be given some interesting descriptions of life in the South.

The Macmillan Company have in preparation an important historical work entitled "Caesar's Conquest in Gaul," by Rice Holmes, author of "A History of the Indian Mutiny."

C. G. D. Roberts, a Canadian novelist who has written several volumes of fiction that have been eagerly perused by the reading public north of the St. Lawrence, has just finished a new romance, which will shortly make its appearance in one of the best-known American periodicals. It is called "The Heart of the Ancient Wood." Louis Frechette, another Canadian writer, is presenting through Charles Scribner's Sons a charming collection of short stories based upon phases of French-Canadian life that are rapidly disappearing under Anglo-Saxon influences. This volume is called "Christmas in French Canada."

Among the notable contributions to the initial number of *Hale's Magazine*, a new San Francisco illustrated monthly, are "The Finger of God," by W. C. Morrow; "Kim Lung, Humorist," by Alice Prescott Smith; a translation of Guy de Maupassant's "Le Petit Fut," by Will King; and verse by Edwin Markham, Joaquin Miller, and Blanche Partington.

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LITERARY NOTES.

A Tale of Stolen Gems.

No story to which the title, "The Brahmins' Treasure," rightfully applies could be wholly without interest. There is a fascination about the loot of Hindoo temples that would carry a pretty poor tale well on toward success, and George A. Henty's "Brahmins' Tale" is not poor in conception. But it is almost spoiled in the telling. The incidents are dramatic enough, but the narrative drags and a more wooden lot of characters could not be found outside of a wax-works show.

The treasure is a bracelet of enormous diamonds that had been stolen from a Brahmin idol and bought from the soldier who stole it by an English colonel. Being a sacred relic, the keepers of the temple are determined to get it back, and to that end shadow the colonel and his heirs for more than twenty years. The colonel dying suddenly, his brother, and later the latter's son, have only a vague clue to the treasure's whereabouts, while the Brahmins have none, and so they guard the possessor of the secret from possible injury until he shall have found the gems.

The hero of the story is the colonel's nephew. His father, a county magistrate, is murdered by an escaped convict whom he had bad transported to the penal colony in Australia; and to hunt down the assassin, the son, Mark Thornydyke, goes up to London and enrolls himself with the detective force, the Bow Street runners. Here he mingles with the young bucks of the town and with the lights of the prize-ring, breaking up a fashionable gambling-bell in the one set and owing his life, when captured by a gang of cut-throats, to the other. He also performs some clever detective work in bringing to justice a notorious highwayman, and in so doing avenges his father's murder.

But in all these adventures Mark arouses only a sluggish sympathy. He is a very wooden young fellow, given to prosy monologues, and one would feel sorry for the girl who is won by his bloodless wooing if she were not herself a very vague and uninteresting young woman.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.50. jahart

The Cuban Insurrection.

Although the completion and publication of Captain George Clarke Musgrave's "Under Three Flags in Cuba" has been delayed again and again, owing to imprisonment and illness, and the work has, therefore, been anticipated by a score of other books dealing with the Cuban campaign, it contains so much new matter on the causes of the war, especially of Weyler's bloody rule, that it will be read with renewed interest. Landing in Cuba a warm sympathizer with Spain, to write upon her military failure for a British service organ, his sympathy was soon aroused for the Cuban patriots, with whom he cast his lot. Later, having been wounded, he managed to reach Havana, only to be immediately imprisoned. Luckily he had nothing incriminating on his person but a tiny rebel pass, which he surreptitiously swallowed, and he was accordingly allowed to go. He returned to the United States to recuperate, and, three weeks later, entered Havana openly by steamer to rest in the city, and witness the situation from the Spanish lines. After the rescue of Evangeline Cisneros, in which he was one of the principal actors, Captain Musgrave rejoined the insurgents, his name having been placed on the proscribed list. When he again ventured into Havana he was arrested, but this time he was not treated so considerably by the Spanish. First he was deported to San Juan, Porto Rico, where Governor-General Maccias, having no wish to get into trouble over one of Blanco's prisoners, refused his landing. Thereupon he was taken to Cadiz, Spain, where, the day before war was declared, he was released upon the demand of the British Government. A few weeks later he sailed from Tampa with our expedition to Cuba, and remained with it until after the fall of Santiago.

Captain Musgrave's descriptions of life in the Cuban, Spanish, and American camps, the sufferings of the *reconcentrados*, an interview with Weyler, and the Battle of San Juan, are especially vivid and picturesque, while his criticism of the work of our army is severe yet unprejudiced. Of Cuba's future, he says in his concluding chapter:

"Revival of industry can not come until the future policy of the government is definitely settled. The intelligent islander to-day desires independence under American protection, and realizes ultimate annexation inevitable. Annexation by force he will resent; with Cuban institutions founded, and the island pronounced free and independent, he will desire the closest ties with the United States, if not admission in some form to the Union."

Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$2.00. jahart

Intensely Modern Wonder Stories.

Among the pleasures the bappy holiday season has brought must be mentioned a square book, with bright yellow cover, bearing the title, "The Lively City o' Ligg," in black, and in carmine the name of the author, Gelett Burgess. All the eccentric humor and art of the earlier compositions by Mr. Burgess are easily overshadowed by the stories and pictures in the new volume, which he has given the sub-title,

"A Cycle of Modern Fairy Tales for City Children."

The houses, the chairs, the pianos, the locomotives, steamboats, carriages, and bicycles, even the bridges and lamp-posts in the City o' Ligg were animate beings, and no less active imagination than that of Mr. Burgess could have followed their adventures and misadventures, and no pencil less free of ordinary conditions could have given such graphic views of extraordinary events. Many of the designs are in colors, adding no little to the peculiar attractions of the book.

Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; price, \$1.50. jahart

Late California Stories by Bret Harte.

In only one of the eight sketches in "Mr. Jack Hamlin's Mediation, and Other Stories," by Bret Harte, does the reader find a name recalling the California stories of earlier days that gave the author wide recognition, and in none of them is there a distinct revival of old-time strength and charm. There are some good situations and motives—"The Man at the Semaphore" contains the best of these—the descriptions are often clear and striking, but there is no sparkle in the draughts they offer. The old theatrical display appears in all of them, but the machinery creaks and the illusion is seldom effective.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25. jahart

New Publications.

All sorts of people and some unconventional situations are to be found in "Deficient Saints," a story of the Pine-Tree State, by Marshall Saunders. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

"The Kindergarten in a Nutshell," a hand-book for the home, by Nora Archibald Smith, is all that the descriptive titles indicate. Published by the Doubleday & McClure Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

Katharine S. Macquoid has written an interesting tale of the France of earlier days, and introduced a willful but winning heroine, in "A Ward of the King." Published by F. M. Buckles & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

A volume of rhymed delights for young folks is "Child Verse," by John B. Tabb. Some of the poems have appeared in juvenile publications, but most of the contents of the volume is new. Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston; price, \$1.00.

As a serial, Mrs. Burton Harrison's novel, "The Anglomaniacs," attracted no little attention, and its popularity continues. This new edition of the story is the first to contain the brilliant illustrations drawn by Dana Gibson. Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

There are many strange adventures on sea and land in "A Queen of Atlantis," by Frank Aubrey, and the tale throughout is embroidered with the romantic fancy of the author, though the interest is well sustained to the end. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.50.

Late issues in the Beacon Biography Series are "Aaron Burr," by Henry Childs Merwin; "John Brown," by Joseph Edgar Chamberlin; and "Frederick Douglass," by Charles W. Chesnut. Each volume has a fine portrait of the subject. Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston; price, 75 cents each.

"The Third Reader of the Rational Method in Reading," a little book intended for instruction, presents a scheme of vowel marking and consonant cancellation that is anything but rational. Its pages would be a terror to any reader and unanswerable enigmas to a child. Published by Silver, Burdett & Co., Boston; price, 48 cents.

"Picturesque Manila," by G. W. Peters, is a picture souvenir, printed in the Philippines, and the first to have that distinction. There are sixty-one views in the book, all of interest, but the half-tone reproductions of photographs have suffered through the lack of facilities for printing them properly. Published by Cbofre & Co., Manila, P. I.

The Becky Sharp edition of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" is not only admirable in print and binding, but is illustrated with many engravings from photographs of scenes in the play dramatized by Langdon Mitchell from the novel and presented by Mrs. Fiske. The frontispiece is a portrait of the actress as Becky Sharp. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$2.50.

Pretty pictures, many of them printed in colors, words, phrases, and stories in Roman characters and in script, simple movement songs, and exercises in stick-laying and paper-folding, are the principal features in "The Baldwin Primer," by May Kirk, a "first book" that can be commended without reservation. Published by the American Book Company, New York; price, 30 cents.

Frank T. Bullen's latest book, "The Log of a Sea-Waif," tells the experiences of a boy who sailed from London and saw many vicissitudes of life in four years of voyages to foreign lands. It is written with all the skill and power shown in Mr. Bullen's earlier works, and will commend itself to

all who would know the real life of a sailor. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

"An Alphabet of Celebrities," by Oliver Herford, presents many curiously assorted and combined portraits of eminent people, accompanied by ingenious nonsense verses describing the pictures. The drawings are cleverly done. Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

A beautiful volume that does all white paper and black ink can do to show the art of the painter-poet, is "Pictures and Poems by Dante Gabriel Rossetti," arranged by FitzRoy Carrington. The photogravures, in spite of their lack of color, show the beauty of Rossetti's paintings, and the poems chosen, with "The Blessed Damsel" at the head, are those most feelingly illuminated. Published by R. H. Russell, New York; price, \$5.00.

Boys and girls who read "The Iron Star," a story by John Preston True, illustrated by Lilian Crawford True—and none will put the book down willingly having once opened it—will follow the fortunes of a mystic heirloom, passed from father to son down through the centuries. From the adventures of Umpil, the cave boy, to the romance of Captain Myles Standish there is an unbroken chain of interest, and much of history is woven into the narrative. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50. jahart

MAGAZINE VERSE.

The Winds.

We move across the morning lake
Soon as the dawns begin,
The evening lamps of gold we break
When the stars are looking in.

We wake with morn, and forth we go,
We follow after day;
Like thoughts we wander to and fro,
Like dreams we pass away.

We help the brightness where it weaves
The hill his glittering crown;
We come among the valley leaves,
They flutter up and down.

We rouse at noon the sleepy reeds,
And they make melody;
We fret the meads, and set the weeds
A-swinging blissfully.

We linger where the roses are
When warmth and light are gone,
We take their sweet, and bear it far
To her whose cheek is wan.

We bring her wilding melody,
Beyond the singer's art;
Sweeter than in the summer tree
It trembles at her heart.

The living meet us, whither led,
We greet them as we blow;
We bend the grasses on the bed
Of them that never know.

They say, who inourn the human lot,
We are as breath of men;
But breath that goes, it cometh not,
We go to come again.

Though there's a falling of the flowers,
A time when no bird sings,
We shed not with the happy hours
The gladness from our wings.

Our breath is on the mountain pine,
Our murmur on the sea;
The burden is of things divine,
Love and eternity.

We rove whence none can ever come,
On hidden paths we fare;
Think not to follow to our home,
All is God's secret there.

—John Vance Cheney in December Harper's.

Death of Robert Duncan Milne.

Robert Duncan Milne, who contributed in years past many stories to the *Argonaut*, was run down by a street-car last Friday morning, and received injuries from which he died the following day.

Mr. Milne was a native of Scotland, and fifty-five years old. He was born in Carlisle House—a baronial castle which had existed before the days of Robert the Bruce—two miles west of Cupar, the county town of Fifeshire. He was the son of the late Rev. George Gordon Milne, M. A., F. R. S. A., for forty years incumbent of St. James's Episcopal Church, Cupar-Fife, and nephew of Duncan James Kay, Esq., of Drampark, J. P., and D. L. of the Stewartry of Kirkcubright. Through this side of his house and by maternal ancestry (through the Breadalbane family) he was descended from King Robert the Bruce.

Mr. Milne was educated at Trinity College, Glenamond, where he gained and held the first scholarship for three years. He also won the Knox prize for Latin verse, open to a number of schools in England and Ireland. As another triumph he gained the Buccleuch gold medal as senior and captain of the school. He then entered the University of Oxford, where he took classical honors in 1864. At Oxford Milne rowed in his college eight and was a member of his college eleven. After receiving his degree he came to this coast, and has since lived in Mexico and California. In San Francisco he has been well known for some years as a writer of verse, fiction, and short stories of unusual merit.

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With nothing new at any theatre, one goes to the Orpheum in sheer desperation. There were two new attractions on the bill—La Sylphe, a French dancer, and Gertrude Rutledge, a prima donna. I am sorry to say that I am not able to give my opinion on the prima donna, as I got there too late to hear her. Gertrude had done her turn and gone her way when I arrived. In offering this apology to her, I hasten to state that it was not my fault, but that of a large and eccentric collection of clocks, not one of which can be induced to keep within an hour's distance of the right time.

When we entered the theatre, the Averages, a pair of colored comedians, were disporting themselves upon the stage. I am always striking the Orpheum during the colored-comedian weeks, and, as far as I can see, each and every pair are exactly the same. I suppose I have seen four or five different couples, but, in this setting, if in no other, all coms look alike to me. My English friend, who again accompanied me, said she thought the lady of the couple "rather vulgar." I explained in a hushed aside that the lady in question was colored, to which my friend retorted in an offended manner, "Of course I can see that." But whether she thought I had reference to the rich coating of pigments with which the performer had decked her face, or simply to the fact that she was not a Caucasian, is a matter upon which I am still undecided.

Harrigan, the tramp-juggler, followed the Averages, and was excellent, one of the best things I have ever seen at the Orpheum. It was in the middle of his performance that a lady and gentleman, who entered late and took the seats beside us, began having an interesting quarrel, which, with the breaks when they made up and the pauses before the next quarrel began, lasted throughout the rest of the evening. From that on the quarrel was so much more obtrusive and occasionally so much more animated than the performance on the stage, that we divided our attention between the two. It lasted at a high pressure through the songs of Hamilton Hill—though many of us turned and stared stonily at the combatants—the play of "Captain Impudence," and the dancing of La Sylphe. In the hope of subduing their noble rage I stared at them so long and so frequently that I could describe them accurately; but that, I suppose, would not be quite fair. Let it suffice to say that the lady was many years older than the gentleman, and that every now and then hostilities ceased and they murmured together affectionately till the next battle was precipitated by an unconsidered remark, generally made by the gentleman.

When "Captain Impudence" began they were silent for fully five minutes, which Mr. Royle may look upon as one of the highest compliments he has ever received. We all knew our time was short, and craned our necks and strained our ears to gather in everything we could while the respite lasted. Then they broke out again and continued, with pauses when Mrs. Royle came on, and when she and the major had their flirtation on the sofa, till the curtain fell. The play, which is very clever and which I had never seen before, seemed to have no power to suppress their flow of language. A man and woman in the seats behind gave up trying to listen and fell back wearily. Some one groaned, and my English friend said, belligerently, "I shall have to be cross with these people," but did not dare to try it.

From what I could hear of "Captain Impudence," I should imagine that in its entirety it must be a very attractive piece. Every now and then I heard a snatch of dialogue that was bright and witty, but there were many aggravating moments when the front rows laughed delightedly, and the back rows giggled joyously, and the gallery roared in concert, and one heard nothing but a conversation somewhat in this style:

"You did."
"I did not."
"It's a lie."
"It isn't—but that is."
"What is?"
"What you say."
"It isn't. Go chase yourself."
"I won't."

And so on, and so forth, *et cetera*, and *da capo*. La Sylphe was, from our point of view, the success of the evening, not so much from superiority of performance as from the fact that her part of the entertainment was not to be interrupted by the war of words. The battle continued to rage, and we could watch La Sylphe in calm indifference—that is, if any one can watch that sort of a performance indifferently. It is not an exhibition of dancing, but of gymnastics. La Sylphe is a contortionist, only

different from most other contortionists in that she appears to be extremely young, and of a surprising, youthful suppleness. She has a little, spare, small-boned figure, a girl's lean, gawky arms and legs, and a small, rather bewitching face, that looks out at the world from a bush of short hair. Her head is always appearing in the most marvelous places, having the air of having been temporarily detached from her body and set, for the time being, on the ground, or under one arm, or between her feet. She falls on the floor in a loose heap, like a dropped dress, and suddenly her head appears, her hair falling away from a breathlessly smiling face, in the middle of the heap, her chin resting at one moment on her clasped hands, at the next on her heels. She is evidently very young, and at times finds it hard to dance and twist, and kick a tamhourine backward over one shoulder, and keep her breath, and maintain the set stage-smile that seems to be as much a part of the ballet as the music or the lights.

Some years ago at the California Theatre I saw Mr. Frederick Warde play Shylock for the first time. The performance showed the arid bareness of a piece of work not yet matured. It was hard, mechanical, and dry; letter-perfect and agreeable, because of its intelligent declamation, but entirely lacking in color and imagination. Now Mr. Warde comes back with quite another Shylock. In the two or three years that have passed, the character has gained depths and raciness. It has taken on, if not the *bizarre* splendors of the terrible and magnificent Jew of Booth, a sober richness of tint, an Oriental warmth, a lurid humanness, where the warring traits of parental love, greed, revengeful malignity, and religious exaltation blend in a composite whole.

Mr. Warde has played one of the great Shakespeare figures with nobility. This was King Lear. Excepting the elder Salvini, I have seen no more satisfying portrayal of this tremendous rôle. He excels in the presentation of what is broadly human, simple, and impassioned. He delights in the dramatically declamatory and the rendition of suffering, sublimely patient under wrong. His work is straightforward, vigorous, without subtlety, but with strong sympathies for what is best. One of his unfortunate defects is that he persists in clinging to the old-fashioned methods of his master, the late John McCullough, who, in his turn, had inherited the traditions of Forrest. Still a young man, as actors go, able to make up so that he can picturesquely portray a youthful, fourteenth-century gallant, he gives some of his best work an antiquated air by resorting to the old ranting, roaring, perspiring, athletic mannerisms of the days when Forrest played "Metanora." In the Shakespeare parts this is almost impossible, and in these—especially King Lear and Shylock—Mr. Warde is at his best.

With the lack of complexity in his temperament and art, Shylock does not suit him so well as the old lion-like king. The cunning malignity of the Jew, the ferocity which wells to the surface in such speeches as that beginning "Señor Antonio, many a time and oft," are alien to his nature, and have not that acrid quality which made the words bite like vitriol. Neither does he give one the idea of the fawning conciliatoriness of the Jew, the cringing humility which, alone, he threw aside like a garment, and, watching his enemy, let his hate distill in slowly dropped words—"How like a fawning publican he looks!" But in the scene with Tubal, where paternal anguish and balked greed wring his heart by turns, he rose to a high plane of dramatic passion. The frenzy of the father despoiled of his daughter was given with fine sympathy for that loftily paternal side which is part and parcel of the meanest Jew. And the touches of sentiment that now and then gleam through the turmoil of his rage were rendered with a sudden softening, full of tender reminiscence—"It was my turquoise; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor."

The company can not be said to be adequate. It is a distinctly poor company. Mr. and Mrs. Brune brighten it up a little, the latter being pretty, young, and evidently ardently ambitious of winning a high place in the legitimate. Her entrance in the court scene was very bad, being a compound of a jaunty swagger and a sort of New Woman stride. The self-confident swish of her advocate's robe looked as if it had been learned on Kearny Street, and if she had just graduated from the law-school at Berkeley she could not have appeared more as if she knew it all and was going to lay down the law to the whole assemblage from the Doge down. One good point possessed by the entire company is their admirable manner of reading the long Shakespearean lines. Their declamation, voices, and manner of delivery were excellent. I do not think I ever before, except in Henry Irving's company, heard Bassanio's lines so musically and intelligently recited as they were by Mr. Brune.

GERALDINE BONNER.

According to a London journal, the number of stamps now current in the world is 13,811. England has 131, her colonies 3,843. The United States has 268 different kinds, the Republic of Salvador 272.

Miss Anna Millar, manager of the Chicago Orchestra, of which Theodore Thomas is conductor, has filed a petition of bankruptcy in the federal court. She estimates her liabilities at \$7,504.54.

STAGE GOSSIP.

"The Christian" at the Columbia.

Hall Caine's much-discussed dramatization of his popular novel, "The Christian," will be produced at the Columbia Theatre on Monday night, and, judging from the advance sale, the limited engagement will be a great success. The play is given in a prologue and four acts. The scene of the prologue is laid in the tilting-ground in the ruins of Peel Castle, Isle of Man, brightened by the romantic atmosphere of that quaint little Manx island. Two years pass. The first act of the play takes place in the saloon of the Colosseum Music-Hall, in London, where Glory Quale has made her debut as a singer; the second in the club-room of St. Mary Magdalene's Church, Soho, where John Storm has become a worker in the slums of the East End of London; the third in Glory Quale's apartments in the Garden House, Clement's Inn, London; and the fourth in the club-room of John Storm's church.

Effie Ellsler heads the cast as Glory Quale, the rôle created by Viola Allen in New York, J. M. Colville will appear as John Storm, Frank Weston will be the Horatio Drake, and Fanchon Campbell, a former favorite of the Frawley Company, impersonates Polly Love. Others in the cast include Frank Lyons, Edward Emery, Caine Lee Steyle, and W. S. St. Clair.

The Tivoli's Christmas Spectacle.

As "Little Bo-Peep," the holiday extravaganza at the Tivoli Opera House, is to be presented this (Saturday) evening, there will be no matinee of "Tar and Tartar" to-day. All the familiar characters known in the nursery rhymes will be found in "Little Bo-Peep," including Little Boy Blue, Tommy Tucker, Jack o' Lantern, Fairy Goodluck, Jack Horner, Mephisto, Baron Baddelotte, Baby Bunting, Miss Muffet, Margery Daw, Old Mother Hubbard, etc. The cast will include Ferris Hartman, Anna Lichter, Annie Meyers, Tom Greene, Alf C. Wheeler, Julie Cotte, Eloise Mortimer, William Schuster, Phil Branson, Ida Wyatt, Cora Harris, Caroline Knowles, Charlotte Beckwith, and Master Jack Robertson. All the latest songs and a number of beautiful ballets and dances will be introduced. The subject of this year's transformation is entitled "Butterflies."

"Cumberland '61."

On Sunday evening, Christmas Eve, the Frawley Company will present Franklyn Fyle's stirring drama, "Cumberland '61." It is not a war play, the civil strife being used merely as a background to the story of a Kentucky feud. The plot deals with two families—the Ainsleys and the Graynes—whose ancestors quarreled over a boundary line, thus creating a vendetta that meant death for one or the other when members of the families met. The first act opens at West Point and the second act is in a church in the Kentucky mountains, where old Ainsley forces his daughter to wed Colonel Murdoch, a profligate army officer, who has had her educated. Her lover, Grayne, having been captured as a spy, is about to be strung up, when the colonel's son, whose mother was an Indian, assists him in escaping. The great scene of the play is where the lover in his flight meets old Ainsley on a bridge, just as it is fired to ward off the advance of the hostile troops. Grayne saves the old man, the family feud is broken, Murdoch is killed by his Indian son, and Ainsley's daughter is free to marry the man of her choice.

"With Flying Colors," an English melodrama, will be the new-year's attraction.

A Revival of "Sinbad."

At a special matinee on Monday (Christmas Day) David Henderson's most recent edition of his famous extravaganza, "Sinbad," will be presented at the Grand Opera House on an elaborate scale. All the favorites of the company and several new recruits will have rôles in which they will appear to advantage, while the costumes and scenery will be especially beautiful. Frank King has prepared a transformation, entitled "The Evolution of Nature," in eight changes, and Charles H. Jones will introduce his latest creation, "The March of the Silver Knights." Señorita Matilda, the Spanish dancer, and a ballet of pretty *coryphées* will also be included in the attractions.

At the Orpheum.

At the head of the Orpheum's bill next week will be Eugénie Fougere, the famous Parisian *café-chanteuse*, who made a sensation in New York with her naughty songs and *chic* manner. Among the other new-comers are Thorne and Carleton, the clever comedians, who will present their laughable sketch, "The Substitute," and Claude Tharde, the monologist, who has a budget of new jokes and songs, and dances, we are told, "like the liveliest *soubrette* in the business." The hold-overs include Harrigan, the tramp juggler, La Sylphe, Mr. and Mrs. Milton Royle and Company, Gertrude Rutledge, the Llewellyn Sisters, and the Averages.

Keep Your Youth

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Orpheum

Fougere; Thorne and Carleton; Claude Tharde; Harrigan; La Sylphe; Mr. and Mrs. Milton Royle & Co.; Gertrude Rutledge; Llewellyn Sisters; and the Averages.

Reserved seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box seats, 50c. Matinée Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday. Special Matinée, Christmas Day.

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A TALK WITH MARY MANNERING.

Her Views of Stage Life—How She Came to Adopt the Stage as a Profession—Her Ambitions.

Mary Mannering, the leading lady of the New York Lyceum Company, has just scored another great success in "The Manoeuvres of Jane," which is crowding Daly's Theatre, New York. As is well known, this clever actress was married not long after her arrival in this country from England to James K. Hackett, and, as he has been touring the East as a star, they have been much of the time separated. In a recent interview in the New York Times, Miss Mannering declares that the lot of a woman of the stage who is not in the same company with her husband is anything but pleasant, for she loses a great deal in her private life. "Not only has she the loneliness of being away from him," she adds, "but she has to miss a great deal of the ordinary pleasures of society that she might have if he was with her. It is a pleasure to know clever men, as well as women, and broadening, and it seems hard to lose innocent amusements, but a woman who is on the stage belongs to the people; she is before them all the time, and she must be uncommonly circumspect, so that no shadow of a reflection may fall upon her, and to do that she has to give up a great deal and live very quietly. That is the great trouble, I think, for all women who support themselves and where men have the advantage."

"How did you happen to go on the stage?" asked the interviewer.

"Well, I had the measles," said Miss Mannering with a little laugh. "I had always wanted to go on the stage. I was only fifteen at that time, and I came out of school when I was taken ill, and it was not worth while to send me back to finish the term, so that when I was well I went to have my portrait painted. Most of our friends were artists."

"Oh, I said to the artist one day, 'how I would like to go on the stage.'"

"Would your family be willing?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," I answered, "they would not mind."

"Well, the picture was finished, and we all went to see it when it was exhibited. In the meantime, the artist had told Edith Chester, who was a well-known actress, what I had said, and I met her at the exhibition."

"Kyrle Bellow has been looking for just such a girl as you," she said. You see, they considered that I had a Greek face. 'Would your family be willing to have you go on the stage?'"

"Oh, yes," I said.

"Well, soon I received a telegram from Mr. Bellow, asking me to come and see him, and I went, and he engaged me for 'Hero and Leander,' with Mrs. Potter, you know, and she was lovely to me. But no one knew anything about it until I went home then and told my mother."

"I have no objection to your going on the stage," she said, "but you are going to school first."

"No," I said; "I will go to school whenever I can, but this is my opportunity, and I must take it." Then daddy came home, and we had a long talk about it.

"Your mother will always travel with you?"

"Of course," I said; "if I go on tour."

"Well," he concluded, "I will give you fifty dollars, and that is all I will do for you." In the first year I paid back the fifty dollars, and dressed my sister and my cousin, and did ever so many things."

"Was it hard work? Did you have any hard times in your first stage experience?"

"No, I didn't have any trouble. Yes, I had one hard time. It was at the Opera Comique Theatre in London. A friend of mine had been dismissed, very unfairly, I thought, and I did not like it and would not speak to the star, and at the end of the first week I received my notice of dismissal. I felt dreadfully, and thought that it had ruined my chances, on the stage, and that I never should go on again. But it didn't do me any harm. No one knew me then, and it didn't affect me at all. I was only home two weeks when I received a letter from Comyns Carr asking me if I would like to play in 'Sowing the Wind.' Would I like to? Wouldn't I?"

"There is a great deal, I think, in taking your opportunity when it comes to you. After I finished with 'Hero and Leander,' I went to play thirds in standard plays and to under-study the seconds. Then one of the 'heavies' was taken ill. They said I couldn't take her part, but I said I knew all the parts, and after that I played Helen in 'The Hunchback,' Celia in 'As You Like It,' Hero in 'Much Ado About Nothing,' and the Queen in 'Hamlet.' I was only a little over sixteen then, and I played that part for two months. Then both the Messrs. Frohman saw me, and I came here."

"Why had I studied so many parts? I loved it, and I am always ambitious about my work and ready to do something better as soon as I can. The only way is to be ready to take your opportunities. I tell the younger girls in the company to be always ready as under-study, for that is their opportunity to show what they can do."

By that time Miss Mannering was dressed for the street, and the maid fastened a pretty string of coral beads around her neck.

"This was one of my gifts on the first night of 'The Manoeuvres of Jane'; isn't it pretty?" she said. "Some of my intimate friends have begun

the practice of giving me little gifts instead of sending me flowers on first nights. Acquaintances send me those. Flowers are so expensive, and they last for such a short time. Besides these beads I had this little silver belt—it was charmingly fine silver work, and she had it on, also—a little purse, two hooches, and some French initial handkerchiefs. This little chain bracelet, which has such a pretty tassel to it, was given to me on the first night of 'John Ingerfeld.' It is pleasant to look at different things and say: 'This represents "John Ingerfeld," "This is "Trelawney," and "This is "The Manoeuvres of Jane."'"

"Of course, you would like to play heavies," Mr. Frohman says, "because you play comedy; people always do."

"That is not it, but I like to play something that will make me think. I like to have more of a part. I am ambitious. I would like to make people cry. I don't know as that is better for the people who go to see the play. I should like to do it selfishly for my own pleasure. I think people should come away from the theatre feeling better, and I always feel better when there is something in the play that makes me cry. I went to see 'The Elder Miss Blossom,' the other day. Mrs. Kendal plays that wonderfully, and when she says so pathetically, 'It came to me so late!' I could feel the great sobs welling up, though we were in a box and no one could see. It was so sad. If I had any tragedies in my life, I think I should be selfish and want something that some one would share with me."

"The worst part of being on the stage," Miss Mannering said, going back to the first part of the conversation, "is that there is so little chance for a domestic life. Everything else about it is beautiful, but you have to sacrifice your private life for your profession and to be separated from those you care most for. It seems to me that my idea of hell is to be alone. My mother was with me at first, and then I was married, and now that Mr. Hackett is away, I feel when I go to my apartment as if I was shut up in a prison, and to have the loneliness broken for a short time makes it seem worse than before. I don't know what I shall do after this year. I don't know whether I shall go with Mr. Hackett or not. If I did, we would be in various parts of the country, and it would not be possible to have a home, and I don't know as he would care to have me make the sacrifice. It would not be quite the same thing professionally to play leading parts with him. If I do not star, I may stay in New York and take special parts, and then I can take only those that I like."

COMMUNICATIONS.

Constitutional Amendment to Exempt Bonds.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., December 20, 1899.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Replying to your correspondent, I desire to say that next November a constitutional amendment will be offered to the people, proposed by the recent legislature at the instance of the Merchants' Association, exempting from taxation all State, county, and city bonds of California. There is no doubt of its adoption, because it is logical and right. The effect will be to keep our indebtedness at home. The elections this month, if favorable, will simply authorize the bonds, and I will see that as few of them as possible are issued before the November election, so that our own people will be the purchasers. Permit me to express the hope through your columns that the bonds for park extension and other improvements will find favor at the elections among our citizens, that beauty and utility may go hand in hand.

JAMES D. PHELAN.

More Light and Heat Needed.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 20, 1899.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Will you make room for the plaint of a member of the Mechanics' Institute? It concerns the very poor light that is given in the reading-room of that institution. The lights are so poor in quality, and are placed so high, that it is a constant irritation to those members who wish to enjoy the magazines and periodicals in the late afternoons or evenings.

Another matter that calls for attention is the absence of heating facilities in the main room of the library. On a cold day, the ladies who are reading are obliged to wear wraps and furs as they would on the street. Can not the directors make an improvement in these particulars, and so add much to the comfort of the members? A MEMBER.

Charles Sellers, a boy of thirteen, while fishing on the wharf at Fort Bragg, fell into the water. Superintendent James Brett threw a rope so accurately that the boy easily grasped it and calmly called to the men on the wharf to pull him up. An excited person, however, threw the other end of the rope overboard, and the lad was immediately swept out to sea and drowned.

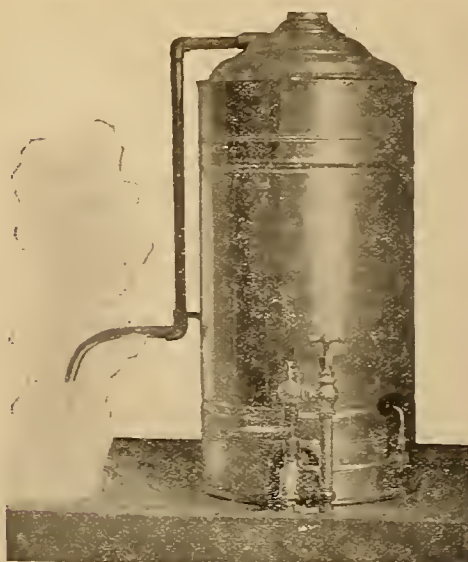
The highest praise: "Did the Rev. Mr. Choker give you a good sermon this morning, Mrs. Jones?" "Perfectly grand; it ought to be dramatized."—Chicago Record.

Visiting curate—"Ah, my friend, you should reflect on the fact that we are here to-day and gone to-morrow."—Convict—"You may be—I ain't."—Tit-Bits.

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Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.

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Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.: For Alaskan ports, 10 A. M., December 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, January 1, change to company's steamers at Seattle. For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 10 A. M., December 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, January 1, and every fifth day thereafter. For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 2 P. M., December 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, January 4, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports, 9 A. M., December 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, January 3, and every fourth day thereafter. For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 A. M., December 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, January 1, and every 4th day thereafter. For further information see folder. For Mexican ports, 10 A. M., seventh of each month. The company reserves the right to change without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates and hours of sailing. Ticket-Office (New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel). GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., 10 Market St. S. F.

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Hongkong Maru.....Tuesday, January 16, 1900 Nippon Maru.....Friday, February 9 America Maru.....Wednesday, March 7

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W. H. AVERY, General Agent.



S. S. Mariposa sails via Honolulu and Auckland for Sydney, Wednesday, Dec. 27, 1899, at 8 p. m.

S. S. Australia, for Honolulu only, Wednesday, Jan. 10, 2 p. m. J. D. Spreckels & Bros., Co., Agts., 114 Montgomery St. Freight Office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

International Navigation Co.'s Lines

AMERICAN LINE.

New York and Southampton (London, Paris), from New York every Wednesday, 10 A. M.

New York.....January 3 | St. Paul.....January 17 St. Louis.....January 10 | New York.....January 24

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Kensington.....January 3 | Aragonia.....January 17 Noordland.....January 10 | Friesland.....January 24

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VANITY FAIR.

The momentous question of social precedence between Admiral Dewey and General Miles has been settled through the good offices of Secretary Root, Secretary Long, and John Addison Porter, secretary to the President. It is announced that the programme for the new-year's reception at the White House will be identically the same as last year, and as that puts the army ahead of the navy, General Miles, at the head of the army, will be received first, and Admiral Dewey, at the head of the navy, will follow immediately afterward. It was decided that when the army and navy appear as a corps, the general commanding the army will precede the admiral of the navy. But when the two officers appear at functions as individuals the admiral will be the guest of honor. This is true of Mrs. Dewey and Mrs. Miles. When the army appears as a department, Mrs. Dewey must come behind Mrs. Miles, but on private occasions she is the ranking lady. Another question settled is that Mrs. Hay, although the wife of the Secretary of State, who is in line of succession to the Presidency, does not have the precedence allowed to the wife of a Vice-President. Mrs. Hay will have no more privileges than the other Cabinet ladies, but the position of her husband places her at the head of these. The wife of the Speaker of the House has the easiest social position. She calls on no one but the wife of the President. The ladies of all other branches of the government must visit Mrs. Henderson first. So Mrs. McKinley and Mrs. Henderson are the only ones who do not return calls, although Mrs. Henderson receives on Wednesday with the wives of the Cabinet officers. Mrs. McKinley receives only at stated intervals, or by appointment.

The fortunes of politics have brought some charming women to Washington (says the Chicago Times-Herald's Washington correspondent). There is Miss Margaret Astor Chanler, sister of the youngest member of the House, William Astor Chanler, of New York City, a beauty, and an heiress of many millions, who jeopardized her life and health as a volunteer nurse during the Spanish-American War. Miss Chanler was the only one of the wealthy volunteers who really went to the front. She equipped a corps of ten nurses and accompanied them into the fever-stricken camps and hospitals of Cuba when the assistance of nurses was most needful and most dangerous. The Misses Kean, of New Jersey, who will reside over their brother's household; Miss Paulding, who will perform similar duties for her uncle, Chauncey M. Depew; and Miss Catherine Clark, of Montana, who will dispense the princely hospitalities of her father, are all notable figures. But in point of human interest Miss Adah Roberts, the daughter of the Utah congressman, is the central figure. Whatever may be said of Mr. Roberts and his policy, the universal verdict in regard to his daughter is that she is one of the most charming, the most beautiful, and the most intellectual young women who have come here in recent years. She is tall and straight as one of the pines of her native mountains. Her complexion is of that rare white and pink seldom seen in the crowded Eastern cities. She moves with the grace of a queen, and, although barely twenty, her self-possession is that of an experienced woman of the world. When seventeen, she graduated with high honors from the State university at Salt Lake City. For two years she taught in the public schools. When her father decided to run for Congress, she relinquished her position to become his private secretary. Her gentle dignity and kindness have gained whatever of courtesy and fair hearing has been accorded to her father's cause. She has been overwhelmed by the curiosity of the press, and has conducted herself regally. She has said little, but what she did say was to the point, vivid, and calculated to throw light upon the questions involved.

In speaking of the American women who have received instruction from her, Mme. Marchesi recently said to an interviewer: "American women are admirable, and I am devoted to them. I have but one reproach to make concerning them, and that is not of their character, but of their education, which little fits them for an artistic career. The majority come to me knowing no language but English, with a keen understanding of business and the practical side of life, but a complete ignorance of art. They are somewhat fickle and not extremely serious in their work; they like variety in professors as well as in everything else; they have not the application of girls who have received classic and artistic training; and one more influence which determines their professional calibre is their Puritan heritage. Inherent suppression of all emotion, constant effort at self-control, are the enemies of sentiment, poetry, and theatrical abandon to which the Latin nations lend themselves so naturally. It results that Americans make light-opera singers more often than dramatic artists. They are not accustomed to intellectual labor as we understand it over here; they seldom finish their studies."

Mrs. Paul Krüger is said to have accepted her husband's offer of marriage with the words, "I can bake, I can cook, I can sew, I can clean, I can scrub." Whether or not that is the customary Boer

formula is not explained, but it is true that the wife of the president of the Transvaal has lived up to her words. "Oom Paul" is said to be worth several millions. Much of this accumulation is attributed to the thrift and economy of his wife, who was not only able to do the things that could help to make a man rich, but was not ashamed to. She is still a gentle-mannered, blue-eyed woman, who has not changed her method of life because the husband she married as a poor man has come to have riches and power. Her days are passed, between the intervals of heavier labor, in sewing and darning. The wife of "Oom Paul" never had a dress that she did not make herself, and at no time ever had more than three dresses. These she makes herself, just as she does her hats, which were never more than two in number at one time. The best of these is likely to become very familiar to church-goers in Pretoria, before it gives place to a new one and becomes second best. She has always refused to put any kind of a feather in any of her bonnets, and has used her influence to interest the women of her country in the same renunciation of feather ornaments. Her task has not been as severe in the Transvaal as it might have been in other places where modes are more exacting. Another instance of her interest in birds was shown when the sculptors who designed the statue of her husband brought some of the early sketches to her for an opinion on the likeness. The statue shows "Oom Paul" as he appears ordinarily wearing his top-hat. Mrs. Krüger liked the designs, but had one suggestion to make. "Don't you think that the crown of the hat," she asked, "might be left hollow, so that the water could be caught in it when the rain fell? Then the birds would be able to get a drink." That suggestion was followed and after the infrequent showers in the Transvaal always brings a circle of sparrows around the top of "Oom Paul's" hat.

Chicago, where the changeable and reversible shirt-bosom was invented, has now come out in favor of the abolition of suspenders as a necessary part of the dress of its male citizens. Its tailors recommend to their customers the use of a belt in place of the "galluses" of their grandfathers. One writer on Chicago fashions has gone so far as to say that most of the well-dressed men in the city have adopted the new fad, and find it so very agreeable that they will in the future have their dress-trousers held in place with a belt instead of suspenders. This sort of thing may go in the wild West (remarks the New York Times), but fashionable tailors here laugh it out of court. "I couldn't get a fit for my customers," said one of them, in speaking of the latest Chicago freak; "and even if I could, I couldn't get any of my customers to do away with the modest but useful suspender. Belts with knickerbockers are all right, but with any other sort a man would be in a perpetual state of hitching in order to keep his trousers in place. Possibly New Yorkers have more time in which to dress than do the young men of Chicago. It's certain they'll never get in such a hurry as to do away with their suspenders. That's a sure thing, if there ever was one. The idea is too preposterous to be seriously entertained for a moment. It must be a Chicago joke."

In a letter to his father, Judge Henry Page, of the Maryland court of appeals, Dr. Henry Page thus describes the lively scenes on the Lunetta, Manila's fashionable promenade, each evening: "Thousands of carriage-lamps spring up in the distance from every approach, and soon the Lunetta is a blaze of glory. All make for the hand-stands and wait for the concert—soldierly looking officers in spotless white uniforms, fair American ladies, with here and there a Spanish *señorita* or a rich *mestizo* sitting in the little two-pony victorias, or in the *caleças* (like mine), or a more homely *carametta*, all mixed in with the eternal *quiles*. But every one is bright and happy—even the little ponies, who champ their tiny hits and plant their chubbly little feet in the ground in an attitude of expectant enjoyment. The officers who are unlucky, and have no ladies with them, now leave their carriages and visit around the circle of vehicles. It is a brilliant and a fashionable scene. The arc-lights make the circle as bright as day. The pure white marble of the Unda Monument, which Spanish gold erected to commemorate the evacuation of the island by the British many, many decades ago (they call it a 'victory') adds greatly to the scene. The Twentieth Infantry Band is excellent, and the handsomeness, in their fine uniforms, look so well amid the palms and flowers the Spanish kindly prepared for us. There are now perhaps seven hundred or eight hundred carriages in the circle, and on the grassy slope of the hasty earth-works are gathered perhaps a thousand soldiers and citizens. The Pasig River, in the rear, is filled with ships. Launches dart to and fro, their lights resembling an army of fire-flies, and their shrill whistles, just far enough away not to be unpleasant, really seem to add to the music and gaiety of the scene. After listening to selections from Wagner and Beethoven, mixed in with Sousa and the rag-time authors, there falls a hush over the vast throng. The hand-master steps forth solemnly, removes his hat, and waves his baton as a signal to his men, who, with hard heads, gather close around him for the last piece. Every officer now leaves his carriage

and removes his hat. Even the coachmen stand at their horses' heads, hats in hand and heels together. On the hill-side the soldiers stand like statues—arms folded across their chests, with hats in their left hand—awaiting in respectful attention. Not a sound can be heard save the whinny of a pony or the rattling of harness-chains. Solemnly and with majestic volume the hand now plays 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' and the concert is ended. For fifteen minutes all is then confusion, but the mass of carriages finally gets untangled, and every one races to the outer end of the Lunetta, where another band gives a sacred concert. This concert lasts until seven o'clock, and then the Lunetta becomes deserted—indeed, the whole city becomes quiet—and by eight o'clock only a few *cacheras* can be seen. These are scurrying home so as not to be arrested by the guards for being on the streets after eight-thirty o'clock." *John*

Canossa, to which Bismarck declared he would not go, after being advertised to be sold, has been bought by the Italian Government. The castle, where the Emperor Henry the Fourth was compelled to humble himself before Pope Gregory the Seventh, was torn down by the townspeople of Reggio more than six hundred years ago. The ruins, which are now called Carpineto, belonged to Count Valdrighi, whose heirs had received bids from several archaeological societies, including German ones, for the place. *Robert*

Summer Feeding

For infants necessitates the greatest caution and careful study of conditions. Care in diet, first and last. The use of Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk has largely simplified this problem. Beware of unknown brands. Get the Best.

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions for the week ending Wednesday, December 20th, on the Stock and Bond Exchange were as follows:

	BONDS.	Closed.
	Shares.	Bid. Asked.
Contra C. Water 5%	4,000 @ 109	
Market St. Ry. 5%	5,000 @ 116	
N. R. of Cal. 5%	5,000 @ 115 1/2	117
N. R. of Cal. 5%	5,000 @ 113 1/2	
S. F. & N. P. Ry. 5%	5,000 @ 115 1/2	114
S. F. & S. J. Ry. 5%	2,000 @ 115 1/2-115 3/4	
S. P. R. of Ariz. 6%	13,000 @ 112 1/2-113	115 1/2
S. P. Branch 6%	18,000 @ 123 1/2	
S. V. Water 6%	1,000 @ 114 1/2	124 1/2
S. V. Water 4%	26,000 @ 103-103 1/4	

	STOCKS.	Closed.
	Shares.	Bid. Asked.
Contra Costa Water	221 @ 70-75 1/2	73 1/2 74 1/2
Spring Valley Water	330 @ 94-96	94 1/2

	Gas and Electric.	
Equitable Gaslight	330 @ 5-5 1/2	5 5/8
Mutual Electric	130 @ 13 1/2-14 1/2	
Oakland G. L. & H.	100 @ 44	42 44
Pacific Gas Imp. Co.	20 @ 49 1/2-50	50
Pacific Lighting Co.	10 @ 40	
S. F. Gas & Electric	2,203 @ 51-55 1/2	53
S. F. Gas	900 @ 3 1/2-3 3/4	3 3/4

Insurance.

Firemans Fund	10 @ 230	230
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Banks.

Bank of Cal.	15 @ 402 1/2	297 1/2 405
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Street R. R.

California	10 @ 122	123
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Market St.

Market St.	575 @ 58 1/2-60 1/2	59
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Powders.

Giant Con.	910 @ 87 1/2-90	88 1/2 90
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Vigors.

Vigors	300 @ 2 1/4	2 1/4 3
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Sugars.

Hana P. Co.	1,200 @ 7 1/2-8 1/2	7 1/2
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Hawaiian

Hawaiian	65 @ 90-95	29 1/2
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Honokaa S. Co.

Honokaa S. Co.	705 @ 29 1/2-31 1/2	29 1/2
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Hutchinson

Hutchinson	2,095 @ 23 1/2-26	23 1/2
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Makaweli S. Co.

Makaweli S. Co.	675 @ 40 1/2-41 1/2	41 1/2
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Onomea S. Co.

Onomea S. Co.	500 @ 28-32 1/2	28 1/2
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Paauhau S. P. Co.

Paauhau S. P. Co.	2,785 @ 25 1/2-30 1/2	25 1/2
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Miscellaneous.

Alaska Packers	160 @ 116-117 1/2	116 1/2 117
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Oceanic Steam Co.

Oceanic Steam Co.	135 @ 90 1/2-97	90 1/2
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Pac. C. Borax

Pac. C. Borax	30 @ 140-145	
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The sugar stocks were active and weak, and sales of 8,000 shares were made, on declines of from 3/4 point in Makaweli to 5 points in Hawaiian.

Hana sold down 1 point to 7 1/2. Honokaa 2 1/2 points to 29 1/2. Hutchinson 2 1/2 points to 23 1/2, and Onomea 4 1/2 points to 28, the market closing at about the lowest point reached. The whole market was weak, the financial troubles in the East keeping buyers out of the market.

The bear interest in Giant sold the stock down as low as 87 1/2 S/90 days, but the stock was 88 1/2 hid, with no offerings at the close, sales having been made on the street as high as 89.

INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

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526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus..... \$ 2,187,617.90
Capital actually paid up in cash..... 1,000,000.00
Deposits June 30, 1899..... 27,656,513.03

OFFICERS—President, B. A. BECKER; First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOWN; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MÜLLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODFELLOW.

Board of Directors—Lgu. Steinhart, Emil Rohde, D. N. Walter, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, and John Lloyd.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

532 California Street.

Deposits, July 1, 1899.....\$24,920,395

Paid-Up Capital..... 1,000,000

Reserve Fund..... 205,215

Contingent Fund..... 442,763

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LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH, Cashier.

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THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL.....\$2,000,000

SURPLUS..... 1,000,000

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT..... 2,365,968

October 1, 1899.

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CHARLES R. BISHOP..... Vice-President

THOMAS BROWN..... Cashier

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Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$6,250,000

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H. L. MILLER, Second Asst. Cashier.

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CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.

OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$3,702-

300; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$2,112,546.

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.

COLIN M. BOYD, Agent for San Francisco,

411 California Street.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Lord Charles Beresford says that the roads in China are very bad. When he was in that country he complained of them one day to an American resident, who replied: "Yes, a mule was drowned the other day in the road outside my house."

A story illustrating the reticence of the Scots is credited to Ian Maclaren. A train was at a station, when a porter put his head into a carriage and called out: "Any one for Doun? Change for Doun! Any one for Doun?" No one moved, and in a few minutes the train was speeding along, not to stop again for nearly an hour. Then an old Scotsman turned to a lady sitting near her and said: "I'm for Doun, but I'd no tell that man so."

"What is the price of this pin?" asked a young man in a Paris shop, handling a small silver brooch of exquisite workmanship. "Twenty francs, monsieur," said the clerk. "That's altogether too much," said the young American; "it's for a present to my sister; I'll give you five francs for it." "Zen it would he I zat gave ze present to your sister," said the Frenchman, with a deprecatory shrug, "and I do not know the young mademoiselle!"

Sir Redvers Buller is not a person who will allow any ordinary considerations to swerve him from what he thinks is his duty. At a dinner in his house not long ago, a certain well-known man was present, and told an anecdote which was so "off-color" that the ladies were excessively distressed. When dinner was over Sir Redvers rang the bell. "Mr. A.'s carriage," he ordered, when the butler appeared. "I do not expect my brougham so early," said Mr. A., and there was a gleam of defiance in his eyes. Sir Redvers did not reply, but he took Mr. A. by the arm, and led him gently into the hall. "It is time for you to go," he said quietly, and his guest went.

Edward Everett once concluded a stately speech in Congress with a long, sonorous, and superfluously modulated citation of a passage from Tacitus, and then took his seat. No sooner was he through than up sprang a hurly member from the West. He had once been an Indian agent, and he began to pour out a vehement harangue in Choctaw. After a while the Speaker called him to order. "I don't see why my freedom of speech should be abridged," he cried; "you let the gentleman from Massachusetts run on, and I didn't understand the first word of his lingo any better than he does mine." The scene was very comical, but it struck the death knell of further classical quotations in Congress.

Congressman Clayton, of Alabama, when district attorney in his State, had at one time to prosecute an old man for making illicit whisky. It was not a very serious infraction of the law, but the old backwoodsman had been reckless in his open violation, and it was necessary to make an example of him. He was brought into court, and after the government had stated its case, the old man, who had no lawyer, asked to be allowed to go upon the stand. He was told that this would render him liable to answer any questions, but he insisted. "Well, Uncle John," said Clayton, "did you really make any whisky in your still?" "Henry," replied the old man, with pathetic tone, "I knowed your pa; I voted for your pa every time he ran for judge. And, Henry, your pa would never have axed me no question like that!" The jurors laughed, the court smiled, and Clayton relented. The old man drove home that night.

General Hazen, the first head of the Weather Bureau in Washington, found it almost impossible to persuade the members of Congress to vote for him the necessary funds with which to carry out his plans. One spring, when the appropriation had been shamefully cut down by the economy-loving chairman of the committee, Mrs. Hazen was a guest at an afternoon reception at the house of one of the Cabinet members, where the most detestable and unendurable weather, untimely and unlooked-for, was the topic of the moment. As Mrs. Hazen crossed the room to make her adieu, she was waylaid by the arriving chairman of the offending committee, who accosted her thus: "Well, Mrs. Hazen, and is this the best your husband can do for us in the way of weather?" Mrs. Hazen looked at him with a sudden flash in her eyes, then answered, clearly and sweetly: "Yes, Mr. Blank, the very best—for the appropriation." The discomfited man fled, in the midst of the hardly concealed smiles of the surrounding guests.

Thomas Edison used to have Nikola Tesla working for him in his studio near Paris. Tesla came to him one day asking for work, and Edison, who needed help, referred him to the foreman, named Fulton. The latter took the young foreigner on condition that he would work. This Tesla did. For three days and nights he never closed his eyes. At the end of the first fortnight he had not had forty-eight hours' sleep, all together, and Fulton, the foreman, made him take a rest. He also said to the young man that on account of the strain they had both been under, they had better have a good

meal. Accordingly, the foreman and the student went to a well-known *café* on one of the boulevards and got one of the biggest and thickest steaks possible. It was a whopper and seemed to be overwhelming for two. Besides, the garnishings were liberal and there was enough good wine. Between them, however, they managed to make everything disappear, and then Fulton, turning to Tesla, asked him if there was anything else he would like. "You're out with me, you know, and whatever you want, just order it," Tesla looked vaguely around for a minute, as if making up his mind, and then, hesitatingly, said: "Mr. Fulton, if you don't mind, I would like another steak."

jshart

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Our Harem Keeper,
Rajah Mura,
Surely you're a
Heathen dog with luck to burn,
There in Sulu,
Where the hoola
Dancers do their pleasing turn!

Raising hades
With the ladies,
Like a prince you draw your pay;
From the harem
You will scare 'em,
If intruders come that way.

There you linger,
With a finger
Raised to warn the nervy wight
Who would dally
With his ballet,
When your boss is out of sight.

Like the Sultan,
You exult in
All the savage pomp of state,
And you file your
Pay-claim, while your
Uncle Samuel pays the freight!

Rajah Mura,
I am sure a
Luckier heathen ne'er drew breath,
If I hadjer
Joh, old Rajah,
I'd be tickled half to death!

—J. Getcher Gunn in St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Behind the Carving Knife.

Happy the man who, when the autumn chill
Braces the air with an exultant thrill,
Can look his turkey in the face and say,
"Your presence here brings no regret to-day.
For when I carve you, an unselfish skill
Sharpens my trusty blade and schools my will.
In purest generosity I strive to peel
The luscious white meat with my dextrous steel.
When each is served with what to him seems best
I humbly make selection from the rest.
Nor breathe complaint, but say in accents nice,
'Pray, let me help you to another slice.'
Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year's come in
turn,
Forbidding him to eat ere he shall earn;
Commanding him to sit in solemn state
On guard o'er every other person's plate,
Lest some one should in modesty restrain
His lushfulness and fear to come again.
Happy the man whose philosophic soul
At such a time his feelings can control;
Who, like a martyr, can sit up and carve
And catch some stray hits that he may not starve;
Who scatters smiles and viands all about
With a kind heart and a digestion stout.

—Washington Evening Star.

All the World's a Links.

All the world's a links,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their stymies, and their fizzle strokes:
And one man in his time plays many games,
His skill being seven stages. At first, the tyro,
Missing and swearing at the little globe;
Then the local player, with his brassie
And happy golfing face, creeping like snail
But willingly toward holes; and then the enthusiast,
Teeming the gutty, with a Highland hallad
Made to his partner's wrist shot. Then an expert,
Full of Scotch oaths and costumed in the breeks,
Making a gohble; sudden and quick in putting,
Seeking a golfing reputation
Even in the hunker's pit. And, then, the champion,
In well-worn outfit with gold medals lined,
With eyes severe, and half shot of the best,
Full of advice and match-play instances;
And so he plays his game. The sixth stage
Shifts into the old and "has been" golfing champ,
With full beard on his chin and clubs on side;
His loud, plaid hose, well saved, a mile too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his once piercing voice
Turning once more toward childish "forcing," pipes
And whistles in his play. Last stage of all,
That ends this dialectic history,
Is golfing memories and mere narration,
Sans stroke, sans swipe, sans grip, sans everything?
—Arthur E. Locke in Puck.

The Type-Writer Invention.

A statistician has proved that the invention of the type-writer has given employment to 500,000 people, but he fails to state how many cases of weak stomachs and dyspepsia it has induced. All people of sedentary occupation need Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It helps nature to bear the strain which ensues from confinement, and it is a wonderful medicine. No one realizes this more keenly than the man or woman who has been cured of stomach trouble by its use.

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THE NEVADA NATIONAL BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital Paid Up, - - - \$3,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits, 889,837.25

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Letters of Credit Issued, available in all parts of the World.

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Paid in, - - - 1,500,000
Surplus, - - - 700,000

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California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

CAPITAL, - - - \$1,000,000

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SAFE-DEPOSIT BOXES FROM \$5.00 UPWARDS

TUBBS CORDAGE COMPANY

MANUFACTURERS OF ALL SIZES OF

MANILA and SISAL ROPE, BINDERS' TWINE, DRILLING CABLES, WHALE LINE, Etc.

611 and 613 FRONT STREET, San Francisco, Cal.

SOCIETY.

The Pringle-Hutchinson Wedding.

The marriage of Miss Isabelle Hutchinson and Mr. William Bull Pringle took place at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Hutchinson, at 730 Eighth Street, Oakland, on Tuesday afternoon, December 19th. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Robert Ritchie, rector of St. Paul's Church. Miss Martha Hutchinson, sister of the bride, was the maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Pringle, Miss Hess Pringle, Miss Elizabeth McNear, and Miss Caroline McDougall, of Vallejo. Mr. Edward J. Pringle attended his brother as best man.

After a wedding tour of a fortnight in Southern California, the young couple will make their home in East Oakland.

The Golf Cotillion.

The golf cotillion will take place this afternoon (Saturday) at Cotillion Hall, and promises to be the success of the season. The ladies will look particularly attractive in their pretty golf costumes, and the men, or, at least, most of them, will appear in golf attire or something to correspond. Light refreshments will be served.

The cotillion will be led by Mr. Greenway, and those who will be in the first set are Miss Edith Preston, Mr. Worthington Ames, Miss Thérèse Morgan, Mr. Norris Davis, Miss Ethyl Hager, Mr. Willard Drown, Miss Florence Josselyn, Mr. E. C. Sessions, Miss Isabel Kittle, Mr. Carrigan, Miss Olive Holbrook, Mr. A. Stone, Miss Mary Greenwood Josselyn, Mr. Cadwalader, Miss Elizabeth Ames, Dr. Elright, Miss Ruth McNutt, Mr. Frank Good, Miss Adelaide Murphy, and Mr. Max McNutt.

The Friday Fortnightly.

The next meeting of the Friday Fortnightly Club will take place at Cotillion Hall on Monday evening, December 25th, and will be a Christmas cotillion, the figures being in keeping with the holiday season. The members and their guests will be received by Mrs. Monroe Salisbury and Mrs. Hunter, and the cotillion will be led by Miss Sarah Collier and her partner, Mr. Percy King. The ladies in the first set will be:

Miss Ethel Valentine, Mrs. Samuel G. Buckhee, Miss Mary Scott, Miss Irene Baker, Miss Thérèse Morgan, Miss Ethel Cooper, Miss Bernice Drown, Miss Salisbury, Miss Elise Latham, and Miss Adelaide Murphy.

Mrs. George Crocker's Reception.

Mrs. George Crocker gave an elaborate reception at her home, 1 East Sixty-Fourth Street, New York City, on Tuesday evening, December 19th, when her daughter, Miss Rutherford, and her niece, Miss Mary Crocker, daughter of the late Colonel C. F. Crocker, were formally introduced to society. Mrs. Crocker's guests included many of the most prominent persons in New York, and they were entertained by Mme. Emma Nevada and David Bispham, the operatic singers.

The Irwin Dinner.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin gave a dinner-party in honor of Miss Mary Scott and Miss Ethyl Hager last Wednesday evening at their home at 1315 Van Ness Avenue. The guests were seated at a number of small tables, and a mandolin orchestra played throughout the service of the elaborate menu. Mr. and Mrs. Irwin's guests were:

Miss Mary Scott, Miss Ethyl Hager, Miss Alice Hager, Miss Ethel Smith, Miss Helen Smith, Miss Mary Ives, Miss Voorhies, Miss Azalea Keyes, Miss Loughborough, Miss Josephine Loughborough, Miss Daisy Van Ness, Miss Stubbs, Miss Edith

Stubbs, Miss Edith Preston, Miss Elizabeth Ames, Miss Cadwalader, Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss Hopkins, Miss Edna Hopkins, Miss Georgina Hopkins, Miss Caro Crockett, Miss Thérèse Morgan, Miss Carrie Taylor, Miss Genevieve Carolan, Mr. Samuel H. Boardman, Mr. Edward H. Sheldon, Mr. Horace G. Platt, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Allan St. John Bowie, Mr. George E. P. Hall, Mr. Everett N. Bee, Mr. Nathaniel N. Wilson, Mr. Redick P. Duperu, Mr. George Cadwalader, Mr. Bert Cadwalader, Mr. Augustus C. Taylor, Mr. William H. Taylor, Jr., Mr. Frederick W. McNear, Mr. Harry N. Stetson, Mr. Norris Davis, Mr. Henry W. Redington, Mr. Robert G. Hooker, and several others.

The Russell Dinner.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson gave a dinner-party in honor of Miss Mary Scott and Miss Georgina Hopkins at their home at 2027 California Street on Friday evening, December 15th. Their other guests were Miss Grimwood, Miss Ethyl Hager, Miss Kittle, Miss Mary Greenwood Josselyn, Miss Caro Crockett, Miss Cadwalader, Mr. Latham McMullin, Mr. Augustus C. Taylor, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. William R. Heatb, Mr. Frederick W. McNear, Mr. Joseph King, and Mr. George Cadwalader.

Riding Club Exhibition.

A "Christmas Ride" will be given by the San Francisco Riding Club at 1649 Pacific Avenue on Wednesday evening, December 27th, at 8:30 o'clock, for the benefit of the Bishop Armitage Orphanage. The price of tickets has been set at one dollar each, and the spectators will have the double satisfaction of seeing an interesting exhibition and helping a worthy charity. The programme will include:

- (1) Riding evolutions, by four little angels; (2) grand *entrée*, by ladies and gentlemen of the club; (3) hoy's vaulting class; (4) travail de deux pistes; (5) jumping exhibition, without saddle or bridle; (6) tandem riding (exhibition by four teams); (7) jumping exhibition over hurdles (twelve jumps); (8) jumping exhibition (*in and out*, four times); and (9) high jump.

Notes and Gossip.

Mrs. Joseph Clarence Tucker has sent out invitations to the marriage of her daughter, Miss Mai Tucker, to Mr. Augustin Sylvester Macdonald, which will take place on Monday evening, January 1st, at eight o'clock, at St. Paul's Church in Oakland. A reception will follow at Hotel Metropole.

Mrs. John G. Kittle has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Lucia Kittle, to Dr. Harry N. Sherman. No date for the wedding has yet been set.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Gertrude Sands Forman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sands Forman, to Mr. Arthur J. Brander, of London. The wedding will take place next month. After a wedding trip to Australia, they will return to this city, but their future home will be in London.

Mrs. E. W. Hopkins will give a dinner-party in honor of Miss Claire Hamilton on Wednesday evening, December 27th, at her home, at the corner of California and Laguna Streets.

The Misses Stubbs will give a dinner in honor of Miss Genevieve King next Wednesday evening at the home of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stubbs, at 2519 Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Preston have invited a house-party for New Year's at their country home at Portola.

Miss Adelaide Murphy has invited a number of friends to an informal gathering at her parents' home, on Pacific Avenue and Pierce Street, on Saturday evening, December 30th.

There will be a concert at the club-house of the Burlingame Country Club during luncheon on Monday, January 1st, and a polo game will be

played in the afternoon. A number of parties are being made up for the event.

Mrs. Loughborough and the Misses Loughborough have issued cards for a tea at their home at Franklin and Ellis Streets on New Year's Day.

Miss Edith McBean was the hostess of a theatre-party given in honor of Miss Georgina Hopkins last Tuesday evening. After seeing the performance at the California Theatre, the party had supper at the University Club. Miss McBean's guests were Miss Georgina Hopkins, Miss Helen Hopkins, Miss Edna Hopkins, Miss Mary Scott, Miss Sarah Collier, Miss Genevieve Carolan, Miss Caro Crockett, Miss Thérèse Morgan, Mr. Augustus C. Taylor, Mr. Frederick W. McNear, Mr. Harry N. Stetson, Mr. George Cadwalader, Mr. Lawrence Scott, and Mr. E. J. Pringle.

Miss Azalea Keyes gave a luncheon in honor of Miss Gladys Merrill at the University Club last Thursday. Covers were laid for twenty, and the party was chaperoned by Mrs. Monroe Salisbury.

Mrs. Alexander D. Keyes (*née* Salisbury) entertained her bridesmaids at tea on Wednesday at her new home on Devisadero Street.

Golf Notes.

The amateur golf championship of the Pacific Coast was won by Mr. John Lawson, of the Burlingame Country Club, on Saturday, December 16th, in the finals of the tournament given under the auspices of the San Francisco and Oakland Golf Clubs.

As already recorded here, the first and second rounds had reduced the contestants to four—Mr. Lawson, Mr. E. Condé Jones, of the Los Angeles Country Club, and Mr. Harry B. Goodwin and Mr. Charles Page, of the San Francisco Golf Club. On Friday, Mr. Lawson defeated Mr. Page, 6 up and 4 to play, and Mr. Jones defeated Mr. Goodwin, 4 up and 3 to play. On Saturday, Mr. Lawson defeated Mr. Jones over 36 holes, 4 up and 3 to play, thus taking the championship and first prize. Mr. Jones took second, Mr. Goodwin third, and Mr. Page fourth, Mr. Goodwin having defeated Mr. Page on the same afternoon over 36 holes, 7 up and 6 to play.

The first tournament for the Coucil's Cup for men will be held by the San Francisco Club on the Presidio links beginning on Saturday, December 23d. The qualifying rounds will be played on December 23d and 24th, and the eight men making the lowest scores will begin the first round on Christmas Day. The preliminary rounds will be completed by Saturday, December 30th, and the final round will be played on New Year's Day.

There will be a tournament on the San Rafael Golf Club's links on Saturday, December 23d, over 13 holes for men and the same for women. On Christmas Day there will be no tournament, but the members will gather at the club-house in the afternoon for a Christmas-tree for the caddies.

The Oakland Golf Club will also have a Christmas-tree for the caddies on Christmas Day. The contest for the Macdonald Cup is still hanging fire, and the next event on the Adams Point links will be the open professional tournament on January 13th. This event, in which cash prizes of \$100, \$50, and \$25 are offered, with no entrance fee, is exciting great interest in golf circles. Among the professionals expected to compete are Willie Anderson and Horace Rawlings, of the Oakland Club, David Stephenson, of San Francisco, T. W. Tetley, of San Rafael, Jim Melville, of Del Monte, Way, of Los Angeles, Robertson, of Santa Monica, Sandy Smith, of Coronado, Watson, of Pasadena, and Robert Foulis, of Riverside. The cooest will be over 36 holes, but whether match or medal play has not yet been determined.

In his recent speech at Edinburgh, our ambassador at the court of St. James made the following remark, always quotable, however trite, in times of trouble: "One of our own great orators said that peace bath her victories not less renowned than war." In noticing this, a writer in the London *Morning Leader* concludes that when Mr. Choate said "one of our own great orators," he meant an American orator, and then reminds him that the phrase belongs to John Milton, who, in his sonnet to "The Lord General Cromwell," uses these words:

"... Yet much remains

To conquer still; peace bath her victories
No less renown'd than war; new foes arise
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains;
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw."

These lines the *Leader* enemy of plagiarists says, not only show that the American orator has been anticipated by the English poet, "but they also show that John could walk round his ecclesiastical enemies like a poetic cooper round a cask." *John*

The last of the three "donation days" for the Hospital for Children and Training School for Nurses, at 3700 California Street, is Saturday, December 23d, and the managers of the institution make a last appeal to the fathers, mothers, and friends of the children of our city to remember the patient little sufferers lying on the cots in the hospital. The institution receives no State aid, and its endowment fund is too small to pay the taxes on the property. It needs help, and will gladly send for donations of money or goods at this holiday season.

Pears'

What is wanted of soap for the skin is to wash it clean and not hurt it. Pure soap does that. This is why we want pure soap; and when we say pure, we mean without alkali.

Pears' is pure; no free alkali. There are a thousand virtues of soap; this one is enough. You can trust a soap that has no biting alkali in it.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

THE GREAT LEADER OF
CHAMPAGNES

G. H. Mumm & Co.'s Extra Dry

WHILE words tell, statistics prove. The importation of G. H. Mumm & Co.'s EXTRA DRY in 1898 aggregating 86,855 cases, or 52,649 cases more than of any other brand, is certainly the most striking evidence of the great popularity of this famous brand of champagne, and particular attention is called to the fine quality, purity, and natural dryness of the wine now coming to this market.

Used at almost all notable banquets, balls, weddings, etc.

FOR BEST VALUE IN
HATS OR CAPS

Herrmann & Co.
328 Kearny Str.
San Francisco
Cal.

Fall and Winter Styles
NOW READY.SECRECY
IS OUR MOTTO

UNCLE HARRIS,

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Cor. Pine and Jones Sts.

THE HOTEL RICHELIEU

N. E. Cor. Van Ness and Myrtle Avenues.

The Principal and Finest
Family Hotel of San Francisco
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1001 PINE STREET.

THE PIONEER FIRST-CLASS FAMILY
HOTEL OF SAN FRANCISCO.

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NEWLY REFITTED WITH ALL THE
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First-class quiet Family Hotel.
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ROYAL
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Imparts that peculiar lightness, sweetness, and flavor noticed in the finest cake, short cake, biscuit, rolls, crusts, etc., which expert pastry cooks declare is unobtainable by the use of any other leavening agent.

Made from pure, grape cream of tartar.

SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey left for the East on Saturday morning, December 16th. They will spend most of their visit in New York City, where their two daughters are at school. Mrs. Eleanor Martin accompanied them.

Miss Bertha Dolbeer leaves early in January for Coronado Beach, where she expects to spend two months.

Mr. Frank S. Hicks, after a few days' visit to his sisters, the Misses Hager, returned to Los Angeles on Tuesday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome A. Hart left last week for a short Eastern trip, by way of New Orleans, Florida, and Washington.

Mr. Fred A. Greenwood left on Tuesday for a few days' visit to Los Angeles. Upon his return he will go to housekeeping with his mother and sisters, having leased the Mills residence.

Mrs. D. D. Colton has returned from Paris to Washington, D. C., whence she will soon start for this city.

Miss Genevieve King returned from Smith College on Thursday to spend the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King, at the north-west corner of Pine and Leavenworth Streets.

Mr. E. J. Le Breton and Mr. John W. Twigg were among the visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais this week.

Mr. Henry E. Huntington and Mr. Julius Kruttschnitt left for New York City on Wednesday evening.

Mr. J. F. Peters came down from Stockton on Wednesday, and is a guest at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Seldoo S. Hooper, of the United States Geodetic Survey, returned from Southern California on Wednesday, and will spend the holidays with his parents, Major and Mrs. William B. Hooper, at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis came up on Monday from Bakersfield for the holidays, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Leonard, of Jacinto, are guests at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. Water James, of Bakersfield, is at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. G. L. Simmons came down from Sacramento to the early part of the week, and is a guest at the California Hotel.

Mrs. J. H. Hollister, of San Luis Obispo, is in town, and made a trip to the Tavern of Tamalpais early in the week.

Mr. Jacksoo Hatch, of Sao José, is a guest at the California Hotel.

Mr. Benjamin Romaine has returned from a six months' visit to the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Judd, Jr., of Honolulu, are guests at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Val S. McClatchy are down from Sacramento, and are stopping at the California Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Neustadter and the Misses Neustadter arrived in Naples on December 20th, and will remain there through the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Coulter and Miss L. H. Coulter, of Chicago, are guests at the California Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hooper enjoyed a trip to the Tavern of Tamalpais during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward S. Rothschild left on Tuesday last for New York, where they purpose remaining until the end of next month.

Mr. E. W. Runyon, of New York City, is the guest of Dr. William Boericke during a brief visit to this city.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Chickering and Miss Emily Chickering arrived in New York on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Avery left late in the week for a month's visit to the East.

Mrs. William V. Bryan and her children will leave next month for Europe, where they will remain for a year. Captain and Mrs. W. J. Bryan will join the party next summer.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel are Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hauoan, of New York, Dr. D. Smith, of Napa, Mr. J. H. Whited, of Sacramento, Mr. K. K. Peiser, of Rossland, B. C., Mr. B. F. Darbyshire, of El Paso, Mr. and Mrs. L. Weil, of New York, Mr. F. J. Morse, of Yokohama, Mr. R. L. Reeler, of Sacramento, Mrs. F. Hazeo, of Healdsburg, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Skioer, of Deover, Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Nippert, of Sao Leodoro, and Mr. W. W. Swetland, of Butte.

Among the week's guests at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Darling, of Washington, D. C., Mrs. F. J. Thayer, of Worcester, Mass., Mrs. J. Naphtaly, of San Francisco, Mr. Charles H. Morris, of Fresno, Captain-Lieutenant Loege, F. G. V., of Willichshaven, Germany, Mr. R. D. Sullivan and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hurtace, of Honolulu, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Mitchell and Mr. D. M. Byroo, of Loodoo, Eoglaod, Mrs. N. A. Miles, of New York, and Mr. J. E. Hutt and Mrs. Joho J. Roberts, of Chicago.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Lieutenant-Colonel Johnson V. D. Middleton, U. S. A., retired, Mrs. Middleton, and Mrs. Storm arrived to town from Washington, D. C., on Tuesday, and are guests at the Occidental Hotel.

Lieutenant-Colonel James M. Marshall, deputy quartermaster-general, U. S. A., has been sent to Nevada to purchase cavalry horses.

Major Alfred C. Markley, Twenty-Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., has been assigned to temporary duty, with station in this city.

Major William Mooghgan, additional paymaster,

U. S. V., has been granted leave of absence for sixteen days from December 15th.

Captain George E. French, Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., invalided home from Manila, and Mrs. French are stopping at the Palace Hotel.

First-Lieutenant Charles F. Parker, Second Artillery, U. S. A., has been assigned to temporary duty, with station in this city.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Concert at the Art Loan Exhibition.

The loan exhibition at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art came to an end on Thursday evening, when a concert was given under the direction of Henry Heyman. The orchestra had the assistance of Mrs. Jenny Twichell Kempton, contralto, who then made her first appearance in this city after many years' absence; Mrs. Roth Hamilton, soprano; Antonio O. Vargas, baritone, of the Teatro Nacional, Mexico, and El Tacoo, Havana; William N. Epperly, tenor; Adolph Locher, composer; Emil Cruells, accompanist; and Otto Fleissner, organist. The programme was as follows:

Organ, grand march in A, West, Otto Fleissner; romanza, "Celeste Aida," Verdi, William N. Epperly; "Serbarmi ognor" ("Semiramide"), Rossini, Mrs. Roth Hamilton and Mrs. Jenny Kempton; reverie for viollo and piano (manuscript, first time), Adolph Locher, Henry Heyman and the composer; "Qui la Voce" ("Puritani"), Bellini, Mrs. Roth Hamilton; prologue from "Pagliacci," Leoncavallo, Antonio O. Vargas; organ, offertory in A-flat, Salome, Otto Fleissner; "Se Romeo" ("Romeo et Juliette"), Bellini, Mrs. Jenny Kempton; "Island of Dreams," Adams, William N. Epperly; organ, "Pastorale," Wely, Otto Fleissner; (a) "My Heartsease," Bailey, (b) "Away in a Manger," Martin Luther, Mrs. Roth Hamilton; organ, "Hallelujah Chorus," Handel, Otto Fleissner.

The De Pachman Recitals.

Vladimir de Pachman, the well-known pianist, will give three piano recitals at the California Theatre on the afternoons of Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday, December 26th, 28th, and 29th, at 3:15 o'clock. The programme for the first concert will include Weber's sonata in A-flat, half a dozen *phantasies* and *waldscenen* by Schumann, Mendelssohn's "Rondo Capriccioso," and three preludes, three *études*, a mazurka, the "Valse Brillante, No. 1," and the third *scherso* by Chopin. The second concert will begin with the Beethoven sonata in C-major, and Schumann's sonata in G-minor will also be given. The other selections will be "Seventeen Variations Sérieuses," by Mendelssohn, five short pieces by Chopin, and Weber's "Invitation à la Danse."

"The link between America and England has never been stronger socially than now," says the current number of *Vanity Fair*. "Every year are more Englishmen married to American women; and some day, no doubt, we shall be able to quote an instance of some English woman who has married an American man! The American women who have come over from their own republican country to be duchesses here, or ladies of less high degree, have many of them made a name for cleverness and beauty, as well as for wealth; and it is to be hoped that some of those who have left here to visit America will give an equally pleasant impression; but with the Duke of Manchester reporting for a daily newspaper, and Lord Yarmouth acting and skit-dancing—professionally oow instead of as an amateur—it is difficult to keep up much idea of social dignity; and the conduct of Lord Dunraven suffers by comparison with that of Sir Thomas Lipton in contesting the America Cup. Aoyhow, the Americans will have seen a few of our prettiest women, as Lady Colebrooke has left for America with her husband, and when Miss Muriel Wilsoo went out there she was immensely admired. George Keppel has gone out on business, unaccompanied by his lovely wife. The distance between America and England is not great, and the sympathy between the two nations oow is so keen it seems a pity we should not make a point of sending out our brightest and our best to help the formation of that mutual admiration company in which we have all agreed to take shares."

At Beeveeto a large Roman theatre, as large as the theatres of Pompey and Marcellus and better preserved, has been discovered. The entrances, the ambulatories, the lower rows of seats, the stage, and the orchestra are all perfect.

If you want to get away from the ooise and bnstle of city life, take a trip on the Scenic Railway to the Tavern of Mt. Tamalpais. The view of the ocean, bay, and surrounding country is incomparable. See time-table in ad. elsewhere.

—THE PURSES DISPLAYED BY MESSRS. COOPER & Co., the Art Stationers, are of a class which has never been seen here before. The dainty jeweled mountings and pretty colorings appeal to the gentler sex, and will make a very acceptable holiday gift for any lady.

—A PLACE OF INTEREST FOR VISITORS IS THE Gump Art Gallery of Paintings, by European masters. No. 113 Geary Street.

King Christmas and Master New Year.

King Christmas sat in his house of ice

And looked across the soow.

"Hullo, my little man!" he cried,

"Now whither dost thou go?"

"I go, my Lord, along the way

That all my kin have gone.

Where thou, my Lord, shalt follow me

Before another dawn."

"Ride gayly," cried the Christmas King.

"Who ride to-night with thee?"

"The days of grief, the days of joy,

Are they who ride with me."

"God keep thee, merry little mao;

Go whisper them that mourn

How surely comes again the day

When Christ the Lord was born.

"And be not sad, my little man,

But when thou too art old

And o'er the wintry wastes you come,

A weary man and cold.

"Right cheerily I pray thee then

To keep this gracious tryst.

And leave thy weary burden here

Where cares grow light, with Christ.

"Now bid thy gallant company

Ride onward without fear,

For I, the King of Christmas,

Have blessed the glad New Year."

—S. Weir Mitchell in *December Century*.

The moccasin is the most rational and comfortable of all footwear (says a writer in *Harper's Magazine*). In moccasins the feet have full play; they can bend and grasp; there is nothing to chafe them or impede circulation. In moccasins one can move like an acrobat, crossing slender and slippery logs, climbing trees, or passing with ease and security along dizzy trails on the mountain-side, where a slip might mean sure destruction. The feet do not stick fast in the mud. In the oorth, when the mercury is far below zero, the savage suffers no inconvenience. His moccasins, stuffed with dried grass, let the blood course freely. The buckskin moccasin, Indian tanned, always dries soft after a wetting. In autumn, when all the leaves and twigs are dry as tinder, a man wearing moccasins can move swiftly through the woods with the stealth of a panther. Best of all, the moccasin is light. Inexperienced sportsmen and soldiers affect high-topped, laced boots, with heavy soles and hobnailed, imagining that these are most serviceable for rough weather. But these boots weigh between four and five pounds, while a pair of thick moose-hide moccasins weigh only eleven ounces. In marching ten miles, a man wearing the clumsy boots lifts twenty tons more shoe-leather than if he wore moccasins.

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Dividend Notices.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 California Street, corner Webb.—For the half-year ending with the 31st of December, 1899, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of three and three-fourths (3 3/4) per cent. on term deposits and three and one-eighth (3 1/8) per cent. on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on or after Tuesday, January 2, 1900.
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN Francisco, 33 Post Street.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1899, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three (3) per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, January 2, 1900.
GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN Society, 326 California Street.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1899, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent. per annum on term deposits and three and one-third (3 1/3) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, January 2, 1900.
GEORGE TOURNEY, Secretary.

THE CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA,

222 Sansome Street, San Francisco.

Has declared for the six months ending December 31, 1899, a dividend of twelve (12) per cent. per annum to class "A" stock, ten (10) per cent. per annum to class "F" stock, six (6) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and five (5) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits.
CAPT. OLIVER ELDRIDGE, President.
WM. CORBIN, Secretary.

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LEAVE	From December 15, 1899.	ARRIVE
*7.00 A	Benicia, Suisun, Elmira, Vacaville, Rumsey, and Sacramento.....	*7.45 P
*7.00 A	Shasta Express—Davis, Willows, Red Bluff, Portland.....	*7.45 P
*7.30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*6.15 P
*8.30 A	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	*5.15 P
*8.30 A	San José, Livermore, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, and Red Bluff.....	*4.15 P
*8.30 A	*Milton, Oakdale, and Sonoma.....	*4.15 P
*9.00 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*11.45 A
*9.00 A	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....	*7.45 P
*9.00 A	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East.....	*9.45 A
*9.00 A	Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.....	*12.15 P
*9.00 A	Port Costa, Fresno, Mojave, and Los Angeles.....	*6.45 P
*10.00 A	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations.....	*6.45 P
*10.00 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*2.45 P
*12.00 M	Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Sacramento, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville.....	*4.15 P
*11.00 P	Sacramento River Steamers.....	*8.00 P
*3.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*5.45 P
*4.00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*9.15 A
*4.00 P	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Oroville.....	*10.45 A
*4.30 P	Niles, San José, and Stockton.....	*7.15 P
*5.00 P	The Owl Limited. Tracy, Fresno, Bakersfield, Saugus for Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	*10.45 A
*5.00 P	Sunset Limited—El Paso, New Orleans and East.....	*10.45 A
*5.30 P	Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.....	*12.15 P
*5.30 P	Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	*8.45 A
*5.30 P	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	*6.45 P
*6.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	*7.45 A
*6.30 P	Vallejo.....	*12.15 P
*6.30 P	Oriental Mail—Ogden and East.....	*8.50 P
*7.00 P	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Stations.....	19.55 P
*8.05 P	Oregon and California Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	*8.15 A

COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).
(Foot of Market Street.)

*8.15 A	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	*5.50 P
*12.15 P	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations.....	*10.50 A
*4.15 P	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....	*9.20 A
*11.45 P	Hunter's Excursion, San José and Way Stations.....	*17.20 P

CREAK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—

*7.15 9.00 11.00 A. M., 1.00 2.00 3.00 4.00 5.00 P. M.

From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—

10.00 A. M., 12.00 1.00 2.00 3.00 4.00 5.00 P. M.

COAST DIVISION (Broad Gauge).
(Third and Townsend Streets.)

*6.10 A	Ocean View, South San Francisco.....	*6.30 P
*7.00 A	San José and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only).....	*1.30 P
*9.00 A	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Surf, Lompoc, and Principal Way Stations.....	*4.10 P
*10.40 A	San José and Way Stations.....	*6.35 A
*11.30 A	San José and Way Stations.....	*5.30 P
*12.45 P	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.....	*10.36 A
*13.30 P	San José and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P
*14.15 P	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	*9.45 A
*15.00 P	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	*19.00 A
*16.30 P	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	*8.35 A
*17.30 P	San José and Way Stations.....	*18.00 A
*11.45 P	San José and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P

A. F. Morning. P. For Afternoon.
* Daily. † Sunday excepted. ‡ Sunday only.
a Tuesdays and Fridays. c Thursdays and Sundays.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Recruiting officer—"If the command came, 'Fire!' what would you do?" *Would-be-soger*—"Run for the hose."—*Judy*.

"Well," said the monkey to the organ-grinder as he sat on the top of the organ, "I'm simply carried away with the music."—*Tit-Bits*.

Rose—"Did you ever faint, Isabel?" Isabel—"Only once; and I bumped my head so hard that I never tried it again."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

"Oh, ma, come up here quick!" "What's the matter, Tommy?" "Bobby's playin' circus, and he's goin' to make th' baby dive off th' mantel."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

She—"Why, they ran up with bills with everybody who would trust them, and then moved away without paying a cent." He—"I see. Two hearts that beat as one."—*Brooklyn Life*.

Cutting a friend: "What have you been doing," inquired a friend. "Just cutting an acquaintance," replied Colonel Bludd, of Kentucky, wiping his howie on his sleeve.—*Harlem Life*.

De Fague—"If I could get some one to invest a thousand in that scheme of mine I could make some money." Crawford—"How much could you make?" De Fague—"Why, a thousand."—*Life*.

"Judging from that fellow's splendid shoulder and chest development, I should say that he was an eminent athlete." "That's Herr Spitznoodle, who conducts the orchestra in Wagnerian opera."—*Chicago Record*.

Tommy (on Christmas morning)—"Where does Santa Claus get all his stuff, mamma?" Mamma—"Oh, he buys it." Tommy—"Well, he must have a 'jay' to let any one palm off a tin watch on him!"—*Town Topics*.

"Can you forgive me and love me still," said the newly made bride, "when I confess that my teeth are artificial?" "Thank heaven!" cried the groom, as he snatched off his wig, "now I can cool my head."—*Tit-Bits*.

A rude suggestion: *Great actress*—"That's an atrocious portrait! Is that the best you can do? Is there no way you can improve upon it? Suggest something." *Photographer*—"Madam, you might permit your understudy to sit for you."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"Lisken to reason, m' dear," he explained, "lisken to reason. I wash—hic—held up on m'—hic—way home." "Held up!" she angrily exclaimed; "I don't doubt it! If you hadn't been held up or carried you wouldn't be here even now."—*Chicago Times-Herald*.

"General," said Aguinaldo's private secretary, as he looked up from a copy of an American newspaper, "President McKinley has refused to mediate between the British and the Boers." "Good!" cried the unassimilated Filipino; "cable my congratulations to Krüger."—*Life*.

Old Surliboy—"Hullo, fellow! What are you doing here?" Rustic—"Only courtin', sir. I've courtin' Mary." Old Surliboy—"Nonsense! What do you want a lantern for? Do you think I used one when I was a young man?" Rustic—"No, sir? I don't think as yer did, judgin' by t' missis!"—*London Fun*.

Unconscious plagiarism: *Crimsonbeak*—"How history does repeat itself, doesn't it?" *Yeast*—"What now?" *Crimsonbeak*—"Why, in our town we had a piano concert, the other night, and the artist's name was Professor Gridley. When the manager was ready to start the show he shouted: 'You may hang away when ready, Gridley!'"—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"I am glad there are a few honest people left. Two years ago I sent a boy around the corner to buy a postal-card. I have never seen the boy to this day." "You don't call that boy honest?" "Yes, sir! This morning I received a postal with this on the back: 'DEAR SIR: Here is your postal. I started in business with the penny you gave me, and have prospered. Thanks.'"—*Chicago News*.

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Casey—"See here! that dollar ye lent me yisterday wuz a counterfeit." Cassidy—"Well, Casey, didn't ye say ye wanted it had?"—*Judge*.

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SEASON OF 1899-1900

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Initial Trip, Friday, December 15

L.V. San Francisco.....	5.00 P.M.	Tues. & Fri.
L.V. Fresno.....	10.23 P.M.	" "
AR. Los Angeles.....	7.45 A.M.	Wed. & Sat.
L.V. Los Angeles.....	8.00 A.M.	" "
AR. El Paso.....	7.12 A.M.	Thurs. & Sun.
L.V. El Paso.....	9.25 A.M.	" "
AR. New Orleans.....	7.45 P.M.	Fri. & Mon.
AR. Washington.....	6.42 A.M.	Sun. & Wed.
AR. New York.....	12.43 P.M.	" "

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227-229 POST ST.

215-219 BUSH ST.

OPEN EVENINGS.







